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THE BOOKMAN¹⁰⁴⁹⁸

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OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1907—FEBRUARY, 1908

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

SEPTEMBER, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

What we like especially about that excellent magazine entitled *Suburban Life* is its recognition of "Commuting" "commuters" as a class to Nature apart. We should have expressed our sentiments sooner, but it so hap-

pened that for a considerable interval we were not commuting, but remained for days at a time at one end of the line or the other. It was a time of mere ten-trip tickets, which, as is well known, tend to a lax and desultory suburbanism, incompatible with true commutership, but now that we are commuting again, indomitably, regularly, same train morning and evening, with never a night in town, we may speak as a member of that hardy and amphibious class. *Suburban Life* is not meant for ten-trip ticket opportunists but for the men of the iron schedule who do the deed twice daily, come what may. They alone, for example, appreciate the sketches of prominent commuters who have won fame at one end of the tunnel while dining successfully every day forty miles from the other end. Careers of that sort are always heartening to a commuter, teaching, as they do, that home may be attained each night and at the same time something else accomplished. Such lives shine with a double radiance, when there is something heroic about merely reaching home. Hence the peculiar pleasure of reading about Francis Wilson "comedian and commuter" (the wonder of his being both!) and seeing a picture of his lawn

and learning that he raises chickens, which he "dearly loves." The love he bears those chickens marks him as a true commuter—who is always trying to raise something on the place, and whether it be a hen or a young onion it is dearer to him than to other men on account of the recurrent periods of enforced absence. Continuity will often cool the love of chickens, but in a commuter's life of bright renewals and extremely sudden cessations the feeling never loses any of its early warmth. And so it is with Nature generally, despite the sneer of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams in the *August Century* that the commuter's "return to Nature is only half way" and that he lacks "the perspective of robust rurality." No man rushes upon Nature more madly than he or when torn away plucks from her a greater variety of little keepsakes, bouquets of chickweed, boutonnières of beet tops, as may be seen on any morning train, proofs that if the returns to Nature are brief they are at least passionate. Your professional Nature-lover, who mails his manuscripts from her bosom, could not find her in the suburbs at all, but the commuter can, the keen old zealot of "the wild." He noses her out somehow and has as true a forest feeling out between the clothes poles and the hedge as many a man living in the utmost literary wildness, strewing the dry bed of the mountain torrent with the galley proofs of his "robust rurality." There is the song of the river in his garden hose, and he is as clearly Nature's own as Dr.

A MAP OF THE WORLD AS SEEN BY HIM

From The Comedy of Life

Courtesy of the Life Publishing Company

Van Dyke beside a trout stream. And do we love him any the less for his greater reticence?



And *Suburban Life*, being a well-edited magazine, will see to it that each biography of a great commuter refers to time and distance not as obstacles but as blessings, for that is the brave tradition of the tribe. They give him a chance to read the morning papers—those sixty golden miles—and even run through the magazines and he usually gets a seat, and he is always there almost before he knows it and the time from the front gate to the office door is never the two hours of

daily fact but the hour and a half of generous faith or some single tender memory. Some of his most careful work has been done on the way. If a writer, some of his best thoughts have come to him on the train. Privately we may say that every time a thought of any kind has come to us on the train, an umbrella or a hand-bag has somehow floated away, going, we presume, on to some distant terminus, but as a commuter we do not mention that. We make the best of things. And that is the spirit of *Suburban Life*, which is full of suburban euphemisms, showing how by artificial light outdoor games may be played at midnight just as well, with a picture of a

We wonder how many of THE BOOK-MAN readers who followed the work of the leading lawyer for the defence during the recent extraordinary Haywood trial associated him with *An Eye for an Eye*, which was reviewed in these columns a year and a half ago. *An Eye for an Eye* was a very unusual book. It was the crude, simple story of Jim Jackson, about to undergo the death penalty for the murder of his wife. To speak flippantly and yet quite literally, it may be said that his provocation to the crime was the fact that her method of cooking a beefsteak for dinner did not suit him; yet when we lay aside the simple, rambling narrative our sympathies are entirely with the unhappy man, and our indignation is roused against certain injustices and cruelties of the modern social system. There were chapters in *An Eye for an Eye* that strongly suggested the pages devoted to the wanderings of "Jurgis," which Upton Sinclair afterward incorporated in *The Jungle*.

EDNA KENTON

wonderfully cheerful group of nocturnal croquet-players; and a phonograph of bird songs may be set up on the lawn; and the hills may be seen by searchlight from the roof; and the night is as good as the day, even better; for all things are far better the way they are than the way they might have been. Such is commuter's loyalty, and by these thoughts they cheer one another as they hurtle back and forth, disdaining any praise of their most splendid qualities, for that would imply there was something in the life that called these qualities into play.

■

Edna Kenton, whose novel *Clem* is being published by the Century Company, was a Chicago newspaper woman before she began writing fiction. Her first two or three years as a free lance were exceedingly lean years, her total earnings amounting only to a few hundred dollars. The turning of the tide came with the appearance, about four years ago, of *What Manner of Man*, her first novel.

Edna
Kenton

CLARENCE S. DARROW

HENRY K. WEBSTER

It is rather astonishing that so spectacular and indeed dramatic a career as that of Dowie has not hitherto been put into a novel. The first attempt to utilise it for purposes of fiction of which we have heard is that of Samuel Merwin and Henry K. Webster, whose new book, *Comrade John*, is to be published early this fall. It is said that one of the two principal characters in this book shows many strong resemblances to the late leader of Zion Church. He is portrayed as the founder of a semi-religious, semi-industrial community, in which the doctrine of the beauty of toil is inculcated among a band of gullible disciples who never did an honest day's work. The leader, a man considerably younger than Dowie, but with all his power over men, his combined fanaticism and shrewd unscrupulousness, realises that the actual day's work will never be done by his lazy disciples or in accordance with his impractical teachings. He brings into the community a young architect who has begun to win fame as a designer of such

**Dowie
in Fiction**

SAMUEL MERWIN

spectacles as that of Luna Park, at Coney Island. Comrade John, as he is called in the colony, is a type of the practical dreamer so well known in American business and professional life—the man who dreams with his eye on the results. Such a man naturally incurs the hostility of the scheming hypocrite who has hired him, and the clash of these two positive characters furnishes the incidents and the excitement of the story. This is the third book which Messrs. Merwin and Webster have produced in collaboration, the previous two being *Calumet K* and *The Short-Line War*.

■

Ever since his visit to the United States and his subsequent ill-natured outbreaks Maxim Gorky has apparently been discredited by the greater part of the Russian press. In his statements about America there were many obvious errors, and these have been seized upon by his critics as an indication that his pictures of Russian life were equally untrust-

Erastov

worthy. Then, too, there seems to be in Russia the belief that the coming of Gorky the agitator, the social reformer, the revolutionist, meant the passing of Gorky the artist. Meanwhile the new man in Russian eyes appears to be Erastov, whose latest play, *The Whirlwind*, which is to be produced simultaneously this autumn in Paris, Stockholm and Helsingfors, was of so inflammatory a nature that the author found it expedient

to go into exile in Finland. *The Whirlwind* is supposed to be symbolical of the recent Russian revolution, its impracticability and its utility. An interesting feature of Erastov's method of playwrighting is that to aid the stage management he is in the habit of making sketches indicating his conceptions of the various characters. The accompanying illustrations are from his hand. They belong to the series dealing with *The Whirlwind*.

"THE WHIRLWIND." STARZEV. RUSSIAN LIBERAL,
OF THE OLD SCHOOL. AN ARCHÆOLOGIST

Every few months, with unvarying regularity, the subject of American sensitiveness and foreign criticism comes up with the inevitable allusion to that young Mr. Kipling, who, about 1889, made a brief visit to these United States, and jotted down his impressions for the benefit of a certain Indian newspaper. "How preposterous it was that we should have taken seriously and as an offence the flippant flapdoodle of a cub of twenty-three or twenty-four." And besides, what was it that he wrote that could have sounded distasteful to American ears? Here is the complete Kipling. Here in especial is *From Sea to Sea*. We submit the evidence and stoutly maintain that he who can find therein cause for annoyance is imbecile.

■

Now this is very true so far as it goes. In *American Notes* as they are printed to-day there is certainly nothing that could irritate the most sensitive. The letters which Kipling sent back to India, however, were of a very different nature. As an example we are reprinting the famous "Curse," which, while not very terrible in itself, will serve as an illustration of the mood of the young

author. The "Curse" appeared in the *Pioneer Mail* for November 13, 1889.

Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it very copiously, in these terms and others unreported:

Because you steal the property of a man's head, which is more his peculiar property than his pipe, his horse or his wife, and because you glory in your theft and have the indecency to praise or criticise the author from whom you steal, and because your ignorance, which is as dense as a pickpocket's ignorance of anything outside his calling, leads you to trifle with his spelling, and because you print the stolen property aforesaid very vilely and uncleanly, you shall be cursed with this curse from Alaska to Florida and back again.

Your women shall scream like peacocks when they talk, and your men neigh like horses when they laugh. You shall call "round" "raound," and "very" "varry," and "news" "noos" till the end of time.

You shall be governed by the Irishman and the German, the vendor of drinks and the keeper of vile dens, that your streets may be filthy in your midst and your sewage arrangements filthier.

You shall be given over to the cult of tin-pot secret societies and the organising of "tuppenny-hapenny" processions, the spouting of nonsense and the perpetration thereof.

You shall be governed by laws that you cannot enforce and sentiments that you cannot control, that the murderer may walk among

"THE WHIRLWIND." POLICE OFFICER

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you a vision of delight to young women and the darling of old maids while you are engaged in shooting the wrong man.

You shall prostitute and pervert the English language till an Englishman has neither power nor desire to understand you any more.

THEOBALD CHARTRAN

The distinguished portrait painter. Died July 16, 1907

1. STONE BRIDGE AT EPHRATA, PA.
2. THE KLOSTER, EPHRATA, PA.
3. STREET SCENE ON MARKET DAY, LANCASTER, PA.

4. CARETAKER'S COTTAGE
5. OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

Photographs taken by W. A. Bradley

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You shall be cursed State by State, Territory by Territory, with a provincialism beyond provincialism of an English country town—you and your governors and what you are pleased to call your literature, your newspapers and your politics.

You shall buy your art from France and considerably spoil it in the buying because you are dishonest.

Your hearts shall be so blinded that you shall consider each one of the curses foregoing a blessing to you as it comes about, and finally I myself will curse you more elaborately later on.

■

During the past two or three years several writers have found in Pennsylvania, and especially in the country about Lancaster and Ephrata, where dwell the Pennsylvania Germans, Mennonites, Dunkers, and other curious sects, a new and picturesque background for fiction. Among these writers may be mentioned Nelson Lloyd and Mrs. Helen R. Martin, whose novel *Tillie, a Mennonite Maid* was so successful a year or two ago.

■

A new book by Mr. Winston Churchill is expected in the early part of next summer. No title has as yet been announced, but it may reasonably be assumed that whatever the title may be it will begin with a C. The recurrence of that letter as the initial letter in the names of Mr. Churchill's books has ceased to be a mere coincidence. Look at the list. *The Celebrity*, *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, *The Crossing*, *Coniston*. In addition it may be pointed out that the magazine with which the novelist was connected before the appearance of *The Celebrity* was the *Cosmopolitan*; that his club is the Century, that his home is at Cornish; and his official address at Concord. He should properly have been a graduate of Cornell, Columbia, or Colgate, but instead he chose the United States Naval Academy.

"Mark Twain's work," said one British writer when British applause was at its loudest, "has absolutely no connection with literature," and some of it "has for pure concentrated vulgarity never been beaten"; and it was a pity, said another, that Oxford did not honour Henry James instead. A good many other dissenters had their say, but their words were not repeated in American newspapers. Everybody's heart at that time was brimming with the "unanimous recognition" of our "foremost man of letters," honoured in Oxford itself, that "stronghold of literary conservatism," that most "mellowed," "hallowed," tautologically beatified and hackneyed noun-substantive in Anglo-American after-dinner speeches. We learned from the press, as we always do on these occasions, that we were all exceedingly happy and flattered in the "signal honours" paid to a fellow-countryman and that there was but one sentiment throughout the land. It was Dewey week all over again, with the danger, of course, of a Dewey ending. Reason at such a time is too cool a thing to print; then the wind shifts and not a word in the victim's favour will be published. They grind him so hard into the great Polyphemus "public eye" that so far as he is concerned they put out the eye altogether. So it seems at least, though it is known that flurries of this kind leave a man's reputation precisely where it was before—in the safe-keeping of a different class of people from those who think in headlines. But these journalistic public "ovations" always look the week after like public funerals of common sense. No living man deserves such awful proofs of "unanimity," when a hush falls on personal opinions and "appreciations" appear simultaneously in the magazines and meaning fades from all the words and character from all the faces. So long as he lives he is entitled to a little diversity in the attitude of his fellow-beings. The "appreciations" of Mark Twain consisted mainly of waxen wreaths tendered by persons from whom the mind had fled, leaving only a *nil nisi bonum* expression. Somehow we cannot avoid these funereal

THE BOOKMAN

comparisons. Literary "ovations" always do make us sad. If nothing essential really perishes, they at least inter what might still be a living topic of conversation. As to Mark Twain himself, he is in no wise to blame for it. What else should he have done? Should he have looked every gift-horse in the mouth and asked every trombone player if he really meant it?



While we cannot believe that there is likely to be a return to the old-fashioned novel with its leisurely gait, its digressions, and its long conversations, some recent successful books have indicated that the two-hundred-thousand-word narrative is not yet entirely impossible. For example, William de Morgan's *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short*. Now we take up Mrs. Atherton's latest book, *Ancestors*, and find that it runs to the astonishing length of seven hundred and fourteen pages. Mrs. Atherton, however, has apparently been only stimulated by this work, for she has entered into engagements to write a play, a history of California, a short novel for a series, a biographical sketch of Reganov for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and an introductory essay for *The Conquest of Granada* for Froude's Little Classics series. Mrs. Atherton has spent the greater part of the last few years in Munich and England. Recently, however, she returned to America and is now in California, where she will remain until after Christmas.

While the place she occupies in the English literary world is in many respects a very definite one, the author of *Conflict* is probably in London best known as the founder of the Lyceum Club, the most prominent organisation of professional women in existence. The idea of this club first presented itself to Miss Smedley about five years ago, and with splendid determination in the face of disheartening difficulties she went

about the task of bringing it into being. To-day the Lyceum Club stands now to speak for itself with a membership in London of several thousand and a club house in Piccadilly that in many respects is probably unequalled as a woman's club house anywhere. To have achieved this in a lifetime, to say nothing of a few short years, would have satisfied most women, but not so Constance Smedley. No sooner did she see her ambitious plan succeed in London, the most difficult of capitals, than she conceived the thought of carrying it into every country of the civilised world where there are women possessed of creative mentality. She began with Germany, where her success was again phenomenal. Before one had time to realise that she had gone to Germany the German Lyceum Club was a reality, under the direct patronage of the Empress herself, with a strong and rapidly growing membership and a club house that is a worthy offspring of the parent house in Piccadilly. In France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Holland the movement is making the most gratifying progress, and each country is aided, guided and encouraged by a "circle" of its own women who have membership in the original club in cosmopolitan London, where they live. Thus the Lyceum Club is rapidly becoming an international organisation, and its members all over the world will soon be enjoying the privileges of a club house in every capital in Europe and perhaps eventually in every great city in the United States.



Miss Smedley boasts of the fact that she is a provincial, which in England is a name applied to anybody who has been born and brought up outside the limits of London. She was born in Birmingham and has written the spirit of that busy manufacturing town into *Conflict*. If it were not for the remarkable ego housed within her little body she would be a most pathetic figure. She is a sufferer from spinal and hip disease and has gone all her life on crutches. In fact, she has never known what it is to go unsupported. Yet she goes everywhere, and there is a saying that everybody in Lon-

Gertrude
Atherton

Constance
Smedley
and the
Lyceum

don knows her, which is probably true in regard to those with pen or brush. In addition she has travelled extensively in Europe, accompanied only by her maid, and is planning to visit America at no distant time.

✱

In a Foreword to *The Revelations of Inspector Morgan*, a book which may be very frankly recommended to all persons who like the kind of reading that the title suggests, Oswald Crawford has a fling at the writers of intellectual detective fiction. He maintains that a strange delusion has been growing up in regard to the detective police. We have come to believe that in matters of crime detection the Amateur is superior to the Professional. The blame for starting this fallacy he places on two famous French writers of sensational fiction. Edgar Allan Poe lent it his authority, and more recently, Conan Doyle has preached the new doctrine with such skill that the heresy has popularly grown to seem sound dogma. "Clever fiction," says Mr. Crawford, "can accomplish miracles. It can make us accept Poe's preposterous Monsieur Dupin, profound philosopher and private detective, who solves the criminal problems that has puzzled all the detective wisdom of Paris. It makes us triumph over the English Police with the delightful analytical amateur, Sherlock Holmes, when he leaves his pipe, his metaphysics, and his harmless private hobbies, to lay bare the mysteries which have baffled Scotland Yard."

✱

Very different from Holmes and Dupin in his accomplishments and his method of work is Inspector Morgan. He is a product of a service composed of heterogeneous elements and drawing its strength from every class of society. In the upper ranks of the British police force there are sailors, soldiers, civil servants, lawyers, and business men. From long association with these men the author has reached the conclusion that crime is

not so often tracked by purely logical and analytical methods as the literary crime detectors would have us think. It may astonish the readers of popular fiction to be told that when a well-planned crime is traced to its source, it is either what seems to the outsider to be pure accident, or to some play or byplay of the personal equation involved in the case. The Inspector Morgan of the narrative is represented as a man who has had a varied career. He has held the rank of Captain in a smart cavalry regiment, after having served in India and the colonies. Leaving the army, he was for some time engaged in journalism. The book is well worth reading.

✱

After a summer that has impressed us as being unusually dull it is something of a relief to look forward to the novels that are promised for the autumn. As it is usual in making a general survey to begin with a reference to Rudyard Kipling we shall say that no new book from him will be forthcoming, although there will appear a new edition of *From Sea to Sea*, containing some new material. From Conan Doyle nothing is to be expected. Anthony Hope's new novel, *Helena's Path*, will be issued in October. Toward the end of the present month will appear C. N. and A. M. Williamson's latest automobile story, *The Car of Destiny*, which has been running serially. The result of another literary collaboration that is to appear in book form this autumn is *Merry Rockhurst*, by Egerton and Agnes Castle. From the pen of A. E. W. Mason we are to have *The Broken Road*, and from Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q") *Major Vigoreux*. May Sinclair's autumn novel, *The Helpmate*, is said to be a new departure in that it contains a very unusual study of a child. Bettina von Hutten's new book for the autumn is entitled *The Halo*. From Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, and Miss Corelli there is nothing promised. Sir Gilbert Parker will be represented by *The Weavers*, and Robert Hichens by *Barbary Sheep*. From Joseph Conrad we are to have *The Se-*

cret Agent. Then, of course, there is Maurice Hewlett's *The Stooping Lady*, which is announced for publication October 1st.

✱

Among American writers Mr. Howells is to be represented this autumn by a novel with the striking but somewhat cumbersome title of *Between the Dark and the Daylight*. Winston Churchill's new novel, as was to be expected, will not be ready for publication before next June. From F. Hopkinson Smith we are to have an autumn book with the alluring name of *The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman*. A book of short stories by Thomas Nelson Page to appear soon is *Under the Crust*. Then there are Mrs. Wharton's *The Fruit of the Tree*, and Henry Van Dyke's *Days Off*. After a long absence Irving Bacheller is to reappear in the field with *Eben Holden's Last Days Afishing*. From Gertrude Atherton we are to have *The Ancestors*, and from Hamlin Garland *Money Magic*. George Barr McCutcheon's *The*

Daughter of Anderson Crow is said to be in an entirely new vein. Booth Tarkington's story for the autumn has the good but somewhat Kiplingesque title of *His Own People*. There is to be published a new book by Stewart Edward White entitled *Arizona Nights*, and also a new edition of *The Blazed Trail*. From O. Henry we are to have a new volume, *The Heart of the West*, from Myra Kelly *Wards of Liberty*, and from George Madden Martin *Latitia, Nursery Corps U. S. A.* Owen Wister is to be represented by *Mother*, a love story of New York, and also by a book of historical nature entitled *The Seven Ages of Washington*. The new book by the author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* is to be called *Tales of the Months*; and Jack London is to have two new books, *Love of Life* and *My Life in the Under World*. Marion Crawford's novel for the season is *Arethusa* and later in the year will appear the first volume of his *History of Rome in the Middle Ages*, the important work on which he is collaborating with Professor Tomassetti.

AN APOLOGY AND A PLEA

O what's the use of asking for
 An idea spick and varnished?
 There's only been at most a score
 Since Eden lay untarnished;
 And they were used up long ago
 By Moses and his brothers,
 By Shakespeare and Boccaccio,
 And Rabelais and others.

Take Father Adam par exemp.
 No need of asking pardon
 For calling him the Ernest Thomp-
 Son Seton of the Garden.
 'Tis true he did not write a line
 Of what he then was doing,
 And yet with bears and porcupine
 Was always rendezvooring.

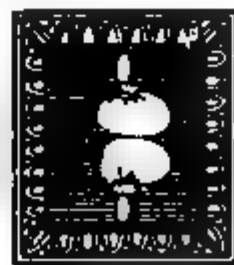
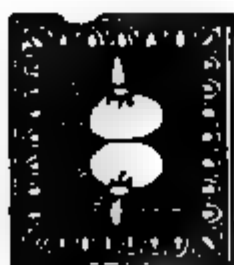
The modern tale of social life
Is more than mediæval
To those familiar with the strife
Of periods primæval.
King David had too many wives,
And so had wise old Solly—
They didn't lead the kind of lives
To give our times the jolly!

And so it goes thro' all the list
Of stories that are offered.
There isn't one those fellows missed,
From Moses down to Crawford.
The Hard-Luck Tale, The Tale of Greed,
The Tale of Troubles Tribal,
The Tale of Love—all men may read—
By those who wrote the Bible.

And what those prophets overlooked,
In ages patriarchal,
We find by witty Horace booked,
In lines that flash and sparkle;
By Chaucer, Milton and Molière,
By Shakespeare and Cervantes;
By him who wrote the stories rare
Of D'Artagnan and Dantes.

So, gentle reader, do not ask
For novel situations.
It is by far too great a task
For modern Inkubations.
Content yourself with How the Tale
Is told, nor mind the matter.
Test authors—if they win or fail—
By how they mix the batter.

John Kendrick Bangs.



THE NEW BAEDER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

I. MALINES

T I particularly like at the kingdom of Belgium is its compactness. Everything lies, so peak, right under your d, and you can go n Anywhere to Any-; an hour's time. Of course, this in itself would be of no especial consequence if there were little to see and to excite your imagination. But every inch of Belgian territory teems with memories and associations of incomparable richness. The present kingdom is a purely modern creation. On its soil, however, there have been wrought out some of the most tremendously cataclysmic episodes of history. The Roman legions thundered over its wooded slopes. It drank the blood of unnumbered patriots under Spanish rule. It witnessed the barbarities of Alva and his black-browed torture-mongers. It saw, upon the field of Waterloo, the downfall of the most marvellous man who ever trod the earth and who forced the haughtiest of kings and emperors to become his lackeys. And yet all this is but a small part of what Belgium brings to mind. Every city street, every gabled mansion, almost every farmhouse that you pass unthinkingly, is linked with some tradition or with some familiar name belonging to the imperishable records of statesmanship or scholarship or art. "Infinite treasure in a little room"—this well-worn phrase might properly be made the motto of a country which of all the countries in the world is the most charming and, if I may use the adjective, the most lovable.

Were it only a question of compactness, some of these things might be said of Holland. But, unfortunately, in order to see Holland it is necessary to have some sort of contact with the Dutch—and this is quite sufficient to destroy your pleasure. Moreover, Holland is so flat and dull and ditch-like. Its maze of dykes and

trenches and canals, with their slimy ooze and sluggish streams of liquid mud, depress the mind and propagate malaria. Holland, to me at least, is an abhorrent hole, intended by an inscrutable design of Providence for ducks and Dutchmen. But Belgium, from small Namur to bold Liège, where Quentin Durward, dagger in hand, faced the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, and from the light-hearted elegance of Spa to the opulent quaintness of Antwerp—*c'est la perfection même*.

These thoughts were in my mind as I took a rather late *déjeuner* in the Grand Hôtel at Brussels. If Brussels is in reality *le petit Paris*, then surely the Grand Hôtel is a replica, reduced in size, of the Hôtel Continental in the Rue de Rivoli, famed for giving temporary shelter to diplomatists and minor royalties and kings in exile. And the Grand Hôtel improves on the original. You take your breakfast in the shady portico which surrounds the inner court, whence you may, through the clustered palms that screen you, behold the busy life of the hotel. A good breakfast prepares the mind for philosophic observation. I do not give much thought to the pleasures of the table; yet on that particular morning I was conscious that my breakfast, simple though it was, had a certain poetic quality about it—harmonious in its composition, a gastronomic symphony, a sort of *Morgenlied*, intended to be eaten and not sung.

To the quick-luncher and the hasty tourist there is nothing worthy of one's admiration in a poached egg. It is simply a poached egg, just as Wordsworth's primrose was only a yellow primrose to Master Peter Bell. Ah, but there is such a difference in poached eggs—a difference as abysmal as that which divided Master Peter Bell's mind from the mind of Wordsworth! A new-laid egg, when poached lovingly at an artist's hand, comes to you firm and exquisitely white,

—still whiter because of the crisp brown of the toast on which it lies. And it swells with a delicate contour just over the golden yolk—swells like the white breast of a dove. A dash of pure cayenne imparts a flush of rosy red to the crest of this dainty *mamelon*, and you look at it with a feeling of pure pleasure. And by its side are several slices of *galantine de volaille*, their pinkish surface diversified by the truffles that have been set so deftly here and there. A bowl of dark green cresses, fresh from the water of a running brook, affords a contrast with the pale blond colour of the pats of new, unsalted butter. And there is a small basket woven of fresh leaves, and filled with strawberries—not the huge, vulgar, staring strawberries of the hot-house or the garden, but tiny, modest *fraises du bois*, the epicure's delight, picked in the woods by the slim brown fingers of some peasant girl. In their aromatic fragrance, as you crush them in clotted cream, they bring to your inner vision the sweet woodland with interlacing boughs, and mosses under foot, and the ripple of clear water over pebbles. The coffee steams beside you; the crisp rolls coyly tempt you. The gleaming silver, the lucent crystal, and the spotless napery complete the spell which art and taste have cast about so simple yet so satisfactory a rite as Breakfast.

Quite slowly and with a profound æsthetic appreciation, I consume the *déjeuner*. One should not hasten pleasure. He should get the fulness of its flavour, as when he drinks a rare liqueur and lets it die upon the palate drop by drop. But when the *galantine* is gone, and the plump, dove-like egg has vanished, and the cresses are no more, and the coffee cup is emptied, I light luxuriously a cigarette, enjoying the peculiar relish which is given by the first smoke of the day. The faint blue rings with their delicious scent float upward through the palm leaves; and I lean comfortably back, and look into the court, where human life is every day epitomised.

Surely there exists no more impressive figure of benign authority than that of the majestic *portier* as he rears his six-foot-four of sheer magnificence near the entrance to the court-yard. At his com-

mand, the small *chasseurs* fly forth in all directions. His word is law to the silent concierge. Betimes, a white-clad chef from the inner regions holds deferential converse with him. As carriages drive in, this stately being deigns to greet the persons who alight from them, while some more humble functionary lifts the luggage down. Englishmen, in preposterous clothes and flustered by their journey from Dover to Ostend, splutter and speak with insular abruptness to him; but the great man himself is always tranquil and serene. He humours them and addresses them in their own tongue, and bids them be at peace. And the anxious-looking American ladies, intent on seeing all of Europe in two months, are soothed by his gracious words. German or Spaniard, Turk or Dane—all receive the personal attention of this polyglot, who takes royal liberties with every language, although he has no language of his own. And the departing traveller—how conscious is he of the potentate's superiority! To slip a ten-franc piece into the hand of so resplendent a personage seems utterly impertinent—almost insulting. Yet it is received quite graciously and with a courtly bow; for such gifts are not really tips. They are tribute, as from vassals to a sovereign. What king, no matter how magnificent, ever refused the taxes of his grateful subjects? Let us call these little offerings by the good old English feudal term "benevolences," consecrated by historic usage. Let us never speak or think of them as "tips."

The morning nears the time of noon, and the scene grows still more animated. The coming and the going, the softened roll of carriage-wheels, the little dramas of every-day existence, the partings and the meetings, the voluble and shrill, yet not unpleasing, converse of the various domestics, the blending of languages in the speech of men and women and young girls—all this takes place before me as in a theatre of which my shady nook within the portico is a private box. I protest that here I could spend my life in watching and in listening. I might spend it, doubtless, to far more advantage; but, at least, in this place I should never once be bored.

The time has long since passed when

good Americans on dying go of necessity to Paris. In these days, many go to London, and others to the Riviera. Some even stay at home. If I were found to be a good enough American to have the right of choosing, I should ask an immortality in Brussels. There is something about Paris that chills the blood and makes one shudder, after the first glamour of its charm is dimmed. Resplendent, exquisite, all-satisfying though it seems, *la ville lumière* may well inspire fear. I cannot help personifying cities; and Paris, like the race that reared it, is all glorious without and hard as flint within. Come to her rich and joyous and avid of delights, and she will give you her caresses lavishly. Her subtle breath will thrill you; her beauty captivate you; her eagerness to yield, her absolute abandonment, will fascinate you. But if illness fall upon you or if your wealth be wasted, or if, in a word, you have nothing more to give her, then her touch is ice, her laugh is mockery,—

et meretrix retro
Periura cedit;

and you may quote still further and describe her as

Non Mauris animum mitior anguibus.

But not so Brussels. Brussels is a whole-souled, winsome *camarade*, who likes you for yourself and will not change. She has wit without a spark of malice. She is clever but not cynical. She has grace and charm, but is not vain. A genial Flemish warmth has somehow suffused itself into the Gallic brilliancy, and the two, inextricably mingled, make Brussels the soul's true home, from which, because it is so infinitely appealing, no one who knows it will ever wish to stray.

A shaft of sunlight glances through the archway at the entrance and flecks with gold the little kiosk wherein a dark-haired girl dispenses Turkish cigarettes. Mademoiselle is pretty, and she will give you a charming smile as you make a selection from her wares. She will even enter into an amiable conversation with you in a casual way, keeping the while a keen Gallic eye wide open for another pur-

chaser. But the sunlight, though it gives to the kiosk a momentary splendour, serves to remind me that the day is speeding by. One must not spend it all as a mere afterpiece to breakfast. Something of my compatriots' uneasy sense of duty stirs within me. In this twentieth century the Puritan conscience has survived only in that strange compulsion which leads Americans and English people, when they travel, to dash with desperate energy from train to train, from inn to inn, from church to slum, from Whitechapel to Venice, from the grave of some venerated martyr to Liberty's distracting shop on Regent Street. I have just enough of this uncomfortable virtue to make me feel a bit disquieted. I, too, will go somewhere. I will resist the diabolical temptation to stay in Brussels like a reasonable being, to stroll before the brilliant shop-fronts of the Montagne de la Cour, to ride a well-broken, easy-going Belgian saddle-horse along the Allée Verte, where George Osborne and Amelia and Rawdon Crawley and Becky and the elaborate Jos drove up and down in the days preceding Waterloo. No! Quick, garçon, a timetable! I must be off.

Just here the thought occurs that, as I said before, this Belgium is a most compact and comfortable country. One can go somewhere without going very far. Let me see—there is Malines. But is Malines actually Somewhere? May it not be really Nowhere? What do I recall about Malines?

Only a very little and that little very vaguely. Malines is the seat of the Primate of Belgium with an old cathedral—a sort of Belgian Barchester. It is where Mechlin lace is made. Its inhabitants, like those of Bruges, are mainly paupers. This last vagrant bit of memory would seem to make the town not merely unattractive, but depressing. Yet, perhaps oddly, I find in it a reason for proceeding thither. A city inhabited by paupers! How delightful for a change! I have tarried long in London and in Paris, which are full of millionaires; and I know too well Chicago, Pittsburgh, and New York, all three of which are infested by multimillionaires. How grateful to discover an historic city where no one

has accumulated even a modest fortune and where nearly every one is positively poor! I will plunge myself in pauperism. The plunge will soothe a soul made sick by the sight of excessive riches used only for the harlotry of mere display. And as for the sneering hemistich written by some atrabilious mediæval monk—*gaudet Mechlinia stultis*—this to me is but one more compelling call. We meet too many lineal descendants of Mr. Worldly Wiseman in our times. The world—our Western world, at least—is far too well supplied with “smart” men and with men who “hustle” and “do things.” If it be really true that Malines abounds in foolish souls, it will afford perchance a resting place where one may turn aside and offer his devotions at the shrine of Sancta Simplicitas, wherein, I fear, the storks have long since built their nests. And a beloved Latin poet, far wiser than the mediæval traducer of Malines, has said that it is sweet to play the fool in *loco*.

* * * * *

A smoothly gliding train deposits me, after a ride of twenty minutes, in the outer station at Malines. Perhaps it is a proof of the *stultitia* of the good burghers that they have not allowed the railway builders to run their lines and rear their sheds and noisy workshops within the circling moat, which, with a concentric boulevard, surrounds the quaint old town. If so, their folly is the height of wisdom. Who wishes to disturb a bit of the sixteenth century with the frantic clangour of the twentieth? While I am being driven in a very deliberate fashion into the heart of old Malines, there comes to me a peace which surely passeth the understanding of those who dwell in cities that are “up to date.” Broad avenues of which the cobblestones that pave them are dull grey; tall gabled buildings closely set together and all of dull grey stone—Malines appears to be a symphony in grey over which, however, the sun from a serene blue sky sheds down a flood of light that still is softened by the atmospheric quality of the place to an harmonious agreement with the time-stained roofs and mellowed gables. There is no sound of passing vehicles. The streets are empty, save that here and there some soli-

tary figure or isolated group appears upon the narrow sidewalk. Ahead, and looming grandly over the whole sleepy city, rises the gigantic spire of St. Rombaud's, begun, perhaps, ten centuries ago, yet still unfinished.

We enter the Grande Place and draw up before an ancient hostelry, which seems quite uninhabited. But there soon appears an aged yet far from decrepit servitor in livery. He says no word, but ushers me within—me the only person that is perceptible save himself. He is at once proprietor and porter, valet-de-chambre and waiter. How many hundred years has he inhabited the place? And how many years have passed since any one has claimed his hospitality? The bedroom to which he guides me cannot have been slept in since the days of William the Silent, so wonderful is its mustiness, so antique its furnishings, so strangely palpable the stillness which you feel has been imprisoned there for generations. As I pass the doorway it is not like entering a room; it is like breaking down the barriers of time, and irreverently violating a sanctuary that has been consecrated to perpetual loneliness.

However, the place is immaculately clean, from the hangings of the huge canopied affair that is a bed, down to the linen and the bath-towels. I deposit an incongruous Gladstone bag somewhere in this archaic chamber, throw open all the windows to let in the air, and then descend into the stone-flagged court-yard, where I find mine ancient engaged in polishing a pewter flagon. With grave courtesy he inquires at what hour Monsieur would wish to dine. A few words with him, and then I stroll out into the soft sunshine, and make my first acquaintance with Malines.

It is apparently a place without inhabitants. Though within the circle of its moat there are sheltered fifty thousand human beings, it is a rare sight indeed to see a dozen at one time. The great open *places* are the abodes of silence, rendered only more intense by the occasional click-clack of a pair of wooden shoes upon the pavement. A market-woman here and there in Flemish garb, a priest in black, a stray gendarme—each is conspicuous because so isolated. There are shops, but

no one seems to enter them. You pause before a *café débit*, and perhaps you may descry a solitary figure in its dark interior slowly swallowing a draught of straw-hued beer. I peep into the Gothic dimness of the vast cathedral of St. Rombaud, and perceive a beadle sleeping there. I wonder who St. Rombaud was and why they reared this mighty structure in his honour. But the quest of information when one travels has always seemed to me the very worst of all bad form. One sees, one feels, one cogitates and forms hypotheses, and this is far more satisfying than a knowledge of mere facts. And as to St. Rombaud, it really doesn't matter. He must have been a good man, else he would not have been canonised and made a saint; and he must have been a saint of some importance or they never would have piled up this majestic spire, three hundred feet or more in air, to reverence his memory. So why disturb the beadle? Let him sleep on for another century or more.

Not without interest are the lace-makers, of whom one may still find a few, patiently engaged over their delicate creations. Time was when Mechlin lace was highly prized. Its very name had a very sumptuous sound. But fickle fashion now prefers *point de Bruxelles*, and so Malines has seen its famous industry decay. For my part, I cannot understand why Mechlin lace is less to be admired than the Irish lace which women rave about. To me all real lace is beautiful—dainty and fine and fit for princesses. To watch its creamy lightness foam in the laps of these lace-makers of Malines is enough to cause a man to wonder whether women rightly estimate their privileges. Doubtless they think that men are satisfied to enjoy a host of lovely things vicariously, on the persons of their wives and sisters.

Dull-hued garments cut after conventional patterns that seldom change are the inevitable lot of man. For women there are woven fabrics of entrancing loveliness, in every tint and shade, from pure white and faint rose up the chromatic scale to the vividest and boldest and most flaming colours—colours that smite the eye and make it drink them in with a sort of Oriental thirstiness. And for

women, too, are gathered all the glorious gems that earth and sea produce—superbly lustrous pearls, and emeralds of vivid fascination, and the deep azure sapphires, and iridescent opals, and the conquering diamond, whose flash and fire-spark have the power even to win hearts and vanquish virtue. All these and a thousand other miracles of beauty are woman's own, and she only has the right to wear them, leaving man to stalk about, a dingy biped, close-cropped and clad in bags. Do you suppose that he would not feel a thrill of pleasure if he might, as of old, possess some share of this magnificence? I do not myself long to clothe my person in sable velvet slashed with crimson silk, to flaunt whole yards of filmy lace, or to glitter from head to foot with coruscating gems. But for my sex I should wish the privilege, or at least that women would admit that here is one of the multifarious advantages that men have weakly yielded to them.

It is not all stony grey, this old Malines. Walk through the Place du Bétail and toward the outer boulevard, and you will find the pretty little river Dyle, meandering with meditative slowness among fields of richest green, or gliding under one of the quaint bridges, of which some thirty-five still span its current. The Dyle is called officially a navigable stream; yet, resting on its sloping banks for two delicious, dreamy hours, I see no evidence that it is navigated by anything save silver-bellied minnows and now and then a wind-blown leaf. Here, it may be, the younger Teniers strolled and studied nature—for he was born not far away; and here perhaps the knights of Brabant oft drew rein and let their chargers drink. One's thoughts dwell wholly in the past if he rests long beside the Dyle. All that suggests to-day or yesterday is absent and unreal. When, as the shadows lengthen, I walk slowly back into the city, it is in the company of Gerard, son of Elias, or of Gerard's glorious son, Erasmus.

The antique solitude of my inn has now melted harmoniously into the picture as a whole; and when my *famulus*—no modern name for him seems quite appropriate—announces dinner and bows me into a narrow room panelled in dark old

oak and partly hung with tapestry, I feel myself the only object that is incongruous, with my tweeds and russet shoes, in place of hose and doublet and a sword. Wax candles of prodigious length and set in silver candlesticks shed a soft light upon the table. I dine in solitary state—the only guest. A *potage* curiously seasoned with sorrel and other herbs, a bit of fish, a pasty made of larks, and a cheese with fruit are set before me in succession. From a long and cobwebbed bottle the *famulus* pours out a generous draught of amber wine, mellow and just a little sweet, but of a potency, as Mr. Henry James would say. Thus dined the Netherlandish burghers and the statesmen and the scholars in those days when the Low Countries were a prize for which all Europe struggled.

Darkness descends upon Malines. I look out on the Grande Place, and it is ghostly in its dimness. Perhaps it may have been a surfeit of antiquity that excited in me a reaction wholly modern, or perhaps the amber wine may have inspired the revolt. At any rate, I feel oppressed by so much greyness. The very smell of age which haunts the house becomes a source of irritation. "Confound the sixteenth century!" I say aloud. "I don't belong to it. *Soyons de notre siècle!*"

A few stray lights are twinkling on the Place. A glimmer is perceptible in several windows. The inhabitants are evidently lighting a few candles that they may find their way to bed. But see! Directly opposite there is something which may be called, comparatively, an illumination. As many as four lamps are gleaming in a window. I cross the cobblestones in quest of what this may betoken. I find myself before a sort of *cabaret*, from whose door depends a yard or two of light brown paper, inscribed with characters in charcoal. The four lamps enable me to read the following announcement:

Concert.

JOHN TOM

PROPRIÉTAIRE-PATRON

La Belle Rose

Chanteuse de Genre
Pour Cette Semaine Seulement

"John Tom!" The name suggests that utterly impossible invention of Victor Hugo's in *L'Homme Qui Rit*—Tom Jim-jack, scion of a noble English house. I must see John Tom.

The place was what in France would be styled contemptuously a *bouis-bouis*; but it did not deserve that somewhat mysterious name. A long, narrow room, sanded floor, benches and tables. At the upper end a small square platform, with a piano just below it at one side; and at the other side a cashier's desk. A pale and hectic-looking man was tinkling tunes abstractedly on the piano. A young woman of some *embonpoint*, evidently La Belle Rose, did needlework beside the pianist. At the desk presided Mme. John Tom, matronly and placid, while M. John Tom himself was ministering to the infrequent demands of a half dozen men and women, whose thirst for beer was held in check by their instincts of economy. It was a picture, almost domestic in its restfulness.

From time to time, La Belle Rose would put aside her needlework, leave her chair and ascend the platform to interpret one of her *chansons de genre*—songs which had been popular in Paris ten years before, but which were now for the first time heard in the archiepiscopal city of Malines. I can still hear the slightly nasal voice of La Belle Rose—the true music-hall voice all over the world—rendering with some archness of intonation the refrain:

"J'arrive d'Orléans

Mon p'tit nom c'est Estelle,

J'aurai dix-huit printemps

A la fraise nouvelle.

Je sors d'chez mes parents,

J'ai mes trente-deux dents,

Et d'bons antécédents

J'arrive d'Orléans!"

Her audience listened with silent approbation. Still better than these frivolous *chansonnettes*, they liked such sober songs as "La Prière du Paysan":

Je crois en Toi, maître de la Nature,

Je crois en Toi, et dans la Liberté—

because this struck more surely the chord of their own hard-working, honest, God-fearing lives. It is all so different in France.

La Belle Rose did not think it worth her while to carry around the little wooden dish which is consecrated in all such places to *la quête*. She sewed steadily between her musical performances, and on the whole appeared to me a sort of Belgian Fotheringay, who, however, needed not the fitful chaperonage of a Belgian Costigan. There were, apparently, no Pendennises or Fokers in Malines.

M. John Tom, perceiving me to be a stranger, gave me the honour of his personal attention. He was a clean-shaven, stout and very comfortable-looking individual. He trusted that Monsieur was pleased with the entertainment. Monsieur was wholly pleased, and said so.

"Ah," resumed John Tom, "Monsieur est peut-être Anglais?" No, Monsieur was American. The information visibly excited reminiscences in the brain of John Tom. He broke into English suddenly, as when one turns on the waters of a hydrant.

"Américain! Ah, I 'ave visit l'Amérique. Yas, I 'ave visit zat most large city of ze countrie of Monsieur!"

"New York," said I, with the bland assurance of Manhattan.

But my metropolitan presumption was to be properly rebuked. John Tom looked puzzled for a moment.

"New York? Non, je ne le connais pas. 'Oboken."

And then John Tom sat down beside me and discoursed of many things that he had seen when, in a Red Star vessel, he had sailed and sailed and sailed over an incredible amount of water, and had then beheld the glories of 'Oboken for five whole days. I had now shed the sixteenth century completely. 'Oboken brought me back to our own times.

John Tom returned at intervals. La Belle Rose sang. The clink of copper money was heard from the *comptoir* where Mme. John Tom presided. It was all very comfortable. But in time the big bell of St. Rombaud boomed out upon the stilly night. The last of the *convives* rose to go. John Tom again approached me. He regretted profoundly that the municipal ordinances compelled him to close his doors at ten. But if Monsieur desired to remain—as a guest—

Monsieur desired to remain. He tried to think of some French equivalent for "the shank of the evening." In fact, he dreaded to go back into the sixteenth century. The thought of that silent, ancient, musty bedroom, and of the flickering candle that would waken ghosts within its shadows, made him most unwilling to turn his back upon the light and sound of John Tom's hospitable *cabaret*. So John Tom closed the shutters and barred the door with a great wooden bar; and Mme. John Tom produced from some adjacent pantry a large Delft platter of delicious sandwiches cut thin, together with some radishes and fruit. La Belle Rose put away her sewing. The pianist ran his fingers through his hair and rolled a cigarette.

"Can you not play for me," said I, "your fine national air, the 'Brabançonne'? I have heard it only once, and wish that I could learn it."

The cigarette was swiftly laid aside, and the first few bars of martial music crashed out from the keys. Even this battered old piano could not rob of its power that splendid song which Campenhout composed to fit the stirring words by Jenneval, who fell soon after at the barricades. Americans have learned from Englishmen to think the Belgians tame and thoroughly unwarlike. This is because the Belgian troops at Waterloo broke when the French first smote the allied forces under Wellington's command. But these Belgians were at heart the partisans of Napoleon and they longed for his success, while they disliked the English. Why should they oppose the Emperor, who was a hero and a liberator? Thackeray well knew the truth when he wrote that marvellous chapter in *Vanity Fair*. If any one is given to think lightly of the Belgians, let him read the records of the year 1830, when the stubborn Dutch were assailed so fiercely by the Belgian revolutionists as to startle them from their stolidity and at last lead Europe to insist on Belgium's independence. In the blood and fury of that year the "Brabançonne" was born.

The pianist, no longer languid, made his instrument roll out the battle-song. La Belle Rose began the words. John Tom chimed in, and then Mme. John

"AHEAD, AND LOOMING GRANDLY OVER THE CITY, RISES THE GIGANTIC SPIRE OF
ST. ROMBAUD'S, BEGUN, PERHAPS, TEN CENTURIES AGO, YET STILL
UNFINISHED"

Tom. The incongruous group took on
a certain dignity:

Qui l'aurait cru? De l'arbitraire
Consacrant les affreux projets,
Sur nous de l'airain sanguinaire
Un prince a lancé les boulets!
C'en est fait! Oui, Belges, tout change,
Avec Nassau plus d'indigne traité!
La mitraille a brisé l'Orange
Sur l'arbre de la Liberté!

The crash and thunder of the stern

refrain are followed by a few chords of
the "Marseillaise," wonderfully inter-
woven with Campenhout's own music,
as if to show that Belgium's desperate
fight for freedom were but the final scene
in that great patriotic drama which
France began when it sounded the tocsin
of revolution in the *annus mirabilis*,
1793.

The pianist went on from verse to
verse, himself singing as he played. I
caught the air and something of the in-
spiration, and sang with all the rest of

them. There was a roar of sound in that small room.

Of a sudden came a sharply vicious blow upon the outer door—a sound as of a rifle-butt. We left off singing and there came a hush that you could feel.

“Ouvrez, au nom de la loi!”

Such was the order, given by a hoarse voice in the street. M. John Tom unbarred his door. In the dim light I could perceive a stocky man in military uniform. Behind him, the Belgian army was represented by three soldiers armed with rifles. The leader entered, and with him John Tom conferred in a low voice. I could make out the words *après dix heures . . . absolument défendu*. Obviously we had smashed the Belgian code to pieces by our patriotic *Schwärmerei*. I thought I ought to give John Tom a little help. I went forward to the personage in uniform.

“M. le Capitaine, the establishment of M. John Tom was duly closed at ten o'clock. I am a stranger, his private guest, and I was learning the words and music of ‘La Brabançonne,’ one of the finest of all national airs.”

M. le Capitaine—he was probably a high private or at most a corporal—bowed with much gravity and seemed pleased by his promotion to the higher rank. It is only in Georgia and Kentucky that military station is acquired at birth.

“We should be much pleased if M. le Capitaine would enter and partake of some slight refreshment, now that he has done us the honour of calling.”

M. le Capitaine came in and shut the door. He sniffed the sandwiches afar off, and was soon devouring them with much apparent satisfaction.

“As we were singing the ‘Brabançonne,’ perhaps you would drink a *demi-Moulin* to Belgium and its proud traditions.”

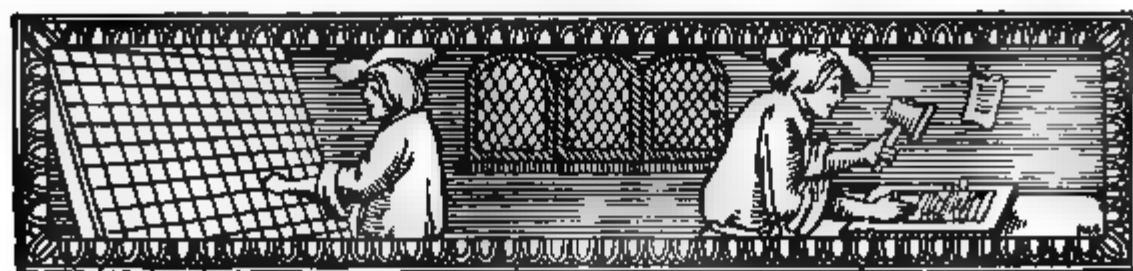
Doubtless it is a dusty task patrolling the streets and squares; and doubtless the army regulations in Belgium are comfortably elastic. At any rate, M. le Capitaine went to the door and spoke winged words to his brave followers. Presently we heard their tramping heels upon the *trottoir*, dying in the distance.

The *demi-Moulin* disappeared, and others followed it. M. le Capitaine removed his *képi*, unbuckled his belt, and made himself at home. He spoke with fervour of l'Amérique, which apparently he restricted to Brazil. He ate many radishes. At the hour of eleven-thirty he was standing on a chair beside the old piano and was leading all of us in the thundering refrain:

La mitraille a bri-i-sé l'ora-a-an-ge-e-e
Sur l'arbre de la Liberté!

* * * * *

The next morning, after a sixteenth century breakfast, I returned to Brussels, having settled my hotel bill—*tout compris*—for the sum of three francs and a half. (Economico-sociological note: If the inhabitants of Malines are chiefly paupers, it is because they are still charging sixteenth century prices in the year 1905.) I have not again beheld Malines, but the memory of it is a grateful one. No doubt Malines is officially beneath the sway of the Cardinal-Primate of All Belgium; but in my thoughts of it, the quaint old city will remain forever the hereditary principality of my genial friend, the good John Tom.



THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON MEDALLION, BY ST GAUDENS

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

HE death, on August 3d, at Concord, New Hampshire, of Augustus St. Gaudens deprived American art of one of its most eminent figures. He above all others in sculptors was representative of the breaking away from the old shackles and traditions. Though of mingled French and Irish blood, and himself born on Irish soil, his work throughout his career was characteristically American. The story of his parentage is

a pretty one. His father, Bernard Paul, a native of St. Gaudens, in the south of France, was on his way to the United States, and the ship by which he was travelling made a brief stop at Kingston, near Dublin. From the deck the young Frenchman caught sight of an Irish girl on shore and fell in love with her at once. He left the ship with the avowed intention of making the girl his wife, and very soon did so. Of this union Augustus St. Gaudens was born March 1, 1848.

It was as a small child that Augustus was brought to America. He was early

THE GENERAL SHERMAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

THE PETER COOPER STATUE AT THE COOPER UNION

Augustus St. Gaudens studied at the Cooper Union

THE PARRAGUT STATUE IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

GRIEF

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apprenticed to a cameo cutter, and afterward studied in the art schools of the Cooper Union and of the Academy of Design. In 1867, at the age of nineteen, he went to Paris and entered the Académie des Beaux-Arts, where he remained until 1870, when the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War caused him to move to Rome. In 1872 he returned to the United States, where, with the exception of a few prolonged visits to

Europe, he remained until his death. His work has been summed up as being in three different groups—his portrait plaques and medallions in low relief, such as the Stevenson medallion, his figures of an ideal character, and his achievements in heroic portraiture, such as the Deacon Chapin, which symbolised Puritan New England, and the Civil War statues—Sherman, Shaw, Logan, Lincoln, and Farragut.

THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER XXXI

WHICH MRS. GEORGE FOX UNDERSTANDS

MARY WISE was very surprised to find herself in any sort of connection with a Mrs. Fox. "The connection—only a person of proper feeling. That most unhappy child—impossible that she should remain here for a moment. Dearest mamma is so sensitive—and they say that the Prince—so altogether I was thankful to get rid of her; and Mrs. Fox was perfectly reasonable, and very kind about it." Mrs. Fox had, in fact, jumped at a proposal which she would have hesitated herself to open. The culprit was given over to her; she had her safely now in her Brompton lodgings, where for a time she was seldom out of her arms.

After the first cooings and tear-minglings—with "There, then, my precious, you are safe with your Mary—cry your fill"—she had attempted gentle admonitions of that sort which any good woman, with howsoever fine an ardour she have embraced matrimony, always feels constrained to give. No wife, we may suppose, ever forgets the plunge into the dark which has preceded her happiness; and

no girl ever believes in it. Therefore, so long as Mrs. Fox confined herself to platitudes her doctrine was accepted with docility. Her friend was too young to deal with generalities, and accepted them as the insignia of matrons. But when the good lady was forced, by honest belief, to go further, when it became evident that she frankly deplored the betrothal, Miss Hermia became the amazon; and it was a fierce young face that lifted from Mary's bosom, and a pair of scornful eyes which made Mary's to quail.

"Unworthy! You call him unworthy!"

"His position, dearest. Think of his position—and yours!"

"Why should I think of what my mother gave no thought to? Would you have called my father unworthy?"

"Your father, my darling, was my own cousin."

"Well, everybody must be somebody's cousin, I suppose. If I am to be careful of your cousins, Mary, I do think you should remember Mr. Vernour's."

"Your father was undoubtedly a gentleman," said Mrs. Fox.

To which she replied, "And so is Mr. Vernour, without any kind of doubt."

"Not in the eyes of the world, Hermy."

The girl's own eyes grew dreamy, and her voice sounded tired. "The world! I had forgotten it. Where is the world?"

Inside the Caryll House gates, I believe—defended by Jacob Jacobs. Surely I came out of it when I came to you!" After which there was nothing immediately to be done—by the likes of Mrs. Fox—but to kiss her; and presently to take up the burden again.

There was, you see, the romantic side to this affair; and Mary Fox, a long and patient traveller in the Pays du Tendre, was allured into occasional peeps at her old haunts—whose whispering groves, whose rills and thickets still had power to charm. Having the case before her, put with an impassioned oratory which I shall not attempt to rehearse, she had to confess that conduct more irreproachably delicate than that of the violet-bearer could not be conceived. It partook of the marvellous, even; for how did a Brook Street tradesman—and of his trade of all trades in the world!—how did such a one conjure up white violets all the year round? Pass, as Hermia calmly passed, the nursery-gardener at Feltham—to what research it pointed! To what an instinct for the elegant! Yes, and to what nice passion! When she was told as a fact that her Hermy had fallen in love with a posy of flowers, she had, in her present mood, no difficulty in believing it. She could understand that, she could imagine it. There was Boccaccio's tale—Lisabetta fondling her pot of basil; yes, she could thrill at such a tale! But by so much as you heighten the lure of that, by so much the more must the truth revolt. When the mystery was unlocked, when the veiled lover stood before her as he was—what then? Here her young friend confounded her by a dazzling admission, for she simply said that she then knew she had been in love before—"because, Mary, I was so happy, and liked to think of him." Yes, yes, indeed, that was the way of it—that was the glorious estate. One "liked to think of him"! But if one had been thinking of a violet-bearer, clothed in the mossy fragrance of his tribute, shy and rare himself as that in which he hid—and then—oh, heaven!—the white flowers brushed aside, he stood up, garbed in his dreadful uniform! What, then, child?

"Then," said Hermia, "I remembered that I had liked to think of him before."

"Before! Then you had—oh, my dearest!"

"I had seen him, of course, Mary. He was the very first person I saw when I came to London." And thus it gradually appeared to have been a case of love at first sight—kindled by a chance spark—a vision of proud eyes and a stiff head; blown upon by a visit to Brook Street; set ablaze by subsequent meetings—ah! me. "Harriet told me long ago that I was interested in him because I admired him," she said. "I was angry with her and thought she had a common mind; but you see that she was right. I didn't know it . . . but she was perfectly right."

She was able to speak of Brook Street by-and-by—almost to explain Brook Street. She had been praised for courage, she said, and named Lord Sandgate; as a matter of truth, she had been "dreadfully afraid. But it had to be done, you see," she went on. "I couldn't help doing it—I was drawn there—and now—and now I know why." Democracy, indeed! Mary Fox began to know why, too.

Talking of that visit, she skirted the inner truth, or delayed her search for it. She said that her prevalent feeling, while she waited there in the shop, had been one of burning humiliation that she should be doomed, in her poor finery, to bring disgrace upon an honest place. "Imagine it!" she cried. "My silly silks—my silly shoes which dared not be wetted—my feathers and ribbons! And then he came riding up, full of real business, dressed for it—"

"Ah!" Mrs. Fox gasped.

"Dressed for it—his working clothes—no pretence upon him!" She turned her indignant face to her friend. "What right had I—what right has any person in the world, Mary, to act a doll at a child's tea-party? To play about, to trifle, and hinder the work of the world! Oh, I was utterly ashamed! I felt that I was despicable, worse than nothing before him."

"But he did not, I imagine."

"He was more than kind, he was noble; but he could not deny his own nature. He could not stoop to me, or make concessions. That is so wonderful

in him, I think. I had seen it before when he stood up alone—inside the gates here—doing justice—inflexibly—with blood on his face. I felt the power of him break me down. I could have knelt to him.”

“Dearest, I fear, I fear that you did.”

“No, indeed. He would not have allowed it; and that made it all the worse, that I must pretend to confer and he to receive a favour. Favour from me to him! Oh, Mary, I went home burning—to my degradation, as I supposed. To be driven about in a carriage, splashing mud in the face of honesty with my hoofs and wheels; to be herded in a pack, among men who drank too much and women who were too little; to gape at a conjurer, at pictures, at women jigging; to be fed by powdered giants, and be sung to by hired Italians! What a life to lead in a busy world! I was spared all that by grandmamma, who locked me up—and gave me time to think of him. But in a day or two I had to go on with it all, as if nothing had happened. But, Mary, something *had* happened, something very wonderful. . . .” She frowned at Mary Fox, biting her red lip. “I don’t see why one should do all this—I don’t see how one dare do it, if one feels, if one knows that men and women are leading real lives outside; working, being happy in their work. They sing, Mary, as they go about their business. You hear them in the streets. Some of them used to whistle as they came to the house, and Jacobs always stopped them at the gates. No whistling at Caryll House—a sort of church! Oh, it’s all wrong, it’s all wrong! But now it’s over, for me.”

There spoke, perhaps, her father’s child, and her mother’s; offspring of that night’s work in ’88, when the silken lady of the Carylls rode pillion in the dark behind the man who had dared to break his sword. Had not this girl, too, caught at Reality by the knees?

The struggle went on with varying fortunes. Mary Fox was only half convinced, when the little sophist gained an unlooked-for arm for her warfare. She was able to confront the poor lady with a dilemma when the Earl of Morfa returned to town and brought his countess

with him. The noble pair took a furnished house in Curzon Street—since nothing could, of course, be done to the dowager’s detriment—and there they throve, in spite of all conclusions. The Family remained true to its patriarchal principle, that it is the male who ennobles. What then? A Countess Harriet is certainly a countess, while a Mrs. Hermia is a butcher’s wife. Mary Fox, accepting that, gave her beloved a rhetorical advantage which she made the most of. Take hold of which prong you will, here are two, says Hermia. Either Harriet, who had been nobody, was made somebody by Uncle Roddy; or Uncle Roddy, who was supposed to be somebody, was made nobody by Harriet Moon. In the former case, why should she and Vernour between them not be somebody? In the latter, why should Uncle Badlesmere and Uncle John Botetort, and Aunt Carinthia, and Aunt Barwise, and Aunt Sarah Coigne, and even poor dear Uncle Bernard, all flock to Curzon Street and pay their respects to—nobody? Here were two horns for the impaling of Mary Fox, who, for her part (as the lawyers say), “confessed and avoided.” She took Hermia, indeed, on the girl’s initiative, to wait upon the new countess, an agitating encounter in more ways than one. There was quite an assembly; the Earl not present. Countess Harriet used her fine eyes with tact. She was exceedingly kind to her former friend; but naturally nothing was said about Hermia’s affairs or her own. There were no confidences, and never could be again—because they had been all upon Harriet’s side, and nearly all untrue. It was Miss Chambre’s first appearance in the world since her disgrace, and she bore the trial with a simplicity and complete absence of shamefacedness which overwhelmed Mrs. Fox. But women are not self-conscious. Look, for instance, at the Countess Harriet chatting with Sir George Coigne, and contrast the two.

“Harriet told fibs,” Hermia owned as they walked homewards, over the park to Brompton, “and very nearly made me tell one. I suppose she had to defend herself with what she had. And she always had fibs, I fancy. She certainly led me to suppose that she would marry

George Coigne—and him, too, poor man."

So much, so far as I am concerned, of the Countess Harriet, who had not, perhaps, done so badly for her little hand. Sir George Coigne, the gossips say, was there a great deal; but she never gave him the slightest encouragement. I believe that she made Earl Roderick an excellent wife. And now for serious news.

CHAPTER XXXII

IN WHICH THE LAW INTERVENES

It was Ranald who told it to her—after she had been a week at Brompton—that Vernour and two others with him had been arrested, and lay in Newgate, for inciting to riot at the Westminster meeting. It touched his own honour, he said, nearly; he had done his best to get included in the charge. It had been his meeting, convened in his own constituency, on behalf of his colleague, for which he alone was responsible. He had offered to stand his trial, but no notice had been taken; and neither he nor Wardle would be touched. Of course, he would defend the men—she might rely upon him.

Her calmness was remarkable; for though she had not had a word from her lover since her avowal and disgrace, and for the two days before this news had not received her violets, she had been unalterably cheerful, extraordinarily happy—singing about the house, sewing, gossiping with Mary Fox, shopping—and had seen no omens even in the absence of her flowers. The intelligence ought to have knocked her over, she ought to have winced or paled; but it did neither. On the contrary, her colour had quickened, her eyes flashed. "Absurd!" she had said. "He will be acquitted." Then Ranald was bound to tell her his fears. Sandgate and he would do all that was possible, but she ought to prepare herself for a bad verdict. There had undoubtedly been what amounted to a riot; windows had been broken; an informer had been mauled, a constable hurt, not seriously, but they would make the most of it. Vernour had been the first to speak of spies; he had pointed his finger, and

mutterings had followed. Not much in that, but it would count against him. The worst of all was that Ministers intended to get a conviction. They had been after one for years, ever since old Tooke's triumph; and the haste with which they were pushing on now showed what they thought of their chances. There would also be other influences at work—she would understand that. She did. "You mean my family's?"

He nodded. "Badlesmere is dead against you. And, of course, her ladyship——" But she stopped him there.

"Grandmama knows nothing of it. I am sure of that."

"Well," he said, "I hope you are right. Then Roddy will be generous, perhaps."

"Generous, Mr. Ranald!"

"Well, your Vernour pommelled him, you know, in his own court—and Roddy's young, and as sensitive as most youths."

She waived Roddy and his youth, having other things to think of.

"Mr. Ranald," she asked, "ought I to go to him?"

"He won't hear of it. He didn't want me to tell you of this—in fact, he said, 'Here's the end of it,' directly he saw me. I talked him over into seeing that you must needs have the news sooner or later—and better from a friend than an enemy. But he has a horror of involving you in the business, as is only reasonable; and I think that you should humour him."

Her eyes were full. "Of course, I am involved—of course, it is my right to be involved. But I won't go until he sends for me. How long before they——?"

"Not long. They are in a hurry. He'll be taken before the magistrates in a month, and committed. They'll oppose bail, undoubtedly, but we'll try for it."

"And then——?"

"Trial next term, for certain. Ellenborough sits—that is settled."

She stared at the day, and at the days to come. "Lord Ellenborough! It means—no hope."

"Almost that—in these times. You will need all your courage—courage for two."

"I have the courage of two," she said. "I have his."

She wrote him a letter, which Ranald took. "One word from you, and I come. I am free here with Mary Fox, who would take me to and from your prison. I am in your hands, at your knees, and have no fear but to displease or trouble you. Oh, my love, I am proud that I can sit here and wait. HERMIA MARY—yours."

Ranald put it into his breast-pocket. "He shall have it, trust me. Let me say that I admire your spirit, and find it well mated. Good-bye for the moment." He kissed her hand.

It was that high spirit that won over Mary Fox, and vanquished all her doubts. No tears, no brooding, no quarter asked of heaven. "If they imprison him, he will bear it, and so must I. The time will pass—we are both quite young. And in any case we must have waited. I am grandmamma's property for five years—no, for four years more. That means that I should have been a sort of prisoner—not allowed to speak or write to him. Well, I should have borne that, and so would he." This girl was of heroic build—this girl of the thrust bosom and starry eyes. She won friends fast, as the story became known, though they were not of the kind who could have been acceptable at Caryll or Crowland House. Of her old allies, Lady Grizel, was for her, Lord Sandgate, of course, and Ranald. Sir Francis wrote to her from the Tower, and the veteran Parson Tooke from his Wimbledon cavern. These things elated her—or she made the most of them. Nobody knew with what looming shapes she fought when she was alone; for there were no signs of the strife in the morning when she appeared at the breakfast table and kissed her Mary Fox. It was at that hour that she made what she could of her friends and alliances. She saw Ranald nearly every day; his devotion was exemplary.

Vernour and his companions were committed, having reserved their defence. No bail could be allowed. She had not been present, by his desire, or command, as she chose to call it—for just now when he was powerless and shadowed by infamy, her loyalty would have made him out a despot, if he had not taken that

high road of his own accord. But he had written to her the night before he was to appear, a letter—not long—which shows clearly that arrogance had grown upon him with disgrace. Terseness was his vein, and a repression of feeling which might well have seemed cavalier to a less pliant mistress.

"My beloved," he wrote, "I must bid you farewell for a season which must be long, and shall be as much longer as you please. They will condemn me, I am sure; but that is little. There is another assize in which I am judge, jury, and prisoner, and in which I condemn myself. I shall ask no reprieve here. What I have of yours you will never take from me; but what you have left I will never take from you unless you bid me. Your lover."

She didn't see that it was an arrogant letter, that the signature in particular was extremely arrogant. It assumed entire dominion, not only of her heart and destiny, but of the hearts and needs of all men. "Your lover"! And she with a dozen lovers! It was on a par with the *Yo el Rey* of Spanish kings. Yet the poor girl kissed it often, and wore it faint in her bosom.

As for the preliminaries, Ranald gave her an account of them. Only one witness had been called—a Mr. Banks, a critic and historian. Mr. Banks? she had echoed, a Mr. Aloysius Banks? Yes, that was the party—cavernous kind of a man with a booming voice, who "deemed it to have been his painful duty to be present at an assembly of persons who"—that sort of a man.

She said that she knew him. He was the first Englishman she had spoken with upon landing, two years ago. "I have met him since, too. He used to come to the house. I asked granny to send him a card for a party. I believe he dined. I thought he liked me."

"He likes your family," said Ranald; but she did not catch the implication.

Banks, he thought, would be an awkward customer. There was this about his testimony which he did not tell her. He had seen Banks come into court between two noble lords. The Marquis of Badlesmere was one—Lady Morfa's brother—and Lord Barwise the other,

Lady Morfa's son-in-law. Now, how could Banks be cross-examined with effect if you had to leave out Lords Badlesmere and Barwise, and their relations with the witness? Banks was an informer, of course—but who were his principals? Not the executive, Ranald thought; he was not of their camp. Then it must be Caryll House, acting through Lords Badlesmere and Barwise; and, in that case, the defence was tongue-tied.

The defence did what it could. Sir Samuel Romilly had been retained, and Mr. Brougham. Then darkness settled down upon the Brompton lodgings, and Mary Fox lost flesh, anxious for her friend.

The case came on in June—middle of June—and made some stir, because, in spite of everything Ranald could do, the accessory facts became known. London rang with them: the newspapers, the ballad-sellers, the fruit-sellers, all the "damned tinker's pack of curs" were on to it, and noses down, tracked the scent. It made for the popularity of Vernour, as Ranald owned; it settled his private affairs; it made the prospects of Mr. Banks less rosy. Lord Sandgate took it upon himself to overlook the briefs: Mr. Banks's noble friends were not forgotten. He did more. He instructed Cobbett, he instructed the examiner, and in a speech which he made in the City on the eve of the trial he did not scruple to allude to the romantic circumstances under which this accomplished young man and hopeful citizen became involved in a snare of public malice and private rancour to parallel which he must needs have searched the Register of *Lettres de cachet*, happily burned with their partner in infamy, the Bastille. The town caught at the allusion and wormed out the romantic circumstances. Back came the butcher's horse, the visit to Brook Street; back the "Lad in blue," and the "Lady in white"; back the famous print, "Cob-it, my hearty!" And this was the eve of the trial.

She watched out the day with Mary Fox. She did not cry, but she could not pretend to courage. She had far rather have been present: the thing was how to get through the hours. At twelve

o'clock she got up and went for a walk; but she had the fancy that everybody was looking at her and had to come back. It is the fact that she had seen the unhallowed print in a bookseller's window, and was unnerved by it. She told Mary that if somebody had slapped her on the cheek, she would have got her courage back. And so it happened: somebody did.

At five, or half after, from her window she saw Mr. Ranald ride up to the door, and turned to wait for him, holding her heart.

He was shown in, and she received him standing. No greetings passed.

"You will need your courage," he said.

She had nothing to say.

"They've found him guilty, the hounds—but we've got old Banks into the mire." Her eyes asked, not her lips.

"The thing is atrocious. Ellenborough! Licking his lips before he began—like a wolfish usher with his cane. Miss Chambre, he has six months and a fine of £250."

She laughed aloud. "That! To us!"

He added, "There's more. He's to stand three hours in the pillory, and put all England to shame. By God, I wish I were in his shoes! We'd bring down Northumberland House about their ears."

This was her slap on the face. The hot blood spread. "When is this to be?"

"To-morrow, at Charing Cross. Oh, the ingenuity of these rascals! The House rises to-morrow—do you see? If there's a row, they can do their work quietly—no questions asked—and Burdett comes out to-morrow, too. Oh, they've worked it well. A row there'll be. But you must be out of this."

"I shall go, of course," she said; and he could have kissed her.

CHAPTER XXXIII

PILLORY AND TUMBRIL

Lord Rodono was the first to hear of it. He was in the lobby of the House—which was about to be prorogued by a king's speech—which had just divided. In these days he had lived very much to himself, unknown to his usual haunts,

missed alike at Brooks's, Newmarket, Crowland House. He held by the House of Commons, because a man must do something, and because he felt that he must stay on, somehow, and "see the end." He knew all about the trial, naturally, and the end of it; he raged over the scandal, and loathed all the actors in it. Hermia herself was cheapened and soiled—and yet "the pity! the pity!" He had not been face to face with her since that evening in the spring when she was brought to Clarges Street by— Oh, damn it, the thing was hideous!

But he had followed everything since his battle with Vernour, when he had acknowledged the man's integrity; he had known where Hermia was living, had allowed Ranald to talk of her and her prospects, had seen Ranald getting deeper and deeper into her graces, and deeper and deeper into need of them. Bob Ranald was "one of us" by now. Not in the running—nobody had a ghost of a chance beside that accursed butcher—but running, apparently, for glory and honour—for the sake of her whom he called the "starriest girl in all England." Rodono felt that he could have been Ranald's best man with pride and thanksgiving; but the butcher—oh, God! No, a woman, to be perfect in his eyes, must be unspotted from the world, cloistered and approached only on the knees—by all men but one.

Some such thoughts as these—constant with him at the time—filled him now as he ground his heel into the pavement and sunk his hands deeper into his breeches pockets.

"She's mired herself—she's dragged—faugh! what a maid fell there! Bewitched, besotted, beguiled, betrayed! What a high head—and down it droops! What a bold flight—toppled, shot in the breast!"

A man came through the lobbies, rather breathless, news in his face. He was triumphant over his little grain of knowledge.

Rodono stood alone, his hat over his eyes, and the newcomer caught sight of him. Something was wrong with Tom, who cut his old friends—now, if one could wake him up! One might try. The man of news stopped.

"I say, Tom, my boy, there's a rare row—Cobbett's at it—and the Orator, foaming at the mouth."

"Ah!" said Rodono, "I dare say. What else? Anything new? Where's your row, Cassonby?"

"Charing Cross—over the butcher's carcase." That pricked him.

"What do you mean—carcase? They've not——?"

Mr. Cassonby tossed his whiskered face. "Good Lord, no. Otherwise. They're ready to break up the pillory. She's there, you know."

"She?" What eyes Rodono had! Cold steel! Mr. Cassonby knew better than to quote ballads.

"Miss Chambre's there," he said. "Facing 'em all. They treat her like a queen."

Tom Rodono was certainly in Queer Street, as Mr. Cassonby informed the next man he met. "I was telling him a devilish good story—putting it devilish well, too—for I was moved, sir, dammy, I was moved—and off he goes as if shot from a gun. I saw the lady come—she's been there three-quarters of an hour. Came with Bob Ranald—on the arm of Bob—and a veiled friend. Bob clears the road as he'd clear decks. 'Way there, my lads, way there,' says Bob, humouring the fellows—you know Bob! So she comes up through a lane of them as if she was at a drawing-room—and stands underneath the stage and faces 'em all. And Bob—little Bob—he keeps a clear space for her—marches up and down, true quarter-deck fashion. Oh, it was rare! They cry three cheers for 'Lady Vernour,' if you please. Lady Vernour! They marry her and raise her to the peerage all in a breath—that's what we're coming to with our blessed Reform. The mob'll make peers when they've unmade a few. . . . Lady Vernour! . . . Up comes old Cobbett on horseback—they give him room enough—and rope enough, hev? He was haranguing when I left. But she was rare—never flinched, never blinked—just did what she had to do—and stuck to it, sir—kept on with it."

All this Tom Rodono had missed; but going down Westminster Hall he could

not miss Lord Sandgate, who met him full.

They had not had much to say to each other of late, and what there had been to say bore no reference to Miss Chambre's affair. Lord Sandgate was by nature reserved, and in consequence suspicious of reserve in other men's dealings with him. He had striven hard in Vernour's defence, the reader knows, and had made so bold as to drag in the Caryl House faction for the scarifying of Mr. Banks. He suspected, not without reason, that Rodono did not praise him for this, and kept out of his colleague's neighbourhood. He would have passed him now with a nod had not something in the fierce striding of the man caught his attention—something fell in his purpose. As it was, he stopped him.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

Rodono met his eye without, at first, seeming to recognise him; but he, too, stopped, and a dullish hue of grey spread over his face. Rodono, his temper lost, had a devil.

"You've a right to know, I suppose. I'm going to her."

"Ha! Where is she?"

"At your pillory, my lord. Where you drove her to be."

"You have no right to say that—but I can't quarrel with you now. I come with you."

"You can do as you please," said Rodono. Before they had reached the Horse Guards, they could hear the roaring of the mob at Charing Cross.

Squalor and splendour, or homeliness and strength, whichever you please, have always marked our country, which can choose to rule a share of two worlds from a little brown house in Downing Street. Squalor beyond description vile was spread broad over the field at Charing Cross where, on that midsummer day, the pageant of an offended realm was displayed. And yet the scene as viewed from afar did not lack in force of character. From the entry of Whitehall you might have seen it enacted in dumb show, by creatures less than men; for the ground ran up from Westminster, and no staging, no crucificial gallows could make headway against the great mass of

Northumberland House. So our two gentlemen saw it, as a scene, above the swarming masses of men, between tossing flags, caps in the air, flung-up hands—dumbly done amidst a hubbub of hoarse voices—waxing and waning like a heavy sea—now angry, gathering, and low—hooting Castlereagh or Canning—and anon swelling into a roar of cheers as some popular name was thrown into the waves. Above and beyond all this, upon a wooden platform stood the crosses, as they seemed; the tall-shaped gallows-trees wherefrom three fixed faces stared, and six hands drooped helpless and unhappily white. About stood the sheriff's officers and the constables—a short person in a gown and cocked hat seemed to be reading a proclamation; and at the further fringe of the crowd a broad-shouldered rider, his hat waving in his hand, was roaring himself hoarse in rivalry. The windows of the ducal houses were full—ladies were there, and gentlemen—some in uniform. The rest was sunglare, dust, and flung-up arms; and over all the rising surge of noise, now angry, now wild in triumph.

"Come," said Lord Sandgate, "or we shall be too late." Rodono needed no prompting; he was in front, battling a way through. The outskirts here were easy—dandies on horseback making bets—traders with limp ballads, wet from the press, chariots, with ladies standing on the box-seat, a juggler with a white rabbit, pickpockets, beggars, and harsh-faced women, draggle-tailed and tousle-haired. Beyond this fringe Rodono had to use his shoulders, then his voice. He descended to working with his own name, and was rewarded with a "God bless you, my lord," and room made. He was not known—but Lord Sandgate fared better. "Let my lord go through—the people's friend"—and a cheer for Reform.

It was Sandgate at last who led the way; his name carried further than his title—but it could not work miracles. To cleave that jammed mass of sweating, roaring humanity he must use a sharper weapon, and did not scruple. "Let us pass, if you please—we are going to the lady. We are friends—let us pass." "Lady Vernour! God bless her lady-

ship! Make room—make room!" Thus they made their way, and saw the stout Mr. Ranald striding up and down the cockpit he had cleared—saw his alert, authoritative eyes, his squared jaw, his weathered cheeks—heard his comfortable "Steady there, my lads, and keep the peace"—and saw then the pale girl, in her white dress, a veil about her brows, standing calm, unfaltering, and steady-eyed—at the foot of the cross.

The bitterness, the shameful, the gall! Rodono went white to the lips. He turned on Sandgate and smote him with his anger. "You've done this, you damned procurer; you're answerable for this!" His voice was a sword.

But Lord Sandgate did not flinch. "I'll answer you anywhere but here. At present we've a duty—to her. If I did, I'm proud of it." He hoped that he was.

She made no sign when they came and stood one on each side of her and her veiled friend, Mary Fox; it seemed that she had got beyond the stage of consciousness; as though all her nerves and faculties, bent before to the one task of endurance, were now set hard; as though she stood because she was stiffened. No one spoke. Gradually Rodono also stiffened, and lost his burning sense of wrong done. The million-eyed, surging, hoarsely murmuring sea tossed before him unheeded; he, too, was learning how best to endure. Of them all, the one person who kept his wits about him was the fever-taut Ranald.

There was plainly no danger to be feared from those in front. The beauty, the stillness, and the dignity of the young girl held the mob's eyes and subdued its tongue. But the pressure from behind was very serious, and from the sides came now and again an ugly sound. On the steps of the Golden Cross over the Strand, speaker after speaker stood up—shouted, gesticulated, pointed this way and that, all in dumb show, and was answered by a roar. No stones were thrown, and there was, on the whole, more good-humoured admiration for the victims than rage against the officers. This was the state of affairs at half-past four, when Rodono had been with her half an hour. There was another hour

to go yet; and a diversion was approaching from Cockspur Street—a four-horse open chariot was making its way through the crowd at the back. You could see now and again the fretful heads of the horses, the bobbing head of a groom running beside, those of the two footmen, with staves, swaying behind; and above all this the coachman in three-cornered hat and wig. You could tell by the bending of his shoulders that he was humouring his cattle, and in a mortal terror.

The crowd divided—some hats went off, there was some cheering, but not much. Anyhow, there was no hooting, and the liveries were not scarlet. Rodono, who had thought one of the Princesses might have blundered into the thing, or that one, in particular, might have chosen to brazen her case before such a mob, was puzzled and intrigued. Was it a rescue? Was it—could it be—? By the Lord Harry, but it was! The carriage came on by inches at a time—and now he could see the single, nodding occupant. Her dowager ladyship of Morfa was come to take her share, and his heart went out to the old, white eagle-face. "By God, the old wolf will fight for her cubs!"

The Morfa chariot it was which made its way to the foot of the scaffold. Even so Hermia had to be told. Ranald told her, after he had exchanged a word or two with her ladyship.

The old Countess, after nodding and blinking at her girl—and in vain—had beckoned him up. "Get her in, Mr. Ranald. She can't stop here."

"I fear, my lady, that she means it. I can't force her."

"Ask her to speak to me. Let this be stopped."

"I'll ask her."

He spoke to her, he touched her on the arm. "Your grandmother wishes to speak to you. She has come here." Hermia seemed to awake out of her dream at that.

"Where is grandmamma?"

"Here—in the carriage."

"Give me your arm, please." He took her up. The mob craned and surged.

"Hermia, child," said her ladyship, "I implore you to come with me."

She shook her head. "Not now, granny—not yet." The old lady moistened her dry lips.

"I'm an old woman, my dear—and I ask it of you." Hermia had tears in her eyes, for the first time that day.

"You know that I would come—if I could. Oh, granny, my place is there!"

"We cannot argue—we cannot talk of these things, my child."

"No, no."

"I have come for you—I have brought myself so far—and I am an old woman."

"Dearest granny—if I could! But—ah, you must not ask me to leave—David." Shaking head and blinking eyes—the old eagle of a woman. Old as she was, she whipped herself forward.

"I wish to say—I have come to say—that I knew nothing of this. I have been ill. They told me nothing."

She had never supposed it—had not been told of Banks's alliances. Truth and candour beamed in her eyes, as she answered, "No, no, granny. I am sure—I am quite sure." But she would not come—she could not. Therefore, Lady Morfa sat it out, and Hermia went back to her post.

The dragoons, who had been sent for at half-past three, came down Cockspur Street, and were first seen by Vernour—the midmost of the cruciform wretches, staring there dry-tongued and dizzy. He made inarticulate noises in his throat, which were heard by a constable, and, oddly enough, attended to. The man was a good fellow.

"Are you ill, Mr. Vernour? Are you ill, sir?"

"No, no," said Vernour. "The soldiers. Take her away. Get her away."

Ranald saw him contorting up there, and went to him. No one stopped him. He mounted the platform. Vernour repeated his order. "Tell her to go—it is my desire. There is terrible work coming." Ranald looked, and saw it coming. Plain enough to his practised eye. The people had faced the soldiery, but did not budge. Oaths and fierce cries from the midst were heard. The officer in command had a restive horse; here were the elements of something grim.

"Yes, yes, Vernour; she ought to go—

and the carriage, too. Good God, that old dragon of a lady! You desire her—to go?" He motioned with his eyes—he was nearly done. Ranald went down and spoke to Hermia, who looked up in alarm, and wavered, swayed about.

She recovered in a moment, and wavered no more. She went up the ladder, in a tense silence from all who could see her; Ranald followed. She had a little phial of brandy in her hand, and went to him with it. She fed him, drop by drop, and whispered to him—none heard what she said. She succoured the other two, one of whom, a mere boy, was bending at the knees.

Ranald spoke to the sheriff. "Take these men down, sir. There'll be murder here." The sheriff was very much perplexed.

"I can't take orders from you, Mr. Ranald."

"You get them straight from hell, I think. How much more of this is there to be?"

He got no answer, and expected none. He saw that the stones were flying—and remarked also now that the murmur was lulled so that you could hear the sharp order of the officer, and the rattle of arms, as the men obeyed. "By God, they're going to fire!"

A man galloped up to the officer and spoke to him. Immediately afterwards, a stone hit him on the head—Ranald saw him lower sideways and throw up his hand to his face.

All heads were turned towards the coming battle; the crowd, led as it always is by its front, was pushing towards the dragoons. Vernour gasped out his command—"Go, Hermia, go!"—two of the constables spoke to her. Orders were peremptory—she must leave the platform. She turned—she dared not look at her lover, for fear of his terrible, tortured face and glazing eyes—but she was wild, and knew not what she was doing. She raised her face—a pale, tragic face it was—and kissed the helpless hand near her; and then suffered herself to be led away.

She was not a moment too soon. By the time she had been put into the carriage with Mary Fox, and the horses turned to Whitehall, the mob was surg-

ing up to meet the dragoons—the scaffold and its burden were almost deserted. She saw—it was the last thing she saw—the three crosses stand up against Northumberland House, as it were in a desert place; and then she fainted. She did not hear the volley which ended the day's work.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN WHICH THE HON. CAPTAIN RANALD EPILOGISES

I close with what scattered notes I have left, to account as best I can for the remaining maiden years of Miss Chambré's life. Her story, however, so far as my purposes are concerned, was virtually ended with the shot which ended Vernour's earthly course. She lived them, I understand, mainly, if not altogether, in the country: at Wrensham, whither the Dowager Lady Morfa retreated before the advance of the new Countess; in Ireland, with the George Foxes; rarely at Petersham; and, for one visit certainly, in the west of Scotland, where Lord and Lady Clanranald occupied a scarred fortalice—"as poor as rats and as keen as rats-bane," was the description of his parents given her by Captain Ranald, heir of the ragged demesne. "A pair of old ravens," some other wag termed them, "sitting on a scaur, looking sideways for death." They were very kind to the girl, and liked her. They reported her docile and affectionate. Docile and affectionate!—Hermia Mary! This must have been, the reader sees, a long time after her fiery ordeal. It was, in fact, nearly three years afterwards, when Bob Ranald's hopes were high, and the wounded amazon more resigned to her lot.

Poor young Vernour, shot by a chance ball of that volley which she had not heard, was forgotten by the world which had been ready to make much of him, given a favouring star. There had been an inquest, at which Ranald made a scene, and did his best to get committed; there had been regrets from the Home Office, and a talk of prosecution—but none followed. The law officers were

clear on the points; it could not be denied that the Riot Act had been read, stones thrown, the cheek of a sheriff of Middlesex cut open. Besides, who did the deed? How can you indict a squadron? Was it to be supposed that any hand had been murderously, deliberately levelled at a man tied in the pillory? Nothing was done; as Ranald had said, the day had been well chosen. Parliament was up that day; Sir Francis was enlarged; within a week Mr. Cobbett was standing to answer a charge of libel, and within three weeks he was in gaol. These were timely diversions, and confounded the popular party. Vernour was no longer a handle for Lord Sandgate's battle-axe. Lord Sandgate, indeed, dropped him. Better for his uses an imprisoned Cobbett than a dead Vernour.

But my Lord Sandgate could not so easily drop Tom Rodono, whose affair with him marks the end of a painful scandal. It had a paragraph in *The Morning Post*, and half a column in *The Examiner*. *The Morning Chronicle*, which was the Whig organ, did not notice it at all. The gentlemen met on Wimbledon Common, on the morning of that day on which they buried Vernour; Lord Morfa was Rodono's second. They exchanged a shot apiece, and Sandgate fired first—but wide. Rodono hit him in the shoulder, and, it is thought, nicked the bone. However, both combatants rode off the ground, after expressing themselves in becoming terms.

After the dismal rites were done, she fell into a state of listlessness and apathy. She did not cry (not being of the sort that gets relief that blessed way), and was perfectly amiable, but she was without a will of her own—except on one point, and that an odd one. Nothing could tempt her to leave her grandmother for long, not even the wooing of Mary Fox, of green Kilbride, and the sweet, wet gales of Roscommon; she who had so stoutly played the rebel was now an ardent Loyalist. True, the fierce old woman was broken; true that she quailed before the brown-eyed little Countess Harriet and her array. "Moon-struck," they said, the stern old

warrior; and it's certain that she never met her daughter-in-law in this world. So that it may have been pity which touched the rebel heart—and, if so, that's to its credit; but I believe that it was admiration. Steel fires steel. I believe that it was the spectacle of the nodding old eagle enduring the shame of London—the gaping, the nudging, the tongues in the cheeks—which spoke to her, as it were, with a voice: Here is a franchise worthy of your esteem, and here a pride above your own. Bend your knee, Norman.

The Hon. Captain Ranald, while pursuing his political adventure, kept an eye open to what chances he might have of possessing his bruised goddess. He knew that they could only improve with time; but he intended to have her, if waiting patiently could help him. It was her spirit he loved, he told himself—the spirit she had once had—though her beauty, to his mind, was enhanced by the pale and pensive cast it wore. With these things won, he vowed that he should be content. "She'll never love me, I know," he told his friend Cliffe Jenyns, the traveller and poet. "She's the kind that gives once, and gives all. If I get her, it will be like marrying a nun."

"Not it, my boy," said the genial Cliffe, "if you are the man I believe you." But Ranald shook his head. "I'm not romantic, but I can see the vestal in her. God bless you, why do you suppose she tumbled into that young man's arms?"

"Fine fellow, you tell me, fine figure of a young man. Had parts—spoke well, could think—is that what you mean?"

Ranald snapped his fingers. "Pooh, sir, nothing of the sort! His greatest chance with her was that she knew nothing about him. It was all romance of her own spinning. The business was done on that visit of hers to Brook Street—you remember, I told you about that at the time—to apologise. Well, she was in a great fright, and no wonder. He got the benefit of that—don't you see? She was there to sing small, and she became small; the smaller she, the greater

he. As she stooped, he towered up, higher and higher. She projected him as a god, and god he remained to the end of the chapter. All a generous figment of her brain—I'm sure of it. . . .

"Mind you, I knew Vernour well, and admired him. He had character—a quiet force; and it did so happen that he could make use of it. Politics! they had nothing to do with the matter. She knew no politics except by hearsay; if she had any leanings herself, it was towards aristocracy. She was one to the tips of her finger-nails. No; he struck her imagination, and she chose—as queens used to choose. As for him—damn it, he was a male."

Cliffe Jenyns laughed. "What are you, Bob, for instance—politician or male?"

"I don't say. It's not come to that—and I suppose I'm a gentleman. What I mean is this—that there's a field which politics can't touch, a fund in this old world which will outlive science and all our blessed systems. I agree with Tom Paine, of course—as far as he goes. If a man is not finer than a king, God help the monarchy; and if he is, why, God will stand aside. So down goes the monarchy at the proper time. But there's a Right of Man unconsidered by Tom; and I say that she lent herself to the proving of it. She submitted, she stooped to be the test case. And, by God, she proved it."

"Do you mean that the eternal male—?"

"I do. He was no more than that essentially—splendid brawn. But she was the Divinity who submitted to a man—for us men. Democracy in practice! She took us a step beyond the Rights of Man, which we're all prating about, to the Rights of Nature, which will outlast all politics and politicians—when she, the noble, free-moving creature, in her own way, worked out the Right of Man—of any man who is one—to choose his mate. Other things being equal—as they were here—no caste can stand out against that. Had she been an archduchess, it would have made no difference."

"Your course is clear," said Jenyns. "Advance, man, and choose."

"Not now. She gave him all—as they

do, my friend, as they do—and once for all. I shall get a shell, but I shall take it.”

He stared at the fire, then broke out again. “She’s the sort that must give, that thrives only so. She has breasts; she would feed the hungry. She stoops from her high seat and sheds heaven

upon us; and it’s not one in ten thousand that sees the condescension, the magnanimity, the extraordinary bounty. The Stooping Lady! The Stooping Lady! That’s what I call her. . . . I’ll tell you what it is, Cliffe; she’d have me to-morrow if she thought I was broken.”

He was right there.

THE END

ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

I. THE COSMOPOLITANISM OF NEW YORK

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

ROWDED together within Manhattan Island’s narrow boundaries may be found many corners, even complete neighbourhoods, which might have been transplanted bodily from Old World cities. A large and varied foreign population has built, naturally enough, a very cosmopolitan city, whose architecture varies as widely and is no less distinctive than its inflections. New York’s uncompromising roof lines and the inevitable uniformity of its blocks do elve readily to such illusions, and yet the city is particularly rich in these contrasts. One might expect to find something of London and Paris on Manhattan Island, but hardly fragments of such amazing completeness, and it comes as a genuine surprise to discover similar bits of Antwerp, Milan, Madrid, and even Venice.

Of London, especially of the city of the eighteenth century, one would expect to find more suggestion; the surprise is perhaps that one finds so few traces, and these so widely scattered. New York after all was once an English city. In the endless building and rebuilding of the city colonial New York has disappeared to its last brick. Even the old Wren tower of St. Paul’s, completely dwarfed, has been lost in the skyline it once dominated. In old Greenwich Village, however, since it has been out of the line of most active progress, entire streets have been preserved from an early period in all their architectural integrity. Their age has lent them an indefinable air of being originals, which no modern buildings, however cleverly adapted, can hope to imitate. Their lines have been softened, their angles have grown less mathematical, the entire tone of many of these streets seems entirely foreign to New York.

There are many blocks of these old houses—in some places they are continuous—which might have been lifted bodily out of Bloomsbury. The old English brick, or at least its form, is very common; the windows, the doorways, the roof lines—a crowd of details lend themselves to the illusion. The foliage seems to belong to an older period and serves to complete the picture.

There is much of Paris in New York, but unlike the architecture of London it has been an influence rather than an inheritance. Within the past few years this influence has been especially marked, and as a rule in the most pretentious buildings well uptown. The common use of light stone has tended to reproduce on Manhattan Island much of the colour scheme of Paris. Because of the tendency to over-decoration and the lavish use of carvings in high relief it is not the Paris of the imagination so much as the newer city along the Seine in the neighbourhood of the Triumphant Arch. At many points the illusion within narrow boundaries is complete.

LONDON

Of London, especially of the older city, one would expect to find more frequent suggestion in New York. In the endless building and rebuilding of the city but few traces remain of the English occupation. A comparatively modern block on the West Side in the fifties has caught much of the charm of the older sections of London. The block is taken up with a long vine-covered building shadowed by a beautiful Gothic tower. Beneath this foliage the lines have been softened, its angles grown less mathematical. The group has the indefinable air of being an original

VENICE

In reproducing characteristic bits of foreign cities on Manhattan Island not even Venice has been neglected. A discerning eye will discover innumerable decorative details which have been frankly adapted throughout the city. The attempt to impart something of the beauty of the Doges Palace to a hotel on Broadway has not been wholly unsuccessful. The happiest of these attempts, however, is to be found just off Fifth Avenue in the forties. A pretentious building has been erected reproducing the lines of a famous palace of the Grand Canal even to the colour scheme with remarkable fidelity.

PROVINCIAL FRANCE

New York's uncompromising roof lines and the inevitable uniformity of its blocks do not readily lend themselves to these illusions. It comes as a surprise to find much that is suggestive of the French provinces within the narrow boundaries of Manhattan Island. Several of the most famous of the French chateaux, reproduced with remarkable fidelity on upper Fifth Avenue, serve as the homes of wealthy New Yorkers. The most nearly complete illusion is a reproduction of the Chateau de Chenonceau, framed by beautiful lawns overlooking the Hudson River from Riverside Drive.

ITALY

A large Italian population has tended to convert many sections of the city into some semblance of Italy. In the poorer sections they have introduced much vivid colour, but since they have had little else to work with the effect is merely suggestive. There are many private houses, however, some collected into groups, which have been decorated in the Italian spirit with a delicacy of detail which is unmistakable. The most considerable group of these buildings is to be found in the vicinity of Gramercy Park. Several corners in this section might be set down in the residential sections of Milan without disturbing the picture.

THE NETHERLANDS

No trace remains to New York of the early Dutch architecture of ancient New Amsterdam. The sixteen less, in many places by buildings, for the most part very ornate and pretentious ones, in the Dutch style, reproduced on Manhattan Island, but it is the Antwerp of to-day, and has the appearance of being very new. The lines of the roof in abrupt steps has been employed in scores of buildings to the enrichment of the skyline this spirit are to be found on upper West End Avenue, where complete blocks of houses hold an effect of An

New York, a city of violent contrasts, is in no respect more whimsical than in its architecture. Within a stone's throw of the Parisian New York of the upper West Side, with its ornate decorations, one may chance upon groups of Irish huts complete to the last detail. The little buildings of rough boards have long since fallen into decay. The angle of the roofs, the height of the eaves and the materials employed readily identify their origin. Some crude attempts at gardening and even an occasional pig-sty contribute to the picture. Many of these huts have been left high and dry upon the rocks when the streets far below them have been graded, paved and modernised, forming a singularly incongruous setting.

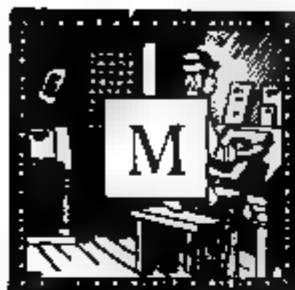
A LONDON SLUM

The most complete picture of London in New York to-day is a narrow lane on the western border of old Greenwich Village running into West Street. Here is an alleyway of Whitechapel with all its native ugliness and almost its squalor. The alley has no sidewalk and is paved throughout with rough stones. There are no steps before the doors, which open abruptly at the street level. The windows have no sills, the roofs no cornices. By day the alley is dreary and sunless, while at night its entire length is lighted by a single bracket lamp of ancient design, which seems only to deepen the shadows.

OH, ART!

I

NORTH AMHERST, VERMONT,
October 2, 1907.



Y DEAR ELMER: The air of North Amherst has done me infinite good. I am convinced that I should never have convalesced in New York. The atmosphere there is too electric. And the emotions of the artist soul seeking beauty in that seething cauldron are too perfervid. Also youth, with the blood hot in its veins, will have its way. In New York I am always with nerves a-quiver, eyes alert, struggling always both to live and to set down some record of the pulsing life about me. Sometimes I have thought it almost a misfortune that life interests me only as it is virile, passionate, strenuous. The editors won't have it that way, we know. A confectionery world inhabited by puff-paste dolls is what they're after. They are afraid of men whose blood is red, whose sex is masculine, who look the world straight in the face with "head bloody yet unbowed," as Henley, a real man, said. When you, Elmer, rise—as you will in spite of them—from your present position to edit a magazine, then you, with your courage, your unflinching ideals, you can give us a magazine worth reading. Believe me, all this great rough republic of the West is not inhabited by tabby-cats. Everywhere young men and women cry to be heard, cry for something that will adequately throb with the pulsations of their hearts. But this is not news of North Amherst, you will say; it is more like the good talk as we gather around old Ceramini's tables and eat his spaghetti and drink his *vino di Chianti*, which puts the fire of Italy (I like to think it, in spite of what that Taylor chap told us about California wines) into the furnace of our young American souls. You will wonder what in this peaceful New England village makes me get hot under the collar about the puling,

insipid cowardice of the old women in trousers who edit our magazines. Well, of course, there is the usual crop of returned manuscript—if I go on this way I shall probably raise North Amherst to the rank of a first-class post-office. But that is nothing new, and some day they shall see. There is, oddly enough, something else, which might excite the laughter of the gods, turn my wit to bitterness, or move the pale pens of Mary Wilkins and Henry James to long and anæmic analyses. I must try my hand at a piece of satirical writing. If you, Elmer, can laugh at me I shall be better repaid than I am ordinarily when I tear out the quivering heart of New York to offer it uselessly to the publishers, who inevitably prefer the watery hash of all the sentimental *clichés* from all the silly novels and stories that have fluttered the hearts of old maids since the beginning of time.

This is a suitable point to begin my *chronique*, for I was about to say that I was, as you knew, visiting three maiden aunts. But now I remember Aunt Sarah has been married. However, nothing so indecorous as a child resulted, and as for the husband—though they say he died—I imagine he just faded away, even a husband being too highly coloured a thing to survive long in the chaste atmosphere of North Amherst. Aunt Sarah may perhaps count as at least a near-spinster. Then there is Aunt Jane. Let us pause to consider these two before attempting the flight to the divine Aunt Emily.

Sarah and Jane are the best of women, *cela va sans dire*, but narrow. They are ladies. They used to spend occasional weeks in Boston, and they are, if you like, women of the world—of the world of the 60's and 70's. They are cultivated, too, in a way, but it is a rather thin, puritanical New England culture that has turned sour a little in the keeping. Ask them about Turgeneff, about D'Annunzio, about William Morris, about Elbert Hubbard, and you are met with blankness. All modern emotions, all

modern social ideals mean nothing to them. They are a little inclined to think I know too little of the English classics and to try to floor me occasionally with Emerson. Well, do we, I ask, live in an age of the English classics? As for Emerson, I have come to know much of him well through Maeterlinck's wonderful translation, which preserves the flavour of the original so much better than the original has kept it, if I may venture on an epigram.

Aunt Emily is spoken of generally in our family as if she were an invalid; she is, as a matter of fact, small and wiry, but as strong as an ox. Other people in the village, I imagine, say frankly that she is "only half there." What she is, accurately and scientifically, is a case of arrested development. She is, if I may put it that way, an older and more experienced young girl of sixteen, for whom age and experience have been able to do nothing to destroy the faultless purity and ignorance, the insipid sentimentality of that golden age. No matter how much of life she may see, she will never know anything about it. Understand, there is nothing unpleasant about all this. Aunt Emily is a healthy, cheerful creature; I like her very much indeed. Then realise that she is by inheritance a refined, good person, that she has come naturally, from her environment, by a taste for reading—does it begin to dawn on you, Elmer? Can you see the vision? Do you understand that my Aunt Emily is the divine type, that she is incarnate all that editors and publishers dream of, the perfect reader of magazines! Need I say that the house here overflows with them and that I live hourly in something like a dream or a nightmare?

Do we not often, in the optimistic enthusiasm of our Bohemian gaiety at Ceramini's, assert that there never was anything so silly, so half-witted as the readers magazine editors catered for? That must have been the *padrone's* red ink. For here in her New England home sits my poor dear aunt, pitied by her neighbours as a harmless, kindly maniac, raised by those omnipotent creatures in the metropolis far above the heads of us poor writing creatures, as the intelligent arbiter of our destinies, as the shining

target at which we should loose our bolts. Think that for us, she, the amiable idiot of the village, sits on the summit of Parnassus. I see her in a kind of vision sometimes, bestowing upon the most blithering of her suitors the gaudy, illuminated cover and the imprint of the greatest circulation.

She is, my dear fellow, more perfect than you could dream. There is no passion in her world, and it is all inhabited by pure women. Bad men she tolerates, but they must be damned delicate about it. And yet love is everywhere, a lukewarm saccharine flood. She hates anything immoral and almost more anything low. She is tolerant of humour, provided it isn't mirth-provoking. She can be shocked by almost anything. She hates to be over-excited by a story, yet she loves to cry over it. She believes above everything in her own sex. The ideal heroine is always May-day Meredith, a blond fool of eighteen, for the love of whom die prince, poet and millionaire.

I read her one of my stories once—oh, fatal once! It was that little De Maupassantish thing, you remember, of a young woman, rich, happily married, who fell in love with a Chinaman in Pell Street. The climax was when her husband found she had become a leper! A raw, vibrant cut of life, so you said once. I will not repeat what Aunt Emily said. She meant kindly by me—which is more than the editors do—but I could see that for her anything strong, anything actual, anything passionate, anything virile and gloomy, would never do. What a desperate fight is before us younger men! What a struggle for freedom, for truth, for strength! I wish you could hear my defiant laugh as I range these cold, hard, passionless New England hills. I am merry because I am twenty-four and still uncrushed.

And I have left the final touch for the last. You can tell the boys at Ceramini's that they may just as well get jobs as truckmen, motormen or Wall Street brokers if they can, for Aunt Emily herself is a writer! Not that she has published anything except an occasional gem of fiction in the North Amherst *Advertiser*. Aunt Sarah and Aunt Jane have prevented anything further being at-

tempted for the sake of the family. But they acted in the interest of all authors. For Aunt Emily would be a sure winner. I have read some of her stories, and even a novel called *Clara Lee*. I give you my word, there is no trace of originality, no breath of real emotion in it. There is no phrase in one of its neatly copied, perfectly grammatical pages that one has not read before, no situation in one of its chapters that is not false to life. Yet there is a kind of unblushing effrontery about it, a perfect competence to deal with any phase of life provided only that Aunt Emily is completely in ignorance of it. In essential ignorance, of course, I mean, for Aunt Emily reads the papers, and, like an ideal hack writer, she can scamp up very up-to-date local colour. Clara Lee is a pure young girl, the daughter of a Vermont congressman. Her lover (betrothed, of course, I mean) is falsely accused of something or other in the Philippines (he is in the army out there, and Aunt Emily writes brilliantly of native life and customs). Well, nothing can save him from death but the President's pardon, and Clara Lee, with the immortal cunning of her sex, obtains this by beating Teddy at tennis on his own White House court! Isn't it grand? Talk about popularity—it's there in great chunks! And dear Aunt Emily has no ambitions; this is just the natural outpouring of her poor arrested-in-its-development brain. It is to laugh, and to cry, too, isn't it? Here are you and I trying to write literature—yes, I call your criticism that, Elmer, though I believe and always shall believe creative writing to be a greater thing—and receiving no encouragement. We're trying to write something with power in it, yet I honestly believe there isn't a stupid magazine editor wouldn't rather have Aunt Emily's stuff. She is divine mediocrity, the beloved average. Don't I know them, those editors? I am going to play them a pretty joke. I'm going to send out some of her stories for her. It's a good amusement for a convalescent. And if they take them, how you and I can howl with laughter! They will smile some, too, in North Amherst. They know that poor Aunt Emily is "not all there." I wonder, do you suppose some one somewhere

knows that about every author of those bad stories in the magazines?

Yours as always,

HERBERT ANDERSON.

To Mr. Elmer Garlan,
100 Waverly Place,
New York City.

II

NORTH AMHERST, October 10, 1927.

To Elmer Garlan, Esq.,
Editor *Book and Pen*,
New York City.

DEAR ELMER: Two things are pleasant, to be able to congratulate you on your obtaining at last the editorship of the most serious and influential critical paper in America and also to be able to aid you in your work by sending you a little something on the late Miss Emily Anderson, as you requested me to. I came up here, of course, immediately after her death. There are many papers to be looked over, much to do. I must see you and talk things over some evening at the Century. She is a great loss.

Yours most sincerely,

HERBERT ANDERSON.

(Enclosure.)

The editor of the *Book and Pen* has asked me to contribute something concerning Miss Emily Anderson, who has been, since the publication, now twenty years ago, of her novel, *Clara Lee, the Story of a Young Girl*, the most widely read and perhaps the best beloved woman writer of our country. Under ordinary circumstances I should be unwilling to accede to such a request. Miss Anderson was my aunt, and upon me will devolve in due time the duty, at once sad and pleasant, of writing her official biography. But Mr. Elmer Garlan, the brilliant critic, who with this issue assumes editorial direction of the *Book and Pen*, is an old personal friend of mine. I knew him before he was in any way connected with the magazine, and when my own name was unknown as a writer of fiction. I am glad to print in his publication the little I can bring myself to say at present of the writer who has gone from us.

Miss Anderson came of the best old New England stock, and her whole life was passed quietly in the simple Vermont village of North Amherst. This it is that makes her range as a writer, so remarkable. In her very first novel she dealt not only with our colonial problem, but with political and social life in Washington. By newspapers and magazines she could, of course, keep in touch with modern life, but even so, there remains the miracle of the creative imagination. Within this little woman there was some power of divination which told her unerringly what life and what human nature would be under any strange circumstances. We hear much of writers who go far afield in search of local colour. Miss Anderson never needed to leave North Amherst.

Personally Miss Anderson was unobtrusive, of an almost childish simplicity of soul. Her writing was the inevitable flowering of genius. For a long time she wrote, occasionally publishing a small "piece" in the local paper; neither to her nor to her sisters did it occur to attempt to appeal to a larger audience. It was my privilege twenty years ago, while on a visit to my aunts, to recognise, I may say discover, that in Emily Anderson there was something that would appeal to our whole nation. There may have been something in the family tie between us that made my intelligence peculiarly in touch with hers. Critics have noted something of blood relationship between her work and the first book of mine which became at all well known. I am glad to admit this influence upon me of my great relative. It was the success of *Clara Lee, the Story of a Young Girl* which unquestionably inspired in me my *Story of May-day Meredith*. Before this I had, I fear, in com-

mon with other young writers of the time, mistaken brutality for strength and impropriety for sentiment. I am glad if my distinguished aunt has made me hope that like her I may appeal pre-eminently to the million homes of our broad land rather than to any restricted literary cliques. Miss Anderson's success was the result of genius, if you like that I should put it so simply as that. But if we examine it, it was essentially the result of her embodying in her frail self the tastes and aspirations of a whole nation. A kind of proof of this was the eager and whole-hearted appreciation she had of the work of other writers. She always understood a popular book or story. She was never heard to cry it down as unliterary. And as she read so she wrote. She wrote for the great, earnest, simple, good, human millions. How often have her readers said to themselves, "She told that story just as we ourselves might." Is not that the greatest tribute to the perfect concealment of her art?

The distinguished purity of Emily Anderson's work is what strikes me especially now by contrast with what is the apparent aim of so many of our younger men. Can they not learn that licentiousness is not the same thing as emotion, that they need not get drunk at cheap Italian table d'hôtes in order to see life or to love literature? The ideal is within; there is no need to "know life," as these young men are always saying. Emily Anderson "knew" nothing of life, yet is there a home from Maine to the Everglades, from Cape Cod to the Philippines, where she is not a loved and honored name?

HERBERT ANDERSON.

Harrison Rhodes.



THE ANCIENT WALLS AND TOWERS

CARCASSONNE

CARCASSONNE, the centre of the still unsettled disturbances among the French wine growers, is the capital of the Department of Aude, the see of a Bishop, and, in wine interests, is a thriving manufacturing town of some thirty or more thousand people. It is situated on the river Aude and the Canal du Midi, and is divided into two parts, the old and the new. The old town sits on a hill overlooking the modern town and the wide valley, and portions of its walls date back to the time of the Visigoths. The ancient walls and towers with a castle dating from about the eleventh century are very picturesque and consti-

tute the artistic value of the place, not to mention any commercial value as an attraction for tourists. Carcaso, its original name, was not unknown to Julius Cæsar, and it may have enjoyed a boom when Roman capital sought investment in Gaul, though history does not so state. The new town is well built and clean and its people are not yet modernised to the standards of American civilisation.

Carcassonne possibly owes its distinction more to a poem written by Gustave Nadaud, a French poet, than it does to any great historic merit, because among all classes of all people there is none, who has not, as had the old man of the poem, in some way missed seeing his Carcassonne. To very many the name of Carcassonne has a pathetic interest, as it

THE CASTLE AND PART OF THE OLD WALL

GATE TO THE TOWER OF THE INQUISITION

GATE TO THE OLD CITY

THE OLD TOWN FROM THE AUDE

GENERAL VIEW OF CARCASSONNE

**"YOU SEE THE CITY FROM THE HILL,
IT LIES BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS BLUE"**

must to all who read Nadaud's lines of hopes deferred. The poem, translated, is as follows:

CARCASSONNE

I'm growing old, I've sixty years,
I've laboured all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know;
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store,—
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon;
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne.

The curé's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;

Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me, I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend,
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But, Heaven forgive him, half way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne;
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

The pictures accompanying this sketch were—with two exceptions—made by a New York physician who visited Carcassonne last summer, and there is indicated in them something that would warrant the old man's regret in never having seen Carcassonne. They add much to the interest of the poem, and prove that the poet had been more fortunate than the old peasant, whose prayer he tried to make fulfilment know.

W. J. Lampton.

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XII

AVISA TRIES TO SAVE HER SON

RD the end of October fell a day of st and heavy rain. breath of the storm d to clear a thousand forest boughs; ran hoarsely beneath Vixen; and weather change, the wind rest awhile, and peace return with darkness. Then the moon rose, and presently in many a glade and glen the wet fallen leaves shone like stars upon the dark earth and made little constellations that glimmered there against the gloom of night.

This was the occasion when Ives Pomeroy set out with Moleskin to shoot pheasants in Oaktown woods. The poacher had hoped to be earlier afield, but his doctor prevented that, and Mr. Cawker, for personal reasons, made no hurry to appear in public.

He had arranged an exceedingly simple plan of action. The younger man visited one important preserve; the older, with his air-gun, sought another. Ives played decoy, and while Moleskin slew, the other poacher fired a fowling-piece merely to attract attention. Thrice, at intervals of five minutes, he woke the echoes and set dogs barking and men running. Secure in his superior speed and physical powers, Pomeroy waited until he actually heard the forces of law and order closing in upon him; then he set off at an easy trot and was soon safe enough. One man, however, had seen him cross a drive in the moonlight. The gamekeeper believed that he recognised young Pomeroy; but he could not be positive. Meantime Mr. Cawker killed twenty pheasants.

Three days afterwards came the sequel. Then the police, working with the Oaktown keepers, prepared to make an ar-

rest. Mr. Cawker did not escape suspicion; but he was known to be ill, and, on the day before his excursion, let it be understood that he must continue to keep the house by doctor's orders. The poacher, moreover, took to bed again for a couple of days, as an additional security. By that time Northmore, in all ignorance of the truth, had warned Inspector Bachelor to speak words in season to young Pomeroy; but as this man already suspected Ives on the strength of a keeper's statement, the farmer's warning amounted to confirmation.

Then followed incidents that long made food for argument in the neighbourhood.

Ives did not hide from his mother the thing that he had done, and the confession was made at a very critical moment. For once, to his surprise, Avis's unfailing patience before his escapades appeared to desert her.

"How have you the heart and the face to sit there and tell me this?" she said. "You—a grown man now—getting near five-and-twenty year old. You laugh—you ought to groan, Ives Pomeroy. If 'twas in my power, I'd flog you for this till my body ached; if 'twas in my power, I'd take you this instant moment to Oaktown and make you beg that man's forgiveness on your knees! Your father's son! A black day's work, and I'd never have thought it of you—I'd never have believed it."

"More fool you," he said roughly. "You ought to know me well enough by now; and if you don't, 'tis no fault of mine. My hand is against all slavery and sweating and I'll strike where I please and who I please. Serpell's a rogue, and fair game for honest men. Let him dare lay a finger on me and I'll tell the truth about him afore the public—damned knave that he is."

"Do two wrongs make a right?" she asked. "If he's a thief and a dishonest man—which be only wild trash, for he's

neither—but if he was, is that a reason why you should sink to roguery and take what don't belong to you? Would you filch his purse? Would you go in his shop to Plymouth and steal his goods? You—a son of Ives Pomeroy?"

"Of course you argue like a woman," he said. "Can't you see the difference between such things? Can't you see I'm all against property and want the land for the poor? Who be this chap to stick up walls and say 'you shan't come here,' or 'you shan't come there'? Damn him and his Tory robbery! The earth belongs to us all; and pheasants be just natural things, like any other birds, or the fish in the river. And, whether or no, I'll go my way—and——"

"Be quiet and hear me," said Avis. "That any son of mine should be wild and silly, and venturesome and rash, was natural. But no son of mine, and my husband, has the right to be a fool. You're talking wicked folly, and you know it. What did you say to the fox that stole two ducks last winter? And him only a hungry beast with the usual four-footed manners. And what will the world say to you for stealing a man's game—you—supposed to be properly taught and a Christian?"

"The world will say nothing at all, because the world will know nothing at all," he answered. "I've told nobody but you, and none else will ever hear about it. I wish to God you was larger-minded. Time was when you'd have laughed at this—same as you laughed at pranks I've played before."

"Life has got to teach you your lesson."

"Life won't teach me that labour be treated properly by capital; life won't teach me the strong want to help the weak."

They were interrupted by Lizzie Pomeroy. She was not frightened, but infinitely surprised and in great haste.

"Why, here's Mr. Bachelor and two other policemen coming up through the field!" she said. "Whatever be they wanting here, mother?"

Avisa looked at her son and a world of sudden grief appeared upon her face.

"Ives! Ives!" she said.

"I know! It's all right; they've smelt a rat! You can guess where I shall be. Let

me have some food when the coast's clear and then I'll be away till the storm's blown over. Find out if Moleskin's took and let me know up on the Vixen after dark."

He was gone from a back entrance long before the policemen had reached the farm. Indeed, from his secret den, high up in the fastness of the Vixen, Pomeroy watched the officers arrive beneath. His heart beat hard with excitement at this event. He knew not how they had connected him with the raid, and began to wonder much what had happened to Moleskin. He determined to stop hidden until night, and then visit his accomplice.

Before the police arrived Avis had spoken to Lizzie and told her the truth.

"The darkest day that's ever fallen for us, my pretty," she said quietly. "Dear Ives have done wrong, Lizzie. His own folly and another's wickedness be to blame, I reckon. He've been shooting game birds: that's what he's wanted for."

"Ives—Ives wanted? Oh, mother!"

The girl turned white. Terror now came into her face. She spoke quickly to Avis and held tightly to her hand, like a little frightened child.

"Oh, mother, save him, save him!" she said.

The men came up the garden path and their voices sounded loud in the silence. Avis Pomeroy did not hear her girl. She was looking up at the sky over the Moor. Her mind worked swiftly and her lips moved. "Lord have mercy on my son! Lord have mercy on my son," she whispered to herself again and again.

Then she felt her daughter's hand and heard Lizzie cry once more.

"Save him, mother, save him!"

It seemed now that Avis came to herself.

"Bear yourself braver, Lizzie. Yes—yes; I'll save him, please God."

She turned to the men.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bachelor."

"Good-morning, ma'am. I'm sorry for our errand and I hope with all my heart that your son will be able to clear himself; but 'tis rather bad against him. Anyway, he must come with us, please. 'Tis feared that he had a hand in that business to Oaktown."

"Yes, he had," she answered quietly.

"You will find him hidden up in the rocks there. I'll show you where he is."

The policeman stared.

"'Tis a terrible thing for you—a terrible thing. I wish to God, ma'am, you'd not been called to do this," he said earnestly.

Her sad eyes met his.

"So do I," she answered. "Love's a cruel hard taskmaster sometimes."

She led them to the Vixen, while Lizzie hastened to her grandmother with the tidings of what had happened.

"Given him up! Given Ives up!" cried the ancient. "Given up my son's son to the constables! Lord deliver us, Lizzie. Is it the end of the world?"

Avisa took the men to the foot of Vixen Tor, and Ives, hidden from view, watched his secret divulged and his escape defeated.

"Ives Pomeroy!" shouted Mr. Bachelor. "I've got to arrest you in the name of the law for shooting pheasants to Oak-town on the night of the twenty-fifth of October. For the present you'd better to say nought. Us have got a trap down below and you'll be took to Tavistock and brought afore the Justices come Wednesday next. So come down, if you please."

The man aloft boiled with passion against his mother. Her back was turned now and she walked slowly to her house. His rage did not prevent him from seeing the futility of resistance.

"Don't add to the trouble by fighting," urged Mr. Bachelor. "It won't help in the long run. I've got you now, and 'tis only adding to the offence to resist me."

Pomeroy perceived the truth of these remarks. He showed himself, ignored the police and shouted to his mother—

"God damn you forevermore for this, you traitor to your own son! And mark me: never again, so long as I live, will I bring my head under your roof, or call you 'mother' more. If I go to hell, 'tis you've driven me there—remember that, you heartless devil!"

She heard and went her way without turning.

Then Pomeroy descended and soon found himself driving to Tavistock. He preserved absolute silence, and no man heard his voice again that day.

Avisa was entering her home when her husband's mother met her in the door.

"What have you done, woman?" she asked. "D'you mind that this man was the child of Ives Pomeroy? Could the son of my son, for all his wicked tricks, have earned clink?*" 'Tis not to be thought of, and you've worked evil in this house, and marred your boy's life forever—forever, I tell you!"

"Ives will never darken our doors again," sobbed Lizzie.

Then Avisa spoke. She took out her handkerchief and wiped Lizzie's eyes with it. Her own were dry.

"Darken our doors he can't, my pretty. Better than sunshine always. I doubt you'm both wrong. My son will come home to me a wiser man—some day—yes, he'll come home, if I know him true."

She left them then, departed to her own chamber and remained invisible until the time of the midday meal. Then she returned, placid and calm, with her heart hidden. But Lizzie was prostrated and old Jane Pomeroy wept without ceasing.

CHAPTER XIII

OPINIONS

It happened that most of the few persons who felt interest concerning Ives Pomeroy were collected at the Jolly Huntsmen on the night following his arrest, and the incident formed material for a somewhat lively debate.

Emanuel Codd, as being most familiar with the facts, was listened to very attentively, and when he explained what had really happened, a murmur of wonder broke from those who heard. There were present the brothers Toop, Ruth Rendle, Samuel Bolt, and Nicholas Warren, one of the policemen who had taken Pomeroy; others joined the company afterwards.

"'Tis a terrible far-reaching thing," said Peter. "Because though a fortnight or so, which is what he will get, ban't nothing out of the man's life in itself, the

*Clink: Prison.

event goes into his future history and is a black mark against him for evermore."

They discussed the gravity of Pomeroy's sin, and were divided about it. The pheasants had not been traced and the evidence was circumstantial until Mrs. Pomeroy actually declared her son guilty.

Now Matthew Northmore entered. He had promised a book to Ruth some time before she refused him, and to-night he brought it. But he came at a moment somewhat inopportune, for his name was on Codd's lips at the time.

"How did they trace it to the chap? That's what I don't know," said Joel Toop.

Nicholas Warren was unable to enlighten him.

"You must ask inspector," he answered. "I can't say how he come by the clue, though certainly a gamekeeper thought he seed Pomeroy on the night."

"More than that went to it," said Mr. Codd. "I may take some credit, I believe. A little bird whispered to me what was doing, and I did my duty and mentioned it to an influential man among us. Not to mince words, 'twas Mr. Northmore that I told. He'm a sportsman and a gentleman, and holds such evil doings in scorn."

"Why, you'm a stranger!" cried Peter, from behind the bar; for at this moment Matthew entered.

He nodded and then spoke to Ruth.

"I've brought the book, Miss Rendle—the one I promised."

Her manner was constrained as she thanked him, but he set it down to the painful past rather than the present. Then Joel Toop asked the farmer a question and he began to understand.

"'Twas you, then, that helped the police to take young Pomeroy—so Codd here says?"

Northmore did not answer, but looked at Emanuel.

"In a manner of speaking you did," explained the head man at Vixen Tor. "I told you what was in the wind, and you answered back that you'd do something."

"That's right: I did so," admitted Northmore. "But don't let there be any misunderstanding about my part. I had no wish to work the man any harm.

'Twas the other way about. I'd hoped to get him cautioned in time. Unfortunately the trouble was brewed already, and when I spoke to Bachelor, it only served to confirm his suspicions. But I suppose nobody doubts my motives?"

He looked at Ruth as he spoke. She was wiping glasses and paid him no attention.

"'Tis a parlous business for the family," declared Peter. "I never heard that a mother found herself equal to such a hard thing afore."

"She was wrong for my part," answered the policeman; and Samuel Bolt confessed that he blamed Mrs. Pomeroy also.

"She ought to have looked on ahead; but no woman ever does," murmured Joel.

"'Twas too terrible a thing and will set the house against itself forever," foretold Samuel Bolt.

Northmore, however, took the other side.

"I don't agree with you," he said. "'Twas a brave and seemly thing for her to do and——"

To the astonishment of the company Ruth interrupted him. Anger lighted her face. Her voice shook with it. For the first time in the experience of any present she revealed a fierce temper; and it was Matthew Northmore who suffered the storm.

"You say that! You, that went behind the man's back and pretended to be his friend and stabbed him! 'A brave thing!' About as brave as what you did yourself, I should think! What had he ever done to you that you should treat him so? What had he ever done to his mother that she should cast him out like that? 'Twas no true mother did that afore God! And you're no true man to have done this at the bidding of that envious wretch there." She pointed at Emanuel Codd, who answered with a laugh.

"So missy's got a tongue and a temper after all! And seemingly we've found 'em both."

His mind gloated over new possibilities. He continued to cackle in the silence that followed Ruth's speech; then Northmore spoke.

"I'm bitterly sorry to think you don't

take my word, Miss Rendle—bitterly sorry. I hope you'll live to see differently. You can ask the inspector what time I first mentioned Pomeroy to him, if you like. 'Twas too late. But Bachelor kept his counsel and I did not know what I had done."

Then Peter, to gain private ends, took his kinswoman's part.

"The question is what you wanted to interfere for at all, if I may say so," he remarked firmly. "I hate the old to be against the young. 'Twas no more than a bit of silly, high spirits in the man, and I do think that he's punished a deal too hard. Clink's clink, and it sticks terrible close to a chap after. It takes a very strong sort of nature to lift up above such a blow; and Ives Pomeroy, being what he is, will go down as sure as there's a screw loose in him. His mother's done for him in my opinion."

"She knows best," said Northmore. "If Miss Rendle——"

He broke off blankly, for Ruth, at the mention of her name, left the bar and did not return to it.

"You've made her properly cross," said Peter. "And I don't blame her. A great stickler for justice she be, and with all the sense of a man. There's no doubt most people will agree with her that you're much to blame, Matthew."

"'Tis poor Mrs. Pomeroy is to blame in my humble opinion, not Mr. Northmore," said Samuel Bolt. "How did he know what would fall out? But she did."

"Mrs. Pomeroy's a woman," replied Peter, "and the wisest woman among us may lose her head at a pinch and take a wrong turn—especially a mother. That she've done, if my judgment counts for anything. She ought to have held her tongue and let the police go, and pleaded with the rash fellow afterwards."

"She did right—dead right," answered Northmore; and with this sentiment he left the bar.

"My word! You gived him a flea in his ear, Peter," said Joel. "And I'm not sorry, for he'll keep away now. Not a drink ordered again, you see. Nought but his silly books for Ruth. But she've made her mind pretty clear to-night too

—thank God. She's done with him, anyhow."

Joel now looked at the matter from another point of view and indulged in a generalisation.

"A fool and not more nor less—that Pomeroy," he declared. "We must suffer fools gladly, as the Bible tells us; but 'tis a great trouble to a community to have 'em in it, and a great drag on credit and progress in general."

"That's what the fools be here for," answered his brother. "If 'twasn't for them, us clever people would be too clever, and the world might go on too fast. They be meant to check progress."

"Therefore," summed up Joel, "we must have fools, and we must have chaps like Pomeroy, and chaps like Northmore, and women with queer opinions, like the mother of the prisoner—and others I know; and even right down rogues and vagabonds—such as this here man!"

Thus did Joel greet Moleskin, who entered the bar while he concluded his philosophical reflections.

"That's a nice way to greet a chap just off his bed of sickness," said the poacher. "However, you always had a funny idea of a joke. You didn't ought to make jokes, Joel. They don't suit your tone of voice, my old dear. But what's this they tell me of young Mr. Pomeroy? I hope 'tis only a silly story, Nicholas Warren?"

"True enough," said the policeman. "I helped to take him."

Moleskin heard every particular of the narrative and expressed himself as much amazed.

"At the very beginning of the man's career—to go and let him be nabbed like that! 'Twill spoil his nerve for years very like, and make him take a hatred of policemen. And I dare swear the poor fellow's innocent as an unborn baby."

"You'm a deep scoundrel," answered Codd fiercely. "Standing there afore honest men and pretending as you know nought. You'm a disgrace to the police, that's what you are—like a thing they can't cure be a disgrace to the doctors."

Mr. Cawker ordered his liquor and laughed uproariously.

"Can't cure me and can't catch me, eh, my old blid? Catch me first and cure me

afterwards, as the haddock said. And why can't they catch me? Because I never do nothing to merit it."

He winked at the policeman, and Codd answered:

"You led the man away, and the sin's on your shoulders and the money's in your pocket."

"In that case," answered Mr. Cawker, "the police have certainly collared the wrong man, as their manner is. If I shot the birds and took the money, what have they arrested poor Ives for? Let 'em tell us that. Anyway, as I was in bed all the time by doctor's orders, with deep mischief in the breathing parts, I don't quite see how I could be down to Oaktown shooting pheasants. But of course such a wicked devil as me can be in two places at once."

"We'll take you yet," answered Warren. "And I hope I may be the man to do it, Mōleskin."

"For your own credit I'm sure I hope you may be. 'Twould be a great feather in your cap, Nicholas; though to be frank, I'm not hopeful for you. But neither you nor another will ever take me. I'm an honest man—as honest as my father before me."

"Just about the same, I should reckon. We know what happened to him," said Emanuel Codd.

Presently the conversation returned to Mrs. Pomeroy and the thing that she had done.

"Only one of us supports her, and him a teetotaler—Matthew Northmore, in fact," said Joel.

"A man inclined to be very uncharitable," declared Mr. Cawker. "Means well, I dare say, but terrible narrow-minded and quick to think evil."

"Miss Ruth dressed him down pretty sharp, however," answered Samuel Bolt. "My word! Her speech hummed about his ear like an angry appledrane."*

"She gave him hell, to say it in a word," declared Warren.

"Quite right, too," answered the poacher. "He deserved it. He hates Ives Pomeroy, and he hates me. Out of sheer friendship I offered to trap a few score rabbits for the man a bit ago; but he'd none of me. That's how I'm

treated. And yet there's not a spark more evil in me than in Sammy Bolt here. Good plain-dealers, both of us, and simple-hearted as honest men should be: just the sort of innocent fellows as would go fox-hunting with a pack of sheep! Ban't we, Sammy?"

But Mr. Bolt grew rather hot and indignant.

"I won't be classed with you, Cawker," he said. "Not for a moment will I suffer it. You've got a very bad record, despite all your jokes and silly nonsense. You've done many things you can't look back upon with pleasure and I'm much afraid you're not such an upright character as you say. No, it ban't fair to me to mention us in the same breath—it really ban't fair."

"More it is," answered the poacher. "I quite grant that—such a good boy as you! Run along home, Sammy, to your fine red wife; or, if she don't want you, go to mother!"

Poor Samuel departed in the sound of laughter, and Emanuel Codd accompanied him. The night air cooled the younger man's anger and he returned to the great subject of the moment.

"What does Mr. Brown say?" asked Bolt presently. "Have he comforted them yet?"

"He was there when I left," answered Codd. "Can't say Arthur Brown comforted 'em much. He wants comfort himself more like. This job have shook him a bit—such a terrible proper person as him."

"'Twas his business to cheer up poor Lizzie, surely?"

"Don't know what he thought about that. All he said to me was that it might be a very serious thing for a young man's future to marry into a family like the Pomeroy's. So proper he be! But I dare say I shall catch even him out in something some day, for I've never met the man yet you couldn't trap doing a dirty trick soon or late. You've only got to be patient and watchful; and the weakness of human nature will do the rest."

"He ought to have comforted her, I'm sure, and never spared a thought to himself at such a tragical time," declared Samuel.

*Appledrane: A wasp.

BOOK II

CHAPTER XIV

THE FACES OF THE ROCKS

Avisa Pomeroy, upon her way to Merivale, turned a little out of the road that she might look upon the Vixen from a certain point of the western hill beyond it. Beside her walked Rupert Johnson, the second hand of the farm, and he explained the thing that he meant to show his mistress.

"The very daps of Mister Ives, I do assure 'e. 'Tis a bit of stone aloft 'pon the brink of the upper rocks, and if you catch it towards sundown as it is now, you can't fail to mark the likeness. I stared when I seed it, and my first thought was that you'd be pleased. There's a bit of grass and briar tangles over the brow of un, for all the world the same as his hair to tangle upon his forehead."

"I shall like much to see it, Rupert," said Avisa. "And I'm sure I hope it won't be long afore we all see my son himself."

"I hope it won't, ma'am. Farm's awful desolate without him, and his dog be cruel wisht and off her food. There's only two more days of the fortnight to go and then——"

Mrs. Pomeroy did not speak, and they walked on to a spot not far removed from an ancient cross, known as the "Windystone," which stands beside a rivulet upon that heath.

"Now please to look, ma'am. The sunlight be just touching the chin of him!"

Johnson pointed to the edge of the Vixen, and Mrs. Pomeroy was interested to see something that by stretch of the imagination might be likened to a profile of Ives.

"Very clever indeed of you to mark it. How surprised he'll be! You must show it to him, but like enough he'll not see it himself, for no man knows his own fashion of face, but overrates or scorns it too much according to his nature. Right there was where he made his den, I'm thinking."

"I doubt he'll never go up there again, ma'am."

"Well, he might be in better places. 'Tis time he put away childish things, Rupert; and soon he will."

The labourer left her then, and having again regarded nature's sketch in stone and come to the conclusion that it was really quite unlike her boy, Avisa turned to the road and presently descended into Merivale.

She stopped where Rachel Bolt's cottage stood beside the way over against Samuel's. Rachel, according to her custom, sat beside a front window, and when she saw the visitor, she rose and welcomed her.

As usual the older woman was absorbed with her own affairs. Partly from delicacy, chiefly from choice, she made no mention of Ives, but dwelt on her own son and his wife.

"All goes well with them, I'm bound to say," she began while they ate and drank. "'Twas certain that such a son should get a good wife. Yes—taking it all round—a good wife, Avisa; but that's not to say she's quite all I'd hoped and expected as a daughter-in-law."

"No mother's ever satisfied in that quarter."

"The child will be a great arrival. No time lost. But Sam's set up his winter cough again, I'm sorry for to say. I'd hoped us would hear no more of that. However, when I mentioned it she showed a bit of temper."

"You must be reasonable, Rachel, my dear. The girl can't help Samuel's cough."

"I don't say she can; yet she ought to be sorry about it, not cross with me for moaning over it a bit. What mother wouldn't? And knowing, too, that his father went off in a decline without rhyme or reason in his forties."

"Do she cook pretty well for him?"

"To be honest with you, Avisa, she don't. I take my dinner along with them Sundays—always. 'Twas Sam's wish—not hers, I believe. But you can't be sure from week to week how the meat will be."

"She'll larn in time, be sure. Busy sewing, no doubt."

"Not she! When I remind her, as I do pretty near every day, 'tis always the same answer. 'Plenty of time, plenty of time.' I'm doing what I can on the quiet only known to Samuel. She'll be thankful when the hour comes, but she'd be angry if she knowed it now. Ban't a soft woman, you understand, Avis. Hard as a flint, in fact, where you'd least expect it."

"I shouldn't have thought that."

"True, I assure 'e. Their cat chetted* last week, and if she didn't drown every one of 'em with her own hand under the yowling mother's very nose! 'How could you go for to do it?' I axed her. 'Because your son wouldn't,' she said. 'Some sane person had to: us don't want six cats.'"

Mrs. Pomeroy laughed.

"I suppose that was true, Rachel."

"Of course, but 'twas the way she said it. 'Good Lord, Jill,' I answered her. 'Your voice do make my flesh cream down my spine. 'Tis a voice that may be the voice of a woman who'd so soon drown a baby as a kitten!' Then she lost temper, I'm sorry to say, and I left her."

Avisa's heart went out to Jill. She had never cared about the girl, but the recital of these events softened her dislike to sincere pity.

"So untidy too," said Mrs. Bolt. "You know what a man Samuel is—the pink of neatness in his person and everything. Washes to the waist every day of his life, and a hot bath on Saturday night. But she makes trouble even about that—some nonsense about the fire being let out and wanting to go to bed early, or something. But I don't interfere—don't think that, Avis. I know a mother's place, thank God. Just a word in season to Samuel behind the scenes, but nothing more than that. He comes in and smokes his pipe of an evening now and again, for she's terrible fond of going to bed early. Not very civil to the man who works for her all day long; but so it is. And when she's washed up, she'll often leave him so as he can't hear his own voice or play her a tune on his flute; so naturally he comes across the road, where his voice and his flute be blessed music and always welcome."

*Chetted: Kittened.

Avisa nodded and her friend read some admonishment into the gesture.

"Don't you think I don't like her, or any such thing, you know. We've all got our faults and failings, and many of them are cured as time goes on, though certainly many get worse too. However, I'm very hopeful that she'll increase in sense—as she must do with such a sensible man always at her elbow—who could help it? I don't force my sense on her, Avis—far from that. I merely look on and hold off. But lookers-on see most of the game, of course."

"That's just it," answered the other. "People don't like other eyes over their cards when they'm playing the game of life. If there's one thing more maddening than to be showed where you've played wrong by somebody out of the game, it is to know you've played wrong and to know that somebody else knows it too, but won't say a word."

"I'll say nought—not to her. I never will come between husband and wife that way. My son's love and worship be everything in the world that's left to live for, and if I shook him off me by saying a word against Jill, I should die."

The other was silent for some time; then she spoke.

"If you've drunk your tea we'll go over and see the girl. I'd like to do it. Haven't seen her to have a tell with since she married."

"Sorry I can't," confessed Mrs. Bolt. "I was in there this morning and we didn't have words—God grant we never shall have—but I ventured to say some little thing about the pastry to dinner last Sunday, and I mentioned a baking powder I always used, owing to Samuel's digestion being not all one could wish; and she misunderstood and thought I was advising, and spoke rather short and said unkind things about Sam's inward parts. A mother couldn't stand that, Avis. So I just up and left her. And I've made up my mind not to call in again till to-morrow—just to mark I was hurt."

"Then I'll go alone," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

Jill was sulky at first, for she had seen Mrs. Pomeroy come from her mother-

in-law's door. She put a chair and prepared to act on the defensive, but Avis mentioned neither Mrs. Bolt nor Samuel: she concerned herself only with the woman, and was very glad to hear that Jill found herself well and hearty. The girl belied Rachel, for she was at work with her needle.

They spoke of the great business of maternity; then, since Avis made no mention of the old woman over the way, Jill perversely prepared to do so. She stopped, however, and her thoughts chose another theme.

"I want to say, if you'll let me, that I've thought a terrible lot about you, Mrs. Pomeroy. 'Twas a very great sorrow to me—Ives. Because we were very good friends once, you know, and he's a dear chap really, though very young and reckless here and there. No sensible person will take much account of this, I reckon—anyway me and Samuel don't. I say such a lesson may be the making of Ives, and I hope it will be."

The mother's face brightened gently.

"Thank you, Jill," she answered. "Few have got the courage to name him to me; and that's because few but think I did wrong to give him up. I know you liked him. Did you mark what he said in court? He aired his opinions, and luckily one of the justices was a liberal-minded man with sense and patience. The gentleman argued with Ives, and afterwards Ives thanked him in open court and said he hadn't looked at capital and labour like that, and owned up he'd done wrong! Oh, Jill! That's me in him! 'Tis the dawning of a difference! I never feared to own I'd been wicked, if 'twas proved to me I had been. That power comed earlier with me, because a woman gets wisdom quicker than a man, though she can't hold so much in the long run. But now he's owned he was wrong. 'Tis a very great, hopeful sign. And thank you kindly for naming his name to me. 'Tis a word my ear be very hungry to hear, but few speak it now—out of mistaken kindness."

Jill was rather nervous and yet gratified at this avowal.

"Please the Lord he'll soon be back-along!" she said. "He's a very fine chap

and only wants the sense that life will bring him. Fire ban't all a bad thing, as I know who have it, and too much of it. Wish my man felt a bit more of it. Sometimes I wish to God he'd swear or slap my face, or do something to shake me up; but he's got no devil in him to do it."

"He'll wear well, however."

"His uncle won't die neither," said Jill drearily. "I tell you these things because you're an understanding woman and don't turn up the whites of your eyes like the fools here, if you be natural afore them and speak your mind. I married the man because I thought he'd get me out of poverty and make my life worth living. But his uncle's well enough to go up to London and see a better doctor. And then, as if that wasn't enough, there's that old creature t'other side the road."

"I understand just how 'tis, Jill."

The girl's eyes glowed and she showed her teeth. The gathered wrongs of many days burst out of her heart.

"Cruel, hateful, blundering old idiot! To see her here—even a man would pity me—any man but my man. She must be touching! Can't let even a blasted chair bide where I put it. Now she's watering the plants in the window; now she's up messing over Samuel's clothes; now I see her out of the corner of my eye looking at my darning, till often and often 'tis in me to scream at her and tell her for Christ's sake to get home. Then the questions she asks—sly questions she thinks I won't understand; but they all mean Samuel, and his food, and his drink, and all the rest of it. Good God A'mighty! can I help the man coughing!"

"Can't Samuel do anything? Don't he see how 'tis?"

"Not him. He likes her better'n me. He goes sneaking in to her many a night when he ought to spend his evening here. If she—but what's the use of going on about it? Us must take the rough with the smooth and lie on the bed we've made ourselves. She can't live much longer, I should hope—up home seventy-five. If you only knew—why, last week I actually picked up a stone to fling at her where she sat at her front window with her old

head bobbing over that red geranium and her eyes in here! Of course I didn't fling it; but it shows how raw I be that the idea could even come into my mind."

"I'll see what I can do, Jill."

"No, no, Mrs. Pomeroy. You've got your own business. 'Tis all right. Let things go. It have done me good to let off a bit of steam. I can stand it now; but I'm looking on ahead when the cheel comes. A mother's a very different thing to a childless creature, and I won't answer for what I may do if she begins over the babby. I'm the eldest of eight myself, and I've done everything that can be done for 'em except bear 'em. So let her keep off that, or else . . . She's a silly old gawkim not to see my good points, though I say it."

"Leave her," said Avis. "I'll not forget this talk. Allow for her age, Jill. Don't let her fret you more than you can help. And remember you be younger and stronger in the head than her. May I see the house afore I go? If it ban't vitty, I'll come again."

"See it and welcome."

Mrs. Pomeroy praised a little and commended Jill's taste and skill in certain particulars. She stopped until Samuel came home, and presently left the young couple in a most amiable frame of mind with themselves and their treasures.

"A very nice woman," said the man. "I wish, poor soul, she hadn't such a lot of trouble with her son."

"She is a nice woman," answered Jill, "and I'll tell you for why: she makes you respect yourself, and 'tis a peaceful feeling. I wish I felt so oftener. As for that man, trust him to his mother."

Samuel nodded.

"I hope she'm strong enough to do it," he said doubtfully. "But I wish she was a thought more like my dear parent—more heart to her—eh, Jill?"

CHAPTER XV

THE WEATHER-GLEAM

Lizzie and her mother prepared for Ives on the day that his sentence was completed. Avis busied herself with many things; the girl saw chiefly to her

brother's room, made it tidy, set his few books in order and put a bunch of little chrysanthemums on the table. As evening came the excitement grew, and even old Mrs. Pomeroy could not sit still in her chair. Thrice she secretly slipped out to the garden to see whether her grandson was coming home through the twilight; then her daughter found her and called her in.

"He won't be here yet," she said. "I lay he'll come in on the quiet, his usual way long after we be all to bed."

"More like he won't come at all," answered Jane, sorry to be caught. "Don't you think I'm looking for him, Avis. He's gone for a soldier in my opinion, or worse still, took to the sea. Your trouble's wasted: he'll never come back."

Yet in her old heart she too expected him, and greatly longed to see him.

Until twelve o'clock the household sat up for him. Then all retired, and last among them Avis also went to bed. In her heart she hoped that the wanderer might be waiting for the lights to vanish. She left hot food below and opened a little window at the rear of the house, which was the usual entrance-way of Ives after dark. He did not come, however.

Two nights later hope woke at the sound of a late visitor; but the treble knock, as crisp and formal as his own nature, told of Arthur Brown; and for the first time in her life Lizzie regretted that it was her sweetheart and not another who had come.

"I had much wished to welcome your brother," said the schoolmaster. "But I fear my opinions have proved correct. Has anything been heard of him?"

"Nothing. He was free on Monday morning, and now 'tis Wednesday night and no news."

Brown sighed.

"The fools bring all the trouble into the world," he said. "How does Mrs. Pomeroy bear it?"

"She's herself—goes about everything as usual and leaves a supper every night. She says he won't be long—seems hopeful still."

The young man shook his head.

"She doesn't understand human nature, Lizzie. Perhaps our own flesh and

blood is so near and dear to us, that we can't look at a son or a daughter impartially. But, as a student of character, I have studied Ives pretty closely, as you know. Everything that is interesting to you is interesting to me, of course. I never thought to have much to do with such an irregular man; but he's your brother and it's my duty to try and help him—for my own sake, understand, as well as for yours."

They went in together, and Mr. Brown talked with Avis. He ventured to caution her against her sanguine attitude, and she listened patiently; then she prepared a little supper for her son as usual.

"You may be right, but I don't think it. If I know anything, he's not far off. He'll come back presently. 'Tis like taming a shy creature home again after it have once broke loose. It calls for patience. There was something moving nigh the house long after dark last night, and I think I know who 'twas, though there was nought to see."

"It's all so mad and senseless," grumbled the other. "Twenty-five years old and behaving in a way that would be weak-headed if he was twelve. I couldn't have done such things in my childhood, Mrs. Pomeroy."

Anon Mr. Brown took his leave; and that night a strange thing happened. The dog of Ives barked loudly and joyfully after one o'clock, and the voice of Ives bade it be silent. His mother heard him from her chamber and marked by little familiar sounds every incident that followed. Breathless, with her bedroom door ajar, she listened, heard the back window opened, marked the footfall in the kitchen.

Beneath was the usual preparation: a lamp turned low, a hot meal put by, plate and glass, knife and fork, and a few words on a piece of paper.

"Supper in the oven, dear heart. Good-night. Mother."

With straining ears she listened, but did not go down to him. She heard stealthy movements and once the clink of glass. Then, after half an hour had passed, the man went out as quietly as he had entered; the window closed; the dog barked again; Ives had come and gone.

But wordless thanksgivings filled his mother's heart. She was sure of him now, and that night she slept as she had not slept since he departed.

At dawn she went down to feast on the sight of his empty plate and the mark of his boots on the floor.

"God bless the dear, wild man," she said to Lizzie. "My word, what a supper he made!"

She was looking about in the fender and on the floor for the scraps of her note which she expected to find; and then, to her daughter's surprise, the mother's voice shook and she clasped the girl's hand very tight and pressed a sudden, splendid emotion into it.

"Mother!" cried Lizzie, "what's come over 'e? How beautiful your eyes shine!"

"He's took my little letter away with him!" whispered Avis. "He's forgiven me, Lizzie! 'Tis a weather-gleam from the sky for all our hearts!"

The next night Ives showed no sign; and then he came home altogether. Again his dog barked after one in the morning, and again he returned to his home. He ate his supper, listened to the clock purr two, and heard the gentle rustle of the blackbeetles by the hearth. Then, having eaten and drunk, he took off his boots, lighted a candle and went up to his own room. His mother kept silence and it was not until deep sleep had sunk upon him, that she crept to his bedside for a little while that her hungry heart might beat close to its treasure.

CHAPTER XVI

PETER TAKES THE PLUNGE

At this season circumstances drove Peter Toop seriously to consider the master project of his mind. He had been exceedingly busy over an extension of his business, and now was a mortuary mason as well as undertaker. Henceforth he was prepared to do all that the living can do for the dead.

From the arduous preliminaries of these operations Peter's thoughts again turned towards Ruth Rendle. He told himself that the time was ripe for action,

and various circumstances combined to promote activity. First, he believed that the new business might be an increased source of strength in determining her decision; secondly, Peter found that stronger spectacles became necessary to him; and this deterioration of sight pointed to the approach of waning powers in other directions. Lastly, he met with Avis Pomeroy and she said a word that spurred him to the definite deed. With respect to Joel, the undertaker felt less concern than of yore. Joel, so far as he could note, had ceased to pay very special attention to Ruth; and he no longer appeared particularly enthusiastic about her in private. Indeed, it struck Peter that his brother worked the girl rather too hard and was imperious and exacting.

But the undertaker did not regard Ruth's acquiescence as certain. He felt hopeful, chiefly on the score of his new business, but he was of a more modest character than Joel and regarded refusal as a possibility.

Then came chance speech with Mrs. Pomeroy, and he acted upon it.

They met near Christmas opposite the tombstone works, and Mr. Toop insisted upon Avis entering, that she might see some pieces of marble he had acquired at a bankrupt sale.

"And how might Ives be?" he finally asked.

"He's well and busy about a good few things. Our oak wood comes down next year, I hope. 'Twill be a great year for us."

"I do trust that it may be. And bark was up a bit in the market last spring. I've had a word or two with your son over the bar. Always liked his fearless way myself, though he've got a powerful lot of wrong opinions, to say it kindly."

"Who hasn't at his age? There's some wrong opinions I like a boy to hold. The world may stamp them out pretty quick, but they show a good fashion of heart."

"As to the world, Ives would seem to think that 'tis all to the young," mused Mr. Toop. He sat on a granite kerbstone and took snuff as he spoke.

"So 'tis to the young," she answered; "and so it always will be, Peter. That's nature."

"Not at all; not at all. Such an idea

teaches the young people to be selfish. I'd make 'em a lot more respectful to old age if I had the larning of 'em. Grey hairs don't count a button nowadays."

She shook her head.

"The young be in a hurry. So was we back-along. 'Tis only the old, with no time left, that take time easily and understand it. Them with their lives before 'em be always short of time if they're good for anything. I like to see it. Patience ban't natural to girls and boys."

"That's true," he admitted. "Nobody knows that better than me with my young, boyish mind. The way I dash at things fairly frightens my brother every day of the week."

"Us can overdue patience without a doubt," she said; and Mr. Toop applied this sentiment to his own case.

"I believe you're right," he answered. "And that idea comes rather pat for me, because I've been worriting to have a go in at a certain project any time this last six months; but something has always come between. Now, though younger than ever in most ways, I can't deny that I've had to get a stronger pair of glasses."

"The natural fires get cool as time works with us."

"With some, with some; not with all. There's such men as Joel, who feel the pinch, and they weak-chested sort often seem to show time's handiwork sharper than others. But in my case, when time took my hair—which was a trifle and I'm healthier in summer without it—he 'peared to forget all about me. I've been a man, you must know, who never would get into ruts and grooves, Mrs. Pomeroy. That's the sort that travels terrible fast but not terrible far. I'm the donkey as likes to sample both sides of the hedge, my dear."

She declared this rule of life to be a very wise one, then left him; but he reflected for some time concerning what she had said and her opinion, that danger might lie in over-much patience, finally decided Peter upon an active step.

Joel was bronchitic next Sunday and did not go to church. Therefore Peter had Ruth to himself for a while, and as they journeyed home from evensong at

Sampford Spiney, he asked her to marry him.

"You're no longer a child," he said, "and more am I, Ruth. You're in the full vigour of womanhood, and I'm a man at the top of his prosperity and hard as a nut in wind and limb—except for a little short sight. Not but what I can read the Ten Commandments by lamp-light from my place in the chancel, for I tried to-night, and every word was as clear as if they'd been written on the sacred tables of Moses himself. And though coffins and gravestones ban't lovely material, yet love's love, and money's money, and I never met the love as went the worse for a bit of cash thrown in. The weakest link in a marriage contract be often the man's income, knowing which I've waited to a time when envious souls might even dare to say I was a thought over-ripe. Far from it, Ruth; but even if 'twas true, you've got to balance my mature brow and spectacles against the useful odds of always knowing where to go for a five-pound note. So there you are, my dear. Take it or leave it; but I hope to God you'll take it."

She refused him gently and with very sincere and grateful thanks for the honour that he had paid her. She explained the impossibility of the thing he suggested and hoped that he would forgive her for declining such a great and splendid proposition.

He took it very calmly, but could not conceal his disappointment.

"It's a crusher," he said, "like a beast of a pill that won't go down easy, but dodges about the gullet and escapes the swallow. However, it's got to go down. Lord knows what I'll do now. Well, you know your own business best, my dear. But if by lucky chance you change——"

"Don't think that, Cousin Peter. Find somebody wiser and better and a thought older than me. Your kind heart blinds you where I'm concerned. Such as me wouldn't be near good or sensible or wise enough for you."

"Everything seems to go against the order of nature lately," he said. "Not perhaps that 'twas in nature for you to care for me; but so it is. Two nights ago Matthew Northmore came in the

bar—that evening you was with Mrs. Pomeroy—and had a whisky hot! Never seed the man take a dram before in my life. He was wet to the skin and shivering, it is true; still he's always spoken against whisky before. Then there's Moleskin; since young Pomeroy's trouble and his own illness, he's changing; a leopard will change its spots next. He talks of giving up sporting. Just think of that! I'll allow that he generally says something about reformation after the fishing season's over; but never before so serious as this year."

"Was it along with him that Ives bided those nights afore he came home?"

"Yes; but leave that. I can't talk of common things as if nought had happened."

"You must apply yourself to this like everything else," she told him. "Such an energetic, popular man as you can find the right wife easily enough."

"I thought I had," he answered. "You mustn't think I've got no heart. This has shook me something terrible. 'Twill be months afore I can begin to look round again."

"Don't let it be months, Cousin Peter. Go out into the world more and see the people."

"Something tells me it will be some dead man's leavings now," he said gloomily. "I'd high hopes of you, Ruth, but failing you, I shan't think no more of the maidens. I was a young man afore I offered myself to you; now I feel ten year older and haven't got the heart to hope for anything above a widow. Not even a young widow. My spirits have sunk down to the thought of quite an elderly person. I trust 'twill spring up again; but just for the moment you've even knocked the hope of a family out of me—cruel as it may seem to say so."

"You'll find just the right one—and I'll help you if I can."

"Thank you, I'm sure; but my business be more likely to help me. I suppose that Providence knew you'd say 'no,' Ruth; and so it led me to the tombstones. I'll find some weeping creature presently, I suppose, and say the word in season. Not that I look forward to it with much ap-

petite at present. However, you'll always be a friend—eh, Ruth?"

"Always a true, loving friend, cousin. I don't forget and never shall forget how much I owe you."

"Then keep your eyes open on my account. And there's just one thing. I've no right to dictate, but I'm human, and I know you'll marry somebody sooner or late—such a fine girl naturally will do so—but I must ask you, out of respect to me, Ruth, not to take Joel. You may say I've no right to warn you off him; and as to 'right,' perhaps I have not. But I'm a stickler for law and order and propriety in general, and it wouldn't be at all nice having refused the younger man to take the older. I'm sure your good sense sees that. So I must ask you once for all not to take Joel."

"I promise faithfully," she answered.

"He may ask or he may not," continued Peter. "But he's very little sense of his own bodily failings and might look as high, not seeing the absurdity of such an idea. However, I've got your word, so there's an end of that."

They entered the Jolly Huntsmen as they spoke, and Joel, without much difficulty, perceived by his brother's manner and loss of appetite that something out of the common had happened.

A week later Ruth, after certain conferences with those who wished her well, decided to leave the Jolly Huntsmen, since her presence there had lifted this shadow between the proprietors.

Northmore it was who first urged the step. She met him in a downcast mood and did not hesitate to explain the situation without mentioning the fact of the double proposal.

"I know you care, and I know you're wise," she said. "The truth is that Peter and Joel both like me and they quarrel over me and say unkind things to me about each other. 'Twould be terrible to come between the good men—a poor payment for all their kindness."

"Leave them," he answered, and his heart felt a throb of hope. "Let me do what I can. I've friends in business. If you must work, let me try and get something for you."

"No, no. I can find work, I think. The point is to leave here. I think a lot

of your opinion, Mr. Northmore—yours and Mrs. Pomeroy's. You say 'go.' I'll ask her, too, and see if she says the same."

The man took the opportunity and pleaded his cause again. He showed how simple a road led from the difficulty and ended at Stone Park; but she could none of him.

CHAPTER XVII

REFORMATION

On the Sunday that followed Christmas Day Arthur Brown and Ives Pomeroy walked from church together homeward. A very amazing circumstance had upset the prayerful spirit of the congregation, for there appeared in the house of prayer one who was never known before to visit it; and his advent banished both somnolence and devotion from the little company of worshippers. All, even to the school-children, experienced a thrill and flutter before the spectacle of Moleskin in the house of his Maker. Mary Cawker accompanied her father, and while he appeared to derive some slight entertainment from the immense impression created by his black coat and his appearance upon his knees, the woman was obviously excited and hysterical. For this triumph in her own opinion largely belonged to Mary. After service the desire for information concerning phenomena so strange was general; but the poacher and his daughter were not seen; they entered the vestry and stopped there until the people had dispersed.

Arthur Brown felt this event might happily form matter for improving reflections, and spoke to his future brother-in-law as they proceeded home to dinner at Vixen Tor Farm.

"It shows how none is forgotten," he said. "It seems to me to prove that God watches and waits His own time, and then, when the soul is ripe and ready, He makes His way into it and the still small voice speaks to a man. You see it is never too late to hope. You came to sense and reason by being chastened, Ives—at least, all who care for you are hoping so; and this bad, old man, though

he has escaped so far, has in his grey hairs apparently seen the light at last."

Ives sneered.

"That's what you think. Always ready to credit people with pious motives—all but me. And I wasn't chastened at all; and only a man like you would mention it. If you'd heard what that big-minded Justice of the Peace said to me, it might have opened your eyes a bit. Anyway, you were the only man that ever had the mean mind to say one single word to me on the subject after I came home again."

"I felt it my duty to do so," answered the schoolmaster.

"Your duty always takes the shape to make somebody else sting for it. It's your inclination oftener than your duty that makes you so damned nasty to people."

"You always try to raise anger in me, and you never succeed," said Mr. Brown. "You are selfish and don't see what a serious thing your disgrace has been for me. I have some self-respect, if you have none, and I tell you candidly that I thought twice about any union with your family last autumn."

"Did you? Well, take my advice and don't think again. You're under contract to marry my sister, I believe, and the poor little fool thinks that you are a model man and a hero, and God knows what else. And you'll marry her whatever I may do or not do in the meantime. Mark that, you canting pig! You marry her in due season, or I'll break your neck for you. Christ Almighty, I'll forget my promises and be angry myself in a minute!"

"Don't think I fear you," answered the other. "Very far from that, I assure you. There is nothing about you that an intellectual man need fear."

"You marry my sister, that's all. Let me hear one word more about us not being good enough, and you'll wish you hadn't been born. And if you're a minute late on the morning of the day, I'll come and drag you into church by your long nose!"

"How *can* you be so vulgar?" asked the schoolmaster coldly. "Really you're a hopeless man—perfectly hopeless. 'Reformation!' It's ridiculous to apply the word to you."

"Who did?" asked the other. "Damn reformation! A likely thing that anybody who's got to run up against you every week would reform. 'Tis your sort made Christ himself lose His temper. And well He might!"

"I hope that Mr. Cawker will take higher views in future," said Brown.

"Higher views! He's often thought of doing this in the winter, when there's nothing doing. He's having a lark, I'll bet. All you sheep-faced people rolling your eyes and whispering, and him down on his hassock laughing fit to burst in his sleeve, I'll swear."

Mrs. Pomeroy was unwell and had not come to church. Ives asked after her immediately on his return home, learned that she was not better, and relapsed into gloom. Avisia dined with the company; then she retired to her room; Mrs. Jane Pomeroy went to sleep; the lovers walked out together, and Ives, slightly curious to know the truth concerning Moleskin, went up the hill to visit his friend.

It seemed that the cynical theory of Ives was erroneous, for Mr. Cawker took himself very seriously. Not a jest did he let fall. Humility and triumph strove for mastery in his mind, and young Pomeroy found himself at a loss.

"All straight, this here wonderful reformation?" he asked.

"Solemn truth, my son, and to prove it I'll tell you how cruel sorry I am as ever I led you out of the narrow road."

"Nothing of the sort. You didn't influence me. I went my own way and always shall do."

"Well, I can't say the same; you did influence me. When you—came out of klink—to say it as one sinner to another, I watched to see what you'd do, and marked that you began to run straight and stand steadily to work. 'Twas a noble sight and did more than one backslider good, I promise you."

"More fools them. I didn't stand to work more than I chose, and never shall. With my opinions——"

"Drop 'em! drop 'em," said Moleskin earnestly. "Do like me and give over them devilish ideas about equality and the land to the poor. 'Tis all wrong, Ives; and old though I am, I see it. The rich be the act of God, and He have

planned that their first care be the poor. It's come to me as clear as the light to Paul. It ban't for us to help ourselves: 'tis for them to help us. 'Tis their blessed privilege and duty to look after the meek and lowly. The Lord put 'em here to do it. And we must give 'em the opportunity as we can."

Pomeroy stared; then he laughed.

"Don't make that ungodly noise," said the poacher. "A sneering laugh hurts my ear like a curse since I changed. There's nowt to laugh at, if you'm a serious-minded man. And Lord knows, looking back, I can't see much to laugh at, anyway."

"I should think you was weeping drunk, if I didn't know," said Ives.

"No, no; only enough for health in future. What was it I said to parson in the vestry a bit ago, Mary?"

"You said such a terrible lot to him," answered his daughter proudly; "words flowed out of you, like feathers off a goose."

"So they did. I felt as though I could preach so well as him; and I may even come to that when the people have got to take me serious."

"Not likely they ever will. I won't for one," declared Ives.

He marked the attitude of Moleskin's women. His wife was very silent. She seemed absolutely sceptical and, from her couch, watched the reformed sinner with unsympathetic eyes; but Mary evidently felt the glow and glory of this noble change. Her voice was full of tears and her mind in a highly emotional condition.

"I put it plain afore parson," continued Moleskin. "I said, 'Until now, your reverence, I've been like the moon and only shone by night—God forgive me for it. But never again—no more works of darkness for me,' I said. 'All be changed,' I told him; and then I give this here woman credit for it, because I must tell you, Pomeroy, that Mary be largely answerable for my salvation. 'Twas just after Christmas dinner that her fell upon me like a cat-a-mountain—not with her claws, but with her tongue. In fact, she bally-ragged me proper; yet not her, but the voice of the Lord speaking through her. She made me right down terrified.

I didn't sleep at all that night, and with morning light I fetched out this here black coat, not put on since my father's funeral; a sign of grace, though the moth was in it. However, 'twill do very well Sundays till I've made some honest money and can buy a new one."

"Honest money's easier to talk about than to earn for the likes of you, Mr. Cawker," said his wife rather coldly.

"Don't you think that," he said. "If there's joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, as parson said to me to-day, so much the more should there be joy among a sinner's own fellow-creatures. I've a perfect right to expect good work and good wages now this minute. 'Tis the duty and glory of the neighbourhood to give 'em to me; I demand 'em. In fact, I told parson that a man such as me, well up in years and full of general learning, ought to get rather extra good wages."

"He kept harping on the past, however," said Mary Cawker; "then father got a bit tired of that and up and told him straight out that the past was over, and that it didn't become a Christian man to go back to it any more. 'Tis the future I've come to you about, your reverence,' said father. Didn't you, my dear?"

"I did," answered Mr. Cawker. "The man couldn't get off the poaching, and he also reminded me as I used to sing naughty songs for money here and there, and so on, and so on. But I told him 'twas all over and that he needn't remind me of the past. 'Tis the most Christian way to forget all about that; and for my part, I shall be the first to do so,' I told him."

Ives roared with laughter; Moleskin looked aggrieved; and Mary spoke indignantly.

"You didn't ought to take it so, Mr. Pomeroy. You're worse than mother."

"As for me," answered the sick woman, "I've knowed Mr. Cawker a good few years longer than what either of you have. If talk was religion, I'd be the first to take a hopeful view. But as it ban't, I won't pretend what I don't feel. Us'll see where we'm all standing this day twelvemonth."

Ives spoke to Mary.

"How did parson take it?" he asked.

"Pleased and puzzled both," she answered. "He was terrible delighted to find father at the footstool of Grace, as well he might be; but it surprised him rather to see father so wide awake like at the same time. Of course father can't help being a very clever old man, even at a solemn time like that was. In fact, you might say that father drove rather a hard bargain with his reverence."

"Quite wrong," declared Moleskin. "There's right and reason in all things. I've completely reformed; that's old history now. You can see with the naked eye 'tis so by these clothes alone; and if you could look into my mind, you'd find that was also changed most amazing. But 'tis my rule in life to carry my goods to the best market; and that holds all round, whatever you've got to sell. Here be I with a saved soul; and I take it to them as deals in such things. 'Tis a great feather in parson's cap, you must remember; worth good money to him, in fact, because it shows he's earning his own money. And if he'd been in any shadow of doubt, I'd soon have gone straight off to Pastor Biles at the Wesleyan shop. Yes, I would! 'Tis all one to me what brand of Christian I become; and for that matter, I never had no great liking for the Establishment. But times are bad, even for the saved sinner, and us reformed characters ain't fussed about near so much as the Bible says we ought to be. Therefore I go to parson first, because he's in touch with the bettermost and more likely to get me high-paid work than t'other. And, no doubt, for his own credit's sake he will do so."

Mr. Cawker sighed, lit his pipe and mended the fire.

Mary was going into Merivale presently, and Ives returned with her. They left Moleskin about to read the Bible aloud to Mrs. Cawker; and while he turned the pages slowly, she regarded him with frosty distrust.

"Mind," were the last words that Ives heard her say; "mind this; if you're not in sober, God-fearing earnest, but only playing at it to gain your own ends, so like as not the Lord will strike you dead where you sit, Mr. Cawker; and who'd blame Him?"

"Tell me," said Pomeroy, as he and Mary went down the hill amid scattered homes of bygone men; "is this really true? He seemed in sober earnest—for him."

"True enough," she said, "and I'm responsible for it. I be terrible anxious for it to go right; yet there's a doubt in my mind that his reformation ban't built on solid ground. It comed about in a very curious fashion. He thinks 'twas one thing did it, but I know 'twas quite another; and that makes me a thought doubtful like."

"Tell me," he said; "or if you don't want to do that tell my mother. She's a lot wiser than me, anyway."

"I'll tell you," the woman answered. "'Twas like this here: just after Christmas dinner something woke in me and, after mother had shed a few tears, I found my tongue for once, and up and spoke to father straight from the heart. I won't deny that there was a pinch of temper too, for the very goose we'd ate comed from a doubtful place, and somebody had bred and raised it for nought but his trouble. 'You're a cruel, wicked old shaver!' I said to my father—a sinful, scandalous, ancient man as be a shame to the country-side; and well you know it. I wouldn't be you for all the world,' I said; 'and some night you'll be took off, like a bird off a tree. And if you come to be knocked over the head with all your terrible outrageous sins upon you, where d'you think you'll spend eternity, you woeful man? Never a minute you'll have,' I told him; 'and 'twill be too late then to ax for pardon with you getting nearer your grave every day.' I kept running on like that, fiercer and fiercer, for a matter of half an hour; and first father was astonished a good bit; and then he gived off laughing; and then his pipe went out, and finally, by the grace of God, he seed what I was driving at and decided to be saved. But the point be this, Mr. Pomeroy. He's often thought of them words I spoke so furious and said 'twas good angels speaking through my lips, same as the Lord spoke through the prophets; but the solemn, secret truth be this: 'twasn't the Lord, nor angels neither, but three whole glasses of brown sherry wine as I drank

down along with that stolen goose. It made mother cry and turned me overbold. It got in my blood, and in my head, and I felt that I must have a dash at something and keep talking for dear life, or else I'd roll over on the floor; so I had a dash at father. But if he found out where my valour rose from, I'm very much afraid the old man would turn back again to his dark dealings to-morrow."

"No, he wouldn't," declared Ives; "he's going to see if the game of repentance be worth the candle. And very like he'll find it is so. Anyway, you needn't bother your head about it, Mary. 'Twas you gived him the idea, certainly; all the rest is only his way. He can't change at his time of life."

"I hope he can. To show you how much he's in earnest, I know for a fact that he took out all his wicked, slaying tools two nights ago, and buried 'em deep in the earth."

"Ah! safe place for 'em till he sees

which way the cat jumps. I hope he'll never dig 'em up again. He's taught me my lesson, too—old blackguard. Not that I bear him much of a grudge for it. But he won't catch me napping again."

"I'm sure he won't catch nobody again," she said. "He's been caught himself—by the Lord."

"We'll hope so. Everybody expected 'twas quite a different party would catch him. However, if he's got to see that all that talk about socialism is silly nonsense, that's something. Though I dare say he never did believe it himself, but only said it to have a laugh at me."

They parted, and Ives returned home. He found his mother still in some discomfort, and forgot the great incident of the day in his solicitude for her. It was decided he should drive Avis to Tavistock on the following morning, that her indisposition might be examined and explained. This return of fears forgotten cast gloom upon the hearts at Vixen Tor.

(To be continued)

UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

A critical friend cussing the other recent magazine no particular im- e, excepting in so t raised a psycho- question of rather story concerned a moral coward, a weak-backed, flabby type of man, who habitually followed the line of least resistance, even though it made of him a liar, cheat and thief. But he had one surviving ideal, to which he clung—the honour of his house. And when he learns that this has been assailed, the discovery awakens a latent manhood, and for once galvanises him into an act of heroism. The critical friend above mentioned maintained that this ending was fundamentally wrong, impossible, false to the elemental laws of human nature. Character in man or woman he compared to water in a hose-pipe at a constant and easily computed pressure. Turn the nozzle of your hose upon a certain window, and if the pressure is strong enough the water will break the window; if it is not strong enough, it will not break the window; nor, if you turn it in an opposite direction, upon another window, will it break that one either. Similarly, he argued, if a man is morally under too low a pressure to do habitually what is right and honourable, you will gain nothing by changing his environment or exposing him to new trials; you will simply change the direction in which he will waste his ineffectual efforts.

Now all this, like so many other sweeping generalisations, contains just enough truth to be misleading. It is quite true that a man's nature is a fairly stable quantity, that in nine cases out of ten the big crises of life pass and leave him essentially the same man that he was before. The birth of a son, the death of a wife, the loss of a fortune or the election to high office may stir a man to the depths of his being, make him feel that he has been refined by fire, that his old self is

dead and a new self born of the new joy or sorrow. Yet after the first bitterness or the first elation is passed habit reasserts itself, the man settles back into the old, familiar grooves of life, essentially the same compound of qualities and weaknesses that he always has been. This permanence of human traits may profitably be preached to the novice in fiction making, because young writers—and older writers, too, for that matter—err far oftener in neglecting this principle than by following it too slavishly. The mistake lies in exalting it to the dignity of a fixed law, unyielding as that of hydrostatics.

To say that a man who has consistently played the coward for the first forty years of his life is likely to go on playing the coward to the end is simply to apply one of the first and simplest rules for lifelike character drawing. To deny that any possible combination of circumstances could galvanise him temporarily into heroic action is to refuse to recognise that in every human being there is an unexplored territory, a latent, unmeasured energy for good or evil, which the individual himself would be the last to guess that he possessed. The novelist who habitually refuses to recognise the existence of this indeterminate factor in human nature will err as far from the truth in one direction as the melodramatist does in the other; he will reduce life as a whole to the dead level of mediocrity; he makes it a game in which every possible combination may be worked out mathematically, like the game of checkers; he robs it of the greatest zest which life offers, in or out of fiction—its Unexpected Happenings.

Here is precisely where so many disciples of realism have made their greatest blunder. They seem to have taken as a leading article of their creed, "The unexpected never happens!" They show you an environment as definite in its effect upon character as the mainspring of a clock upon its complicated mechanism;

and within this environment a number of separate entities, each revolving in its appointed place, the movements of each definitely dictated by a fixed number of faults and virtues, like the fixed cogs upon each separate wheel in the clock's works. Now, it is all very well for the novelist to study the general laws of social life, the influence of environment and heredity; but unless he makes allowance for the unusual and the unforeseen, his resultant story will be as unexciting as a familiar chemical analysis. According to the law of probabilities, a certain number of accidents happen annually in every community; an easily ascertainable percentage of the population die from sunstroke or tuberculosis or railway collisions; and while it is atrociously bad art to invoke the intervention of fate in order to solve a complicated situation, it is equally inartistic to leave wholly out of account the element of accident, since many of the most interesting problems in life have their origin in the Unexpected Happenings. And while no modern author can afford to ignore the subtle combination of influences which makes a certain man or woman precisely what they are, yet the really big situations in fiction or in fact result from imposing upon that man or that woman such a stress that for the time being they will be taken out of themselves, stripped of their acquired veneer, their inherited personalities, and left with nothing but the big, basic, primordial instincts of the race.

Accordingly, it is well for the maker of fiction to remember that while human nature is normally under a fairly uniform pressure, there may arise circumstances that will generate a sudden irresistible energy, like the "short circuiting" of an electric current, resulting in strange, irrational explosions of pent-up passion. It is easy enough to echo glibly Assessor Brack's dictum in *Hedda Gabler* that "people don't do such things"; but the fact remains that strange, mad deeds are all the time being done, and by people from whom we would least expect them. Deeds of the most violent sort—theft, murder, suicide—are fundamentally less a matter of temperament than of opportunity and incentive. Make the circumstances and the motives sufficiently con-

vincing, and no reader will doubt that your Noras committed forgery and your Heddas killed themselves. Indeed, we may go one step further and assert with considerable assurance that when any one stigmatises an episode in a novel as unconvincing, on the ground that it is contrary to the character and temperament of the principal actor, the real trouble lies in the lack of a convincing motive rather than in the lack of temperamental fitness. It takes a keener joy, a deeper sorrow, a stronger temptation to goad one man or woman into action than it does another. What the author must do is to apply the simple law of action and reaction to proportion his propelling force accurately to the degree of inertia to be overcome.

In the main, the big dramas of life reduce themselves down to a struggle of the individual against environment and heredity, with the odds heavily against the individual. Yet it is the one chance in ten, or twenty or a hundred that gives a novel or a play its interest. Make your reader feel from the start that the case is hopeless, that men and women are helplessly enthralled by their own temperaments, and your book is hardly worth the trouble of the writing. But keep alive the possibility of a moral redemption, the hope that the Unexpected may happen, and whether at last it does or not, the interest has been kept alive. A good

illustration of the point at issue is conveniently furnished this month by Warwick Deeping's new novel, *A Woman's War*.

The significance of the title lies in the protracted struggle between two women, wives of rival physicians, to advance their husbands' interests, protect them from their besetting weaknesses, and win the decisive victory which each in her heart believes her husband is entitled to win. But the interest of the book lies quite as much with the husbands as with the wives; it might with equal justice have been called *A Man's War*—the war that each man wages silently against himself. Of the two physicians in the story, James Murchison and Parker Steel, it is hard to say at first which is the more heavily handicapped. Murchison has that inborn sympathy with suffering, that enthusiastic

love of his profession, which is the first great requisite for success in the art of healing. But he inherits the weakness of intemperance. His father and grandfather before him both owed their death to alcohol; and he himself, while in the first flush of brilliant achievement in London hospital practice, suddenly awoke to a consciousness that the vice had fastened so powerful a grip upon him that his only hope lay in fleeing the temptations of a big city, sacrificing the opportunities it offered, and contenting himself with the humbler sphere of a small local practice in a country town. Dr. Steel is in every way a man of smaller calibre, a man who could no more have big vices than big virtues. His inordinate vanity and professional ambition ought to have made him a formidable rival of Murchison's had he not lacked that elemental love of his fellow-men, which would have helped him overcome his fastidious shrinking from contact with the rank and file, his arrogance toward the poor and humble. In short, at the opening of the book, the inhabitants of Roxton have a choice between a supercilious and incompetent practitioner, who can be depended upon to keep sober, and a physician of the highest type, who may at a critical hour be found in a drunken stupor. It is inevitable under the circumstances that each of these physicians should at times make serious mistakes, the one from physical unfitness, the other from fundamental lack of knowledge. In the small town of Roxton it is equally inevitable that these mistakes cannot occur without becoming a subject of current gossip—as when Steel treats one of his most important patients for hysteria, not recognising the symptoms of acute glaucoma, which may result in blindness within a week; or when Murchison, operating on a farmer for some intestinal trouble, lets a sponge and a pair of forceps slip from his unsteady fingers and remain within the wound, causing his patient's death. It is the part of the two wives to shield, so far as possible, these men from the consequences of their errors. But the gulf which separates Catherine Murchison from Betty Steel is as wide as that between the characters of the husbands. Catherine is inspired by love; she wants her husband to succeed

by being worthy of success; if she conceals his occasional lapses, it is in order that he himself may keep up his courage and continue the fight that is to end in victory. Betty Steel has no real love for her husband. She wants him to win the bigger practice, by fair means if he can; but if not, then by foul. She will not only hide Steel's blunders, but she will eagerly circulate stories to the discredit of his rival. With such formidable odds against him, one is apt to conclude that Murchison is foredoomed to defeat, especially after his bungling operation on the farmer forces him temporarily to leave Roxton and struggle along upon starvation earnings in a grimy colliery town. Here we have fairly and squarely a case of the hose-pipe under a given pressure. Murchison has not been strong enough under prosperous conditions to resist his besetting sin; and now that the conditions are changed, now that he sees his wife fading and his favourite child dying from the unwholesome air of a colliery town, will he continue to be the same man, will his nature remain at the same pressure, or will he, on the contrary, derive from some crucial trial an accumulation of energy that will give him the ultimate victory? Mr. Deeping evidently is one of those who believe that the pressure of human character varies with the stress from outside; and in the present volume he amply justifies his belief.

Rich Men's Children, by Geraldine Bonner, belongs to the class of stories in which the characters are constantly struggling for that higher pressure, that extra energy, which will enable them to win a victory over themselves, but find in the end that heredity and early training are too strong. All things considered, it is rather the best piece of fiction that has yet come from Geraldine Bonner's pen, the clearest character drawing, the strongest situations, the most thoroughly human appeal from first to last. Dominick Ryan is not the first rich man's son who has allowed himself to be tricked into an unworthy marriage by a scheming young woman, who cares for him only as a stepping-stone to higher social circles. Rose Cannon is not the only girl whom a

"Rich
Men's
Children"

young man, thus unhappily married, has met and loved when it was too late. Nor is Dominick's wife, Berny, the only unloved wife who discovers the cause of her husband's truant affections and is inflamed with an unreasoning jealousy, based upon wounded pride, in lieu of love. Yet the case in point offers some unique and interesting features that differentiate the plot from its familiar prototype. It is a San Francisco story, dealing with the second generation of that hardy stock of pioneers who made California what it is to-day. They inherit the strong constitutions, the iron will of their fathers; they live normally at high pressure, the sort of pressure that will break windows in whatever direction it is turned. You don't expect in their case to have the pressure increased by circumstances; you feel that even their normal condition imposes a dangerous strain. Before she became Delia Ryan, Dominick's mother had been a cook in a mining camp; but that half-forgotten fact does not prevent her, now that she is a social power in San Francisco, from refusing to receive Dominick's wife or to give him a single penny of the lavish allowance that he has hitherto believed to be almost his by rights. To Delia Ryan her son is the dearest thing on earth, yet she will die unreconciled with him sooner than yield an inch in her attitude toward her daughter-in-law. Dominick also has his share of dogged adherence to what he thinks is his simple duty. He knows now, after those wonderful weeks of the blizzard, when he and Rose Cannon were snowed up together among the mountains and he nearly lost his life, that he never loved Berny, and that he loves and always will love Rose. Yet beyond that first mad moment, when her father, old Bill Cannon, comes upon the two in each other's arms, he will never be false in outward deed to what he thinks is due to Berny—that dogged, joyless loyalty to a woman who has tricked him, a woman socially ostracised, is characteristic of his nature; he may struggle, but he won't overcome it. Bill Cannon, one of the richest, most successful, most influential men in the far West, is not one who will calmly see a married man making love to his daughter Rose; but with his shrewd reading of character, he grasps

the peculiar and pathetic irony of the situation, decides that Delia Ryan's son, if free, would be a worthy mate for his daughter; that if Rose wants Dominick she shall have him, and that it will be a comparatively simple thing to buy off such a woman as Berny—give her ten thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, anything she will take, to desert Dominick and make a divorce simple and decisive. Under ordinary circumstances Berny would jump at such a chance—so far old Bill Cannon reads her aright; but when she discovers that they want to rid themselves of her in order to marry Dominick to Rose, her jealous pride revolts, and though the old man should offer her his whole fortune and Delia Ryan's besides, she would not yield. You feel that the story has reached a deadlock, that any combination of circumstances which would avail to overcome this clash of wills is beyond the author's ingenuity to invent; and accordingly you are not surprised when she suddenly escapes from the dilemma by resorting to a bit of melodrama, which is the one weak and unconvincing episode in an otherwise strong and well-sustained piece of fiction.

There are unquestionably cases in which the idea of a constant pressure may be effectively used, especially when seeking for certain subtle shades of satire, irony and cynicism. An admirable example is furnished by one of the short stories included in the recent volume by O. Henry, called *The Trimmed Lamp*. It is characteristic of Mr. Henry's stories that they should be packed full of suggestion, so that if a reviewer were to attempt anything like adequate treatment of a number of them there would be little space in an article of this sort for other volumes. So beyond the passing suggestion that the reader who skips a single story in the collection runs the risk of losing something that he would have liked quite as well as those he read, if not rather better, it seems necessary to speak only of the particular tale which fits in so peculiarly with the point under discussion. It is merely the story of a commonplace man married to a commonplace little wife and living in a commonplace little apartment on a salary the smallness of which also

seems to have the element of common-placeness. A story, you will perceive, in which the temperamental barometer on the whole stands rather low. After the glamour of the honeymoon wore off the man fell gradually into the habit of spending his evenings away from the dulness of the home atmosphere. As surely as the hands of the clock came around to half-past eight he would reach for his hat. "Now, where are you going, I should like to know?" the wife's querulous voice would question, and his stereotyped answer would be flung back to her through the closing door, "Just going down to play pool with the boys for half an hour." But one night when he comes home there is no wife to meet him, no dinner waiting, nothing but a pervading disorder and a hasty note telling him that she has been called away by the sudden news of her mother's serious illness. Disconsolately he makes a comfortless meal from cold remnants found in the ice-box, the

**"The
Trimmed
Lamp"**

loneliness of the apartment each instant forcing itself deeper into his consciousness. It is the first night since their marriage that she has been away from him, the first time that he has asked himself what life would be without her. He begins to regret the hours of her society that he has voluntarily lost, the evenings he has gone out and left her to bear the same solitude from which he is now suffering. Never again, he tells himself, never again! He will make it up to the little woman when she comes back, he will take her out more, to theatres and all that sort of thing; she shall never again be left to the ghastly loneliness of these silent rooms. And in the midst of his good resolutions the door opens and the wife walks in; mother's illness was a false alarm, she did not need to stay, after all. This topic occupies them until she finishes her dinner. Then, as the hands of the clock move around to half-past eight, the man reaches mechanically for his hat. "Now where are you going, I should like to know?" comes the stereotyped question, with all its wonted querulousness; and the stereotyped answer comes back through the closing

door, "Just going down to play pool with the boys for half an hour."

The struggle of men and women against temperament makes strong tragedy. Comedy, on the contrary, is oftenest made by placing men and women in whimsical situations and watching the curious complications that result from their following their natural bent of character under abnormal conditions. Such, for example, is the essence

**"Jerry
Junior"**

of the humour in *Jerry Junior*, by Jean Webster, a book as airy-light, as iridescent, as inconsequential as a soap-bubble. In plot it is just a piece of amiable nonsense; the story of a young American temporarily stranded in an out-of-the-way corner of the Italian Lake district, who discovers in the near vicinity another American with a pretty daughter, tries to make their acquaintance, and is severely snubbed for his pains by the pretty daughter. She has no use for the moment for any sort of man, young or old, excepting a guide to show her the way up the neighbouring mountains—a picturesque guide, like a Venetian gondolier, with sash and broad-brimmed hat, and gold hoops in his ears. But Jerry Junior is of the kind not easily daunted where a young woman is concerned; so he audaciously undertakes to masquerade as the picturesque guide she has ordered, oblivious of the difficulties into which his double ignorance of Italian roads and language is sure to bring him. The chronicle of Jerry Junior's frequent discomfiture, his tempestuous wooing and his ultimate success is really the whole sum and substance of a tale whose whole charm lies in the blythe spirit it diffuses of youthful joyousness and hope and love amid the golden atmosphere of Italian hills.

The idea of the hero masquerading as a hired man is utilised in still another

**"His
Courtship"**

novel this month—*His Courtship*, by Helen R. Martin. As in the author's earlier volume, *Tillie: A Mennonite Maid*, the setting of the story is among the Pennsylvania Dutch, whose linguistic

peculiarities she reflects with refreshing drollery. In fact, both books are far cleverer as studies of a peculiar people than as stories of individual lives. You feel all the while that there is something distinctly artificial about the plot, as though it were put into the book not because it was part and parcel of it, but simply because the conventional rules of fiction require some sort of a framework on which to hang dialogue and character sketches. The bucolic atmosphere of the Morningstar farmhouse, where Dr. Kinross goes to rusticate after his hard winter of university work, is delightfully rendered; you get a lasting impression of the involved slowness of the Dutch manner of speech, the sluggishness of the Dutch method of thought. But when the undercurrent of story is brought to the surface and made the object of central attention; when two more boarders unexpectedly arrive—fashionable young women whom Kinross feels it will be an insufferable bore to be polite to three times a day—and in order to escape them, he bribes the Morningstars to let him masquerade as one of the hired labourers; when in his new capacity he is thrown in closer contact with the young women of the establishment, the daughter, Ollie, and the household drudge, Eunice, and discovers in the latter an unexpected beauty of mind as well as of body, the whole thing somehow seems to lack conviction. The idea of a young girl, inured from earliest childhood to the hardest and most unremitting daily drudgery, and denied all opportunities of education, teaching herself, surreptitiously, with the aid of a small store of volumes to which she has access only in the middle of the night, in time snatched from her scant hours of sleep—all this savours of the melodramatic and quite prepares us for the final discovery that Eunice is a long-lost, long-sought-for child, only heir to the fortune of Kinross's oldest friend, and consequently the bride that destiny has had in keeping for Kinross ever since the beginning of things. The book is a curious mingling of keen-eyed observation, great naturalness in narrative and dialogue, and exasperating artificiality of construction.

It is always exasperating in reading a book that is good only in streaks to feel that the author could easily have done better. It is doubly exasperating to come across an author who, having already achieved something distinctly big, deliberately leaves the field of his success and does without distinction something that at best would hardly be worth the doing. In *African Nights Entertainments* Mr. A. J. Dawson achieved something that belongs to the order of distinctly big things, something that you may or may not like—for that is a question of temperament—but which you assuredly cannot forget after having once read it. To say that Mr. Dawson's new volume, *The Message*, belongs in a different class, does not give adequate expression to the gulf between them. *The*

"The Message"

Message belongs to that extravagant and, on the whole, futile class of books that aspire to the rank of prophecy. Its apparent purpose, so far as it has any, is to warn England to beware of Germany's pretended friendship, to show the necessity of remaining constantly upon a war footing, and to picture the abject humiliation of the British Empire should the Prussian eagle once effect a landing, march triumphantly across the island, lay siege to London, and having forced a surrender, impose her own terms of peace. Such a theme at the hands of Mr. H. G. Wells would still be nothing more than riotous romance, but it would be of the quality that grips the attention. *The Message*, on the contrary, is for the most part rather frankly boresome, with here and there a welcome oasis of something distinctly better, something that seems almost worthy of the author of *Hidden Manna*. The real trouble with *The Message*, judged by the standard of its class, is that the author has tried to do two things at once: to utter a fantastic prophecy and to picture certain phases of journalistic life in London with a realistic minuteness—and the two things do not belong together. It is as incongruous as though Mr. Wells and May Sinclair should collaborate to embody *The Divine Fire* and *The War of the Worlds* in a single book.

One advantage of the romantic school of fiction which we are all willing to concede is that the men and women who play their parts in it need not be required to act precisely as men and women in real life are expected to act. On the contrary, if they did so act, the average reader would feel grievously disappointed, and fancy that he had been rather unfairly treated. Therefore, in taking an estimate of *The Sons of the Seigneur*, by Helen Wallace, one may frankly disregard all vexed questions about the barometric pressure of temperament, whether of men or women, in the work-a-day world, and simply ask whether the men and the women of Helen Wallace's creation live up to our ideal of true romance. On the whole, it

"The Sons
of the
Seigneur"

is what may fairly be called a brave story of the type it represents. The time is the middle of the seventeenth century; the scene, the channel islands, when the men of Jersey and of Guernsey had conflicting views regarding what constituted their duty to God and loyalty to their king. What this clash of views meant to the islands as a whole, and to one young man and woman in particular forms the warp and woof of a story that is not lacking in bravery or in tenderness, a story that has caught something of the salt fragrance of the sea in its substance, and last but not least, a story that ends as this type quite properly should end, with marriage and happiness ever after. All of which is only another way of saying that if you like this sort of story, it is the sort of story that you will like.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

TWO BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

E. A. BAKER'S "HISTORY IN FICTION"*

What is "historical fiction"? It all depends upon the point of view. Mr. Howells, if asked, would unquestionably point out Jane Austen as the queen of historical novelists, while at the same time expressing his appreciation of *Roxana*, but in both cases the judgment would be given for artistic, not historical, reasons. There lies a vast field between Walter Pater and Sienkiewicz, between Trollope and Stanley J. Weyman, between *The Scarlet Letter* and *Richard Carvel*, between *The Valley of Decision* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. between the historical novel and the historical "romance," but it all comes, and properly, within the scope of Mr. Baker's useful bibliography. Its standard of merit is historical, not literary, and it considers the study of manners as im-

portant a part of the *genre* as the sword-and-dagger tale. These two volumes are the result of an enormous amount of labor well expended, a record not only of English and American history in fiction, but of that of the Continent as well, and of Asia, Africa, and Australasia, the historical fiction of the youngest of continents being, for obvious reasons, mostly undistinguishable from the story of adventure. Only such foreign historical fiction is included as has been originally written in or has been translated into English.

Translations form but a small proportion of this historical fiction dealing with Continental Europe in English, however; the bulk of it is the work of English and American novelists. It is curious to note the preferences of these writers. Italy stands first in their esteem as a profitable field for exploitation, the Anglo-Saxon historical fiction of the country being so large, and of such great merit, that one hardly notices the almost total absence of translations. France holds second place, but here the native author is fully repre-

*History in Fiction: A Guide to the Best Historical Romances, Sagas, Novels, and Tales. By Ernest A. Baker, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 vols.

sented in English versions. Germany has been neglected both in the matter of original English work and of translations. The Russian authors reign supreme in their realm; what we have of them in translation far surpasses in artistic importance as well as in socio-historical value all the melodramatic efforts of our own, still more of English writers. And in the Scandinavian field the translated saga stands unrivalled.

One cannot help wondering what is the real proportion of history to fiction in the many tales enumerated by Mr. Baker, and that question suggests another, viz., What is the opinion of foreign students of history of the accuracy of the historical fiction written about their countries by Americans and Englishmen? We have the judgment of Italian authorities upon *The Valley of Decision*, we know the verdict of France upon Mr. Weyman's romances of French history, but what, for instance, is the value in Russian eyes of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman or Mr. Wishaw? Suppression by the censorship is not necessarily a pronouncement either way. When one considers how busy our authors, both American and English, have been with the histories of Italy, France and other foreign countries, he is disappointed to find but two translations from foreign authors in the whole range of American historical fiction, and but a few more in that of England. One is tempted, further, to trace the peregrinations of what may be called "itinerant" historical novelists, who select a new country and a different period for each of their successive stories. In the field of juvenile fiction, the late G. A. Henty was a good example of this class. Finally, one would like to know how many of these English and American authors have been translated into the languages of the countries with whose history they deal. But none of these questions comes within the scope of Mr. Baker's work.

The list of American historical fiction is well compiled and truly representative. Our authors have an almost unbroken monopoly of English history in the New World, with the assistance of three or four Canadian writers of well-established reputation. The American record ends with the Spanish War; those of France

and Germany with the year 1871. In England itself the year 1900 marks the end of the record, but it is extended to include the Boer War in the section devoted to the British colonies.

The brief notes appended by Mr. Baker to the titles of the books he enumerates are generally informing, and occasionally not without a touch of humour, as when he tells us that *Ben Hur* is "a long and gorgeously coloured romance. . . . The plot is intricate, and the grammar not always faultless," or that Rider Haggard's *Pearl Maiden* is "spectacular and crudely exciting, quite untouched by the historical spirit." Why, then, one is tempted to ask, has it been included at all? And this leads to a final word about one inexplicable omission from these otherwise so carefully compiled lists.

Mr. Baker includes historical satire in his bibliography, making place not only for Cervantes the Master, but for that delicious, stinging, minor humourist, now almost forgotten, Edmond About, the author of *The King of the Mountains*, that sparkling exposure of the rottenness of the newborn kingdom of Greece in the first half of the last century.

Where, then, in the ranks of the historical satirists is Mark Twain? His *Prince and the Pauper* we find, and his *Joan of Arc*, but, incredible as it may seem, there is nowhere in these two volumes a word of mention of that great satire, fraught with meaning, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*.

A. Schade van Westrum.

II

MR. DIXON'S "THE TRAITOR."*

A trilogy is a bid for serious consideration. Mr. Dixon accompanies his latest book with the announcement that it is the last of "The Trilogy of Reconstruction," of which *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman* formed the first and second parts. A plan so ambitious, with its inevitable suggestions of Greek tragedy and Balzacian comedy, implies a

*The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

significant purpose. It was Mr. Dixon's avowed aim to present the history of the Reconstruction period from the Southerner's point of view, and justify the conquered secessionists' acknowledged hostility to black domination and the carpet-bagger's rule. In appointing himself spokesman for the Southerner, Mr. Dixon assumed a responsibility which made his task considerably more difficult than that of the mere fictionist. Quite apart from the merits, of his story as such, he was presumably under obligations to preserve at least a degree of faithfulness to actual facts. The introduction into the narrative of historical names and characters emphasises this obligation. Mr. Dixon's claims seem to invite a judicial estimate of the value of his work on its purely historical side.

The time for the discussion of this question passed, however, long before the publication of this latest book. *The Traitor* is of a piece with *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman*. The historical virtues and failings of these books have been abundantly discussed, presumably to the delight of the author and the increased sale of his works. All is grist that come to the press agent. Mr. Dixon is an industrious controversialist, and he has been rarely fortunate in finding people eager to abuse his books and so furnish him with his opportunity. It is difficult to see why any one should ever have taken Mr. Dixon so seriously on this point. It is quite obvious, of course, that his narrative of reconstruction events, his picture of the conditions which brought forth the Ku Klux Klan, differs widely in intention and effect from that of such sober and unimaginative historians as Brown and Rhodes. But they have no special point of view, no particular party or policy to justify, no motive except to record the truth. Whatever Mr. Dixon's professed aim may have been, his intention, if it may be judged by results, was far different from that of these mere chroniclers of fact. Let it be conceded at once that he is more fictionist than historian; let us grant him the license that greater men than he have claimed, and blink his historical failings in the interest of the greater aim—the story.

On this ground he is entitled to ungrudging praise. It is true that if the crown of the historian must be withheld from him, so too must he be denied, in a court of strict inquiry, the appellation of novelist. But there remains for him the field of melodrama—glorious, untrammelled melodrama. There is a peculiar satisfaction in according Mr. Dixon high rank in a domain in which he so evidently delights to reign. Away with your pallid psychological studies, your finicking comedies of manners, your morbid problem novels! There is a positive refreshment in following this bounding, india-rubber story that skips from one thrilling adventure to another and bowls over probabilities like tenpins. The book cries out for the stage—the Third Avenue stage. It is as full of situations, thrills, climaxes, "curtains," as a home of melodrama is of gallery gods. Not one of the ingredients is left out—underground passage, defrauded but noble hero, traitorous villain, mysterious murder, seductive heroine torn between love and filial duty, with lanky mountaineers and slapstick negroes for comic relief. There is one scene, a three-cornered fight between a negro mammy and her two husbands, that is a positive scream. And when those Ku Klux men slip through the secret panel, all robed in their ghostly nighties, and plunge a knife up to the hilt in Judge Butler's chest—well, you just ought to see it.

The characters—let us call them such for convenience—are made up perfectly to match the scenery and plot. Most of them are, to be sure, our old friends of melodrama; but there is one happy surprise. The heroine is actually unique even in a world where every heroine is supposed to be unique. In most bewildering succession she is wilful and petulant, proud and dejected, defiant and pleading, loving and vindictive, impertinent and gracious; and through it all she is persistently, monumentally, even ingeniously vulgar. As a representative of true Southern aristocracy she may leave something to be desired; as a ready-made medium for eliciting the cheers and catcalls of a Bowery audience it is doubtful if Theodore Kremer can match her. On her Mr. Dixon has lavished his most

loving care. Her seductive appearance is described in appealing terms. "Her arms were bare and their beauty was perfect—starting with the tiniest wrists and swelling into full voluptuous splendour above the dimpled elbows. She had a way of moving them when she walked which was modest yet subtle in sensuous suggestion." Infinite care has been bestowed on her dress. Now it is "a cream-coloured morning gown" with flowing train; again a simple dimity which fairly bewitches the hero. When she makes her first appearance she has just come in from a ride on horseback with the villain. "Her dress showed the perfection of

good taste and careful study—a yellow satin, trimmed in old lace that fitted her rounded little figure without a wrinkle, dainty feet in snow-white stockings and bow-tipped slippers that peeped in and out mischievously as she walked." It is a positive injustice to such a heroine to imprison her within the covers of a book. I have too high an opinion of Mr. Dixon's sense of the fitting to believe that he will keep her there permanently. Never was a lady more obviously intended by her creator for the stage, and I look forward with joyful confidence to seeing her before the end of the year in her rightful place.

Ward Clark.

JULES LEMAITRE VERSUS DEMOCRACY



ON March 10th an imposing ceremony took place in the Grand Amphithéâtre de la Sorbonne. Four thousand people of the intellectual élite of Paris had gathered in order to express their grateful admiration for the work of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the father of the French Revolution. The honorary president of the committee that organised the manifestation was Berthelot—le grand Berthelot as he is called by his contemporaries (who died shortly after in such dramatic circumstances); the acting president was Mr. Ernest Charles, the young and energetic critic, editor of the *Censeur Politique et Littéraire*, who in his opening speech said in part:

We remember that whenever the work of the French Revolution was constructive, this work was done in accordance with the ideas of Rousseau; because Rousseau, discarding the prejudices of former times, basing his thoughts on science and nature, denouncing all the servitudes of body and mind, has launched some of the chief philosophical, politi-

cal, and social principles which at the present time rule all civilised societies; because he laid the foundations of the state which is being gradually built up, namely, the republic of the rights of man, of the sovereignty of the people and of universal suffrage.

There is the achievement of Rousseau, and his ideal we endorse and glorify it entire.

The following speeches were made in the same spirit.

And the gathering at the Sorbonne was only one among many manifestations in the honour of Rousseau. Every newspaper and every magazine in the country within the last few weeks has devoted one or more articles to a discussion of the ideas of the *citoyen de Genève*.

Why all this agitation? Had Rousseau or the Revolution or modern ideals of the state been attacked and threatened? Yes. This general upheaval is the direct outcome of a course of ten lectures on Rousseau, which was offered, under the auspices of the Société de Conférences, by the famous critic, Jules Lemaitre; a course which, owing to the talent of the lecturer, became the literary event of the season, and which was nothing but a

JULES LEMAITRE

spirited attack on Rousseau and democracy. Lemaître frankly acknowledges in the very first sentence of his first lecture that in selecting his subject he was not influenced, perhaps, by his fondness of Rousseau (*"une pensée d'extrême bienveillance pour le citoyen de Genève"*); that on the contrary he was decided to condemn him ([*je*] *"Cherchais des raisons de le condamner"*). His purpose was to study in Rousseau "the father of some of the greatest errors (*'des plus fortes erreurs'*) of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth centuries."

Thus we are warned. Under such circumstances an impartial judgment was not to be expected. Let us therefore lose no time in an attempt to show that Lemaître was not fair to Rousseau; he did not try to be. Let us not pause, either, in order to discuss the rather subtle distinction established between the artistic

ideas of Rousseau—which were good—and the social ideas—which were bad. Let us also ignore Lemaître's unflattering opinion of posterity, and especially of Frenchmen for having—thanks to the *"crédulité"* and the *"bêtise humaines"*—adopted so enthusiastically the theories of a man who was after all neither sincere in his ideas nor true to them (pp. 92, 104, 116, 265, etc.); and of a man, moreover, who was notoriously insane (pp. 266, 274, etc.). Here are a few of the sentences by which Lemaître closed his lectures on March 20th; they are sufficiently clear indications of the spirit that animated him:

I had at one time an adoration for Romanticism and I believed in the French Revolution. And now I feel alarmed in thinking that the man who—not alone, it is true, but more than any one else, I believe—has prepared in our

country the Revolution and Romanticism, was of foreign birth, perpetually ill, and finally insane.

But people have liked him, and many still like him. . . . I myself, after this long association with him—which I have enjoyed in more than one way—I will leave him without hatred for his person, with the strongest reprobation for some of his most famous ideas, the most genuine admiration for his art, which was so strangely new, the most sincere compassion for his miserable life—and a “sacred horror” (in the Latin sense of the term) for the greatness and the mystery of his action upon humankind.

What are the bitter grievances of Lemaître—and of some others among the most intellectual Frenchmen of to-day—against the French Revolution, and against Rousseau, their greatest champion? Expressed briefly they are the following: Before the Revolution France was the queen of nations; France was the leading power in Europe, in politics, in philosophy, in art. But by the Revolution France has repudiated her great ideals of the past; and, in consequence, she no longer enjoys the same prestige over the world. Other nations are as powerful, even more powerful in modern civilisation, and the ideals of those newcomers do not compare in loftiness with those of classical and traditional France.

What is this due to? To this enormous mistake of modern civilisation *democracy*, the belief in the equality of all men. Lemaître has not words enough to express his scorn at the “*niaise adoration de l'égalité*,” “*culte stupide de l'égalité*,” “*turlutaine de l'égalité*,” and so forth. *Progressive* idea? No. Who does not see it to-day with socialism? “The revolutionary dream—the equality of pails with the least effort for every one—is this not a *regressive* dream?” How can one conceive of a more unjust thing than universal suffrage, which allows an equal value for the vote of the most intelligent and of the most stupid, of the philosopher and of the ignorant, of the trained statesman and of the mule-driver?

But again, what is the origin of this misinterpretation of individualism? After all, suggests Lemaître (here again in agreement with many of his countrymen,

although nobody dared express it so plainly before), it is only a generalisation of the error of Protestantism. Protestantism advocated individualism in religion; it put the individual conscience of one man above the authority of the Church as represented by the priest; and our modern social individualism is nothing but an extension of the same individualism to political matters. Lemaître proves it by history:

The sovereignty of the people is a Protestant dogma, opposed by the pastors of the seventeenth century to the despotism of Louis XIV. The Protestant minister Yurien expressed it clearly: “The people is the only authority which need not be right to validate its actions.”

Now, as a church where everybody has a right to be right is self-destructive, so a state where everybody wants to be the master is inconceivable; it is anarchy. So certain is Lemaître of the danger of the “Protestant” spirit that he feels no hesitation in saying that Rousseau did more harm to France than Voltaire; the latter was only an unbeliever, while Rousseau was a Protestant (“*c'est encore le plus religieux de ces deux hommes qui nous a été le plus funeste*,” p. 292).

In short, Rousseau is guilty of having introduced into France foreign ideals; he is a stranger, the “son of a little republic,” who has caused “the life of a whole nation, to which he did not belong,” to turn her back upon historic traditions. Rousseau has impressed upon France the spirit of an utopian individualism, i.e., of Protestantism. All other great French writers, even when occasionally lead astray by false ideals, have kept true to the French traditions; but “Rousseau, that interrupter of traditions, Rousseau, that foreigner, inserts in the history of our literature a phenomenon, a ‘monster,’ who shall count in his lineage all the unbalanced minds, big and small (*tous, les déséquilibrés, grands et petits*) of the nineteenth century” (p. 334).

* * * * *

This was an extraordinary and disturbing language to be used in the Republic of France, and one does not wonder that believers in and advocates of democracy

were startled, and did not even wait until Lemaitre's course of lectures was over in order to organise the countermanifestation mentioned above.

And yet it was by no means the first time that so hostile an attitude toward Rousseau was assumed by French critics. Ever since the time of the Revolution isolated but powerful protests had been uttered. Besides Veuillot, the Catholic writer, we can never forget Nisard, who wrote his famous *History of French Literature* entirely from this point of view, namely, that Rousseau breaks into the evolution of the national traditions, is an outsider of whom one must take only small account.

Melchior de Vogüé does not think of doing away with history so boldly, but it was he who wrote this sentence, so often quoted: "The admission is a cruel one . . . but we are forced to recognise that the blood which has been running through our literary veins (*au plus profond de nos veines littéraires*) for a century is Swiss blood." And still more recently Brunetière (who, moreover, delivered two years ago his lectures on the Encyclopedists under the auspices of the same Société des Conférences, in the same room, before the same audience, and in the same spirit of condemnation against the writers of the eighteenth century as Lemaitre) deplored more than once the influence of the Protestant Rousseau in France. And it would be easy to add the names of a score of less important writers.

The unusual stir created by Lemaitre's anti-Rousseau campaign is due chiefly to its timeliness. The new, the democratic France, has recently scored two great victories, in the ultimate justice rendered to Dreyfus, and in the question of the Separation of Church and State. The opponents, the so-called "Nationalists"—among whom Lemaitre is a star of first magnitude—wanted to utter a violent protest and affirm once more with great force their political creeds. They did it by these ten lectures, the success of which, indeed, surpassed their expectations.

We must keep in mind, besides, that Rousseau had attracted unusually great attention during the last few years, thanks to the enthusiasm of his admirers. His memory has been honoured in all

sorts of ways—tablets put on the houses where he lived, monuments erected, "*Musée J. J. Rousseau*," in Montmorency, purchase of the Charmettes, visit of Rousseau (and Voltaire's) tombs at the Panthéon, and especially the foundation of the Société J. J. Rousseau in Geneva—not counting a great amount of scholarly investigations concerning his personality and his works. The truth in the matter, therefore, is that the present outburst of anger of Lemaitre was an effect before being a cause.

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Now, if we look deeper into the philosophy of the case, we will see that this lively discussion is far from being of only local interest. "Protestant" influence, "Swiss" influence against "French traditions," are only other words for "Anglo Saxon" influence against "Latin" influence in the civilised world. Nobody can be blind to this fact since the publication of J. Texte's book on *J. J. Rousseau et le cosmopolitisme littéraire*. The Rousseau-Lemaitre controversy was only one more skirmish in a momentous struggle, and in the interest of us all, therefore, it may be worth while not to look at it from a merely impersonal standpoint. In Anglo-Saxon countries as well as elsewhere voices are being heard (not unfrequently) questioning whether really modern democracy is yielding the results that our fathers expected from it. Edgar Allan Poe's story, "Some Words with a Mummy," is perhaps more timely to-day than it was when written by the genial author. Of course, as soon as it should come to a practical decision—to the "pragmatic" aspect of the question, as Professor William James would say—few probably, very few, would really consider the advisability of giving up the advantages of democracy, although they may be well aware of some of its most serious drawbacks. But the fact remains indisputable that in intellectual spheres at least democracy is often responsible for mediocracy, and that a too sweeping victory of Anglo-Saxon over Latin civilisation would in the long run be harmful to the progress of the world. Therefore it may be very useful if

from time to time some one should utter a solemn warning and make an appeal to humanity in order to safeguard the rights of an aristocracy of the mind.

Let us take the book of Lemaitre as a

warning of that kind, and then, with its keen and sharp criticism, it will prove a decidedly beneficial contribution to modern thought.

A. Schinz.

A FREE LANCE SYMPOSIUM

With contributions from John Kendrick Bangs, Madeline S. Bridges, Joe Cone, Theodosia Garrison, Tudor Jenks, W. J. Lampton, W. D. Nesbit, Zoe Anderson Norris, F. J. Pitzer, Laurana W. Sheldon, Edwin L. Sabin, Clinton Scollard, Carolyn Wells, Roy Farrell Greene, and T. C. Harbaugh



FREE LANCES are very much maligned individuals. In general they—the pronoun embraces both sexes—consider themselves ill-used. There is some sympathy due to their rather aggressive complaint, for their path is not by any means easy to travel. To begin with, a free lance must be a philosopher. To his philosophy, which is as likely as not to include periods of starvation, he must add patience. A cheerful disposition, too, is not by any means to be despised. With these attributes added to a certain aptitude for writing and a general knowledge of where to send his manuscripts, any one with a respectable education can nib his pen, or better still, hire a typewriter on approval, and commence sending his effusions far and wide.

It is a moot point whether acquaintance with the editors of the several publications which he honours with his patronage is advisable. Personality in the concrete is apt to detract from the merit of work in the abstract. "Send up your manuscripts," quoth a lady to a free-lance friend some time since, "but for goodness' sake don't show yourself"—an unkind speech, maybe, but not meant in the way it was taken. The knowledge of an editor's idiosyncrasies may not be worth the risk of an exposition of a contributor's peculiarities and appearance. After all, editors are but mortal. Although the

public is the jury, the editors are the judges, and scarcely impartial at times, when the business office has to be taken into consideration.

To obtain a comprehensive view of the free-lance situation it is necessary, or at all events as well, to go to headquarters, and the following symposium of those who are well known in this particular field will no doubt be not only interesting, but also instructive to any who are seriously considering their chances of prosperity in this rather invidious career. The views and opinions, at all events, herein set forth point an exceedingly vivid moral and tell a varied tale.

Taking the several free lances in alphabetical order, for there may be a certain vein of jealousy among them, John Kendrick Bangs comes first in the field with an amusing and concise interpretation of what he considers a free lance is, more especially as embodied in his own peculiar case. He says among other things:

My idea of a free lance is that he is a man with a sharp stick, who prefers to prod people on the European plan rather than sacrifice his alleged independence to a purse-proud publisher, who will pay him a salary. Such a one I do not consider myself to be. I am neither free, nor a lance, just an Independent Provider with several mills running to full time. I think the income of a free lance, or Independent Producer, as I prefer to call him, will depend largely on his intelligent selection of the topics he discusses. All the industry in the

world won't help him to a penny unless he keeps up with the times, and studies very carefully the needs of his clientele. Working thus intelligently for four hours a day, he should have little difficulty in earning his ten thousand a year, which, if his family don't eat, should enable him to run an automobile comfortably.

Mr. Bangs concludes with a gratuitous announcement of what he intends doing to augment his income:

I propose to raise lobsters in Maine. I calculate that if I can harvest five thousand lobsters in a season, and get them to market while they are green, I shall be able to write that number of poems less per month.

Madeline S. Bridges, who comes next in order, confesses that she has never, with two exceptions, met any of her editors in her life, and only on three occasions during her years of writing entered a newspaper office. She believes that a writer's work should entirely represent him, nor can she see any reason for making known his character, appearance, likes or dislikes, although she quite admits that the public crave for this notoriety on the writer's part.

"How many MSS I send out in the year," adds Miss Bridges, "I do not know. Neither am I aware of how many are printed, nor again have I ever thought to make an average test of the income they bring in. Very likely it has not occurred to me to do this, because I am not wholly a free lance."

Miss Bridges is, in fact, in great demand for her verses to illustrate illustrations, as she puts it. She complains, however, that she cannot usually bring her best to this sort of work.

Such things are always a task, while I find great delight in the writing that comes from my own thought. No joy in life has ever been so great to me as the gift of expression. It could never have given half the happiness to others that it has bestowed on me. I have been offered opportunities in editorial and department work on magazines and periodicals, but the born free lance would feel the desk routine a prison. To realise that I must write certain thousands of words a day on subjects that had no power to stir the vital feeling, or

awaken thought, would seem like setting the mental forces to a treadmill.

Following this extremely explicit and sincere statement come a few thoughts from old Saybrook, Connecticut. Joe Cone, an acknowledged rustic wit, says:

Since becoming an absolute free lance I send out on an average twelve stories, two hundred poems, five hundred jokes and quatrains, and over one thousand paragraphs per year. Of course, I write many an effusion which is good enough to come back to its native soil. In fact, I may say I get "good returns"! I can't say that I have given the free lance business a fair enough trial to be able to compute how much income I earn, or how much an ordinary free lance ought to earn. Doubtless, if I should push the pen more and the lawn mower and garden hoe less I would be able to sign more cheques. However, out of my writing I am able to support a family consisting of a wife, child, self, an old horse, and seven black cats. I have but one grievance as a free lancist, and that is against the practice of editors puncturing manuscripts with pins, or otherwise defacing them with receiving date stamps, etc. It is as needless as an ice chest at the North Pole. Finally I would suggest that free lances should have a union for shorter hours and more pay, to say nothing of a palatial club home for each warrior when his lance shall have become broken.

Theodosia Garrison is in accord with Madeline S. Bridges as to the number of MSS. she sends out each year, and adds that she "has a Rockefellerian shrinking from computing her income!" *C'est tout!*

Tudor Jenks, on the other hand, continues the tale with many a comment and suggestion. He does not, he admits, depend on the selling of manuscripts for an income, as he has a great deal of book work under contract that saves him from the necessity. However, he adds:

I find very little market for anything except short stories. The editors appear to have gone short-story mad, and it is my opinion that they are losing the interest of men readers by this course. It seems to me that men read fiction with only a languid interest, unless it contains world facts made into stories. I am afraid anyhow that I have not a very high opinion of the free lance business. It tends to make writing more commercial than writing

ever should be, and requires the study of the editors' preference rather than the study of literature. Personally I should be very glad if there were only a few magazines of very high standard, and I should be willing to be sacrificed to bring such a state of things about. Besides, only too often you will find on close inquiry that the free lance is being secretly supplied with funds from his grandmother's estate. It is a pity that the writing of periodical literature cannot be so systematised that writers should be trained for special work instead of all seeking to make "polite literature," while technical journals, trade papers, business catalogues, advertisements, and all such everyday writing is sorely in need of the professional touch.

Now appears a son of Kentucky, who is reputed to tap the typewriter from nine to five daily. Best known as a writer of what he calls "yawps," it will be seen from his quota to the symposium that the familiar "See?" and "Gee Whizz!" by no means represent his capabilities:

"I send out," and it is W. J. Lampton speaking, "a good many more MSS. than I wish I had to make one end meet, and the other bread. Seriously speaking, I suppose I ship to various editors, chiefly in New York County, about 400 to 450 items yearly, including prose, verse, long bits and short ones. I should say they average about \$5 each. The smallest cheque I ever received was for twenty-five cents, and the biggest \$200. In all my experience of, say, twenty years I have not failed more than a dozen times to receive pay for the work I did, and the amount will not exceed \$100. Just what a free lancer receives on an average for his labours I am not qualified to state definitely. I know one man, a hustler, who worked night and day, and his best yearly returns were \$2,000. He gave it up and became a reporter at about double what free lancing paid. Another, a magazine free lance, has stated publicly that he made \$6,000 a year at it. It depends largely upon the market, where the goods are sold, or rather the customer for whom they are made to order. When a free lance merely lances, and sells his stuff to any buyer, taking all the risk himself, and more apt to dispose of it to newspapers than magazines, he usually takes any price that may be offered. On the other hand, if he is the kind of free lance who delivers goods on order, he usually makes his

own price, or he knows what he will get before he begins the work. Editors are always willing to pay more for what they want than for what the writer with the stuff in hand wants them to want. It is easier writing to order than otherwise; that is to say, it is easier to deliver goods on order, because in that way the writer has the subject supplied, which means that the most difficult part of the work is furnished him. In other words, the free lance who makes \$6,000 a year has less really hard work to perform than the man who makes \$2,000, besides the certainty of his market."

Although only half a free lance, W. D. Nesbit, who is located in Illinois, has pretty wholesome ideas on the subject:

"I don't like the word 'free lance,'" says he. "It savours too much of the old-time printer, who would go haphazardly along the pike, working here and there, and flitting on as soon as he got a stake. Writing is more than a profession. It is a business; and if one conducts his operations along business lines, offering his goods in the right market, and at the right season, he will sell them. The main trouble is the editors, who have a pad of rejection slips at hand. If we could only get along without editors, all would be well. As for the game being worth the candle, I think any game is, if you like to play it. Personally, I send out jokes, poems, and stories right along. Maybe I send out fifty jokes a week. Verse? Well, that's an unknown quantity. Whenever I have any on hand, out it goes. I manage to send out two or three stories a month, and—I think that's about all I know."

Once more to turn to the lady free lance. Zoe Anderson Norris is enthusiastic in her epitome of her profession. Her delight is only bounded by a subtle thought that sometimes it is not such easy sailing as her exuberance might denote. She speaks for herself as follows:

I have found that the wolf is a good deal more apt to get a free lance than he is to get a lance who is so fortunate as to hold down a regular job. There is, though, a wild and hilarious uncertainty about the free lance's existence which has a considerable charm, if the uncertainty is offset by the possession of a large circle of acquaintances who have been so generous as to extend her a standing invitation to dine. A free lance should be able to keep a humble roof over her head, unless

she prefers to move. A volume of her experiences under the head of "Moving Tales" might prove to be very interesting reading to the general public. I fancy that the number of manuscripts a free lance sends out annually rests largely with the editors. If a manuscript gets back to your house before you do, it stands to reason that the same will do to send to another editor. Personally, I have known one manuscript to go a very long way. Careful ironing of a manuscript, also, by taking out the tell-tale creases, serves to economise much in the way of re-writing. To my mind there is nothing to equal the profession of a free lance. If after a succession of teas, dinners, theatre parties, small dances, Welsh rabbits, and chop sueys, with the generous whole-souled cosmopolitan people of this big beautiful city, whose delight it is to honour the precarious impecunious free lances, she can manage to snatch enough repose to write a few lines that might prove acceptable to some more or less lenient editor, it is to my mind a long way ahead of yelling "Cash here!" behind some dry-goods counter, or blindly selling shoe strings on the corner of a street.

A most voluminous free lance is F. J. Pitzer, who lives in Jersey City, from which point of vantage he is amply armed with the shafts of humour. Pitzer has been writing for more than a decade, mostly comic copy. The following is what he puts forward as his thoughts on the profession:

"I used to send my copy out in bales," and he is laughing in his sleeve while he talks, "at first. If everything I wrote had been accepted, all the other free lances would have been put out of the profession. I expect that's how the editors looked at it, for out of sympathy for the other fellows they sent back the greater part of my stuff. As years rolled on I grew wiser. I concentrated my brain power, and during the past year did not send out more than 800 MSS. I believe I wrote good stuff, for nearly every manuscript that was returned to me 'did not lack merit!' The only reason the editors couldn't keep my effusions—this was on the slips—was on account of space. If editors would only increase the space it would help us considerably. I think a free lance, if he works hard, though I never knew a free lance that did, ought to make from \$800 to \$1,000 a year. If, however, he or she were to lounge on some fancy sofa pillows,

eating chocolate creams, he or she could evolve some crude situations that sell readily. It is remarkable what grotesque inspirations take hold of one when chocolate creams go to the brain. But I am getting personal, maybe. As a rule, I send out my stuff in batches of sixteen, eight jokes, four poems, and four skits. I try to keep them up to date as far as possible, as that seems to be the cry of all periodicals to-day. Some papers buy jokes by the yard, and pay for them that way, but I don't trouble them much. I have a graduated list of newspapers to which my contributions go. I always give the preference to those publications which pay cash. Those that pay on publication are too long-winded for me. I cannot wait more than six months for my money, though I have often had to wait for a year. I thoroughly believe that my productions killed two publications, and though other comic journals would like to get into the field, they do not dare while I am living."

Laurana W. Sheldon, who comes next, is comprehensive in her free lancing. She has, she will tell you, published a million words and over in a year. She has written five-cent novels and contributed to free-thought magazines as well as the regular publications, and she has written under a dozen different names. The highest she ever made in one year—and here we get at a certainty—was \$3,000. But in her own words:

I have had twenty-five years of free lancing, barring about four years, when I jumped from the frying pan into the fire, and wrote under contract. With the proceeds from the sale of seven long stories, two hundred short ones, about one thousand poems, and a score or so of magazine articles, I have been able to buy breakfast food, wear broadcloth, and live in a Harlem flat. By keeping about one hundred and fifty manuscripts in the market constantly one can meet the requirements of a simple life with a smiling face—and a cheque. Any less number would be fatal to one of the three successes named, usually the broadcloth. I entered the field with the innocence of the sucking dove, but I would not care to describe the variety of wisdom I have acquired, and with which I shall leave it. In the most discouraging days, when I wrote with a knife between my teeth, and the wolf howling at my door, I resorted to aliases, pen names some call them, and by creating (oftentimes bad)

reputations for others, managed to secure my room rent, but the habit retarded my progress toward fame. Free lancing is a glorious pastime for the rich, as is evinced by their usurpation of the field, but as a means of livelihood a writer must sacrifice even his name at times to an editor's conception of the public demand, and here the vista is not illumined by electric lights, nor is the glory which accrues sufficient for intoxication. If I desired to see myself photographed in the newspapers, written up with scare heads, and mentioned as being of importance in the world, I should leave my present vocation, and go into some chorus, or else do something disgraceful in the social line. There is no hope of recognition as a genius while one merely demonstrates mental cleverness, and free lancing is that, and nothing more.

The symposium is nearly at an end. Almost the last, and certainly the last with any important further data, is Edwin L. Sabin, who dates from Colorado. In a terse summing up he explains his own position and gives his views on the situation:

Although a free lance myself in a mild way, I am peculiarly unfitted to discourse upon that business. I have never but once, and that was only incidentally some six years ago, met another writer of the professional or the active amateur class, and I have no personal acquaintance amongst the guild. I have never but once, and that was also incidentally, met an editor outside of newspaper ranks. And I have never been in New York, Philadelphia or Boston. In fact, the only time I have been farther East than Chicago was when I passed through Baltimore, and kept on going. So you perceive my ignorance is profound and pitiable, and my knowledge is limited to my own narrow routine. I have not the slightest idea what income a free lance should command at the best. I presume from what I read that a free lance who is wide-awake, and who makes the most of every opportunity, should take in at least \$3,000 a year. I "hear tell" that many writers turn out a story a day, but I can't. There was a time when I easily wrote two or three sets of verse a day for several days running, and finished the week with a story. I write slower now, and my yearly output is impossible to estimate, the new being mixed with the old on my books. I am one of the few evidently who do not sell everything at the first trial. I don't exactly know

what the term "free lance" indicates. It may mean anybody who is unattached, and who offers his work in the open market. It may mean the brisk and agile "hack," who applies his typewriter to every topic, and to prose and verse alike. At any rate, it seems to me that the field for the free lance is becoming more constricted, and that the specialist in literature is in the ascendant. Periodicals are coming more and more to filling their pages with stories and articles by recognised experts in each line, and the miscellaneous writer must compete therewith. While there are more periodicals than ever, there is greater competition than ever, both in publishing and writing, and this also tends to emphasise the specialist, to whom editors apply, and who works mainly by engagement.

Roy Farrell Greene, who describes himself as a "Bohemian out of Bohemia"—he lives in Arkansas City—continues the strain as follows:

An industrious free lance should easily make his or her pen earn \$25 to \$40 per week, in my opinion, and that without becoming a slave to the writing Muse. This estimate is based on eight or ten years of personal experience, and under what might be styled the disadvantage of marketing wholly by mail. I think it is generally conceded that where the free lance lives in or near a literary market, where he or she may get in personal touch with the editors, it is possible to dispose of a greater per cent. of offerings, and consequently increase the earning powers of the pen.

From this it must not be inferred that I hold to the idea that personal friendship with an editor aids in marketing poor material, but rather that by being close to the market one is able to take advantage of a temporary shortage that may exist in a certain editor's supply along a certain line, be it joke, sketch or verse. Then, again, by coming into personal contact with editors one is better able to study their likes and dislikes, and to make the manuscript submitted suit the editorial fancy in each instance.

In basing my estimate of a free lance's income, at, say, from \$1,200 to \$2,000 a year, my calculations are based on the rates paid by the more prominent weeklies and monthlies for jokes, humorous sketches, society verse, humorous verse, perchance in dialect, epigrams, and occasional more serious production, such as sonnet, lyric or villanelle. Never

having done any work in the way of travel-sketches, biographical sketches, special articles along sociologic, political or similar lines, it is not with writers of these that I have to do in making my estimate.

Of course there is at all times a splendid market for short fiction, as well as for special magazine articles on persons or things in the public eye, and I can readily see how the free lance doing such work, in part at least, might easily push the yearly income to \$3,000 or \$4,000. All my figures have to do with the writers of light evanescent verse, jokes, humorous sketches of, say, 300 to 1,200 words, etc.

Personally I send out on an average 300 MSS. a year, which is not a large number, when it is taken into consideration that nearly one-half of these are jokes, or humorous verses of say four or eight lines each. The rest, 'tis true, are longer and more pretentious. While I do not confine myself entirely to verse, nevertheless ninety per cent. of the MSS. I send out are verses. Formerly nearly all these were *vers de société*, or humorous verses for the most part in dialect, but of late I have been doing more pretentious verses, lyrics, sonnets, etc.

The last person who sends a contribution of any particular worth to the symposium is an old-timer, T. C. Harbaugh. He is forcible in his opinions:

I have never regarded myself as a free lance. I have been writing forty years, and in that time have done much work of every sort. Some free lances, I understand, say that they send out 1,000 and 2,000 MSS. a year. Please set such people down as colossal liars, to

whom Ananias cannot be compared. In my best days I never sent out over 100 per year. And I have written a novel a week for a whole year at a time. I contribute now a serial a month to one paper, and think that a good year's work. I don't think outside of this I send out over ten short stories, and forty poems per year. A man who sends out over 200 MSS. a year is a "hack," who probably does not tell the truth. Think of a man writing five MSS. a day. It is nonsense. Some of the publishers of the "five-cent libraries" pay but \$20 per MS. and think what a man, even a "hack," can make at that! I don't believe for one moment all these young molly-coddles in authorship tell me.

Clinton Scollard has qualms about expressing any opinion concerning free lances and their work. Carolyn Wells is in doubt as to whether she quite knows what a free lance is, and others of equal fame are diffident about dilating on the subject.

Enough, however, has been put forward to show the peculiarities of this somewhat disappointing art. There is little to be said for the life except that it brings a good deal of pleasurable excitement, which is not unmingled with heart-breaking disappointments. Those who care to enter on the perilous road with such certainties ahead will assuredly be welcomed, for editors are eternally craving for fresh blood, but the embryo free lances had best be warned that it is their life blood that will be required of them.

E. L. Hancock.

THE VICTORY OF PUBLICITY



PREDICT," remarked the city editor of a New York paper not long ago, "that within five years John D. Rockefeller will have a press agent." The prophecy was greeted by his hearers with derision, but the city editor has lived to see his prophetic vision realised in a far shorter time than he set. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, quondam foe of reporters, newspapers and everything that suggested emergence from his self-sufficient seclusion, to-day has a press agent. Nay, more, he has three press agents. He has a high-priced press agent for his Standard Oil Company, another high-priced press agent for his philanthropies, and for his personal affairs he has still another press agent, whose revenues are many times those of the other two combined, namely himself.

This prophecy and its fulfilment are typical and are here used as a brief text for a homily on the "victory of publicity." Mr. Rockefeller and his affairs serve as the best peg on which to hang this dissertation, because he was *facile princeps* in the ranks of arrogant wealth, both personal and corporate, before it had to give way to the onward march of publicity.

Other corporations and other men of wealth representing great corporate holdings now recognise that they will be crushed by the juggernaut of publicity if they essay to stand in its path. They now realise that it is not safe for them to defy that great engine of publicity, the daily and weekly press. Not five years ago the city editors of New York papers used to send to the homes of John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan in a sort of hopeless, desperate sense of duty. The feeling was, "Well, I know there's no hope of getting what I want; I know that there's no hope of getting near this man; I know that I am subjecting this reporter, a gentleman, to indignities at the hands of a butler or fourth deputy assistant secretary, but I've got to take the chance, for Morgan or Rocke-

feller *might* talk to some other paper, and what defence could I offer if I do not send to him?"

And so the chance was always taken. But now the victory of publicity is not to be denied. Recently there was occasion to send a *Tribune* reporter to the home of J. Pierpont Morgan to inquire about an art matter. When the assignment was given him the city editor said, "Mr. —, you don't mind being kicked down Mr. Morgan's steps by a butler, do you?" "Oh, no," he answered; "it's all in the day's work." (That's the kind of stuff good reporters are made of, by the way.) Well, he wasn't kicked down the steps, and probably never again will any reporter on a legitimate errand be subjected to indignities at the home of any public or quasi-public man. Instead, his card was respectfully taken to Mr. Morgan and the reporter awaited the magnate in the reception-room, into which he was politely ushered by the butler, who five years ago would probably (under orders from headquarters) have sarcastically dismissed him. When Mr. Morgan came down he greeted the reporter cordially, and though he thought he could not consistently discuss the subject broached to him, he declined with the utmost courtesy.

Within the last year reporters have penetrated the domestic precincts of John D. Rockefeller and gotten from him, if not the statements they wanted, at least courteous and agreeable refusals, which in themselves made good reading. Not more than a few months ago a group of reporters saw Mr. Rockefeller off on a trip South and got from him an interview sparkling with personal interest. A few years ago if a group of newspaper men had approached Mr. Rockefeller's carriage they would have been warned off and perhaps forcibly driven off by a bodyguard of private detectives. Yet to-day an interview from John D. Rockefeller is far from an uncommon thing.

Mr. Rockefeller's press agent for his philanthropies is the Rev. Francis L. Gates, a Baptist clergyman, who not only announces the public gifts of Mr. Rockefeller and outlines their details for the

press, but in association with Starr J. Murphy, a lawyer, advises him regarding the disposition of his charities. Only recently Mr. Rockefeller gave to the General Education Board, for distribution among colleges at the discretion of the Board, \$32,000,000. A day or two after the announcement of this munificent benefaction Mr. Gates made a statement regarding Mr. Rockefeller's wealth. He denied the extravagant stories of billions and half billions and officially declared that his chief's property would not mount above the insignificant sum of \$300,000,000. Of course, after this every one shed a tear for the indigent Rockefeller. Five years ago Mr. Rockefeller would have taken the attitude that the size of his fortune was nobody's business but his own. Let the public guess all it wanted to; let the sensational press speculate and estimate until it was black in the face. The money was his and only his, and how much it was and how he got it was his affair and only his. But now a change has come over the spirit of his dream, and he realises that there are, after all, some things about him which the public has a right to know and know accurately.

The victory of publicity has been working its way quietly and unostentatiously for nearly ten years, but its full force and significance did not impress themselves on newspaper readers until the national campaign of 1904. The Standard Oil Company, which in the public mind is the corporate alter ego of John D. Rockefeller, had since its inception maintained a policy of arrogant seclusion so far as the public's knowledge of its affairs was concerned. One morning during the campaign Americans opened their newspapers at breakfast to find that the "trust of trusts" had voluntarily given out for publication a formal statement in reply to a charge made against it in newspapers and on the stump. Then the people knew that the victory of publicity was almost complete.

In a little over a year afterward it was announced that the Standard Oil Company had employed a press agent in the person of Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke, a newspaper man of large and varied experience, who had held such places as

city editor and Sunday editor of the New York *Herald*. Mr. Clarke was established in handsome and hospitable offices at No. 26 Broadway, over the portal of which for many years every newspaper man on a Standard Oil assignment had seen in his mind's eye the legend, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." But now the Standard has a publicity promoter who draws a high salary for handing out news. Judging by the statements from the company which have been printed since he was installed, Mr. Clarke is earning his large emolument.

August Belmont, once a stanch apostle of the policy of secrecy, has for several years had in his employ a well-known and highly trained newspaper man, whose duty it is to steer reporters straight on the affairs of his various traction and other corporate interests. Edward H. Harri-man has not yet employed a press agent, but interviews and signed statements from him in the last two or three years have not been rare. On his return from his trip to Japan nearly two years ago reporters were allowed to penetrate the privacy of his country home at Ardin, Orange County, N. Y., and describe the course of his life there.

There used to be a tradition in newspaper offices that it was easier to get money from Russell Sage than to get an interview from the New York Central Railroad. Then a matter of public interest regarding the Central was involved. The proverbial clam was voluble, loquacious and garrulous compared to the officials of the company. But only a few months ago the newspapers were informed that Mr. J. C. Hammond, an experienced newspaper man, had been installed as publicity promoter of the New York Central—the railroad, by the way, whose second president and the son of its founder will go down into history as the author of "the public be damned." Not only, it was announced, would Mr. Hammond be in his office all day ready to disburse news about the Central, but he would be home all evening for the same beneficent purpose, and the New York Central certainly "made good" on its promises of publicity at the first opportunity which offered a real test. That was the horrible Woodlawn wreck of

February 16th. As soon as the officials heard of the disaster they installed Mr. Hammond in a special office in the Grand Central station and invited every newspaper to send reporters to him. Temporary telephone and telegraph wires were strung from the scene into Mr. Hammond's room, and as fast as the details came in they were handed out to the newspaper men. Only those who had experience in handling that wreck and making a presentable story for an early first edition can realise what a boon that was to the newspapers. For days afterward Mr. Hammond worked day and night to aid the reporters in getting at the details they were seeking. Five years ago the Central officials might not have denied that there had been a wreck, but they certainly would have placed every possible obstacle in the way of getting the news of it.

One very striking evidence of the victory of publicity lies in the mushroom growth of the "publicity bureaus." These are private organisations formed for personal pecuniary profit. They take contracts from corporations, from societies of all kinds and from individuals of every degree to act as intermediaries between them and the press. Their object is to meet reporters who seek information regarding the affairs of their clients, to send authoritative statements to the newspapers when those clients seek to communicate for their own purposes with the public. Five years ago there were two of these, whereas to-day one could not count them on the fingers of both hands. Moreover, they are all doing well and making money.

Less than a decade ago a reporter approached an eminent reformer, now dead, and asked respectfully for information regarding a reform movement which was led by the gentleman mentioned. He testily replied that "you fellows" (meaning reporters) deterred men from entering crusades for public betterment by their importunities. To-day a movement with which this reformer would undoubtedly be prominently identified has a contract with a publicity bureau which offers an output so sensational in many respects that editors with a wholesome respect for the law of libel cannot safely

pass the matter it sends in. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has a contract with one of these concerns to furnish information to the press about its terminal work in New York City.

When the railroads were fighting the rate bill, the first move in their campaign was to make a contract at a very high rate with a publicity bureau, and the amount of matter which the companies demanded of it was so great that it was necessary to establish a special branch to do nothing else but produce "literature" attacking the measure.

Indeed, it has become the fashion now to seek rather than to shun publicity. The old, stereotyped, contemptuous "nothing to say" is hardly good form any more.

E. H. Harriman, not many years ago one of the chief apostles of silence, now says when reporters approach him, "Well, boys, I am not ready to speak yet, but I may have a statement later in the day." And generally "later in the day" brings forth a deliverance of some sort, which is always pertinent to the subject on which he has been interrogated.

Thomas F. Ryan, the Atlas of the traction world, long known for his aversion to public utterance, has within the last few weeks spoken with great frankness through the newspapers on railroad conditions.

The purpose of this article has been rather to call attention to a change of feeling, and to illustrate that change with examples, than to moralise on the causes of it. However, the question will naturally arise in the mind of the reader, "What has brought about this change?" Some people would say that it was due to the "pounding" which the rich men and big corporations have been getting in the last few years. That in a degree is true. However, it seems that the real cause lies in a refinement of this idea. Since the public has begun to take an interest in the corporations and the captains of industry, as manifested in the so-called "pounding," they have begun to take an interest in the public. They are realising that the people have a right to know something about them and their affairs, and that they cannot go on "living unto themselves." The conviction has been forced upon them that they owe their

vast accumulations in a greater, or less degree to the public, and that this fact justly makes them objects of popular interest. In view of all this they have come to the belief that it is to their ad-

vantage to cultivate public favour, and they know the only way to do this is to communicate now and then with the public. Of course the only means to that end is the press.

Charles W. Meade.

FROM THE DIARY OF A JAPANESE NAVAL OFFICER

RING to see something of this New York rather than what our hosts the American fleet might of sufficient interest to show us, I made opportunity one night in company of my official

escort, and, availing myself only of certain counsels and admonitions proffered by a friendly attaché of his Sacred Majesty's consulate in this city, took my way up the street of many tea-rooms and playhouses, which is as brilliant as the deck of the *Asahi* under the searchlight, and is called Broadway. Into one of the playhouses I entered. From the first I found myself plunged into a very heaven of pleasant sounds and lights and odours. But the beauty and the active grace which I saw there exhibited on the stage surpassed anything I had ever conceived, and to my mind was immeasurably superior to the mincing step and toy-like prettiness which we are so accustomed to admire at home. It seemed hardly a quarter of an hour before the curtain fell and the lights turned from dim to bright and the people about me were flocking from their seats.

Drifting with the crowd, still under the soft influence of such lovely physical enchantment, I entered the sumptuously furnished hall of a very lofty tea-house, where, if possible, my vibrant senses were stirred to still greater delight. The glow, the laughter, the quiver of beauty, the entire splendid abandon to the pleasures of the blood—who shall describe them? Dazed and searching for a quiet nook

where I might rest and try to understand what I saw, I could only pick my way among groups of gracious women clustered around the snowy circles of tables flashing with silver and crystal, like willows bending their gentle heads over the moon-kissed surface of one of our mountain pools. At a table in a half corner behind a pillar I stopped in response to a silent invitation extended by its occupants, two gentlemen whose air of weary lack-interest verging almost on melancholy was in startling contrast with the joyous spirit that pervaded the great hall. I thanked them and sat down.

It did not take my companions long to find out who I was; nor, for that matter, had I the slightest reason for concealing my identity. They were men of culture and breeding, and when they asked me, after the invariable custom of the Americans, what were my impressions of their country and of its great commercial capital, I had no hesitation about speaking frankly and also at some length, considering how limited is my command over the English language. I ended by mentioning my visit to the playhouse.

"Pretty punk show, don't you think?" asked the sadder-looking man of the two, making use of a term which was unfamiliar to me, but the meaning of which I could hardly misinterpret.

"It is indeed a most beautiful play," I replied, happy to find some one who shared my still powerful emotion. I thought, nevertheless, that I could discern a gleam of amusement in my interrogator's eye; his neighbour's lips undoubt-

edly twitched. Had I sinned in some way against the custom of the country? I wondered; and I hastened to apologise.

"I hope I have done nothing to injure the gentleman's feelings," I said.

He replied, smiling, "Not at all. You see I have no feelings."

Puzzled at this somewhat extraordinary statement, and beginning to grow resentful at what I thought was an attempt to make game of me, I could only say coldly, "I do not understand you."

The other interposed. "You see, my friend is quite right in saying he has no feelings, because he is not really a person. He is only an abstraction."

This was worse and worse. "How," I said, "an abstraction? Surely there are no such realities; at least not since the times you Westerners call mediæval. Do abstractions go about and dine substantially in public places? Now I, for instance—I am a person. I come from Chosui. I am lieutenant on his Majesty's cruiser *Hiroto*, and my name is Kogoro Irawati."

"Nevertheless, my friend here is an abstraction," persisted the other. The individual so described nodded his acquiescence, but seemed too weary or too little interested to speak for himself. "His name is The Tired Business Man who is too much Exhausted by the Strain of the Day's Work to Appreciate any other Form of the Drama than a Musical Show. You read about him all the time, though how often you meet him is quite another question. He not only gives the tone to our theatres; he makes and un-makes the fortunes of our stage. His occupation between the hours of eight or nine A.M. and five or six P.M. is chiefly concerned with the manipulation of tooth and claw. Every morning he steps off the elevated train into an arena. He may be a Bull or a Bear and support himself and his children by charging with head down like a maniac football player a hundred other like maniacs wedged together in a narrow pit. Or he may be a Captain of Industry, busy all day in warding off Individual Competition with his right hand and with his left walking delegates and politicians. Sometimes he is Independent and wrestles with Giant Com-

bine. Sometimes he is Small Producer struggling against Discrimination. But always, you understand, he fights all day. For which reason when he goes to the theatre of nights in search of recreation there must be no suggestion on the stage of struggle, of defeat, of pain, of want, of aspiration, of disappointment, or anything else involving reality of feeling or thought.

"Therefore my friend here"—and the speaker raised his high-stemmed glass to him across the table—"has simplified the task of the American dramatist by laying down rigid prescriptions, to which clinging the playwright cannot sin. There must be a red-nosed millionaire from Cincinnati with an enormous bladder-inflated belly; his beautiful daughter, who, accompanied by six of her dearest friends, all carrying blue parasols, represent American womanhood abroad by doing a semi-indecent dance on Trafalgar Square, on the Place de la Concorde, in the ruins of the Coliseum, on the Plaza de Toros and Unter den Linden; a naval officer in white duck who invariably sings tenor——"

"There was one in the play to-night," I interrupted with due apologies. "He struck me, I must confess, as affording evidence of the very slightest acquaintance with the science of navigation or the art of gunnery. His conduct in public I thought also indicative of an extremely lax system of discipline in your navy. In fact, he reminded me very much of the Russian officers at Port Arthur."

"Exactly. Further, our dramatic canons call for an Irish waiter named Hassan Ali Bey, who must trip over every newcomer's feet and plunge forward in a terrifying manner until, resting upon his comical blue nose as a fulcrum, he describes a full semicircle through the air and rises nonchalantly to his feet to run off with his tray; a more or less complete comic zoological collection, whereof each beast has for its front and hind legs two actors, said front and hind limbs frequently engaging in a kicking affray between themselves; a ballad of the moonlight, which falls on the crystal brooks of old Nevada; and girls—lots of them, piles of them, shoals of them—girls."

"And this honourable gentleman, you

say, has created the form of play you have described?"

"Yes. Of course we all go to see it—plain citizens, physicians, philosophers, grocers, butchers, lovers, idealists, higher critics; but the sole responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Tired Business Man. He has the whip hand over us. He makes us like what he likes. At least so the managers and the critics say."

"Does the gentleman himself enjoy it?" I asked.

I was gratified to see a rising flush of animation in our silent companion's face, as if I had touched on the one topic that in a world of don't-much-care was still vital.

"Do I enjoy it? I suppose I do. At least the managers and the critics tell me so. And nights when you don't play poker or bridge you have got to go somewhere.

"But now and then"—there was positively a wistful look in his clear, intelligent eye—"I wonder whether I am being treated quite fairly, whether I am being given a chance. After all, I am no ap-browed fool. I have had a college education. I can hold my own in an argument on a subject I am interested in; I have been abroad a bit and remember something of what I saw. And I feel sometimes that I could appreciate a thing that was not all Punch and Judy and girls. It isn't fair—no, it isn't fair, when you come to think of it. After I have toiled all day earning the living of a good number of people besides myself and doing the work of the world, after a fashion, to be patted on the head and called a good little boy and given a nice toy to play with and told not to bother about serious things, that may be enjoyed only by high-brows—who don't do anything all day."

There was almost a break in his voice and his erstwhile mocking neighbour stretched out a sympathetic hand and laid it on the speaker's arm.

"It's so senseless when you come to think of it. Just because I am steeped in the realities of life all day, am I not entitled to see the same reality at night

on the stage from a safe and disinterested viewpoint? And if it's a question of recreation, of relief from worry, isn't it pretty well agreed that the sight of our own troubles borne by other people, even if it be on the stage, is the greatest relief? And Aristotle, that I remember something dimly about? And the katharsis? But, pshaw, what's the use? I beg your pardon. I am a bore when I get on the subject." He rose abruptly, bowed, and was lost in the sea of merry-makers.

"Your friend, after all, does seem to possess certain elements of personality," I said. "Can there be such a thing as a pure abstraction?"

"Oh, yes; and I maintain that he is one. When he speaks like that he isn't really himself. Mind, I don't mean to say that he is the only abstraction we have among us. I am one, for instance, and I could point out others to you in this very room."

I feel no shame in confessing to something of a creepy feeling. "You, too"—and he so seemingly real—"and others?"

"Oh, many others. I, to be specific, am the Innocent Third Party who Suffers in the Conflicts between Capital and Labour; you have probably heard of me, and if time allowed I could tell you much about myself. Then there are—there, now, do you see that couple just rising from the table beyond the third pillar? They, too, are an abstraction."

I looked and saw a brilliantly handsome young fellow who was sedulously draping a costly cloak over the dazzling white shoulders of his smiling companion. They abstractions? Surely, if ever the beat of life—"Who are they?" I asked.

"They are the Widow and the Orphan whose Sustenance We Snatch Away when We Attack Inflated Capital."

But as the two passed me I could not help exclaiming, "Ah, your wonderful women! The mother of a grown-up splendid son and still so beautiful and young!"

He looked at me with twitching lips. "Did you understand me to say that they were relicts of the same decedent?"

And with that he left me.

S. Strunsky.

THE BOOK IN THE MAKING—IV

A review of some recent and notable examples of bookmaking



THE Riverside Press has again distinguished itself in what might easily be called one of its most satisfactory limited editions. This is *The Familiar Letters of James Howell*, in four volumes.*

Rarely have we seen an edition of letters issued in such an attractive and appropriate form. The volumes are entirely without embellishment or decorative features, and make their appeal through the beauty of the typography and paper, the excellent proportions of the type page to the margins, and the simple but appropriate format throughout. They are slim volumes of a convenient octavo size. The boards are covered with a dark green Italian paper, the back of dark brown linen cloth, with a brown paper label, giving at once an old-style and harmonious effect.

As to the letters themselves, they possess all the charm and gossip interest of their time that the "letters of Horace Walpole" contained a century later. The beauty of diction which was Howell's and his figures of speech impress the reader continually. That master of English, Thackeray, has said: "Montaigne's and Howell's letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night I have one or the other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk to me forever about themselves and do not weary me. I like to have them tell their old stories over and over again."

There is a delightful Introduction to the present edition by Miss Agnes Repplier, in which she says: "Perhaps a sweet reasonableness of character is a quality which above all others holds our hearts in keeping, and so the *Familiar Letters* are sure of their remote corner on the book-shelves; and the gods—not always unresponsive—have given to James Howell his coveted boon of being

from generation to generation his reader's friend."

Assuming that it is never too late to call attention to a volume that possesses particular excellence in typography and format, it is a pleasure to consider a reprint of *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*,* published a few years back by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. This volume was published before the reviews of this nature were begun in *THE BOOKMAN*, and it is an evidence of the wearing quality of the volume that it appeals as strongly to the student of typography to-day as it did at the time it was published. The format of the book is simple but chaste and dignified. The type page is beautiful, and the type itself is excellent. The margins of the page are liberal and well proportioned. The title-page is nicely composed, and the quaint wood-cut vignette which embellishes it is perfectly in keeping. Finally, the binding of mottled antique paper boards with a happy contrast of the black buckram back and the brown leather label completes a consistent and worthy dress for a classic that is worthy of such a dress.

A second set of two volumes in the Literature of Libraries Series has recently been sent out by the publishers, and these volumes sustain the real and peculiar literary value of the first set, which was published some months ago. The titles of the present books are *The Life of Sir Thomas Bodley*,† written by himself, and *Parochial Libraries in Scotland*.‡ The format is exactly uniform with the preceding volumes, and the type matter is all that could be desired for readability and simplicity in composition. The library—whether public or private—which possesses this series will not only

**A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*. By Mr. Yorick. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1905.

†*The Life of Sir Thomas Bodley*. *Parochial Libraries in Scotland*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1907.

*The *Familiar Letters of James Howell*. By the Riverside Press. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1907.

value the volumes as literary gems of their kind, but also as representative examples of thorough and beautiful book-making of the period in which they were written.

The two final volumes in this series are received just as this issue goes to press. The contents of the last volumes easily sustain the high standard of the previous books in the series and indeed are of even greater interest to the layman as well as the librarian. Volume Five includes *A Brief Outline of the History of Libraries*,* by Justus Lipsius, translated by John Cotton Dana.

In his Introductory Note one of the editors points out that "to Lipsius bibliophiles owe their thanks because he published the first history of libraries in the modern sense of the word—a history which is as fresh and useful to-day as it was when it was written." This is truly said, for the reader is immediately absorbed with the story of these libraries of ancient times, of which that of the Alexandrian library is at once the most wonderful and tragic.

Volume Six covers two tracts written by Gabriel Naudé, one being *A Description of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin*,† a reprint from the London edition of 1652. The second tract is the account by Naudé of the surrender of the Mazarin library, which represents the first publication of an English translation. Naudé is too well known to readers of early literature to need an introduction here, and it is enough to say that the two papers which make up the present volume are as characteristic as they are interesting.

The publishers are to be congratulated on a series excellently conceived and presented in a charming format. At the same time it is to be regretted that such attractive and informing material should be confined to an edition of 275 copies and at an almost prohibitive price. It is

**A Brief Outline of the History of Libraries*. By Justus Lipsius. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1907.

†*News from France; or, A Description of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin* (London, 1652), and *The Surrender of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin*. By Gabriel Naudé. A. C. McClurg and Company. 1907.

to be hoped that the publishers will realise the real necessity of bringing out a new edition in a form and at a price that will bring it within the reach of all librarians.

A new series of reprints has been inaugurated by the Merrymount Press, of Boston, and the first volume has been received for review. The series has the title of *The Humanists' Library*, and the purpose of its production, as stated by the publisher, is to print "in a form near akin to the great traditions of the printer's art in its earliest days a series of books each one of which shall be characteristic of some aspect of the culture which flourished in Western Europe during the period of the Renaissance. The editorship of the series is in the able hands of Lewis Einstein, the well-known author of *The Italian Renaissance in England*. The initial volume, *Thoughts on Art and Life*,* by Leonardo da Vinci, contains a most enlightening and scholarly introduction by the editor, which amply testifies to the wisdom of the selection of Mr. Einstein for this work.

It must be said that the format of the volume is hardly satisfactory. It seems to lack the taste and simplicity of style which is usually to be found in the volumes produced under the supervision of Mr. Updike. The title-page decoration and initials are disappointing, the title-page being particularly unfortunate. One cannot help wish that the decoration which was used on the first page of the announcement had been used on the title-page of the book. This would have been thoroughly appropriate.

There are other criticisms of the type and format as well as the scheme of rubrication which might be made, but we would prefer to dwell on the attractiveness of the paper, and pleasant proportions of the book and the simple and satisfactory binding, which has a linen back, and dark green Italian paper on the boards, with a leather label. In size the book is a tall quarto.

Laurence Burnham.

**Thoughts on Art and Life*. Under the editorship of Lewis Einstein. Boston: The Merrymount Press. 1907. \$6.00.

Each volume will have a distinct decorative scheme appropriate to the subject. The publication of these subsequent volumes will be looked forward to with interest.

A very satisfactory trade edition, printed and set at this same press, is a little volume entitled *Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn*.* The

format of the book expresses the period in a most satisfactory way, with its wood-cut headbands and initials, and titles and running head in Old-English black letter, and folios in black lettered numerals at the foot of each page. The binding has been consistently carried out in leatherette, with the title stamped blind.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSODY, FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY. By George Saintsbury. Vol I From the Origins to Spenser. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$2.50.

No critic can take up one of Prof. Saintsbury's books without a renewed protest against the impertinent slovenliness of his style. In the present case it might seem that he had deliberately imitated the flippancies of Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nash in their ancient prosodical controversy. It would be hard to name a worse model of English. And this is the more regrettable because in other respects Prof. Saintsbury is at his best in this *History of English Prosody*. The subject is peculiarly fitted to him. Here he has to deal with questions of pure literary form, where no one can censure him for shying at problems of human life and philosophy.

The period treated begins with Middle English, when the language, largely under the influence of the Norman invasion, was gradually changing from a pure Teutonic dialect to the composite speech of to-day. It includes the moment when Chaucer stays the flux and establishes a balance between the Anglo-Saxon and French elements; travels over the dreary fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries when Middle English forms were breaking down, and concludes with Spenser who heralds the new poetry. The great point of discussion is thus the transition from the alliterative rhythm (if rhythm it may be called) of Anglo-Saxon to the metrical forms of modern English. There is probably no field of scholarship, unless it be the Homeric, which has brought out so crude a crop of pedantries as this. For the most part it has been cultivated by Anglo-Saxon specialists who, to judge from their works, are without the ordinary sense of rhythm, and who would appear to be aiming not so much at an explanation of the actual phenomena of sound as at a magnification of their own *Fach*. On the other hand the controversy has been further obscured by the few classical scholars who have tried to wrest

the glory of the metrical changes to themselves. Into this embroglio Prof. Saintsbury has stepped manfully, and has wielded the sword of common sense with uncommon vigour. His work fairly challenges attack from Anglo-Saxon critics such as Prof. Skeat, who will doubtless point out an error of detail here and there and a few omissions of moderate importance. It could be wished, for example, that Prof. Saintsbury had admitted the difference of the vowel sounds in Chaucer's time from their pronunciation to-day; and, to mention an omission, in his bewilderment over the recrudescence of alliterative verse in Langland he should have made some reference to the supposed continuance of the old Anglo-Saxon verse rhythm in prose. But in general he is more accurate and complete than is his wont, and he has traced in a really masterly manner the meeting of Anglo-Saxon and French rhythms and the gradual emergence of a metrical form, essentially French, but retaining some influence of the old Anglo-Saxon "patter" in the ineradicable use of "equivalence." Occasionally the work suffers from looseness of construction and lack of schematisation. The weakest section is that which deals with the stumbling doggerel of the early drama, where the reader not already familiar with the subject is likely to come away with a notion almost as confused as the rhythm itself.

But the only really serious fault in the book is one inherent in the writer's intellectual make-up. With his universal dislike and fear of any discussion which may carry him into the philosophy of a question, he deliberately avoids taking open sides in the fundamental dispute between the upholders of accent and quantity. As a matter of fact the whole argument of his work implicitly rests on the rational theory which makes of metre a succession of equal time divisions, marked off by a recurring accent. It is never quite clear whether he refrains from avowing this theory explicitly, because he is still muddled in his own mind, or because, somewhat contrary to his custom, he would avoid contention with the pure accentualists.

Paul E. More.

**Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn*. Boston and London: John W. Luce and Company. 1907.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

American Authors' Agency:

The Strife of Life. By Gotthold A. Neef.
A book of modern verse illustrated.

American Book Company:

A Brief History of the United States. By J. B. McMaster.

A history in narrative form presenting an account of the chief events of our country. It contains a summary at the end of each chapter and has numerous footnotes.

A New Series of Natural Geographies. By Jacques W. Ridway and Russell Henman.

Introductory Geography.

School Geography.

In the introductory geography a great deal of attention is paid to composition work, map drawing, and sand modelling in accordance with a child's intelligence and it is intended to pave the way for the Natural School Geography which carries the pupil through more advanced studies.

Laboratory Exercises in General Zoology. By Glenn W. Herrick.

Educational. Making provision for the student to acquire at first hand a knowledge of a characteristic member of each animal group. Directions for field work are given and there are alternative leaves throughout the book left for notes to be filled in by the pupil.

School and Festival Songs. By John B. Sturley.

Songs suitable for school use on such subjects as are of interest to children.

Written and Oral Composition. By Sampson and Holland.

Educational. Lessons which, it is said, have been put to a practical test in the classroom, and are intended to teach the pupil to think in terms of good composition.

Hamilton's Primary Arithmetic. By L. H. Hamilton.

Hamilton's Intermediate Arithmetic. By L. H. Hamilton.

Hamilton's School Arithmetic. By L. H. Hamilton.

Educational. The dual aim of this three book series is to give the pupil firstly, mathematical skill, and then mathematical power.

Homer Iliad. First Three Books and Selections. Edited by J. R. S. Sterrett.

Educational. Complete edition containing a chapter on the dialect of Homer. Illustrated with pictures from ancient monuments.

Plato Apology and Crito. Edited by Isaac Flagg.

Educational. An edition presenting the text with explanatory notes, an introduction, and an index.

Text-Book in General Zoology. By Glenn W. Herrick.

Education. Suitable for use in secondary schools. Discussion of each different branch of the animal kingdom is introduced here.

Carpenter's Industrial Reader, Foods. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Educational. The first book in a series of supplementary readers. The aim of this volume is to give the young student thorough information regarding the production and preparation of foods.

Half Hours with Mammals. By Charles Frederick Holder.

Educational. One of the Eclectic Reading Series.

D. Appleton and Company:

The New Harmony Movement. By George R. Lockwood.

A study of the communistic and economical movement of this country. Space is given to the movement in Harmony, Indiana, and there is included a sketch of George Rapp's efforts to found socialistic institutions in Pennsylvania.

Blakiston:

Foods and their Adulteration. By Harvey W. Wiley.

An extensive dissertation on the origin, manufacture, and composition of food products, a description of common adulterations, food standards, and national food laws and regulations.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Old Home House. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

A series of eleven short stories concerning the fortunes of "Aunt Sophrony's wind plantation," which is turned into an imposing summer hotel. Among the most interesting of these stories is said to be "Jonesy."

The Spirit of Nature Study. By E. F. Bigelow.

Reviewed in the August number.

Bodger:

In the Path of the Persian. By Stephen Magister.

Bird Echoes. By Alice Crocker Waite.

Songs after Noon. By Alvin B. Bishop.

Songs of the Steel Age. By William Hurd Hilmyer.

Divine Adventures. By John Niendorff.

Golden Winged Days. By Anne Butler Thomas.

Dramas of Camp and Cloister. By Archie E. Bartlett.

Satires. By Edwin Sauter.

Nannie. By Louis M. Elshmus.

Youth. By J. H. Wallis.

Bobbs-Merrill:

Satan Sanderson. By Hallie Erminie Rives.

Two young men of astonishing similarity of feature and dissimilarity of character are pictured in these pages. Hugh Stires is the profligate son of a fond but censoring father, and "Satan Sanderson," otherwise the Reverend Harry Sanderson, the one-time friend of Hugh but now a reformed character. They both love the same girl, who is blind, and though Hugh wins her, on their wedding day it is discovered that he is a defaulter and his father forbids him ever seeing her again. Hugh Stires is in bitter need of money, and the Reverend Harry Sanderson for the love he bears the blind girl gambles with him at the very altar of the church. The stakes are one gold piece of Sanderson's against one good day to be lived by Stires. They are discovered by no one less than the Bishop himself, who, of course, does not understand the situation and sees nothing but the damning evidence before him of cards, dice, and money. From there on the story winds around devious paths until it finally ends in a happy dénouement.

What I Have Done With Birds. By G. S. Porter.

Reviewed elsewhere in the August number.

Brentano's:

A Dull Girl's Diary. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

A young professor, the wife of a prominent publisher, a brilliant woman with a velvety voice, and another who is dubbed a "Dull Girl" on account of her

misunderstood reserve—this is a list of the most prominent characters. All the women are interested in the young professor, but the only one who lives up to his fastidious ideal is the "Dull Girl," who, by the way, is an unknown but brilliant novelist.

Colvin Publishing Company:

The Truth Concerning Stratford-upon-Avon and Shakespeare and other Essays. By Edwin Reed.

Containing "Pallas Athene," "Bacon and Shakespeare on Love" and "The True Story Upon Stratford Avon."

Robert Grier Cooke:

Universal Neurasthenia. By Margaret Doane Gardiner.

A farce with the *dramatis personæ* taken from *The House of Mirth*, *Elizabeth in Her German Garden*, and also from the books of Richard Harding Davis and Bernard Shaw.

Dana Estes:

The Three Comrades. By Gustav Frenssen.

Dealing with the very dissimilar characters of three boys who meet in their youth and are drawn into a warm friendship. When they reach manhood they separate and do not encounter each other again until misfortune brings them together.

De la Mare Printing and Publishing Co.:

The Book of Water Gardening. By Peter Bissett.

The author states that this volume contains the results of fifteen years' intimate association and study of water lillies and other aquatic plants. He goes into details regarding the water garden, from the amateur experimenting with a few plants in tubs, to the elaborate garden contained on a large estate.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

Ikey's Letters to His Father. By George V. Herbert.

The letters of a young man sent out on the road as a travelling salesman by his father. His ideas of business are rather vague, and instead of sending in orders, he contracts large personal debts and charges them to the house he represents. He is a very susceptible youth, and falls victim to the charms of every girl he meets. Apparently, slang is the only language Ikey either speaks or understands, for he uses it throughout the book.

The Rock of Chickamauga. By General Charles King.

This story is built around the Civil War with the battle of Chickamauga as the centre of interest and General

George H. Thomas as the ideal soldier figure.

Devota. By Augusta Evans Wilson.

Devota Lindsay is a beautiful woman who remains a mystery to her friends. She comes unexpectedly to a house party for the purpose of seeing the governor of the state and asking him to pardon a friend of hers who is condemned to death. As the story develops it becomes apparent that *Devota* and the governor were once on very intimate terms. On their meeting each preserves the most icy indifference, but when he refuses her request they break into mutual recrimination. Before the end matters are arranged satisfactorily and *Devota* is no longer a mystery.

When the Red Volleys Poured. By Charles W. Dahlinger.

A story laid in the thrilling times of our great international strife. The battles of Gettysburg and Fredericksburg are introduced, and the incident of Jenny Lind's stoning by the mob at Pittsburg, on the occasion of her only concert there, will be of interest to Pittsburgers. President Lincoln and some of his humorous sayings are brought in, and here and there the author expresses his views of certain historical facts.

R. F. Fenno:

Sinless. By Maud H. Yardley.

Two husbands are returning from a ten years' sojourn in India, during which time they have not seen their wives. One named Forbes is an intensely disagreeable and selfish person and the other is Boyd, his opposite in every respect. They arrive at the same station, where Boyd, expecting his wife to meet him, lingers, and Forbes goes on to his hotel. Boyd, perceiving a woman over near the news-stand, the appointed rendezvous with his wife, approaches and calls her by name and she responds with his own. They discover subsequently new and likable traits in each other and fall desperately in love. The blow falls when they discover to their dismay that she is not Boyd's wife but Forbes's. The mistake that they have made is due to the fact that by some unlucky chance she much resembles a photograph Boyd has of his wife taken in her younger days and that she also possesses the same name, while his Christian name is similar to her husband's. The tangle thus created is unravelled as the story goes on to its end.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Pathways to the Best. By Charles L. Goodell.

Sermons. The contents are divided into three main headings: "The Things

of Faith," "The Guidance of Life," and "The Universal Prayer."

Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography. By Lorenzo O'Rourke.

It is said that this biography is the first and only English translation of "Postscriptum de ma Vie," which was left by Victor Hugo for posthumous publication. There is an appreciative preface of some sixty pages by the translator.

The Sinner and his Friends. By Louis Albert Banks.

A volume of evangelical sermons containing "The Christ Seen in Your Life," "The Bewitched Soul," "The Secret of the Spiritual Life," and "The Sinner's Hope."

The Grafton Historical Press Company:

In Olde Massachusetts. By Charles Burr Todd.

One of the Grafton Historical Series. Being "sketches of old times and places during the early days of the Commonwealth."

Evolution and Religion. By William Trumbull, LL.B. \$1.25.

Given here are an exposition of the great religious truths of the world, through the talks of an evolutionist with his children. Though the author is a lawyer, he states that he writes not from a professional standpoint, but from that of a layman.

Harper Brother's:

Adventures of Uncle Sam's Sailors. By Commander R. E. Peary, U. S. N., Mollie Elliott Sewall, Kirk Monroe, and others.

Stories containing both fact and fiction, which does not violate essential historical truths.

A Stumbling Block. By Justus Miles Forman.

Davie Rivers is the hero and his wife is the "Stumbling Block," who is always making embarrassing disclosures at inopportune moments. Davie is very much in love with a young girl in the little village where he was brought up, and his relations with these two women form the plot.

The Talking Woman. By May Isabel Fisk.

A series of monologues, being the conversations of several varieties of speechifying females of the garrulous kind, each typifying her own particular kind of feminine failing.

Nature's Craftsmen. By Henry C. McCook. Reviewed in the August number.

Henry Holt and Company:

Lessons in French Syntax and Composition.
By W. V. Vreeland and William Koren.

Educational. Giving the important rules of French syntax as briefly and intelligently as possible. Translations from English and French are introduced in order to train the student in their application. There is an extensive vocabulary in the back, in order to avoid giving the reader the trouble of looking up cross references.

El Sombrero de Tres Picos. Por D. Pedro A. de Elarcon. Edited by Benjamin P. Bourland.

Educational. For the use of students who have already acquired a knowledge of Spanish grammar and elementary reading.

Ursule Mirouet. By Honore de Balzac. Edited with notes and introduction by F. H. Osgood.

Educational. The text is in some places abridged, but it has been the effort and intent of the editor not to omit anything which would in any way detract from the story.

Physiography. By Rollin D. Salisbury.

One of the American Science Series. To be used in the early college or normal school grade by students who are advanced enough for work beyond the physical geography taught in the secondary schools.

Ancient Society. By Lewis H. Morgan.

Tracing the growth and development of mankind from the centuries which preceded the geological age and studying the growth of intelligence through inventions and discoveries.

B. F. Johnson Publishing Company:

Poets of Virginia. By F. V. N. Painter.

The author intends this to be a comprehensive study of the poets of Virginia. Any writer who has published a book of verse and is a native of Virginia is included.

Charles H. Kerr Company:

Crime and Criminals. By Clarence S. Darrow.

Consisting of an address which was delivered to the prisoners of the Chicago County jail.

Laird and Lee Company:

Glimpses of the Jamestown Exposition and Picturesque Virginia.

A souvenir of the Exposition containing two hundred and sixteen views, thirty-two of these being in colour.

The Guide to Historic Virginia and the Jamestown Exposition.

A work of reference describing the many points of interest to be found in and around Jamestown. In addition to this there is a complete description of the Jamestown Centennial.

J. B. Lippincott and Company:

Running Horse Inn. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

Running Horse Inn is the dwelling place of two brothers, George and John Kennett. At the beginning of the story the latter has just been married to the former sweetheart of his brother. George had been erroneously reported killed in battle and returns home at the same time as the newly wedded pair. George apparently submits to what fate has ordained, but secretly plots to seduce his sister-in-law. Tragedy follows, for his attempt failing, he flees and becomes connected with the Spa Field riots of 1816, which ended so disastrously.

Little, Brown and Company:

By Right Divine. By William Sage.

Based on the political situation of the present day. A senator who has always controlled his State by rather crooked methods, and who has come to believe that he rules "By Right Divine," finds a strong opponent in the young governor, an honest and forceful politician. The situation becomes somewhat complex, however, when a love affair springs up between the senator's daughter, the idol of his heart, and the governor. Ruth, the daughter, gradually becomes aware of her father's true nature and at the same time grows to recognise the upright and noble character of the man who so sincerely loves her.

The Macmillan Company:

Socialism before the French Revolution. By William B. Guthrie.

A history of social theory, which is intended to fill up the gap, of which there is left no satisfactory account, from the close of the Middle Ages to the end of the eighteenth century.

The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George Pierce Baker.

From the first chapter, which speaks of Shakespeare's inheritance of dramatic technique, he is followed through the different stages of his career.

True and False Democracy. By N. M. Butler.

A number of papers interpreting the real meaning of true democracy.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Pausanias. A Dramatic Poem. By Charles William Kennedy, Ph.D., and James Southall Wilson, Ph.D.

Pausanias, the idol of his own soldiers, is hated by the Athenian generals. In his own mind there is a continual struggle between the good and evil forces of his nature, his thirst for power and his love for the beautiful Byzantine, Cleonice, and his duty towards his wife and his country.

The Story of Bacon's Rebellion. By Mary Newton Stanard.

At Jamestown one hundred years before the war of the Revolution, there was enacted the first determined struggle of the embryo American citizen for his rights. Their leader was Nathaniel Bacon, who fused his own cause with that of the people's and led them against their persecutors.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Bar 20. By Clarence E. Mulford.

These stories are full of the spirit of the plains, physical courage, recklessness, and a rough sort of humour being predominant qualities. The most prominent characters are Hopalong Cassidy, Red Connors, and Buck Peters, but they differ from the typical bad man of the West in that they possess many really admirable virtues along with their rough speech.

The Shame of the Colleges. By Wallace Irwin.

A satirical skit which includes flings at Harvard, Princeton, The University of Chicago, Yale, West Point, and is not even gallant enough to omit Vassar from its category of sarcasm.

L. C. Page and Company:

Tenants of the Trees. By Clarence Hawkes.
Reviewed in the August number.

The Pilgrim Press:

A Study of the Life of Jesus. His Words and Works. By George B. Stewart.

Containing in a number of lessons the study in detail of the life, words, and works of Jesus Christ.

The Significance of the Personality of Christ. For the Minister of To-Day. By Rev. Ernest G. Guthrie, Rev. William B. Thorp, and Rev. Percy H. Epler.

These three addresses, delivered at one of the commencements of the Yale Divinity School, are intended to convey the tendency of thought among the younger ministers of the country.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky.

It is said that a new light is thrown on the great dramatist's life in this biography, which touches on his romances, his treatment of his mother, and the great friendship which existed between himself and Schiller.

A History of Slavery in Cuba. By H. H. S. Aimes.

Not only a review of the Spanish policy governing the slave trade is given here, but the political, social, and economic conditions in relation to it are treated also. The aim is to show the exact nature of the slave trade in Cuba, and its effects on Spain, Cuba, and the civilised world in general.

Revell Company:

The Wooing of Tokola. By Franklin Welles Calkins.

Tokola is a daughter of the Dakotas, and her various love affairs bring herself and her tribe into many dangerous adventures with other Indian nations. Studies of Indian life, nature, and customs are included.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Hedda Gabler. The Master Builder. By Henrik Ibsen. With an introduction by William Archer.

The tenth volume of the collected works of Henrik Ibsen.

The British City. By Frederic C. Home.

Containing chapters on "The Cities and the Tramways," "London a Municipal Democracy," and "The City of Tomorrow."

Switzerland and the Adjacent Portions of Italy, Savoy, and Tyrol. By Karl Baedeker.

In the preface it is stated that the object of this handbook is to give the tourist information about all necessary places and how to reach them. It contains sixty-nine maps, eighteen plans, and eleven panoramas.

Recent Hunting Trips in North America. By F. G. Selous.

The life of a Nomadic hunter spent wandering through wild countries in search of African game.

English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases. By W. Carew Hazlett.

A revision and a reprint of an earlier book on the same subject.

Israel's Laws and Legal Precedents. By C. F. Kent.

The laws which have governed Israel from the days of Moses to the closing of the legal canon are presented here with plans and diagrams illustrating them.

The State Company:

Hampton and Reconstruction. By Edward L. Wells.

The author intends this to be in part the biography of that very remarkable man, Wade Hampton, and partly that of the American people at the time of the Civil War. The cause of those horrible days of Reconstruction was due, it is said, not only to carpet baggers and negroes, nor the refractory spirit of the South, but rather to the nefarious designs of the few who wished the ruin of the many, that they could reap the plunder.

H. B. Turner and Company:

The King of Thomond. By Marin W. Barr.

This purposes to be the biography of a woman named Una Constance Mabie O'Brien. She has evidently seen better days, but she dies poor and insane in an almshouse. Behind her she leaves the papers from which this narrative is taken.

Woodcox Company:

Thoughts about Human Animals and other Thoughts. By Benjamin Franklin Woodcox.

Containing "Thoughts on Genius," "Thoughts on Inspiration," "Thoughts on Intellect," and other thoughts.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:—

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Penalty. Begbie. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
4. The Midnight Guest. Stanton. (McBride.) \$1.50.
5. Where the Trail Divides. Lillibridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Stumbling Block. Forman. (Harper.) \$1.50.

6. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. The Bird Guide. Reed. (Clarke.) 75 cents.
4. The Long Labrador Trail. Wallace. (Outing.) \$1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

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3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Mayor's Wife Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Felicity. Loughlin. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Bar 20. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyle. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner's.) \$1.25.
5. Alice for Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Susan Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
4. The Sinner Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. A Victor of Salamis. Davis. (Macmillan) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess. Potter. (Harper.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Gentleman Ragman. Nesbit. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Mayor's Wife Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Christian Science Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Devota. Wilson. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Putnam.) \$1.75.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Lefèvre. (Harper.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The World's Warrant. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Shadow of a Great Rock. Lighton. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Confessions of a Daddy. Butler. (McClure, Phillips.) 75 cents.
5. The First Claim. Hamilton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Jerry Junior. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Needles and Pins. McCarthy. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
6. The White Cat. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Confessions of a Daddy. Butler. (Century Co.) 75 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Bar 20. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
2. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.

3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

• SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Star of Valhalla. Gross. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Wingless Victory. Willcocks. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyle. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Stumbling Block. Forman. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyle. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Way. Carr. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

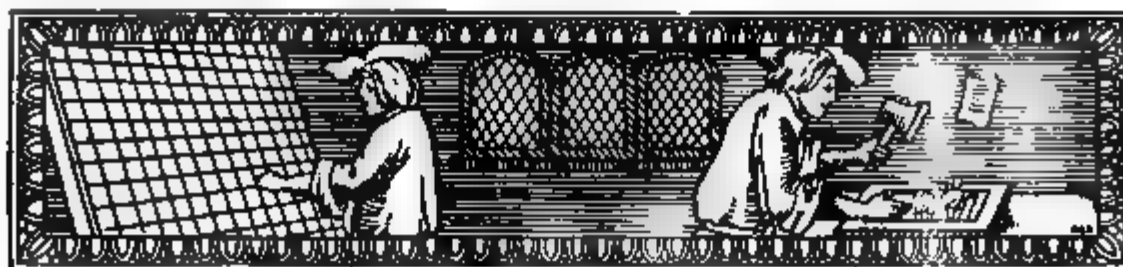
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10	
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00. 152
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50. 131
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25. 104
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75. 100
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50. 90
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50. 87



THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Colonel Watterson has a way with the English language to which we cannot at this time do full justice.

The Metaphors of Colonel Watterson It is a style that is bound up with the country's history. As far back as the memory can reach in

American journalism there were colonels busily writing in this vein. It is the style that Tom Moore noted in 1810; that flapped all through the debates on the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War; that Dickens found in full possession of the New York press. If Colonel Watterson's art should ever be lost, it could be learned again from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but it will not be lost. Away from the corrupted centres of civilisation it still flourishes and there is a flash of it now and then even in the metropolis. It was an eminent metropolitan editor who a few years ago struck out the famous phrase, "A syndicated sin and a shameless shame," which is worthy of the nation and of Watterson. To other countries it may seem ridiculous, but to us it is simply homelike, as natural as nasality and as indigenous as the rolling r's of the rolling prairies. From a specimen of Colonel Watterson's prose we could construct a complete picture of society, haircloth, steel engravings, Rogers groups and all, and it is obviously too large a subject. We merely offer without comment a few examples of his skill in the use of metaphor.

Of President Roosevelt's Provincetown address:

He seized hackneyed truths, dressed them in

fresh language, and dealt them out as though they were hot from his intellectual anvil.

Concerning a tame, leading citizen:

He is so tame that he is, in fact, almost shy.

On a strange accident in a fool's paradise:

Politically, at least, he was living in a fool's paradise, because that which he considered to

MAURICE HEWLETT

The Stopping Lady, which ended its serial run last month, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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on another occasion, should the worst come to worse, "We see that old war horse of the Democracy waving his hand from the deck of the sinking ship."

■

A monument, says the London *Sphere*, has just been erected over the grave of Mrs. Craigie, in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green. It bears the inscription:

Mrs.
Craigie's
Grave

To the dear memory of Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), Novelist and Dramatist. Born Chelsea, Mass., U. S. A., November 2, 1867; died London, August 13, 1906. Aged thirty-eight years. "Work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."—JOHN ix. 4.

■

If Charles A. Dana were living it would amuse him to read in the *Atlantic Monthly* the mild moral reflections which his life occasions. "When the idealist turns opportunist he may well become a

"Personality
in
Journalism"

little cynical and lend himself to cynicism in others," says the tender commentator after a discussion of Dana's "personality in journalism," in which no trace of Dana can be found. For years after a man is dead we subdue our voices and write only epitaphs. We think it somehow respectful to his memory to smooth out every line and wrinkle of his character and bury him deep in that Potter's field of vague moralities wherein all dead celebrities look alike. To make our great men not only uninteresting but incredible is the special province of their little survivors, and apparently is esteemed as virtuous forbearance. Not that Dana was a great man. He was only a strong, distinct, extraordinarily interesting person, a great journalistic figure that has since grown greater because it has been followed by journalistic ciphers. Read, if you can, the present editorial page of the New York *Sun*, and Dana of course will seem a Titan, but that is an unfair test. Set him, rather, against the editors of newspapers and magazines generally, better men, many of them, by negative standards, more judicious and kindly, often quite wonderfully harmless, and the con-

MRS. CRAIGIE'S (JOHN OLIVER HOBBS) GRAVE IN
ST. MARY'S CEMETERY, KENSAL GREEN, LONDON

be his duty brought the house down upon his head, and, of a sudden, he saw what seemed to him incredible, the working of a deal by which the very fabric was to be pulled up by the roots, and this at the hands of those he had loyally served and whom he thought his friends.

■

Of Senator Foraker as an earthquake on horseback that lives in a tent:

It is scarcely probable, however, that Senator Foraker, having pitched his canvass for the Republican nomination for re-election to the Senate, or for riding into the Presidency if he can create a tidal wave of sufficient volume to secure that end. . . .

■

Politics, and especially national politics, keep the Colonel in a state of mind most of the time, and if certain things should happen, which he says he firmly believes will not happen, we shall expect to see him take the stump, platform in hand, bring the serpent to his knees and force him to apologise. And, as was said

trast is still striking enough. The question of journalism nowadays is not so much its good or bad character as whether it has any character at all. Dana seemed a man among automats, and he appeared in print with all his sins upon him, hatred, malice and the love of mean causes, but with his gifts, too, and his wide knowledge and his generous impulses and above all his great power of setting the mind in motion, one way or the other, but at least in motion—and nowadays what fearful risks would we not gladly run for a newspaper man who could set us to thinking? He was far too good and far too bad for any such attenuated phrase as an "opportunist who had perhaps become a little cynical." Why need we so often write about our men of talent with a moral whine, paring them down to their "message to mankind," justifying, apologising, issuing them in small, expurgated, hypocritical judgment-day editions, from which the last thing you would ever guess is that they were men of talent? In the spinsterhood of American letters it is always assumed that life is nothing but a succession of hairbreadth moral escapes. Surely we may safely admit that now and then a man is sent into the world on the simple errand of reminding other people that they are alive. If Dana *must* be reduced to terms of social medicine, call him a cure for the apathetics or reader's complaint or old subscriber's sleeping sickness, or whatever the technical term may be for that most obstinate of diseases which now runs like a murrain throughout the perusing portions of these United States.

Nor does Godkin seem any more life-like in the hands of the *Atlantic* writer, who apparently thinks a man's "personality" is synonymous with his power for good. Power for good he may have had, but that is not why we miss him. We think of something besides the safety of our opinions while we read, and Godkin supplied us generously with incidental pleasures. It is ungracious to say that the personalities of Dana and Godkin "may still be felt in every issue of the *Sun* and *Post*," when what we do feel mainly is their absence from every issue. But the *Post* has its compensations. It

still expresses the spirit of one man, not Godkin, but Mr. Rollo Ogden, and it is that fact rather than any Godkin tradition which gives it its distinctiveness to-day. Every little while it prints leading articles which Mr. Godkin could never have written and which for imagination, wit, evidence of wide reading and a certain individual vigour are as far above the standards of other papers as Godkin's were in his best days. The etiquette of newspaper anonymity does not conceal the fact that Mr. Ogden is now the only man whose personality can be strongly felt in that field of daily journalism in which Dana and Godkin did their best work. Here again we must waive the question of his power for good. We only know that like those two men he has an astonishing number of readers who are always saying that he "rubs them the wrong way," but who apparently take the greatest pleasure in taking offence. They bristle, but they go on reading. It is this sort of compelled attention, accompanied by explosive asides, that best bears witness to a "personality in journalism." Years afterward we forget our bruised opinions and remember the pleasure of the intellectual contact.

The late David Christie Murray first became widely known by the publication of *A Life's Atonement*, which ran in *Chambers's Journal* in 1879. Previous to that time he had been engaged in journalism in Birmingham and in London. While by no means works of the first order, *A Life's Atonement* and *Joseph's Coat* and *Val Strange*, which soon followed, gave evidence of great narrative skill. One of the reasons why Murray did not attain to much more eminent rank as a novelist was his irregularity. Yet there were times when he could turn out work with marvellous swiftness. "A Man of Kent," of *The British Weekly*, relates that when the Sherlock Holmes stories first appeared he asked Murray to write half a dozen stories on the same lines for a magazine. It was stipulated that he should read Sherlock Holmes and follow a similar plan of connecting the stories by a powerful personality. Mur-

ray undertook the business on a Saturday. On Monday afternoon he appeared with the first story. He asked immediate payment for it on the ground that he was moving to a house in Kensington and wanted ready money. The same process was repeated on each succeeding day, till the six stories were all given in and paid for. In delivering the last, he remarked that he had just read Sherlock Holmes's story "The Speckled Band," and that it was much better than any of those he had written himself.

✱

Christie Murray, says "A Man of Kent," had excellent social qualities. Among all his misfortunes he bore a certain air of dignity; he was very genial when he liked, and he was an excellent narrator. He had a keen eye for vanity, and once gave a most amusing account of a third-rate writer who introduced himself. "Mr. Murray," said this person, "let me introduce one man of genius to another. I am—" Murray, of course, seized the situation and allowed the stranger to go on speaking. The talk went on like this:

"Mr. Murray, do you play the piano?"

"No."

"Ah, but I play the piano very well. Mr. Murray, do you paint?"

"No."

"Ah, I have been successful in painting. Mr. Murray, do you write poetry?"

"No."

"Ah, my poems are more esteemed by good judges even than my criticisms," and so on.

✱

The death of Edward Grieg has removed from the ranks of musical composers one of the last of the "Old Guard." He was a connecting link in the fast weakening chain of continuity binding the present to the past. On the one side he touched hands with Schumann, Mendelssohn and Liszt, and with Strauss and Debussy on the other. The loss is a heavy one for musical art, suffered at a time when it can least bear it. Grieg was an uncompromising artist with all that the term implies, one in whom tradition

Grieg

was respected, though never permitted to rule, in fine, a strong and sane individuality. In any discussion of nationalism in music, Grieg's name has always figured prominently, and there has been more or less of a tendency to claim him as one of its foremost exponents. This is a clear injustice to the composer. True, his music has at times distinct local colour, a characteristic quality belonging to the North, a breath of the soil. It was but natural that he should be influenced by the folk-songs of his country. But he never placed the outer covering above the substance. Underneath its Scandinavian dress, his music lives and speaks in the universal language of art. It is idle to attempt to select from Grieg's rather large creative output his masterpieces. Opinions would naturally differ. It is safe to say, however, that any selection would include the piano concerto, the violin sonatas, the lyrical pieces and a sheaf of his exquisite songs, undoubtedly among the most beautiful in the literature of the Lied. His "Peer Gynt" suite is perhaps the most widely known of his works. It established his national reputation. Grieg had a large fund of melodic inspiration, though his themes are, with some few exceptions, short-breathed. It is too soon to assign to him his final place in the musical hall of fame; but among those added during the nineteenth century it is certain that the name of Grieg will have an honoured position.

✱

Judge Francis Miles Finch, who died in Ithaca on July 30th, at the age of eighty, had a literary reputation that he never attempted to exploit. The

**The Late
Judge
Finch**

"Blue and the Gray" and "Nathan Hale" are

known to all the school children in the country, while Cornell University owes him some of her most popular songs, such as "The Chimes," and Yale may claim his famous "smoking song." However, Judge Finch, engrossed by his judicial labours, never published any of his poetical works. To find the "Blue and the Gray" one has to turn to the file of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1867, where it first appeared. Some of his Cornell friends,

THE LATE JUDGE FRANCIS MILES FINCH

among whom was the late Moses Coit Tyler, induced him to make a choice of his favourite verses, which he gathered, and even went as far as to preface with a few words bearing testimony to his diffidence and modesty. The death of Moses Coit Tyler made him renounce his project, which may never be carried out.

■

We do not assume responsibility for the following story. If you were to ask about it in Cambridge, "Fair Harvard," Massachusetts, you would undoubtedly be considered guilty of grave indiscretion, while as to the offender, he is not only quite unconscious of any *faux pas*, but probably re-

members it with the same sort of innocent delight with which Colonel Etienne Gerard of illustrious memory used to tell of how he slew the fox on the occasion of his uninvited participation in the hunt of the English officers during the wars of the Peninsula. According to the tale, an Englishman who had done something or other in the world was to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University last Commencement. He had been in the United States for some months, and on his way to Cambridge, in June, he stopped in New York, where he was "put up" at a certain club. There, one evening, he was talking with a member and the conversation turned to the subject of American college singing. For this feature of our University life the Englishman expressed an unbounded and

coming honours he felt that he was in a measure a Harvard man—"not that he had forgotten Oxford, you know"—and in consequence he evinced a natural preference for "Fair Harvard." He felt, he said, that he ought to learn the words of that song so that he might be able to join in on occasion. Did his interlocutor know them and would he teach them to him?



Now the man to whom the Briton so indiscreetly appealed for instruction happened to be a Westerner, whose sense of what he considered humour was greater than his awe of the Alma Mater of President Roosevelt. In addition he cherished a grudge, the reason of which is another story. So he blandly acceded to the Englishman's request, and with a perfectly grave countenance led him to a remote corner of the club and did not leave him until he considered him letter perfect. The visitor was delighted with his newly acquired knowledge, and his opportunity to air it came duly a week or ten days later. It was amid the classic surroundings, etc.—for detailed description consult any of a number of works of fiction—and a thousand voices broke into the inspiring strain. Suddenly, however, those in the immediate vicinity of the Englishman ceased singing and looked at one another with puzzled expressions. The Briton's face as he sang was beaming with good nature and satisfaction, and he had the air all right, for from boyhood he had known it as the vehicle of Tom Moore's "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." Only the words were not exactly accurate, for instead of the familiar

Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy Jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past
To the age that is waiting before.

the version of the newly honoured visitor ran something like this:

Fair Harvard, thy glories have all gone to rust,
And thy trophies of triumph are few,
For the Crimson has ever been trailed in the
dust
By the Orange and Black and the Blue.

EDWARD PENFIELD

Author of Holland Sketches

rather un-British admiration. He liked it, and wished there were more of it in the old country. In view of his forth-

What our well-informed reviewer, Mr. Edward Fuller, says of Professor Raleigh's book in "The Shakespeareans and the Laity Truth about Shakespeare," on another page of this magazine, may be very sound from the point of view of a student of Shakespeare criticism, but the book was written for us laymen quite as much as for Shakespearean scholars, who are our natural enemies. We account it a blessing

that instead of enriching Shakespeareana by a study of the plays as stage pieces he has given us a delightful book. To know as much as Professor Raleigh does and not be unpleasant about it, to write of Shakespeare with wit, imagination and strong feeling, to draw upon experience and common sense instead of other commentators seems to a layman very remarkable and worth more than the clearing up of any number of doubtful passages by the study of

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL, OF HARVARD

Professor Wendell's *France of To-day* will be discussed in a later issue

Shakespeare's stagecraft. The projects and discoveries of Shakespeare scholars are, after all, mainly interesting to themselves. Nothing can persuade a layman that a Shakespeare commentator is not generally a man who privately dislikes Shakespeare or is weary of him, and who for that reason constantly takes refuge in irrelevancy, writing his notes as schoolboys draw pictures on the margins of their books. In Shakespeare's company and eager to escape, they kill time by all manner of curious and needless labours, memory exercises, verbal excursions, now quoting all the passages they can think of that are somewhat alike, and again all those that are altogether different; not knowing what to do, but feeling bound to do something, hence collating, emending, elucidating anything to relieve the embarrassment of being alone with Shakespeare. Act. I., Sc. II., Line 20, Note 56. "*Biting.*" Often used metaphorically by Shakespeare. So of '*nipping.*' Cf. '*a nipping and an eager air.*' They cannot understand Shakespeare, because instead of vitality and personal experience they have only grammar and a knowledge of one another's books. Hence these extraneous verbal activities and forlorn iterations of their predecessors' comments, tributes, moral reflections and the like. A sentiment from Dr. Johnson which no freeborn reader would be willing to remember for five minutes will be hoarded for generations by these desperate men. Thus there has grown up about the poet a sort of liturgy of ennui. And they need not do it. That is what puzzles a layman—why this particular class of persons ever started at the business and why they keep on, when there are numismatics, philately, chess, gardening, so many entirely respectable avocations, at a safe distance from the hated poet.



Now Professor Raleigh's truth about Shakespeare is of a different kind from that sought by other Shakespeareans, and is attained by different means. "Shakespeare's dramatic estate," he says, "cannot be brought under the hammer, for it is rich in nothing but poetry." He therefore reads Shakespeare as the world has

generally read its poets, allowing some scope to his own intuitions, common instincts, self-knowledge and knowledge of other men. He reads poetry without the Shakespeare parasite's determination at any cost to become very busy about it.

The embroidery of Shakespeare has become a national industry, harmless enough so long as it is not mistaken for criticism. But even good critics sometimes permit themselves the dangerous assumption that Shakespeare's meaning is not written broad on the play:

And thus do they of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.

What they fail to remark is, that in the very act of rescuing buried meanings, alleged to be all-important, they are condemning the work of the playwright. Shakespeare is subtle, fearfully and wonderfully subtle; and he is sometimes obscure, lamentably obscure. But in spite of all this, most of his plays make a distinct and immediate impression, by which, in the main, the play is to be judged. The impression is the play.

And in regard to the language of Shakespeare:

Here the good progress made in recent times by the science of language is of little avail; most of the masters of that science are men who know all that can be known about language except the uses to which it is put. The methods of science are invaluable, and they will prove fruitful in the study of Shakespeare when they come to be applied by those who understand how poetry is made and who join the end to the beginning. . . . Much of Shakespeare's language is hot from the mind, and only partially hardened into grammar. It cannot be judged save by those whose ease of apprehension goes some way to meet his ease of expression.

For all his learning, he owes his knowledge of the plays mainly to some kinship in himself with the qualities that produced them, and he can say what he knows because he has the gift of expression. A clumsy writer could not tell Professor Raleigh's kind of truth. The methods and results are not those of Shakespeareana and should be fought by Shakespeareans tooth and nail, for they obviously tend to throw them all out of employment.

Masuji Miyakawa, the author of the recently published *Life of Japan*, which

**Masuji
Miyakawa**

has been regarded with some suspicion as having probably been inspired by the Japanese Government, has the peculiar distinction of being the only American lawyer of Japanese birth. Of the Samurai Class, he was educated in his youth in Japan, but came to the United States and was graduated from an American college. Returning to Japan, he acted for a time as official interpreter of the Imperial Government. He is now an Ameri-

can citizen and is Professor of Law at the University of Indiana. In addition to the *Life of Japan*, he has written *The Powers of the American People*. *Life of Japan* is illustrated in native character by native artists, and the sketches were loaned to the author by the Japanese Government.

■

A very warm letter has come to us from a lady who lives on Warm Springs Avenue, in Boise, Idaho.

**New Legal
Peril**

It is a good deal belated, so that we were at first

disinclined to publish it; but in that case the lady would have supposed that we had nothing to say. So here it is:

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Your editorial "A New Peril," dealing with what you term "Professor Münsterberg's excursion into the field of criminology," has just fallen into my hands. Had the information on which you based your comment been correct, you would have scored a telling point; unfortunately, however, you have been misled so far afield as to make of your resultant editorial almost an absurdity (I am trying to be charitable!). Not to correct this, on the part of an Idaho citizen, would be rank disloyalty; not to retract it, on the part of the writer of the editorial, would be (though I hate the word) something akin to stultification.

So eminent a scholar as Dr. Münsterberg needs no defender. It is for Idaho I wish to say a word.

You say Professor Münsterberg was "called in to determine the veracity of Orchard by psychologic formulas and psychopathic lore." You speak of "his appearance as a psychological expert at the Haywood trial at Boise City." Nothing could be further from the truth. Professor Münsterberg was not "called in" by any one in Idaho. He played no part whatsoever, "expert" or otherwise, in the Haywood trial. He merely sat quietly among the other interested spectators at one or two sessions, just as you or I might have done. He came to Boise, so he has stated in the press, to study Orchard as a type of criminal and moral degenerate particularly pertaining to a series of articles on "The Psychology of Evidence" that he contemplated writing for some scientific journal. Dr. Hillis was also here to attend this famous trial, and has since stated, I believe in print, his opinion as to Orchard's veracity. Shall we, then, see an account of "Dr. Hillis's Appearance in the Haywood Trial as a Moral Expert"? The facilities afforded Dr. Münsterberg for his study of Orchard in private came, naturally enough, from the prosecution, since Orchard was a witness for the State. Had the scientist desired to study Steve Adams or any witness on the other side he would have been obliged to seek such opportunity from the defence. So much for the statement that "he associated only with those connected with the prosecution." Idaho was more or less maligned and insulted all through this famous case in the columns of publications of the

Debs order. The integrity of her brave executive and the disinterestedness of the State prosecutors were likewise continually assailed, even by Eastern journals of a much higher type, whose only possible excuse was their lack of knowledge regarding the West in general and Idaho in particular.

Through the pain of the ordeal, Idaho's judiciary has passed to complete vindication, while through much yawping and howling of the press Idaho bore herself with dignity and composure. No refutations or apologies seem forthcoming from the Debs press, nor could that be expected; but the high traditions of THE BOOKMAN, on a vastly higher plane as it is, makes our expectation of fairer treatment from that quarter not unwarrantable.

At the time when we wrote our comment of which the lady complained, we had read only the newspaper accounts and had not seen Professor Münsterberg's own letter on the subject. We therefore cheerfully modify our statement so far as it represented Professor Münsterberg as having appeared as a psychological expert at the Haywood trial. That, however, was not an essential part of what we said; and his published letter gives even more force and point to our criticisms, which related (1) to the questionable propriety of his publishing any opinion about the case while it was still *sub iudice*; and (2) to his proposal that, hereafter, psychological experts should be employed to determine the veracity of witnesses in important criminal cases. We have nothing to retract or to explain in our remarks under these two heads.

What would probably be regarded as the most complete and critical book on Mexico, a country that is likely to occupy a more conspicuous place in the eyes of the world in coming years, that has as yet been printed, is Percy F. Martin's *Mexico of the Twentieth Century*. The Mexican press has been outspoken in its praise of the author, maintaining that no writer who ever came to Mexico, Baron von Humboldt and Mr. Ward not excepted, has seen more of the country or taken greater pains to make himself in-

Modern
Mexico

imately acquainted with the people and their institutions. Mr. Martin was born in March, 1861. He was educated at the London University, at Brussels, and by private tutors. After a year's experience upon the London Stock Exchange, he took up journalism, joining the *reportorial* subsequent. At the *corresp* *Mail* and *London* *Journa* *Stead*,

Pall Mall Gazette, and in 1901-02 he went to the British West Indies as the special commissioner of the *Daily Express*. Before this he had twice made the complete tour of the world as the special correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Financial News* and the *British Trade Journal*. In 1903 he went to South Africa and during his stay in Mexico he wrote *Times* and *a recog-* *nises*. In *he has* *f note in*

Probably a great many of our readers who try to keep in touch with recent

Continental fiction are already acquainted with "Vanité" by the brothers Paul and Victor Marguerite. While not a

book that is at all likely to hold a great or a conspicuous place in French literature, *Vanité* is of interest from many points. In the first place, to the American who has not seen Paris for five or six years it brings subtly the impression of something new. It would probably be the same in the case of a self-expatriated Frenchman. It is no more the Paris which De Maupassant described in his books of the late eighties, or the Paris of Daudet's novels, or even the city of which Bourget wrote in his studies of seven or eight years ago, than it is the Paris of Balzac or of Scribe. So keenly are you made to feel that it is the atmosphere of to-day, that the note of yesterday would have a strange and jarring

ROYAL CORTISSOS

The editor of the *Vierge Don Quixote*, which will be reviewed in a later issue

effect. You could not well imagine one of the characters dropping an allusion to the Dreyfus case or the Fashoda controversy. It would sound as historical as a dissertation on the Affair of the Queen's Necklace. *Vanité* deals with the Brevier family, the story of whose varied fortunes the authors use for the purpose of airing certain opinions on divorce and the terrible struggles of present-day Parisian social life. Pierre Brevier, who began life on the wharves of Marseilles, and who has risen to the head of the Quatre Saisons, the great department store which challenges the supremacy of the Louvre and the Bon Marché, presents a variation from a familiar stock figure of French fiction. His limitations, due to the lack of advantages in his youth, are apparent, and yet he commands respect. He is not of the type of Moulinet, the bumptious parvenu of Ohnet's *Maître de Forges*. He does not, like Daudet's Sauvadon, employ an Élysée Meraut to give him ideas, to tell him what he must

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF FILSON YOUNG

Author of the much-discussed *The Sands of Pleasure*

think of this book or that when he goes into society.

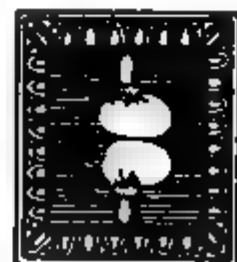
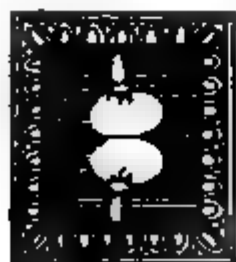
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It was not long after the telephone had come into general use that its value as a literary and dramatic factor was first appreciated. Since that time it has been industriously serving the novelist and playwright. Yet we cannot recall that it has been employed to better effect than in one of the situations in *Vanité*. There is a great dinner at the Breviers', followed by a ball, and in the interim between the two Pierre Brevier is summoned to the wire. The voice at the other end is that of one of his partners, the Jew Hottmann, who has just brought about the ruin of the Quatre Saisons by disastrous and criminal speculations on the Bourse. The tone in which Hottmann makes his avowal of his frauds and informs Brevier of the impending crash is one of mingled mockery and despair. After all, he says, he will not be there to suffer, he will not read the terrible story that *La Vie*, the newspaper edited by his enemy, *Le Vigoureux*, will publish in the morning; he will be done—gone out altogether. "Hottmann!" screams Brevier. But with a bitter laugh of farewell the other hangs up the receiver at his end, leaving the maddened and impotent Brevier hurling insults and imprecations into the deaf instrument.

LISI CIPRIANI

Lisi Cipriani, the author of *A Tuscan Childhood*, was born and educated in Tuscany and belongs to a Florentine patrician family. Her father, General Giuseppe Cipriani, and her uncle, Count Leonetto Cipriani, both did much toward the unification of Italy. Mrs. Browning refers to them for this in the *Summing Up of Italy*. The family suffered financial reverses, and at nineteen Miss Cipriani came to this

country, where, through friends, she immediately secured a position as teacher of modern languages in a preparatory school. She taught for three years at the Girls' Classical School in Indianapolis, going from here to the University of Chicago, where in less than two years she received, with honours, the three degrees the University confers. Immediately after having received the doctor's degree she was put on the faculty and taught principally comparative literature.



REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY-TELLERS

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

I. HIS LITERARY CREED

is a peculiar
in undertak-
tical study of
Crawford
ies of articles
their very title
e intention of
marily in his
capacity of story-teller. While it is quite true that an interesting plot is the indispensable corner-stone of successful fiction, yet many of the greatest novels are not those in which the story-teller's art has reached its highest development—they are great because they are not only stories, but a great deal else besides: fearless paintings of exist-

ing conditions; trenchant criticisms of life. And conversely, many a novel faulty in structure, false in colouring, exaggerated in action to the point of melodrama, have been vitalised by that magic instinct of the born story-teller, that inimitable gift of making miracles seem plausible, and convincing you that impossibilities could have happened simply by telling you with assured audacity that they really did happen. Consequently, to approach a novelist primarily on the story-telling side is neither a direct road to discovering his permanent place in fiction nor a barrier to such discovery. It simply determines the initial point of view, saves the trouble of many explanations and saving clauses, and often makes possible a greater indulgence for short-

VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES

As seen from Mr. Crawford's present home, Sorrento.

of narration which has held its even way through upward of twoscore volumes, tutes a novel—since there are a score of points on which one is inclined to take

issue with the author—but for a better understanding of Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that it is a convenient key to every one of his merits and defects. And for that reason it seems wise to examine it somewhat carefully; to quote from it rather

freely, and to get quite clearly before us just what his theories of fiction are and why those theories do not always bear the fruit which he expected to obtain from them.

In the first place, then, the novel is defined by Mr. Crawford as a "market-

able commodity," of the class collectively termed "intellectual artistic luxuries." In other words, the first object of the novel is "to amuse and interest the reader," and a novelist is at all times under an implied contract with the prospective purchasers to give them the entertainment they are looking for and to attempt nothing more serious than entertainment. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has no tolerance whatever for the purpose novel, not merely because "in art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake," but for the more specific reason that the purpose novel is "a simple fraud, . . . an odious attempt to lecture people who hate lectures, to preach at people who prefer their own church, and to teach people who think they know enough already." The novel is nothing more nor less than "a pocket theatre," the novelist nothing more than "a public amuser."

It is good to make people laugh; it is sometimes salutary to make them shed tears; it is best of all to make our readers think—not too serious thoughts, nor such as require an intimate knowledge of science and philosophy to be called thoughts at all—but to think, and, thinking, to see before them characters whom they might really like to resemble, acting in scenes in which they themselves would like to take part.

Mr. Crawford need not have added to the above paragraph a single word regarding his attitude toward romance and realism; for it is obvious that the novelist who recognises that his chief duty is to entertain, and who deliberately purposes to leave out of his books all characters whom his readers would not like to resemble and all scenes in which his readers would not care to play a part, must of necessity have scant sympathy for the realistic school, or small use for the definition of the novel as "a cross-section of life." What he does have to say upon this subject is exactly in accord with what one would expect him to say. Zola he concedes somewhat reluctantly to have been a great man, "mightily coarse to no purpose, but great, nevertheless, a Nero of fiction." But "Zola's shadow, seen through the veil of the English realistic novel, is a monstrosity not to

be tolerated." The fact that "in our Anglo-Saxon system the young girl is everywhere" seems to him in itself a sufficient reason why we should "temper the wind of our realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous shorn lamb." And after defining the realistic school as that which "purposes to show men what they are," and the romantic school as the one which "tries to show men what they should be," he frankly declares that for his part he believes that "more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art."

There is just one more paragraph which deserves to be emphasised, because it touches quite unconsciously upon the source of the real weakness not only of Mr. Crawford's novels, but of the romantic school as a whole:

Practically, what we call a romantic life is one full of romantic incidents which come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of a man's or a woman's character. It is therefore necessarily an exceptional life, and as such should have an exceptional interest for the majority.

Now there cannot be any question that the theory contained in this paragraph is admirable; the trouble is that as a working formula it almost never succeeds. Even in Mr. Crawford's own novels, admirable as they are—for he understands beyond question the technique of his craft—it would puzzle the critic to point out any one romantic life made up solely of incidents which have "come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of the man's character." The hidden flaw in all romantic fiction is due to the fact that the incidents which come unsought, as the result of character, rarely show the romantic quality which a Scott, a Dumas, a Stevenson demands. The novelist may take the greatest pains in his selection of exceptional types of men and women, and may show equal care in bringing them together under exceptional conditions; nevertheless, in nine cases out of ten, if he leaves them alone to follow consistently their natural bent; if he does not actively intervene and force them to say "no" or

to say "yes"; if he does not check and harass and complicate their actions by the intervention of blind, illogical fate in the shape of disaster, disease and death, he will find them naturally and quietly doing the normal and obvious thing, and frustrating his hope of providing that exceptional interest which is demanded by the majority. In *Mr. Isaacs*, perhaps quite as consistently as in any of his later books, Mr. Crawford evolved a long series of highly romantic happenings directly from the peculiar temperament of his hero; yet take away the element of chance—the accidental blow on the head received by Isaacs in the game of polo, the coincidence which made Miss Westonhaugh's brother the unknown benefactor of Isaacs in his days of poverty, and finally the girl's illness and death from jungle fever—and the story would necessarily have had a radically different and more prosaic ending. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario*, the most admirably real of all Mr. Crawford's Italian stories, the fact remains that the vital issues of the plot arise, in the one case, out of a purely chance identity of names between two distant cousins, and in the other, from an almost incredible series of coincidences—a lost pin, a stolen envelope, a forged letter. Now, in romantic fiction there is no logical objection to the use of chance, accident, fate, call it what you will. The mistake lies in trying to write romance in accordance with a realistic formula, and to convince the reader that sane men and women did strange, unlikely deeds as the direct result of their own characters.

II. HIS NOVELS

Mr. Crawford, however, in a measure disarms criticism by confessing genially that he is himself "the last of literary sinners." His creed, so far as he has one, slips on and off easily, like a well-worn glove. In theory, as we have seen, he is a romanticist; in practice he is in turn realist, psychologist, mystic, whatever for the moment suits his need or appeals to his instinct of born story-teller. His stage-setting, his local colour are painted in from life with scrupulous fidelity; a Balzac or a Zola could not be more

faithful to reality in matters of topography. You may at any time, if you please, trace the peregrinations of Count Skariatine through the back alleys of Munich, or Paul Patoff through the labyrinthine paths of Constantinople. And his people are as real as his streets and houses. The whole world knows that his Mr. Isaacs was drawn direct from life, the original being a certain Mr. Jacobs, a trader in rare jewels, who later came into note through his dispute with the Nizam of Deccan over the price of the Great Empress diamond. Talk with Mr. Crawford about his other characters and you will learn that there is nothing exceptional in the case of Mr. Isaacs. He will tell you with a quiet smile that the men and women who throng the pages of his *Saracinesca* trilogy are all real people, whom he has for the most part known and liked well; that Corona is still living; that Spica is a composite portrait of a cadaverous Pole and a famous Neapolitan duellist, who died a couple of years ago; that Count Skariatine, the crazed nobleman in *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, was in reality a German count, who once a week, just as in the story, left his workbench in the little tobacco shop and sat at home waiting in vain for a summons to the Bavarian Court; that Vjera, the Russian girl who sold her hair to pay the count's debt of honour, was also a reality; and that even Fischlowitz's dingy tobacco shop, with the absurd mechanical figure of a Viennese *Gigerl* in the window, existed in Munich exactly as Mr. Crawford drew it, and was in fact the shop where he went day after day to buy his cigarettes.

His method, then, may be summed up somewhat after this fashion: he begins by taking a real stage-setting, some one of the many corners of the world of which his cosmopolitan experience has given him intimate knowledge; he brings upon the stage a group of real people of strong and interesting personality, whom he has personally studied in real life, idealising them to suit his purpose, yet not so much as to mar the illusion of reality. And having up to this point held himself in check, he now gives free rein to his imagination, and puts these thoroughly real people through a series of

highly romantic adventures, forcing them to think and say and do many things which our sober second judgment tells us they never would have said or thought or done—and yet, with his inborn power of story-telling, convincing us for the time being that it all must have happened exactly as he says it did.

It would be futile to attempt to survey in detail any large number of Mr. Crawford's twoscore novels, nor would any very useful purpose be served were it practical to do so. There is a surprisingly large proportion of his books which a critic may quite safely ignore—books which one and all maintain an even quality of interest, yet add nothing to our estimate of him as a man or artist. As is well-nigh inevitable in a novelist who never allows himself to forget that "novel writing is a business," and who has the technique of construction down almost to a mechanical perfection, the difference between his earlier and later books is mainly a loss of spontaneity and an increased conventionality in plot and character. Mr. Crawford has not "written himself out," to use the phrase which he has declared is so terrible for any author to hear; nor is it likely that he ever will write himself out. His average standard to-day is far nearer to that of his best work than that of Mr. Howells, let us say, comes to *Silas Lapham*—nearer, indeed, than many another novelist whom the world has chosen to honour could come to his own best achievement after a quarter of a century of unremittent toil. It is nevertheless a fact that the volumes which one feels inclined to single out for specific discussion all belong to the first decade of Mr. Crawford's literary activity.

Mr. Isaacs of course must remain one of the volumes which will be read as long as Mr. Crawford continues to be remembered. Crude though it may be in construction, and uneven in style, it nevertheless remains a rather remarkable achievement, one of those rare first efforts that are nothing short of a sheer stroke of genius. It is usually an unwise experiment to read over in maturity a story which gave keen pleasure in early youth; yet if the present writer may be allowed to cite his own personal experience, *Mr.*

Isaacs is one of the books that stand the test surprisingly well. Mr. Crawford himself admits that he was most fortunate in having begun his literary career with this particular book; theosophy was in the air, Kipling had not yet pre-empted the field of India for fiction, and there was, moreover, a certain mingling of poetry and cynicism, of mature experience and youthful enthusiasm, that went well with the strange theme and the vivid colouring. And one may seriously question whether any single volume written by Marion Crawford in the height of his powers could have duplicated the success of *Mr. Isaacs* if put forth as the first novel of an unknown author.

Dr. Claudius, which followed *Mr. Isaacs* within the year, may well be passed over with the comment that for a book so badly handicapped the wonder was that it succeeded at all. As has very truly been said, "a learned Heidelberg Phil.D., however sentimental and yellow-bearded, is a less attractive conception than a youthful and pure-blooded Iranian adventurer, whose glowing eyes outshine his jewels." Yet but for the caprice of fate it might have been known to the world as Mr. Crawford's first book, for it had been in the hands of the publishers many months before *Mr. Isaacs* was issued. Of the books which followed, at an average rate of two volumes a year, *A Roman Singer* was notable for that extreme simplicity of style which has since become one of Mr. Crawford's most effective assets: *Marzio's Crucifix*, as representing a long step forward in the technique of unity of plot; *Kahled*, as the most effective and artistic of all the author's purely fanciful efforts. But the volumes which it seems worth while to single out for more detailed comment are *The Three Fates*, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, and the *Saracinesca* trilogy.

It is a curious and unexplained fact that when the topic of Mr. Crawford's novels comes up in a company of fairly well-read men and women, and they have all expressed a more or less intelligent opinion about *The Ralstons* and *Don Orsino* and *Fair Margaret*, if you then make mention of *The Three Fates* you are likely to find that no one present has read the book nor one in ten even heard

of it. Yet it is easily the best of Mr. Crawford's American stories; it is simply not in the same class with *Katharine Lauderdale* and *Marion Darche*. The people in it are all thoroughly alive; at times they tempt one to say that they are the most intensely alive of any characters Mr. Crawford has ever drawn. The principal character is a young and struggling author making the rounds of New York publishing houses and striving to win a hearing for his first novel. It takes no very profound intuition to guess that there is a modicum of autobiography worked into the pages of *The Three Fates*, and its author makes no attempt to deny it. If you ask Mr. Crawford which of his American stories he personally likes best, this is the one that he will name, adding with a reminiscent sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret, "The fact is, I put a great deal of myself into *The Three Fates*."

The personal touch is, of course, an all-sufficient reason to explain the author's preference, but a critic's choice should rest on sounder basis. And in this case that basis is to be found in the rather exceptional study it contains of some phases of love, where both the man and the woman are quite young. The emotions of maturer men and women are comparatively easy to chronicle; they know life too well to jeopardise their happiness with imaginary ills. But the very young are prone to magnify their troubles and their grievances, to torture themselves over trivial faults and absurd scruples, which are, of course, for the time being as vital and momentous to them as the profounder trials of maturer years. And the task of interpreting these youthful crises with sympathetic understanding and just a touch of indulgent irony is one which just a few novelists successfully achieve. One recalls especially certain chapters in William Black's *Madcap Violet* and Mr. Howells's *April Hopes*; and to these may be added *The Three Fates*. Like so many of Mr. Crawford's earlier volumes, the construction is faulty. There is no clear-cut central theme. The most that can be said for the plot is that the author has sought to show how a young man of a keenly sensitive artistic tempera-

ment may, in those vital formative years when his life's career is just opening before him, find his ideals of women so subtly and yet so radically modified that in a comparatively brief space he has found himself able to love tenderly and sincerely three different women, and to receive from each in turn a permanent impression, a modification of his character which time will only strengthen. And yet, as the first and the second successively withdraw themselves from his life, he knows that there can be no going back, even should they so elect; they have been very dear to him, they have each played the part of one of the Fates in his life, yet there is no resurrection for the emotions which are dead. And at the end of the story the man, sobered by sorrow and toil and hard-won achievement even more than by the sudden and unforeseen responsibility of great wealth, hesitates to put to the test the last of his three Fates. He knows that this time there is no question of a transitory passion, but rather the deep, lasting love of mature manhood; this third woman means so much in his life that even her friendship is a precious thing, which he fears to jeopardise by speaking prematurely. This dénouement of *The Three Fates* is one of the most artistic and felicitous single touches to be found in Mr. Crawford's writings. We know that the third and greatest opportunity is merely deferred, not lost; yet the contrast between the boy's precipitancy and the man's delay is the best measure of the difference in kind as well as degree between the earlier and later love.

It is customary to regard the cycle of Italian novels, beginning with the *Sarcinesca* trilogy and continued in *Corleone* and *Tarquisara*, as the strongest and most finished work that the author of *A Roman Singer* has produced. This, however, is not the view held by those critics who have made the most careful study of his novels; nor is it the view held by Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, he has sometimes expressed a doubt whether on the whole his Italian stories have not been more of a detriment to him than a help. The public seemed to expect them of him, he explains, and so confined his activity to that particular field



THE PALACE OF THE SARACINESCA FAMILY IN ROME

From a drawing by Walter Hale

when he would much rather have directed it elsewhere. Of these Italian books as a whole it may be said that they have at least the merit of presenting to English readers a comprehensive picture of social life in Italy such as cannot be found elsewhere in English fiction. The fact that Mr. Crawford was born in Rome and spent much of his early life there, and that later he deliberately elected to make Italy his permanent home, placed him in a position to write from the standpoint of a native. In fact, he is on firmer ground and writes with a more assured knowledge when the scene is laid in Rome than when the action takes place in Boston or New York. Nevertheless, while they are his most ambitious efforts, even the best of them, even *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario*, have not the artistic charm and unity possessed by several slighter works. And the reason is not hard to find. *Saracinesca* and its sequels belong to the type best defined as the Epic Novel, the type wherein a great social movement, a moral or political revolution drawing to a climax, serves as the background of the story, while the destiny of some special group, some single family, some individual man or woman, closely interwoven with the progress of the general movement, forms the central thread of the plot, the focus of interest. At first sight *Saracinesca* seems to fulfil the conditions of the Epic Novel. The setting is Rome, on the eve of the downfall of the Pope's temporal power and the achievement of a united Italy; and the central thread concerns itself with the fortunes of a single family, the *Saracinesca*, proud, conservative, loyal adherents of the Church. Yet when we study the book's construction a little closer we realise that the relation between the general and the specific theme is of the most perfunctory sort. The historical background is admirable as a piece of verbal painting; it shows on the surface the days of careful study which its author acknowledges that he wrought into its construction. But it fails to be, properly speaking, an Epic Novel, because there is no close and necessary connection between the historical movement then going on in Italy and the private drama of the *Saracinesca* family. Take any one

of the big, unmistakably epic novels, whether it be *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or Zola's *L'Assommoir*, the epic of slavery or of intemperance; you will find the central theme inseparably interwoven with the general—the fate of Uncle Tom symbolic of the slave system, the fate of Gervaise symbolic of the demon of alcohol. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario* there is no such close connection, no central symbol; nor did Mr. Crawford intend that there should be. For the symbolic novel is next of kin to the purpose novel; it teaches and preaches and does other kindred things which conflict with the creed which Mr. Crawford professes. Nevertheless, oddly enough, *Don Orsino*, much inferior to its predecessors in human interest, is in point of structure much more logical and correct. In fact, it may be called an epic of the era of disastrous building speculation in Rome; and the fact that Don Orsino's fortunes were closely entangled in the general panic which resulted gives us the connection between the general and the special *motif* which this form of novel demands.

In point of form, however, Mr. Crawford has never done anything more perfect than *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*. In dimensions it is a rather long novellette; in structure it obeys the rules of the short story rather than those of the novel. It contains no superfluous character or incident, and its time of action is confined within a space of thirty-six hours. It seems worth while, even at the risk of repeating what must already be familiar to a majority of Mr. Crawford's readers, to run over briefly the substance of this little masterpiece. Count Skariatine, a Russian of noble birth who has quarrelled with his father and been disinherited, is eking out a pitiful living by rolling cigarettes for a thrifty Munich tobacconist. Disappointment and privation have so preyed upon his mind that he has become affected with a periodic delusion that a letter has come from Russia restoring him to his lost position and that messengers from his family will visit him on the morrow. Once a week, under the spell of this delusion, he absents himself from the tobacco shop and waits in confidence all day, only to

awaken when the clock tolls midnight to a shuddering realisation of his abnormal condition. On the particular night when the story opens Count Skariatine's periodic delusion is just coming upon him. Once again he tells his employer the familiar story of the letter from Russia, the friends who will come to-morrow, the necessity of his bidding the tobacconist good-bye. The tobacconist's wife, who refuses to believe any part of the count's story, or even that he is a count at all, rudely breaks in upon him with a claim for money, the value of a stolen mechanical figure, a Viennese *Gigerl*, for the loss of which the count was in reality not responsible. Incensed, however, by the woman's attitude and relying upon the visionary fortune which he expects upon the morrow, Count Skariatine rashly gives his word of honour that the value of the *Gigerl* shall be paid within twenty-four hours. The next day runs its usual course, and the evening finds the count slowly struggling to a consciousness that not only have his friends failed to come, but that he has pledged his honour to pay a sum of money which he does not possess, and has no hope of raising in time, and that he is not willing to live dishonoured. The rest of the story tells how Vjera, the humble Russian girl who day after day has rolled cigarettes side by side with the count and learned to love him with dumb hopelessness, discovers his desperate need and comes to his aid; how the count, under the spell of his temporary insanity, declares his love for her and makes extravagant promises of the wonderful things he will do for her as soon as his estates are restored to him; how she raises the money needed to save his honour, and how finally, when on the morrow the count returns as usual to his bench, and the friends he has so long awaited actually do arrive and bring him word that he is sole heir to his father's wealth, he presents to them the humble little cigarette-maker as the future Countess Skariatine:

I had contracted a debt of honour, and I had nothing wherewith to pay it. There was but an hour left—an hour, and then my life and my honour would have gone together. . . . She saved me, gentlemen; she cut off her beau-

tiful hair from her head and sold it for me. But that is not the reason why she is to be my wife. There is a better reason than that. I love her, gentlemen, with all my heart and soul, and she has told me that she loves me.

It is in passages such as this that we get the key to Mr. Crawford's perennial hold upon the hearts of his readers. His real strength lies not in his mastery of technique or his originality of plot, but in his ability to picture for us honest gentlemen and noble women, whom we are the better for having known if only through the medium of the printed page. If there is room for choice, his men are better than his women, more finely drawn, with subtler understanding. There is a long list of them whom you cannot forget even if you would—even in *Saracinesca* alone there are a whole group whom it is a joy to remember: old *Saracinesca*, with his chronic fondness for quarrelling with his well-loved son; the melancholy *Spica*, whose fame in duels made him a *memento mori* wherever he went; even *Astrardente*, the worn-out old dandy, shows at the last certain fine instincts which make us glad of the privilege of having known him. It is doubtful whether any of the novelists who are writing to-day have given the world so many characters whom the average reader remembers with pleasure and recalls years afterward by name.

What place will be ultimately assigned to Mr. Crawford in the history of fiction it is somewhat early to predict. Excepting as a conservative force, it is doubtful whether he has influenced the development of the modern novel in any important degree. Yet few novelists of the present day have been more widely read or have had a more salutary influence in fostering a taste for what is clean and pure and high-minded in literature and in life. He occupies a position somewhat apart from the general trend of fiction, and for that reason is somewhat difficult to class. Almost any comparison that one ventures to make is sure to strike a majority of readers as odd and unjustified. Recently one of the English reviews spoke of him as approaching most nearly to Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, a curious partnership, which the writer

wisely did not try to justify. In purpose and ideals, as well as in the uniformly readable quality of his books, he suggests a certain kinship with the late William Black, yet of the two Mr. Crawford is undeniably the finer artist, as well as the better story-teller, with a far better chance of being remembered by a later

generation. And whatever position is ultimately assigned to him, one thing is certain: that the general tendency of academic criticism will be to do him ampler justice and concede to him a higher meed of praise than he has hitherto received.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE FINAL TOUCH*

ALTHOUGH the George Sand and Alfred de Musset bibliography has long reached the proportions of an entire literature, a collection of their letters recently published now gives the final touch, makes the last astounding revelation in the history of this affair, which has already been presented from such varying angles of sympathy.

After *Elle et Lui, Lui et Elle*, the first *Lettre d'Un Voyageur*, the *Confession d'Un Enfant du Siècle*, after allusions without number in contemporary memoirs, after *his* poems, *her* novels, a less rich subject might well have been exhausted. Never, except in *Clarissa Harlowe* (not even in *The Ring and the Book* or the *Wagner* and *Wesendonck* letters) have so diverse points of view been brought to bear upon any episode of passion. Nevertheless, nothing that has come before begins to compare in interest with this latest publication. Instead of being—as one expects in the case of documents long withheld—a meagre aftermath from a closely gleaned field, these letters contain the very kernel, the heart of the whole affair, all that could be learned if *he* and *she* were to come back from Parnassus in a mood of amazing frankness.

*Correspondance de George Sand et D'Alfred de Musset. Publiée intégralement pour la première fois d'après les documents originaux. Par Félix Décori. Avec dessins d'Alfred de Musset. Bruxelles: E. Déman, Libraire-Editeur, 1904.

And remember that this is real! This is not Dante rhapsodising over a vision, but the intimate record of the crisis between two creatures of genius. This slender volume holds the outpouring of two great masters of language at the most emotional period of their entire lives. In these very words they addressed each other. These are their doubts, their efforts to win a living basis, a plane upon which they may enjoy one another without the friction inevitable from their opposing natures. They even overstep the possible limits of human candour, but with such searching, relentless analysis, such gemlike beauty of utterance, that, merely as literature, the collection possesses the imperishable freshness of a classic. Beyond this, it is the tangible presentment of such hidden throes as ordinary people seldom experience, never by any chance are competent to express.

The manuscripts were left by George Sand in safe hands, not to be printed till a decorous time after her death. Their authenticity is satisfactorily guaranteed.

In the first short note Alfred merely sends her a copy of verses inspired by reading *Indiana*, with a few lines ending, "Believe, madame, the assurance of my respect." From the date (June, 1833), it must have been written soon after that famous dinner given to the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, at the Frères Provinciaux, where the two first met—he, a fashionable youth, a cross between Byron's Don Juan and an archangel; she, a mature woman living apart from her husband and already supporting two babies by her pen. In the *Histoire de ma*



ALFRED DE MUSSET

Drawn by himself

Vie she has charmingly described that delightful time when considerations of economy and convenience induced her to study Paris in the guise of a *petit étudiant*, wearing frock coat, trousers and woollen scarf rather than the proper and hampering female costume of the thirties. It is curious to speculate how far her attitude toward life might, after all, have been modified had she lived three-quarters of a century later, in the era of thick boots and tailor-made skirts!

His letters go on peacefully enough, distinguished and simple, quite free from pose or youthful display. He mentions trivial matters, makes half-jesting allusions of a sentimental trend, but only

such as a poet of three and twenty might naturally address to a muse some seven years his senior. He speaks of reading *Lélia*, then tentatively hints at more definite love making, not serious, yet at once striking the key of all their future troubles. "... You can only give a moral kind of affection" (so early in the game one hesitates to translate his *amour* too literally), "which I cannot return; ... but I can be, if you deem me worthy, not even your friend—that is still too moral for me—but a kind of comrade, with no rights, ... consequently without jealousy. ...". Without jealousy! Poor lad! His comradeship soon proves of the frailest!

The tenth letter is in a tone of easy good-fellowship. In the eleventh he comes out roundly with the fact that he is desperately in love with her. He is, or feigns to be, a trifle uncertain how she will receive this.

At letter twelve the pair have already travelled far afield, far enough to have accumulated a store of tender and melancholy reminiscences. He writes an obviously insincere farewell. She will go to Italy; everything is over between them.

Then comes a break of many weeks, because of his accompanying her to Italy.

This pause covers the period of their journey, the episode of his illness and Pagello's entrance upon the stage, and those scenes of mingled adoration and distrust which he so openly describes in the *Confession*.

In the next letter, written in Venice on the eve of his departure, he keeps to a tone of lofty and impersonal kindness: ". . . and he who has not known how to honour you when you were his, will still be able to see clearly through his tears and honour you in his heart. . . ." This, of course, follows that official transfer-



GEORGE SAND WITH PIPE

Drawn by Alfred de Musset

rence of her affection to Doctor Pagello, of which such different accounts are given in *Lui et Elle* and *Elle et Lui*—different in point of view, but completely in accord as far as Pagello's relation to her, the divergence being merely a matter of dates!

Following this, she writes describing her expedition to Vicenza with Pagello, a sentimental pilgrimage to the inn where Alfred had slept on his homeward journey. She is full of affection, of maternal care for his health, and ends with the bewildering statement that Pagello sheds as many tears as she over their young friend's departure!

His answer, from Geneva, cannot be paraphrased. After a few insignificant details of travel, he bursts forth, "*Je t'aime encore, d'amour, George. . .*" He interrupts himself to describe a shopping expedition and breaks off to deride his own reflection in a mirror. "*That the man you wished to love!*" He deplores his own youth and instability, he chafes inexpressibly at their inequality of age and resents it upon her with the bitterness of pain. "*Pauvre, George. You were deceived. You thought yourself my mistress; you were only my mother!*" The letter closes with an avowal of friendship for her—and Pagello!

As the correspondence goes on a distressing situation develops. Fundamentally, the trouble arises from three causes—the difference of age, the fact that two people of real genius furnish too much excitement even for an irregular *ménage*, and from a fantastic reversal of the usual position between man and woman. In spite of her continual assumption of the rôle of mother toward him, she eternally remains the more manly of the two. He forever displays a feminine singleness of mind. His passions dominate him. Whatever their ultimate effect upon his writing, the immediate result was to shut him up within himself ("nailed up in a coffin," as he says), apparently without power to write, to occupy himself with outside matters or have a thought beyond the tormenting circle of questions as to the nature of their mutual affection.

She, on the other hand, had already

become a trained, industrious bread winner, meeting responsibility fully, in an eccentric fashion, perhaps, but undeniably meeting it. No matter how intense her preoccupation with him, she is still able to pay attention to the general conduct of her life.

Throughout the entire correspondence it is impossible to decide whether she is trying to force her passion into a maternal direction in spite of herself, on account of his youth, or whether she endures a degree of passion quite foreign to her nature for the sake of an otherwise unattainable stimulus and intellectual excitement. She even tries to persuade herself and him that their relation may be capable of readjustment:

I feel that all our lives we shall love each other with our hearts and intelligences, that we shall try by an elevated (*sainte*) affection mutually to cure each other of the pain we have suffered each for the other's sake. *Hélas, non!* We have not been to blame; we fulfilled our destiny, and our characters, more violent, more difficult than those of other people, prevented our settling down to the existence of ordinary lovers. But we may be sure that we were born to know and love. Except for your youth and the weakness I felt one morning for your tears, we should have continued like brother and sister.

Here, and on many subsequent occasions, she is convinced that they have finally weathered the storm and reached quiet waters. He frequently comes to the same conclusion; then a word, a souvenir of some moment, and the passion breaks out afresh.

Part of the enchantment of the whole situation comes from its uncertainty. Is she curbing or spurring her emotions? Is she using Pagello as a desperate remedy, as an insurmountable barrier between her and Alfred, or does she really seek contentment in the comfortable repose of her easy-going Italian? These questions remain unsolved, but every letter emphasises her masculine attitude toward life and work. Alfred can think of nothing but themselves. She talks of her children, sends him upon various small commissions—to buy shoes and gloves, to take Maurice for an airing, to

jog Buloz's memory about sending her remittances. She gives a cheerful account of her daily life, tells of a pet starling—"the most insolent, cowardly, impish creature, the greediest, the most extravagant; . . . he drinks ink, he eats the lighted tobacco out of my pipe. The smoke pleases him immensely, and all the time I smoke, he perches upon the pipe-stem and bends amourosly over the hot bowl."

He answers that he has made a good bargain for her with Buloz, that he has been ill, that he reached Paris with the full intention of diverting himself, of plunging in recklessly. Everything falls flat upon his palate. He goes to her empty apartment. "It is not a mistress that I lack. It is my comrade George."

Her answer is full of recommendations about his health. "I beg you, on my knees, no wine, no women! *It is too soon!*"—the italics are not hers. Her advice to him can better be read than translated. Then, after the custom of poets, who, as Warrington remarked to Pendennis, seldom fail to extract solid profit from any emotional experience, she sends him the first *Lettre d'un Voyageur*, the one describing her solitary walking trip, and throwing such a queer sidelight on her attitude toward *ce bon Pagello*.

She begs Alfred to burn this production if he finds it indiscreet; or if he sees fit, after a little editing, to offer it to Buloz for the *Revue*. She gives a picture of their household in Venice—Pierre Pagello, his brother Roberto, herself and Gulia Puppatti (a natural sister of the Pagellos) and the starling, a peaceful company, occasionally disturbed by the violent inroads of l'Arpalice, a lady with whom Pierre had imperfectly severed relations. One of l'Arpalice's visits is marked by a *vacarme épouvantable*, by damage to the doctor's person and raiment, and threats of vengeance upon George Sand, who narrates the whole with a touch of tranquil drollery: "It's not my fault if Pagello can't stand her any longer; she has done her best to bring this about, and I doubt if any eloquence of mine would repair as grave wrongs as the injury to his hair and his *bel vestito*."

While *she* turns every minute to account, writing *André*, carrying on a curi-

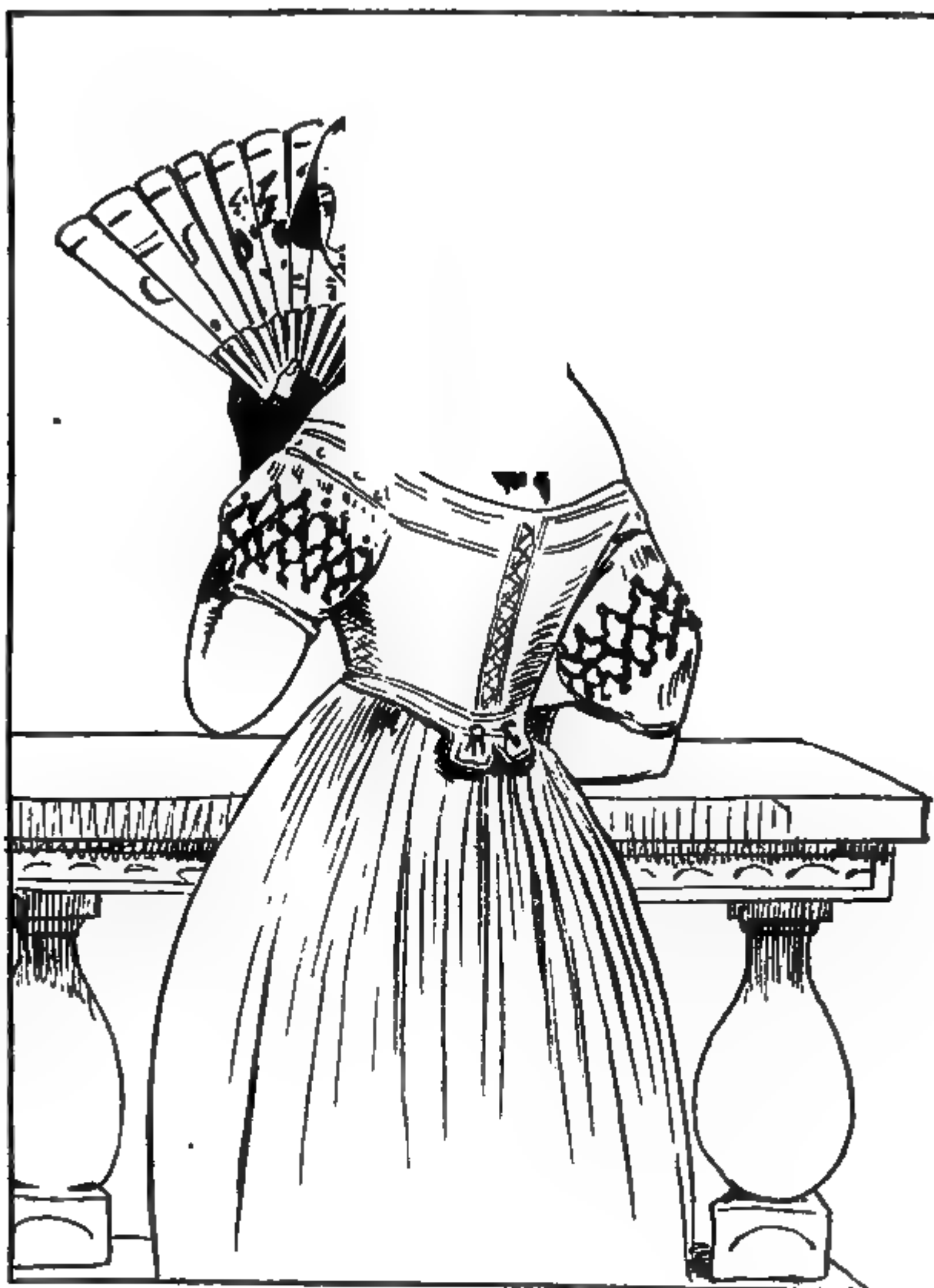
ous but emotionally restful existence, *his* letters show him perfectly incapable of doing anything but live over their past. Time and again he begins with protestations of having at last reached that goal of friendship toward which she constantly urges him, only to end with outbreaks of unquenched passion. He exonerates her from all blame, however, when he declares that in warning him that his hour had come she had fulfilled every obligation toward him. He rejoices in her happiness with Pagello, using an over-emphasis which only proves his jealous misery. Crying, like King George, "*J'aurai des maîtresses!*" he harrows himself by pilgrimages to her dismantled apartment, Quais Malaquais, breaking out with snatches of charming playfulness, "I, too, will buy a starling, *et parbleu!* he will be good enough to eat ink, too, whether he likes it or no. . . ." Alfred, too, will embody their story in a *roman*, but as a matter of fact he only writes a few verses.

Again she answers on a level of good, solid comradeship. As before, her poise and control only bring an explosion. "You tell me to be calm," he cries, "and it is you—you who have just opened my veins—you tell me to staunch my blood."

Her reply deals with the mischievous offices of friends, who have circulated rumours, who have tried to make trouble between them. Suddenly she exclaims, with unmistakable sincerity, "Why can't I live between you two (Alfred and Pagello) . . . *sans appartenir ni à l'un ni à l'autre?*"

Here the images grow mixed, till the thread is almost lost, as to which is to be father, mother or son in the ideal combination she can imagine but not carry out. She extols Pagello's simple virtues. Not having money for a bouquet, *ce bon Pierre* gets up at dawn and walks two leagues to gather flowers for her. Could she really have imagined that this engaging trait would be soothing to Alfred? Is she trying to convince herself? Is she experimenting? And then, strangest of all, Pagello writes to him, beginning with a flourish of magnificent sentiment, ending with warning against champagne!

Alfred's answer to this is the graceful note he might have sent any acquaintance.



GEORGE SAND

By Alfred de Musset

Evidently the impossible position galled him humanly, notwithstanding his word to the contrary. "Never, I promise," he assures Pierre, "never again will I drink that accursed beverage . . . without seriously reproaching myself."

Again there is a lapse. She has been to Paris; they have met. It is all to begin over, he writes from Baden—the struggle to forget her! His letters grow sadder. Discounting his poetic fluency, there still remains a foundation of suffering, full of

the impulse of youth toward happiness, with a tragic insight which warns him that it will ever prove unattainable. Such a picture of their meeting as he implies! The vibration of his passion sends a thrill which sweeps away every incongruous detail. You forget the absurdity of Pierre Pagello growing exacting and suspicious—Pagello in Paris being slightly provincial and by no means so easy and comfortable in a strange country. You lose sight of everything but the naked

souls of two creatures of genius; you are overcome with the impression of his failure. Friendship! Comradeship! . . . "*J t'aime, ô ma chair et mon sang! Je meurs d'amour . . .*" he cries, flinging aside all pretence of reason or submission. He speaks of the world about him—forests and mountains, the gaieties of Baden. "All this is not life; it is the noise of life."

She accepts the situation. "We must not meet again. What you express is passion, but it is not the lofty enthusiasm of your good moments." Her struggle defines itself. She is seeking to create peace and quiet out of nitroglycerine and quicksilver. The atmosphere becomes so overcharged that even Pagello grows unmanageable and is sent about his business. "Is elevated and trustful love an impossibility? Must I die without ever coming across it?" she complains with the regret of those women who would always choose rather to love exclusively with their heads, and who are destined to suffer from continually arousing passions which they can never entirely satisfy.

She refers to their interview; he has overwhelmed her with reproaches. She reminds him that in Venice he had definitely told her, "George, I was mistaken. I beg your pardon, but I do not love you." Even then he was bored with the company of a tired, ailing woman, therefore, after leaving her of his own free will, by what right does he question her loyalty?

Evidently she dreads a renewal of his power over her, of the disorder his caprice has wrought in her life. The question of loyalty touches her on the quick. She frankly explains her extraordinary code (in much the same words as Lucretia Floriani uses to Prince Karol); she believes in this code and proposes conscientiously to live by it. Nothing could be more consecutive, and it allows for considerable consecutiveness . . . in her gentlemen!

Again they see each other, with the same result. The letters grow tenser and tenser, but nowhere on Alfred's part is there a trace of the bitterness which Paul de Musset later lavishes upon her. He rather blames himself, almost paraphrases

certain passages in the *Confession*, and in her version, *Elle et Lui*.

Finally Sainte-Beuve makes an unsuccessful effort to bring about an understanding, but their separation is inevitable.

"Senza veder," Alfred writes; "et senza parlar, toccar la mano d'un pazzo chi parte domani."

Characteristically, the whole ends with a letter from her about the safe-keeping of their entire correspondence!

No description, no quotations can give the faintest idea of this extraordinary picture of their lives. It is as if their actual voices spoke, not always clearly, but with a freshness which leaves you with the sense of having been present, or at least in the next room, during the very scenes to which they allude. The woman stands out, tender, solicitous, full of an exquisite outward femininity, with a man's will and purpose, but longing for peaceful enjoyment of her poet. At heart, unwilling to relinquish him, and small wonder! It is not every day that Alfred de Musset waits, even at the door of George Sand! You see her position, a modern creature to her finger tips, born before her time, but too wholesomely great to be out of emotional sympathy with her own era. Consequently she suffers from a divided nature, her sense of order and accomplishment forever warring with her desire to taste life to the limit.

The young man, on the other hand, is given over to emotional excess. Stimulated by her intellect, delighting in her companionship, he nevertheless pushes his demands into a region where she is reluctantly willing but temperamentally incapable of meeting them. To satisfy him she must needs have been both herself, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, with the faithfulness of Penelope, and even then, who can say?

Nevertheless, whatever she may have suffered, it is impossible not to believe that, vulgarly speaking, it paid! Particularly since, with all her eccentricity of conduct, she was at no time in the least a *detraquée*. Throughout the whole nine months of their affair she was busy not only with Alfred and Pagello, but writing *André*, the *Voyageur*, and carrying on an active correspondence with her

family and friends. Oddly guarded letters, some of these, with her finger ready for the sordino if any gentleman should mistake her attitude.

It is a delightful picture, this of her life in Venice, with its description of what Mr. James calls the "Celestial cheapness" of Italy, with its unconcerned mention of Alfred's illness and departure. Certainly she was something of a *sournoise*, to keep up this air of tranquillity, when any courier might bring her one of those letters from him which, even after the lapse of more than seventy years, cannot be read without an irrepressible wave of emotion.

Whatever objections may be urged against making public letters of so sacred and intimate a character, in this case unquestionably it is not only enriching the world by a piece of literature which can

hardly be rated too high, but in a measure effacing the painful impression left by too eager and acrid partisans of either side.

In these last letters, where they speak for themselves, unvexed by interpreters, both *he* and *she* show in the light of two sincere human beings (however strangely organised), whose joys and pains were keener than those of the world at large, and whose mutually inflicted wounds came from the inherent qualities of their natures.

The whole forms a marvellous example of tragic comedy, wherein fate plays the grim jest of joining a young man's appetites to a feminine hypersensitiveness, while in the woman's case an outward semblance of engaging weakness and dependence masks a well-balanced, virile instinct toward justifiable self-preservation.

Mary Moss.

LOVENJOUL AND HIS COLLECTION



DURING the night following August 18, 1850, in that curious house in the Rue Fortunée, near the present Parc Monceaux, which he had prepared for the reception of the Polish widow who, after so many years of eccentric courtship, became his wife, Honoré de Balzac died in his fifty-second year. The news of the death circulated quickly and with unfortunate results. Before the body of the novelist had been removed for burial in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, the house was being literally sacked by a horde of creditors. The widow was driven away to find a temporary home with Balzac's sister, Madame de Surville. Resentment and greed drove the invading creditors to every kind of vandalism. Cabinets and drawers were broken open and their contents scattered to the winds. Huge piles of papers, letters, sketches of new tales, drafts of contemplated books, were flung by armfuls from every window. The work of

pillage was well nigh complete when there appeared on the scene Balzac's Belgium worshipper, the Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul.

Soon it became noised about the quarter that a mad nobleman was willing to pay high prices for scraps of writing from the hand of the eccentric author whose house had been so carelessly despoiled, and there began a systematic rummaging through cellars and dirt heaps. For years De Lovenjoul lived in Paris wandering about the courts and alleys adjacent to Balzac's home. In these years he was able to piece together the foundation of the subsequently great Balzac Museum. Some priceless manuscripts were found in shops, where they were being used for the purpose of wrapping up butter and groceries. One characteristic and very valuable letter was traced to three places, in three pieces, and the first piece was rescued just as it was being twisted up to light a cobbler's pipe. The greed of certain shopkeepers was of invaluable assistance to De Lovenjoul in his search. A grocer ferreted out a

maison, 4985-

maison
à 1500
payé 1500
en 1500

1500 pour la fin des années

fin de mai 21 mil.
1000
700
1000
1285

Le père Goriot

une pension bourgeoise - les deux 21/4 -
d'entrée. Dans le monde - 1000
mort - 1/4 de la fortune - la mort
du père.

an 15 janvier - 900
1000 de la fortune
1500 de la fortune
1500 de la fortune
3285

an 15 janvier - 2235
1500 de la fortune
2200 de la fortune
1000 de la fortune
1000 de la fortune
7935
3000 de la fortune
10935
1000 de la fortune
11535

an 15 janvier - 2235
1500 de la fortune
2200 de la fortune
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an 15 janvier - 2235
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BALZAC'S FIRST DRAFT OF "LE PÈRE GORIOT"

A very curious and characteristic page, indicating the novelist's life and method of work. In the lines in the middle is outlined the plot of the book as it stands. The figures scratched all over the page epitomize Balzac's gigantic efforts to make his income from his pen keep up with his huge debts.

From the collection of the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul

number of Balzac's letters and sold them by the quarter or the eighth of a page in the belief that he could obtain more in this way than by selling a whole letter unmutilated. From Balzac's cook, whose door it took him a two years' siege to force, De Lovenjoul bought seventy

letters. It was in this way that he was able to piece together and to preserve for posterity the famous *Lettres à L'Étrangère*.

This Vicomte Charles de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, who died recently, bequeathing his collection to the Institute of

THE COATS OF ARMS OF THE MORE IMPORTANT ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES OF BALZAC'S "COMÉDIE HUMAINE"

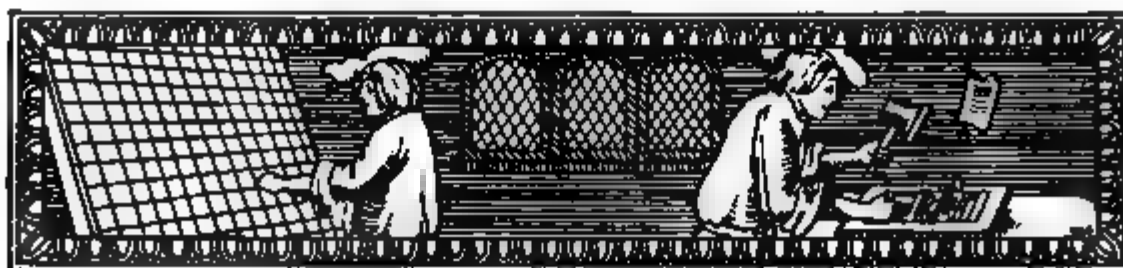
From the collection of the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul

THE LATE VICOMTE CHARLES DE SPOELBERCH DE LOVENJOUL

France, was a wealthy Belgium nobleman, the last of his branch of an ancient family. To the patience of the born collector he brought leisure and a large fortune. His first literary idol was Sainte-Beuve, whose method of critical work he sought to imitate, but with only mediocre success. Later he purchased everything he could find relating to Stendhal, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Prosper Mérimée, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier and George Sand, but finally he devoted himself exclusively to Balzac. With the exception of *Eugène Grandet*,

he had in his possession the manuscripts of practically every one of Balzac's published novels, and in addition he owned much material which threw light on that period of Balzac's life, between the ages of twenty and thirty, when he produced a vast number of stories of unquestioned inferiority. He never gave up hope of adding the manuscript of *Eugène Grandet* to the collection. He knew in whose hands it was, and used to say: "The day I know whatever its owners wish for most in the world, it is mine."

L. E. Roussillon.



A HALF-FORGOTTEN ROMANCE

ian twenty years
re was a small,
t hotel at the
st corner of Ir-
lace and Seven-
street; kept by an
German married
oted for its good
tmosphere. Many

well-known Americans and Germans in literary and artistic life made a rendezvous of Werle's, and at the table d'hôte dinner you could always count on meeting entertaining companions. It was one of those houses where at any time before midnight the sounds of pianofortes, violins, violoncellos, even the elegiac flute, might be heard and, invariably, played by skilled professional hands. There was, I recall, a small vine-covered entrance, on the steps of which we sat listening to some passionately played Chopin Ballade, or to string music made across the street.

For several weeks I had been a frequenter of the place, when the mistress of the establishment told me that the Red Countess would be at one of the dinner tables. Later I saw sitting near the centre of the dining-room, which was in the basement, a large, rather heavy woman, with red hair of the rich hue called Titian by æsthetic hairdressers and ardent reporters. Her face was too fleshy for beauty, but the brows and the intense expression of the eyes made up for any lineal deficiency. She must have been in the forties, and the contours of her finely moulded head, her aristocratic bearing and the air of one accustomed to command attracted my attention. This lady spoke four or five languages and was the very hub of the company. Finally, after watching her and listening to her very musical voice, often disturbed by ironic intonations, I asked a friend her name.

"The Red Countess, otherwise the Golden Serpent, otherwise Countess Shevitch, otherwise the Princess Racowitza, otherwise Helena von——"

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Is this the heroine of Meredith's novel, *The Tragic Comedians*?"

"The same," was the answer, for my

companion read English, even the English of Meredith, an unusual feat for a German two decades ago. The moment was hardly historic for me, but it sent me back to Meredith and to his exasperating, clever story. After the tragic death of Ferdinand Lassalle, Helena von Doenniges married Prince Yanko Racowitza, and some time after his death the widow married a Russian of birth, Count Shevitch, a political agitator, and with him came to New York. The Russian Government had expropriated the estates of her husband, and as they were active nihilists, or anarchists, or any one of the names invented for the public so as to discredit the war for liberty, the Shevitchs had to make their living, the Count in journalism for the propaganda, the Countess as a writer. I barely recall a volume of short stories, I think entitled *Rags*, signed with her name, the theme of which was devoted to proletarian life on the East Side, a theme that is thrice familiar now, but in those days had the merits of novelty. Gorky has since taught us how the submerged tenth lives and rots and dies. Soon after I encountered her, the Countess Shevitch with her husband returned to Europe, and the Count recovering possession of his proscribed lands, the pair settled in Munich, where their home to-day is a magnet for the literary, musical and artistic elements of that delightful city on the green river Isar.

If you have read Meredith's vivid but one-sided book you will not need to be told that its "Tragic Comedians," "Clotilde von Rüdiger" and "Sigismund Alvan," are masks for the high-born Helena von Doenniges, daughter of General von Doenniges, Bavarian ambassador to Switzerland—it was before the consolidation of the German Empire—and the celebrated agitator, brilliant writer, so-called father of German Socialism, Ferdinand Lassalle. Mr. Meredith told the story in his own crackling, incendiary style, after the appearance of Helena's book—veritable confessions of her relations with Lassalle. She was a Christian, educated in a Hebrew-hating house (though it was whispered that on her

maternal side a trace of Oriental blood was not to be denied), and Lassalle was the fine flower of the Jewish-German; a thinker, a born leader, and one of the handsomest men of his day in the Oriental style, the style of which Meredith writes: "The noble Jew is grave in age, but in his youth he is the arrow to the bow of his fiery eastern blood, and in his manhood he is . . . a figure of easy and superb preponderance, whose fire has mounted to inspirit and be tempered by the intellect." It was the love romance,

now a half-forgotten one, that set all Europe gossiping, wondering and, finally, sent it into semi-hysterics, as the affair turned into a tragedy, for which the woman was universally condemned.

The main events in this lamentable case are not so simple as they appeared in the published reports of the time, 1864; nor as distorted as they stand in Meredith's account. It must be kept in view that the chief cause of the Von Doenniges contempt for Lassalle was not alone because of his Jewish ancestry—he was known to be a free-thinker; nor was his connection

with the German-Democratic party an absolute bar to his hopes of an alliance with Helena—was not Lassalle on intimate terms with Bismarck? Had not Bismarck jokingly remarked that if Lassalle seriously entered the political arena, he, Bismarck, would put up the shutters of his shop? (There was a grim nuance to this joke, as some remember Bismarck's curious behaviour at the news of Lassalle's sudden death.) Did not Lassalle persuade Bismarck not to impose a property qualification for the electoral franchise in the Reichstag? No, Lassalle

was far from being a negligible suitor; his father was rich, he had been given a liberal education, he was considered one of the most learned jurists and abnormally brilliant pleaders at the contemporary bar, the one hope of the social Democracy—why should the Von Doenniges have objected to such a union? They occupied the best of social positions in Munich, though they were not extremely wealthy. Helena had in her own right 70,000 thalers. But her parents were narrow, prejudiced, with old-fashioned

notions about manners and morals. They were strict Protestants. And it is here the shoe pinched. Ferdinand Lassalle was called one of the most dissolute men in Germany. That he found time to gamble, drink, and pursue the never too elusive siren and also work fifteen hours a day, like the intellectual giant he was, must be set down to the prevalence of the legendary in the lives of public men. If Liszt had led the existence he was accredited with he would not have composed all the music he did; not to speak of his pianoforte performances.

It may be said without further discussion that Lassalle was neither a great saint nor a prodigious sinner. And being fluent of tongue, always on view, and the participator in a half dozen scandals, he was credited by his enemies—and he had, luckily for him, a legion—with leading a loose life. Which is manifestly impossible. Yet the Von Doenniges were only too glad to believe the talk, and as there was one ugly spot in Lassalle's career, they invariably pointed it out to the exclusion of his indisputable record for ac-

HELENE VON SHEVITCH. BORN VON DOENNIGES

After the painting by Franz von Lenbach

complishing remarkable things. A reckless man in speech and bearing, Lassalle was named by some of his co-religionists, *Chutzpe*, i. e., a daring, impertinent fellow.

He was born at Breslau, April 11th, 1825. After a stormy youth he entered the legal profession and astonished everyone by his knowledge of Roman laws and Hegelian philosophy. *Heracitus the Dark* was the thesis of one of his books; *Franz von Sickingen* the name of his only drama. He became a fighting socialist, absorbing, it is asserted, most of his socialistic learning from Karl Marx and Ricardo. He was called "The Social Luther," and though opposed to duelling—he refused many challenges—he was a dead shot and a dangerous swordsman. Lassalle was the first president of the General Workingman's Club. His fighting motto was: "State support for co-operative production." He was not in sympathy with "passive resistance" as a weapon against the government. A fallacy, he cried: "Passive resistance is the resistance which does not resist." It might be easy to maintain that Lassalle, if he had lived and not married into the philistine Munich family, might have drifted into the ranks of the militant anarchists. That he would have broken with Marx is almost a certainty. The blood ran too hotly in his veins to long endure the opportunism of his cooler-headed colleague. Possibly Bakounine—Richard Wagner's associate in the Dresden insurrection of 1848—would have charmed the younger man; there were 70,000 Bakounistes in Spain alone in 1873. And would Lassalle have espoused Marx's side in the polemical duel at Geneva between Bakounine and Marx, Marx, who had contemptuously called Proudhon's philosophy of want, "a want of philosophy"? Germany has never been the home of anarchy; socialism has always outnumbered its adherents. Marx, with his international-social democracy, was pinching Lassalle's national ideal, and though Bismarck was flattering the youthful agitator by adopting some of his ideas, Lassalle was in reality dissatisfied. Either Bakounine or Prince Krapotkin might have won him over. His ambition was insatiable. He did not believe in a

divided throne. He was romantic, and romanticism is one parent of philosophic anarchism, though Flaubert wittily called the god of the Romantics an upholsterer. But Russian revolutionists had not made their appearance on the map of European unrest before Lassalle died.

He was a powerfully built man, five feet six inches in height, with a broad, deep chest. Brown-haired and blue-eyed, he was vain of his appearance, dressing in dandy fashion and always carrying the gold-headed cane of Robespierre, which was presented to him by the novelist Förster; temperamentally, Lassalle recalled Mirabeau. In 1841 Heinrich Heine met him in Paris and admired him exceedingly. He said of him: "Ferdinand Lassalle is a young man of the most distinguished gifts of mind; with the profoundest learning, the widest knowledge, the greatest acuteness—uniting with the ardent gifts of exposition and energy of will with a hability in action which are astounding." He furthermore addressed him as "the son of the new Time." To the gaze of the sickly poet, Lassalle was the one man destined to lead his beloved people forth from the wilderness to the promised land;—"people" in Heine's sense, being all the poor and oppressed of this world, not merely his tribal forbears. Unhappily, Lassalle failed to realise the golden dreams of the German prophet.

A few years later he became immersed in the legal affairs of Countess Hatzfeldt, who, desiring to sever her marriage with a gay husband, employed the young lawyer with the eloquent tongue. If Helena von Doenniges was his fate, so was this Hatzfeldt woman, who stood by him in all his troubles, always playing the friend—some deny she was anything else—and giving him an annuity of 7,000 thalers for winning the case against her husband, that gave her a share in large landed estates. But there was a disagreeable occurrence during the progress of the trial. Count Hatzfeldt presented a certain feminine acquaintance of his with an annuity bond of £1,000 value. Lassalle, they say, instigated the pursuit of both bond and lady and secured the former for the Countess. His companions in the undertaking were arrested, indicted, condemned to prison. Ferdi-

nand escaped only after a trial in Cologne, in 1848, and because of his irresistible address in the court room. Nevertheless the story of the stolen *cassette* stuck to him, and coupled with the fact that he had been imprisoned six months for participation in the socialist riots at Dusseldorf in 1846, his reputation was too much for the Von Doenniges. Wagner disliked him; some say he was jealous of his personal success. Von Bülow, the pianoforte virtuoso, admired him, though Lassalle offended him when he declared that Cosima von Bülow was a blue-stocking. "Citizen of the world," as he delighted to call himself, Lassalle was at the height of his powers, intellectual and physical, when he was introduced to Helena von Doenniges.

This must have been some time in January, 1862. They had heard of each other from mutual friends: he of her beauty, she of his brilliancy and witty insolence. She was very beautiful; a gold-crested serpent and golden fox Lassalle had christened her. A glance at her portrait painted by Von Lenbach shows us a girl of the Mrs. Scott-Siddons type; poetic, emotional, impulsive, weak—very weak—as to will, altogether a young woman spoiled by a doting grandmother, a *schwärmer*, and of a rebellious, warm-blooded temperament. Just because Lassalle was abused at home for a Jew, a demagogue and a man who was said to live on the bounty of a titled woman—the latter was a false assertion—just because of these well-nigh inscrutable barriers, the capricious young person fell in love with him; while he, desirous of settling in life and not blandly indifferent to the social flesh-pots of the proud Munich family, assumed the attitude of the accepted conqueror. Mr. Meredith gives an electric presentment of the first meeting; but for a more sober, more truthful rendering of the same incident, it is better to go to Helena von Doenniges-Shevitch herself. She published in Breslau, 1879, a little volume entitled *Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle* (My Relations with Ferdinand Lassalle). It is said that when a woman writes her confession she is never further from the truth. Heine once made a wicked jest about women who write with

one eye on the paper, the other on a man; adding that the Countess Hahn-Hahn must alone be excepted because she was one-eyed! There are many *lacunæ* in this confession of an unhappy woman, yet the impression of sincerity is unmistakable; too much so for Mr. Meredith, who was in search of a human document over which he could play his staccato wit and the sheet-lightnings of his irony.

We learn from Helena that she was no novice at flirtation and that, like many girls of high spirit, she refused to be auctioned off to the highest bidder by her worldly parents. She resolved to marry Lassalle. There were cries of indignation. She was sent to Switzerland, but at the Righi she contrived to meet Lassalle. Contemporaneous with her passion for him, she permitted the amiable attentions of a young Wallachian prince, Von Racowitza, a Danube osier with Indian-idol eyes, as Meredith calls him. This prince, affectionate, good-hearted, rich, was the choice of Helena's parents. She told him that she loved Lassalle and that she intended to marry him. The prince concurred in her plans. He was a nice youth and as pliant as a reed. Finally, at Geneva, in the summer of 1864, seeing that she would be sequestered by her father, she left his roof and went to Lassalle's hotel, accompanied by her faithful servant, Marie-Thérèse—a venal wretch, as she found out later.

Then Lassalle assumed his most operatic attitude. Elopement? Never! Either you come to me, a gift from your father's hands—! You may guess the pose of the fiery orator. Bewildered, the girl could not understand that the man feared the loss of political prestige if he carried off the daughter of a prominent government official. So he procrastinated—those whom the gods hate they make put off the things of to-day until to-morrow. Proudly—for Lassalle's pride was veritably satanic—he returned Helena to a family friend—she refused to go home—and her parents were summoned. There was a painful interview between the mother and Lassalle—Helena in the background—one that would make a magnificent fourth act for an ambitious dramatist. Meredith puts epigrams in the mouths of these disturbed people that

is so much sawdust—do not all his people talk as brilliantly and as inhumanly, from Father Feverel to the comedians of the *Amazing Marriage*? This page is a darker one in the Confessions. The angry

mother used outrageous language; Lassalle kept his temper and went away decidedly the hero of the occasion. Alas! he also left Helena to the tender mercies of two enraged parents. The General

entered cursing and actually dragged his daughter by the hair through the dark avenues to her home. Locked up, without the slightest hope of reaching Lassalle—she was told that he had immediately left the city—threatened with severer personal abuse, for General von Doenniges was an old-style Teutonic father, the wretched girl lost all hope. Daily was she upbraided by her parents, by her sister and brother. The sister's engagement had been just announced to a member of some old family; so old that it was dusty. The brother played on her feelings with his tears. He would lose caste if his sister married a Hebrew. (He didn't say "Hebrew," but something opprobrious, patterning after his father.) In a word, the entire family battery was trained on her, and as she despaired of Lassalle—she was assured by forged proofs that he was glad to get rid of her—and was sick in body as well as soul, she capitulated. She promised not to see him. What she didn't know was that Lassalle was raising heaven and earth to get at her; that he had appealed to Church, State, to the Court itself; that he had recruited a regiment of friends, and, finally, that he had bribed the unspeakable Thérèse, Helena's maid, with 180 francs to carry a letter, planning an escape, to her mistress. Thérèse took the letter to the General and was given 20 francs, thus selling the poor girl for \$40. Police guarded the house. Negotiations were forced on Von Doenniges by the now aroused Lassalle, who realised what a mistake he made when he had juggled with fortune, no matter what his exalted motives.

But the blind bow-god had shot his last arrow, a spent one, and Mars entered as Cupid fled. Lassalle, at bay and furious after Helena had been forced to declare in the presence of his two friends—false ones she declares—that she would not see him, sent a challenge, accompanied by an insulting message, to the General. One day Von Racowitza entered and bade her good-bye. He was going to fight Lassalle instead of her father, who was too old and feeble. She was incredulous. Lassalle in a duel! Impossible! And he a dead shot—unhappy boy! The next day he returned, pale, fearful. She was

aghast. Lassalle wounded! A falsehood! Yet so he was, and fatally. Three days later, August 31, 1864, the hope of Heinrich Heine, the hope of young Germany, died in agony of peritonitis, an agony that opium could not mitigate. At his deathbed was Countess Hatzfeldt. It is said he died repenting his crazy actions. His funeral was followed by thousands. Torchlight processions moved through Germany. He was a dead god, a hero translated to the clouds. Many believed that he had been crucified because of his love for the people. A bullet, fired from the pistol of a novice, had snuffed out the life of a man who was the most commanding figure in Germany at the time. He had been denounced as a brilliant charlatan. He was much more, though perhaps partially deserving that appellation. However, a man whom Bismarck feared and respected was something more than a brilliant firebrand.

And now our credulity must be strained. Six months after Lassalle's interment, Helena von Doenniges, hating her parents, at war with the world and herself, turned to the only friend she had in all Germany—Yanko von Racowitza. He was half dying. The shock of events had been too much for his frail, sensitive nature. In pity and as a terrible penance Helena outraged the world by marrying the slayer of her lover. Five months later she buried him. What hell this woman traversed during her earthly pilgrimage not even her book reveals. She admits her weak will; she was between the devil and the deep sea—her parents and Lassalle. She was young, trusting, without an adviser. Her father was brutal, the flesh weak. She asks us to remember "*que tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*" But no one has pardoned her, least of all George Meredith, who in his most merciless manner has attempted to serve his readers with much shallow psychology for "those acrobats of the affections" as Helena and Ferdinand have been called. Meredith depicts Clotilde as the "imperishable type of that feminine cowardice" to which he says all women are trained. This may be true of the characters in the book, not of Helena. Young women who are imprisoned and stuffed with lies about their lover are not

cowardly if they weaken, especially after the shocking experience Helena had undergone with Lassalle. She had, brave as she was, put all to the test and had lost. Is it any wonder that her nerves played her false when the man—as she thought—had deserted her? At least she cannot be compared with the lady in Browning's "Statue and the Bust." Helena greatly dared.

As to her marriage, it was both an expiation, a charitable act to Racowitza, a defiance to the world and also a cruel self-laceration. And there was possibly another, a more subtle reason than any of these. Flaubert at the close of *Madame Bovary* shows us Charles Bovary almost happy to talk about his Emma with her former lover, Rodolf. Racowitza was the one person on earth to whom Helena could talk of Lassalle. Possibly her reminiscences hastened the poor lad's death. And young women don't kill themselves for love; that notion is the invention of conceited males or romantic feminine novelists. To live and to suffer was more difficult for the woman than to evade the consequences of her weakness

by sliding out of existence. She was a martyr, no longer a weakling, after her marriage. She has been banned by all the sentimentalists; whereas, if she had run away, as did Cosima Liszt-von Bülow, with a great composer (poor Von Bülow, who sacrificed himself to his wife and to his friend, Richard Wagner, is always left in the cold by these same sentimental folk), then Helena von Doenniges might have been called a heroine. Nothing succeeds like bathos. She should be pitied, not censured. And behind all this really tragic romance (not a tragic comedy) was something the English novelist forgot—the mating of a young man with a young woman; which is, whether we subscribe to Schopenhauer's view or not, the most significant fact in the life of our planet. The world was well lost for love by Lassalle; for Helena von Doenniges nothing remained but the mastication of dead sea fruit. When we understand, we sympathise. The clash of these two widely opposing characters is to be pitied. All that lives should be pitied.

James Huneker.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SHAKESPEARE



THAT conversation about pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses which bewildered the good Vicar's household has been repeated many times by critics of all degrees; and their remarks have occasionally, at least, justified an echo of Sir William Thornhill's uncomplimentary expletive. They have refused to take the greatest of our dramatists literally, to believe that he is capable of saying a plain thing in a plain way, to accept him as they accept other dramatists, to admit that his first object was to make himself understood by his audiences. Even some of the most appreciative among them have considered his work too much as literature and not enough as drama. This is the chief fault in Professor Raleigh's contribution to the English Men of Letters series, which has waited long and, as it turns out, wisely for the addition of Shakespeare* to the list. Professor Raleigh has many qualifications for the task. His acquaintance with the man and the time is intimate; his enthusiasm is held in check by his judgment; he has no axe to grind in the shape of a new theory; his style is brilliant and incisive; he has the invaluable gifts of sympathy and imagination. But the Shakespeare whom he gives us is the Shakespeare of literature, not the Shakespeare of the stage. It is not necessary here to indulge in any fine-spun speculations upon the precise relations between these two aspects of Shakespeare's work. The point is that his position as the greatest figure in our literature is incidental to his position as the greatest figure in our drama. He wrote for the stage; he apparently cared nothing for the publication of his plays; and his work must be judged primarily with regard to the conditions under which it was produced.

To say this is not to say that the dramatic value of this work is the only con-

*Shakespeare. English Men of Letters. By Walter Raleigh. New York: The Macmillan Company.

sideration. Every dramatist, in a sense, writes "over the heads" of his audiences. And the profounder his knowledge of human nature is, the more he uses the symbol of the obvious as the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual thought. Thus while he conveys to the hearer an instantaneous impression—and by the very terms of his art it must be instantaneous to be effective—he may conceivably have reserves of significance which only further familiarity can exhaust. We get, so to say, what the play denotes at the first hearing; what it connotes is a subject for future study. If its interest is so superficial that there is nothing left after one hearing it does not belong to literature, whatever its merits as a stage production may be. But the instantaneous impression is in any case essential. If the dramatist has not made us see what his play denotes he is no master of his art. Those who talk of Shakespeare's plays as "closet dramas" praise him as a poet at the expense of his reputation as a dramatist. As a matter of fact, one of the most marked excellences of Shakespeare is the supremely felicitous perfection of his technique. And it is the technique, not of the "closet," but of the stage, so that to prefer reading Shakespeare to seeing him acted is to lose half his charm. There is a curious illustration of the weakness of the "closet" theory in Professor Raleigh's remark that King Claudius in *Hamlet* is "little better than a man of straw." Doubtless many bad actors have tried to make him such. Yet the theatrical value of the part is plain. Again, take the opening scene of the same drama. There is no finer example of Shakespeare's command of all the resources of his art, but the mere reader hardly grasps its full significance.

All the known facts of Shakespeare's life go to show that he was a dramatist first and foremost. A large part of his mature years was spent upon the stage; he was an actor as well as an author. He began writing in the most practical way, by rewriting or touching up old plays, and his earlier work was clearly experi-

mental. He taught himself technique as he went along; note, for instance, the difference in handling between *Love's Labour's Lost* and *As You Like It*. Professor Raleigh has much to say that is of value upon these points. But one can hardly help feeling that he is hampered by his "closet" theory, and that he lacks the knowledge of and sympathy with stage conditions which would have enabled him to do fuller justice to Shakespeare's transcendent capacity as a technician. It is true, of course, that this first of dramatists has been sorely mutilated by modern managers who thought they could teach him his business. If the Elizabethan stage was less bare of resources than some writers would have us believe, it was still far removed from the luxury which is the dominant note of contemporary "productions." The audience contributed an alert imagination and a ready intelligence, and the spoken word made the first appeal. Now stage technique in any real sense is not a matter of upholstery. A certain colour in the background undeniably adds to the theatrical effectiveness of a scene; but to the great dramatist this is incidental, not essential; and the Shakespearian mastery of all the details of technique can be perfectly appreciated without it. This is more or less true of any dramatist whose work rises beyond mere *ad captandum* trickery. Mr. Pinero's fine play, *His House in Order*, could be enjoyed within the compass of bare walls and half a dozen chairs. But who would think of calling Mr. Belasco a dramatist in such circumstances? If, however, the modern manager aims to "produce" Shakespeare rather than to play him, it is none the less true that an eye for stage effect was not the least of Shakespeare's gifts, and that when we look at his work through any other medium than that for which it was created we get but a pale reflection of his design.

The truth about Shakespeare is that he was a dramatist with all the graces of popularity which the dramatists of to-day, from Mr. Theodore Kremer up, cultivate; that he endeavoured to please audiences, and so far succeeded that even early in his career he was the object of bitter jealousy; that he wrote to make money and did make it, retiring to lead

the life of a country gentleman in his native town; that when he wrote he was not concerned with poetry or philosophy, but with presenting a segment of human life in the most vivid fashion he could command. The poetry and the philosophy are there, and they are matters of legitimate concern; but to put them first, to argue that our appreciation of these is the main thing, is to misapprehend entirely the scope of his genius. This is what Professor Raleigh has done, and in doing so he has interposed an obstacle to our comprehension which his acute study of the plays from the literary point of view does not remove. Yet it would be ungrateful not to admit that, within such limitations, he has nevertheless given us a volume which repays careful reading and helps toward a comprehension of Shakespeare's mind, if not of his art.

It has been said that less than justice is usually done to the resources of the Elizabethan stage. This fact is admirably brought out by Professor Baker, in his careful account of *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*.* Indeed, his book may well be read in conjunction with Professor Raleigh's, as supplying precisely the information which is lacking in that. Professor Baker has studied his subject thoroughly, as his citations of authorities show, and his conclusions, in the main, do not seem to be open to doubt. He believes that there was opportunity in Shakespeare's day for no little scenic effect. We know that very elaborate performances were given at Court, with curtains and apparently perspective scenery. Inigo Jones, the foremost architect of his time, directed the settings for these performances; and he was familiar with the Italian stage, where ingenuity in this direction was far advanced. Henslowe's inventory of his properties offers further testimony on this point.

The audience saw the great horse of Troy on the stage and watched the Greeks steal out of it to surprise the city. . . . The stage was high enough for music underneath and for Hamlet's father to walk with such ease as was possible for so perturbed a spirit. Other

*The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George Pierce Baker. New York: The Macmillan Company.

spirits descended from the "Heavens" or ascended from the depths below. Transformations of persons to trees and of trees to persons took place before the eyes of the spectators. Heads rose from practicable wells and answered questions. Remember, too, it is quite conceivable that an age which could produce some of our greatest imaginative writing may have had craftsmen imaginative and skilled enough to meet any difficulty met by the actors in mounting their plays.

Indeed, considering the accounts of the pageantry of the time, it would be surprising if plays were as crudely put on as has been supposed. The argument based upon the paucity of stage directions is of little weight; the playwrights usually superintended the rehearsals, as Professor Baker points out, and minuteness was not necessary in such circumstances. Besides, the stage directions as they stand give plain hints of ingenious devices for appealing to the eye of the spectator; read, for example, those in a play like *Henry VIII.* No doubt there were marked differences in this respect among the various theatres, which would explain occasional allusions to the lack of suitable properties.

We may be sure that Shakespeare, at any rate, took full advantage of whatever opportunity for scenic effect there may have been. But it was not for this reason that he surpassed in technique all his rivals. There are many merits in his predecessors—in Peele, Greene and Kyd, and above all in Marlowe. It would be extravagance of praise, however, to speak even of Marlowe as an accomplished technician. He was struggling towards greater freedom, as passages in his plays show; and perhaps, had he lived, he would have been Shakespeare's closest competitor. But with him, as with the others, the beauty of form was lacking. "These pre-Shakespearian dramatists," says Professor Baker, "leave us uncertain whether they are writing chronicle history, melodrama, or tragedy, not distinguishing the last from the two preceding allied forms; nor had they at all discerned the boundaries of farce, extravaganza, low comedy and high comedy. . . . Some one was needed to chart, to develop and to beau-

tify this dramatic wilderness." And the man came with the hour, and that man was Shakespeare. It is idle to speculate what he might have become under other conditions. So great a poet would have found his voice in some fashion. Yet since the medium of expression which he did find was the drama, it is obvious that we cannot measure his genius aright if we do not study him first as a dramatist—if we do not permit him to visualise his poetry for us as he did for the men of his own day. That is to say, he is entitled to interpretation through the medium he himself selected. Comment based upon the mere perusal of his work must inevitably go more or less astray. Every dramatist understands the difference between writing for the ear and writing for the eye; and a large part of the problem is to produce, with sufficient attention to literary form, the requisite dramatic effect. The fact that Shakespeare is a great poet does not alter the further fact that this distinction between the spoken and the written word must be borne in mind in his work no less than in that of any of his successors.

Shakespeare apparently had a modest estimate of his own genius. Even when he had achieved first place among his fellows he was willing to collaborate with them as he had done at the beginning. Fletcher's hand is plainly visible in *Henry VIII.*, and various ingenious critics have endeavoured to assign to Shakespeare his precise share in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and in other plays with which he was less probably connected. Sometimes they have succeeded fairly well; more often they have failed. The truth is, of course, that many of the younger dramatists "wrote like Shakespeare," just as many of the younger poets of the Victorian age wrote like Tennyson. Besides, as Professor Raleigh well says, Shakespeare did some "journey-work," and in his writing, as in that of other popular authors, there is a better and a worse. "This consideration should be kept in mind by those who profess ability to recognise his style. The style of an author and the changes in his style are fairly easy to recognise when we have to do only with a sequence of works carefully written, and put forth over his

own name. The problem would be enormously complicated if his most careless talk and his most hurried business letters were included in the account. And the problem has been complicated in Shakespeare's case by the pressure of theatrical conditions." Despite the effort which has been made, on the whole with satisfactory results, to assign his plays to different "periods," the mechanical test of "feminine endings" and the like has perhaps been too rigidly applied.

Shakespeare, then, wrote for the Elizabethan public, and that public appreciated his work. This consideration makes it difficult to believe that all the esoteric meanings, the abstruse philosophisings, attributed to him do not exist mainly in the mind of the reader. No play has suffered more from the commentators than *Hamlet*. Now while it is true that in this play Shakespeare put forth some of his ripest thoughts on human destiny—thoughts that a careless auditor might not completely grasp—it is also true that the main purpose is clearly indicated, that the plot is perfectly plain, and that we have only to take the author literally to follow his meaning. Any intelligent person who could throw away all the critical baggage with which *Hamlet* has been encumbered and go to see it just as he would go to see Mr. Clyde Fitch's latest play, would probably find the narrative simple enough and the leading character no mystery at all. Yet Dr. Werder attempts to argue, in *The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery*,* that Hamlet is

meant to be the man of action, not the man of thought, that he is not hampered by misgivings and hesitations, and that his delay in accomplishing his vengeance is due to purely outward causes. Dr. Rolfe gives the weight of his endorsement to this theory; but nevertheless it requires a strained interpretation of the text in many places, and the frequent substitution of an artificial for a natural explanation. It may be, of course, that Shakespeare, when he wrote *Hamlet*, was simply giving his audience a particularly hard nut to crack. This, however, was not his usual way, and the play may be accounted for easily enough without such a far-fetched theory.

I should not wish to be understood as disparaging the poetry or the philosophy of Shakespeare in order to exalt his skill as a dramatist. Surely he is our first of poets and philosophers! But it seems to me that full justice cannot be done to his marvellous genius unless he is approached from the side which he himself presented to his public—the playwright—the practical playwright, if you will. For every man should be judged by what he attempts to do. And what Shakespeare attempted to do, and succeeded in doing with a fulness of creative energy which beggars praise, was to draw from an intellect of unexampled splendour a complete picture of human life, to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

Edward Fuller.

lated from the German of Karl Werder. By Elizabeth Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Trans-

THE FACTOR OF STYLE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



HERE is nothing that will so quickly reveal the presence of a pessimist as a discussion anent books and bookmen. In a recent post-prandial argument which sought, with the peace and good will befitting those who have dined comfortably and at leisure, to determine the various elements that contribute to the success of a novel, the pessimist promptly came to the front and interjected a note of discord by asserting that, whatever else might influence the popular verdict upon a given piece of fiction, one factor at least was safely negligible, and that was the factor of style. And when his dictum had called forth a chorus of more or less indignant protests, the pessimist went a step further and offered as documentary evidence the lists of "Best Selling Books" in the current number of *THE BOOKMAN*, challenging those present to point out any rational connection between the books therein set down and the principles of literary style. The sad part of it was, that there really was not much to say in rebuttal that was worth the saying. The plain truth is, that if you make a survey of the novels which for the past quarter of a century have successively claimed their brief day or month or year of popularity, the cases where merit of style is sufficiently marked to justify an inference that it contributed to the public verdict are too few to be seriously considered. One is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that, so long as a story holds the interest, the general reader either does not know when the style is bad, or knowing, does not care.

In this respect fiction differs from every other branch of writing that lays claim to be considered as literature. The poet, the essayist, the critic, must not merely have something well worth the saying, but must also be an artist in the use of words; he must have an instinct for linguistic form, a reverence for the delicate values

of noun and adjective. It makes no difference whether he is an Emerson or a G. K. Chesterton, his chance of getting a public hearing depends not only upon his having ideas worth listening to, but also upon that elusive and indefinable something which is at once the stamp of kinship and of individuality in genius, and which, for want of a preciser term, we designate as literary style. And of course the reason is not far to seek. The man who reads a poem or an essay or a critical analysis is looking for some gratification above and beyond that of the mere acquirement of information; he finds in *Sir Roger de Coverley* a pleasure not afforded by a monograph of country life in the reign of Queen Anne; in *The Light of Asia* an emotion beyond that furnished by the article on Buddhism in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. But it is no exaggeration to say that to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers the chief interest possessed by a novel is its news value; they read it as they read the paragraphs in the daily paper, for the sake of the passing thrill, and so long as the story is well constructed and the resultant thrill genuine, it may be written in the loosest of journalistic English without in the least interfering with its market value.

It is easier to recognise the public indifference to lack of style in novelists than to find a satisfactory explanation of it. Apparently both writers and readers have arrived at a tacit acceptance of the standard embodied in M. Jourdain's historic discovery that he had been speaking prose all his life. Now, excepting in the very general sense that we habitually speak something that is not verse, it is an obvious misuse of language to say that we speak in prose, in the ordinary intercourse of life. Indeed, if any one of us should venture, in the course of a five minutes' conversation across a dinner table, to adopt the polished phraseology of Pater, of Ruskin, of Edgar Allan Poe, our friends would very promptly begin to exchange significant

nods and glances. The prose of M. Jourdain being popularly accepted as good enough for familiar intercourse in real life, and consequently good enough for the dialogue which makes up so large a part of current fiction, it is not so hard, after all, to understand why it should also be thought good enough to be the vehicle for those narrative and descriptive portions which the voracious modern reader so lightly and systematically skims over.

Yes, it is quite true that so far as the ephemeral success of this week's popular novel is concerned the element of style may be safely neglected. And furthermore, the fact is hardly worth a serious regret. Like all products of cheap, hasty, unskilled labour, the average "best seller" is manufactured for the sake of quick profits, the harvest soon reaped and soon forgotten. Time is the all-important element that winnows out the chaff from the wheat, the book that is literature from the book that is merely merchandise. A novel which is a good story and nothing more becomes, so soon as it is read, of no more interest than the puzzle page of a magazine after you have guessed the answers. For this reason a certain type of reviewers object on principle to the review which discloses the dénouement of a plot, not realising that if the value of a book will be spoiled by knowing beforehand how it ends, then the sooner the value is spoiled the better. But the book which has not only interest of plot, but style as well, will be enjoyed all the more if you know beforehand what its structure is; it will bear reading over again and still again; and even when whole paragraphs and chapters have been learned by heart you still find a renewed pleasure at each fresh reading, not from what it tells you, but from the way in which it is told.

In the course of the long, slow leveling process, to which eventually every author must submit, the factor of style, from being negligible, becomes potent, decisive, paramount. Lack of style, in the finer sense, is probably the most potent reason why the present generation no longer shares the enthusiasm of the past generation for Scott and Fenimore Cooper—just as it is the chief reason why Jane Austen remains perennially young,

while Maria Edgeworth seems hopelessly out of date; why Thackeray with each decade forges slowly but surely ahead of Dickens; and also, it may be added, why just a few writers of to-day, such as Kipling and Conrad and Maurice Hewlett, will be ranked steadily higher as the years go by, long after the great mass of our present popular writers are forgotten. And this is precisely as it should be, because in the long run the world at large is bound to awaken to the fact that in the case of the few novelists who are true artists their matter, howsoever wonderful it may be, is of vastly less importance than their manner; and that there is the same enduring pleasure in reverting to their pages that there is in revisiting the familiar canvases of great masters, to discover each time some new beauty of line, some new wonder of light and shade. And this permanent appeal of the novelist who possesses style is to a large extent independent of the type of story he has to tell. In the whole range of fiction there is nothing which in itself is of more ephemeral interest than the detective story. The mystery once solved, what is there ever to call you back to it again? And yet, at the hands of Poe, even the detective story has acquired a power of appeal which outlives long familiarity. You may know *The Purloined Letter* and *The Mystery in the Rue Morgue* like a well-conned lesson, and yet you are lured back to read them once more, through sheer delight in the inimitable art of their construction.

Among the authors represented in the present month's installment of novels,

there is one at least regarding whose claim to distinction of style there can be no doubt—Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who

shows in *The Stooping Lady* some exceedingly interesting developments. Mr. Hewlett is one of the very few contemporary writers whose manner is unmistakably their own. His themes are as broad as life itself, his characters as wide in range as humanity; yet, no matter what his scene or epoch may be, there is always that same fine quality of language which is the hall-mark of all that is truly aristocratic in English prose.

You feel that he uses words with the same fine sense of their value that a jeweller has of the value of precious stones, placing each one in its appointed place with all the care that an expert gives to diamond setting. You discover, when you stop to study his methods of composition, that in each case he has used the one indispensable, inevitable word, and you fall to wondering just how much labour was involved in forming that particular combination of noun and verb and adjective that express so much in so little space and unmistakably render with the greatest apparent ease the precise shade of thought for which he was striving. It is this marvellous dexterity with words that enables him, as a similar skill with pigments enables the painter, to give you in *Richard Yea-and-Nay* the same colour-sense that you get from rare old tapestries, in *Little Novels of Italy* that which you get from the Florentine Pre-Raphaelites. This flavour of a remote past is so much a part of the warp and woof of all that Mr. Hewlett has hitherto given us that it has often suggested a serious question whether it is an inherent quality of his style or simply a part of his carefully studied method of giving historic atmosphere, just as you can give age to carved wood by the application of the right sort of varnish. The first, though not the chief, interest of *The Stooping Lady* is that it answers this question emphatically and once for all. There is nothing of the Tapestry Novel about this new volume; and yet it is as unmistakably Hewlett, from the first page to the last, as was *The Forest Lovers*. There is the same rare sureness of touch in word and phrase, the same delightful clarity of thought, the same wonderful power of making you see precisely what he sees in his mind's eye—only this time the pictures are as unmistakably early nineteenth century as in *The Queen's Quair* they were Elizabethan. And this fact brings us to the second special interest offered by *The Stooping Lady*. It is Mr. Hewlett's nearest approach to a novel of contemporary life, the first that has afforded a good chance to compare him with the other novelists of his own generation on even terms. It is safe to predict that the discriminating reader will bring away from

this book an enhanced appreciation of Mr. Hewlett's genius—and that, too, in spite of the fact that *The Stooping Lady*, taken as a whole, falls short of being a full achievement of what its author purposed. Why this should be so it is hard to say. The opening years of the nineteenth century, with its attendant unrest, its war cry of reform, its violent clash of awakening democracy, with the hereditary arrogance of caste, are inherently as full of interest as other epochs of English history already treated by Mr. Hewlett. And there is no lack of dramatic strength in the story of a stalwart young butcher who resents with his fists the murder of his favourite horse by a drunken lord; who finds himself summarily clapped into gaol for having thus dared to assert his rights; and, through the injustice that he suffers, wins the notice, then the sympathy, then the love of the drunken lord's wayward, impetuous, brave-hearted niece, who is not herself conscious that she is stooping when she bestows her heart upon a man whose clean, fine manhood has taught her to respect and honour him. And yet, fine as the story is in conception and in workmanship, it somehow lacks the bigness, the finality, the enduring interest of *The Queen's Quair* or *The Fool Errant*, to name the two volumes between which the choice is difficult, in deciding upon his highest achievement. One may hazard the opinion that *The Stooping Lady* suffers chiefly from a certain partisan note that will make itself heard throughout; one cannot help thinking of it as a purpose novel, written a century too late to affect the issue. The partisan note also made itself heard in *The Queen's Quair*; but there the case was very different; the cause espoused was that of a woman and not a political principle. The fate of Mary Stuart will stir the hearts and fire the imagination for untold generations yet to come; but the fate of a London butcher, even a self-educated butcher with a poetic soul and a gift for oratory, seems somehow to lack the magnitude that we expect to find in Mr. Hewlett's later work. Even the author himself appears to have felt at the last that there was no better ending for the story than an anti-climax. So when the *Stooping Lady* has stooped

even to the point of standing beside her lover while he endures his sentence to exposure in the pillory and the turbulent mob gathers, and the riot act is read and the soldiers fire a volley into the crowd, the author shifts his responsibility over to a stray bullet that finds its way to the brain of the pilloried butcher and saves the undeniably charming lady of the title rôle from the necessity of stooping any more. There are those who will number *The Stooping Lady* among Mr. Hewlett's failures; yet there are many who would rather read a failure from Mr. Hewlett's pen than a successful book by many of his contemporaries.

Mr. Richard Bagot inevitably suggests comparison with Mr. Crawford, not only in his choice of modern Italian life for his favourite theme, but also in the quality of his narrative style. It is a very quiet, limpid style, never calling attention to itself by any striking, unexpected turn of phrase, yet serving admirably the author's purpose in conveying his exact meaning with simple directness. Like Mr. Crawford, also, Mr. Bagot never lets you forget that he is writing of an alien race, with habits and temperaments and language quite foreign to that of the Anglo-Saxon; and yet, at the same time, he interprets them so skilfully that the sum total of your impressions is rather that of the brotherhood of the two races than of the gulf between them. In his earlier volumes, Mr. Bagot rather unduly dwelt upon ecclesiastical questions, the part that the Church plays in the social and political life of Rome—subjects that, however true and vital from the Italian

"The
Temptation"

point of view, necessarily appeal to a limited audience in England or America. His new story, *The Temptation*, does

not offend along this line. It is nothing more or less than a story of love and of sin committed for the sake of love. Count Ugo Vitali, of simple habits and quiet tastes, marries beneath him, his wife being a daughter of the people, her father having originally raised pigs and sheep on her husband's estate. Naturally a beautiful woman, and intellectually clever, combining a certain peasant shrewdness with some degree of education, the Coun-

ness Cristina rebels against the seclusion of her husband's country home, wearies of Ugo's simple life, and nurses her jealousy of the widowed Duchessa di San Felice, an aristocrat in every fibre, who, according to rumour, was Ugo's earlier love. Such is the situation when Ugo's cousin and heir at law, Fabrizio, comes to make a long deferred visit to the Palazzo Vitali at Viterbo. Fabrizio is everything that Cristina had once hoped to find in Ugo, and had failed to find. Younger, handsomer, broader minded than Ugo, he fascinates Cristina from the hour of his arrival; and he in turn, susceptible to beauty and to flattery, quickly reciprocates her passion. They can scarcely remember afterward which of the two first voices the thought that if Ugo were to die, Fabrizio would step at once into his shoes, fall heir to his estates, and as soon as respect for public opinion would permit, marry his widow. The thought once uttered refuses to be forgotten. But to Fabrizio it is only a vague hope, constantly put behind him as something unworthy and abhorrent. To Cristina, on the contrary, it becomes an ever-present motive, something to be looked forward to and striven for, something to be deliberately accomplished if only fate offers an opportunity. The few readers who had the good luck to come across Frank Danby's first novel, *Doctor Phillips*, will remember that in that novel there was the converse situation of a husband who had come to love elsewhere and cleared the way to a second marriage by administering to his wife an overdose of the morphine already prescribed by her physician. The same scheme is carried out by Ugo's wife, and with the same result: repudiation by the one for whose sake the crime is committed, and who refuses to become an accessory. On the whole, a plot lacking in the elements of originality, yet none the less worth while because of its excellent portrayal of Italian country life.

Style in the abstract is one thing; but the minute that you have in mind a specific type of story, the whole question of style shifts ground; you must modify your method to suit your theme. Nothing, for instance, would be more incongruous than *L'Assommoir* or *La Bête*

Humaine, written after the manner of Mr. Hewlett. Strong, brave, primitive stories, dealing in a straightforward way with big, basic emotions, demand strong, clear, straightforward English—and that, at least, we find in Edna Kenton's brief but poignant little volume, with its brief

and inviting title, *Clem*.

"Clem"

It is several years since Miss Kenton's first novel, *What Manner of Man*, attracted much

well-merited notice from discriminating critics, as the work of a new writer who would sooner or later have to be seriously reckoned with. Since then, aside from a few short stories of considerable psychological interest, Miss Kenton has done nothing in fiction until the appearance this fall of *Clem*, which from its opening page strikes a higher, finer, clearer note than anything she had previously produced. Like all clear-cut stories of real merit, it can be epitomised in a few words. It is a sincere, rather ruthless analysis of a girl fine by nature but crudely reared in the wild environment of western ranch and mining camp, who later comes to Chicago, ignorantly hoping that her father's money will pave her way, not merely to social recognition, but to that closer kinship that is born of love and sympathy. Here at the outset is a summing up of the girl by the one man who instinctively understands her:

She was a thing apart from every other woman. She looked the primitive Woman. She might have been the primeval Woman walking untrodden sands, pressing the springing earth when the world was young. She was so nobly unashamed and so purely human—ah, yes, she was! The very atoms of her might have been scooped up from virgin earth, from sea-born clay just washed to shore; and a Rodin hand might have modelled her!

But plunged into conventional, exclusive social circles, the primeval fineness of Clem Merrit is lost sight of. This new world, of which she is pathetically ignorant, sees in her only a "big, blond girl, with blue jewels of eyes," and pronounces her whole appearance "loud, overbearing, shriekingly insistent." And when Reggie Wines, the only son of the most exclusive family in the whole narrow circle, finds in Clem the ideal of his first violent,

unreasoning; boyish passion, offers himself and is accepted, the friends of Mrs. Wines gather around her to aid and abet the scheme which is to hold the mirror up to Clem Merrit and make her see herself as others see her. And this scheme is nothing else than for Mrs. Wines to recognise her son's engagement, invite Clem down to her country home, along with a household of guests, and during the week following to force upon the girl, by systematic and ingenious slights and snubs, a sense of her own awkwardness and want of social training. In one sense the scheme succeeds, because before the visit is ended Clem has reached a point of self-knowledge that would keep her from marrying Reggie Wines, even though his life hung in the balance, upon her decision. But in a broader sense it failed, because instead of teaching Clem her inferiority, the women and the men who have been so persistently and smilingly cruel to her have taught her instead the superiority of her standards to theirs—taught her that, crude and primitive and ignorant as she is, she has an inborn nobility of soul, a fineness of instinct beyond the understanding of the petty world in which they move. And better still, while they save her from the mistake of marrying a boy for whom she could never have cared save in a sisterly way, they unintentionally teach her to know her own heart and to discover the true worth of the man whom the discriminating reader will pick out, almost from the opening chapter, as the one man in the book who is worthy of her. Considered either as a love story, a psychological study, or a social satire, *Clem* is eminently worth while.

As a sharp contrast to *Clem*, an attempt at social satire that is distinctly not worth while, we have "The Younger Set" Robert Chambers's new novel, *The Younger Set*. That the sort of people

pictured in this book exist we are forced to believe; but that any useful purpose can be served by gathering them together in bulk and serving them up in the pages of a novel may be gravely questioned. Mr. Chambers has done such good work, from time to time, that it is rather exasperating to come

across a book like this, which under a veil of pseudo-realism can no more disguise its fundamental melodrama than cotton-seed oil can escape notice in a salad dressing. You need nothing more than a frank retelling of the plot to demonstrate this fact. A young army officer, loving neither wisely nor too well, marries in haste a girl against whom his family warn him, and takes his bride with him when he joins his regiment in the Philippines. From the first, things go badly with them; a virulent case of incompatibility, aggravated no doubt by the climate, culminates in one quarrel too many, and the lady elopes with a civilian, an unmitigated cad, with much money and no morals. The hero consents to a divorce, resigns from the army, and returns, a cynic and a woman-hater, to New York, whither his former wife, now married to the villain, has preceded him. It takes the hero the space of three hundred pages to discover that his blighted heart is capable of renewed affection—this time for an educated young woman, of the summer school variety, who never speaks except in polysyllables. At last he makes up his mind to offer himself to her, but no sooner has she accepted him than his conscience awakens—he realises that he does not believe in divorce, and that it would be a sin for him to marry again so long as his first wife, now married to another, survives. Meanwhile the villain, finding in his turn that life with that much married woman is too strenuous, has cast her off and is seeking for legal release. Hereupon the hero assumes the burden once more, discovers that his first wife is hopelessly insane—in short, that insanity has from the beginning been the explanation of all her irrational acts—and although in straitened circumstances himself, surrounds her with all the comforts that expert medical skill and careful nursing can give her. Last act, husband No. 2, the villain, refusing to believe in the hero's disinterested chivalry to the divorced wife, comes to spy upon her in her retreat, where she sits on the floor, childishly dressing and undressing her dolls. But disguised as a doll is a pistol that the mad woman has somehow secreted, and when she sees this man, this second husband whom she

feared and hated, she fires twice, first at him and then at herself. For a crazy woman she has good aim, for both bullets do their work. Quick curtain.

There is a certain virile directness of language that almost passes for style, and is peculiarly characteristic of a number of our younger American novelists, especially those who deal with the vigorous

life of the West. Typical

"Empire
Builders"

of this group is Francis Lynde, whose new story, *Empire Builders*, gives a clear-cut and

eminently readable account of a far-seeing, big-hearted, irrepressible young fellow, who hits upon a gigantic railroad scheme and carries it through single-handed, in spite of the desperate opposition of a strong ring of capitalists and politicians whom his success will ruin. Quite early in the game his enemies discover that he is a dangerous man; so they try to bury him alive by making him division superintendent of a worthless little spur of railroad that runs up into a district of abandoned mines. But as already said, he belongs to the irrepressible type, and within a year he has explored the whole neighbouring territory, has discovered vast natural resources in adjacent, untapped districts, has formulated a careful plan for extending the now worthless branch until it connects with other roads which may be bought for a song—in short, has worked out a scheme for converting his spur into a vital link in a new transcontinental system. The story of how he accomplishes all this, builds up a fortune and incidentally wins the railroad president's daughter for his wife, makes fairly good reading of its class—although this particular vein of "heart interest" has been worked so often that it would be a positive relief to read one railroad story in which the president did not have a daughter.

A chance similarity of plot makes it justifiable to consider two novels under a single head, *To Him that*

"To Him
That
Hath"

Hath, by Leroy Scott, and *Tinman*, by Tom Gallon. Both of these stories find their motif

in a self-sacrifice that lands a man in

prison for a long term of years. Leroy Scott's volume was called to the present reviewer's attention by a discriminating friend, who said in substance: "The story is quite without style, and not especially original in plot; but somehow you cannot get away from it; you are compelled to finish it." This criticism proved to be well founded. As to originality of plot, each reader may judge for himself. Here it is: A young, serious-minded, conscientious man, deeply attached to a clergyman famous for his charitable missions, is summoned to the house of his friend, only to learn that the clergyman has killed himself and that five thousand dollars, trust funds belonging to one of the missions, are missing. A woman, whom the clergyman once loved, has been secretly blackmailing him. The hero, realising that publicity will injure not only the dead man's name but also the good work of the mission identified with him, voluntarily confesses to having himself taken the money, and undergoes his sentence to five years in prison. The story is more especially concerned with what happens later, when his term has expired and he undertakes to take up his work in the world once more. It is a careful piece of work, written with considerable insight into character, and with a sincerity that gives a poignancy to the hero's protracted and very genuine strug-

gle against heavy odds. It is the simple directness of the narrative, as well as the reality of the types depicted, that holds you to the end.

Tom Gallon's book is of less virile calibre, although the theme possesses greater novelty. Here we have a man of weak will and chivalrous instincts, upon whose credulity the villain of the story works, until he convinces him that the honour of the woman he loves is at the mercy of a third man, whom it is his duty as a sort of modern knight-errant to kill. He commits the murder, is of course discovered, refuses to reveal his real motive, which might have won him a recommendation for mercy, and is sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence is afterward commuted, and eventually he is released after serving twenty odd years at hard labour. The first portion of the book, though somewhat lurid in method, would have made a strong and unusual short story; but the further development of events, after the murderer's release, and the way in which history is forced to repeat itself, so that a second murder may add a cumulative thrill to an already overburdened plot, conveys an unmistakable flavour of nothing higher or nobler than the typical dime novel.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

PROFESSOR DUNNING'S "RECONSTRUCTION, POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC"*

This book was planned to be the twenty-second volume in the series entitled "The American Nation," published under the general editorship of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, with the advice of committees appointed by four great historical societies. The selection of Professor Dunning to write this particular volume was in every respect ideal. He has for years made the Reconstruction Period a subject of minute research, and has published sundry monographs relating to its different phases. Not only has he accumulated a vast amount of information from original sources, but he has digested it and mastered it so thoroughly as to make it possible for him to view the complex movements of this perplexing period with a sense of true proportion. No one can say of him that he does not see the forest by reason of the trees. And, therefore, in some 340 pages of large, clear type he has condensed in masterly fashion a mountain of material amid which a less scientific scholar would have lost his way completely.

In his preface the author has well explained the point of view from which he has approached the subject. While admitting that to the general student of political and social science "the South bulks largest in the history of reconstruction," he looks upon this period simply as "a step in the progress of the American nation." Hence, he says, it is the North which claims one's principal attention, since the evidence of positive progress is to be found in the record of the victorious section of the country.

In this record there is less that is spectacular, less that is pathetic, and more that seems inexcusably sordid than in the record of the South; but moral and dramatic values must not have greater weight in the writing, than they have had in the making, of history.

*Reconstruction, Political and Economic. By William Archibald Dunning. With Frontispiece and Maps. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Professor Dunning, therefore, concerns himself with the politics of the North and West, in which the forces which were at play wrought out so marked a transformation that the American Republic in 1877 presented a startling contrast with the nation as it was in 1865. The author is well known as an adherent of that severer school of historical writing which not alone abjures anything like "colour" and the element of the picturesque, but which, in the writing of history, regards dramatic values with something like contempt. If, however, the reader will compare his former volume, *Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction*, with this, his latest work, it will be apparent that he has relaxed somewhat the strictness of his theory, greatly, we may add, to the advantage of his narrative. In the book before us there is a good deal of shrewd characterisation of men and measures, even though it be only in a sentence or a pregnant phrase. Andrew Johnson, "Thad" Stevens, and especially President Grant, are sketched for us in a few incidental but artful strokes. The author does not disdain to use the catch-words which were current at the time of which he writes, or to speak of "the new departure," "the bloody shirt," "the tidal wave," and "the dark horse." Sometimes he gives us a sentence which has the power of a whole page of detailed description, as where he says of Mr. Hayes that his "availability was of just that nebulous type which bulks largest to a tired delegate in despair of getting the man of his deliberate choice." In one passage (p. 157) he even preserves a joke, by no means brilliant, drawn from contemporaneous newspapers.

This undertone of scholarly geniality makes the book not merely easy reading, but gives to it an interest for every intelligent American. In it we see in their true relation to the country's history the blundering pugnacity of Johnson, the unfitness of Grant for civil rule, the significance of our foreign policy from 1865 to 1873, and the struggle of the American people for constitutional order and for a purification of the national government.

How difficult it must have been to analyse the conflicting tendencies of this period and to bring the exposition within so short a compass, any student will be well aware; and his knowledge of it will heighten the admiration with which he reads Professor Dunning's book. Here and there one may object that conciseness has led to ambiguity. For instance, in the account of the functions of the Freeman's Bureau (pp. 30-32), the provisions of the Act of March 3, 1865, are not made clear enough by the author. That the Bureau was "to have charge of all matters pertaining to refugees, freemen, and abandoned lands," is a statement that is not scientifically precise. "The interests of the former slaves were to be looked after," is another statement which may mean much or little. It would have been well to cite the language of the Act rather than to use colloquial and therefore indefinite expressions. We must confess, however, to a certain pleasure in finding a Rhadamanthus of historical writing leaning back, so to speak, in an easy chair and lapsing into generalities.

A word or two about the style in which the book is written. In the main, its English is lucid and simple, and goes directly to the point. The author has, however, an undue fondness for the suspended preposition and sometimes for the suspended adjective, which makes his sentences at times a little clumsy. It seems not to have occurred to him, or to Professor Hart, who read the proofs, that the phrase *à l'outrance* (p. 298), for *à outrance*, is not the French of France, but belongs to the category of such bastard expressions as *sur le tapis* and *nom de plume*, which English and Americans employ in ignorance. And it really pains us to find two scientific scholars overlooking so grievous a violation of syntax as the following (p. 39): "Side by side, thus, with the military authority of the United States, *was* to be put in operation . . . the regular processes of civil government." It may be that Professor Dunning was here beguiled by his old-time fondness for the Greek, and that somehow or other the *schema Pindaricum* influenced his pen.

Extremely valuable to every student of American history is the final chapter,

which is a critical essay on some of the authorities which the author used. It is an admirable example of a bibliography with comments—a thing which every scholar loves; and it may be said that Professor Dunning's briefly written judgments are exceedingly acute and just. An excellent index completes the book, which is sure to be regarded as one of the very best and most satisfying in the elaborate series of which it forms a part.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

MR. HICHENS'S "BARBARY SHEEP"*

No one of the younger writers of our day furnishes a more admirable example of orderly artistic development than Mr. Hichens. His career is an object lesson to those who imagine that the novelist's art is a matter of pure luck and inspiration. From the first he has shown the possession of talent, but it was talent of a very uncertain order. Beginning with that wonderfully clever but unsubstantial book, *The Green Carnation*, he gave reason for fearing that he was to prove a "one-book" author. It was exactly the sort of daring, unpremeditated *jeu d'esprit* that a man occasionally tosses off at a first effort, and never again equals. And the immediate shocked applause which it provoked might well have turned the young man's head. But Mr. Hichens soon showed that he had his eye on larger things. The books that followed that first *succès de scandale* attracted less initial attention, but they set him on the path to serious recognition as a man to be reckoned with in modern fiction.

These books developed a curious mingling of realism and downright mysticism. On the one hand, it would be easy to guess from them, even without the evidence of certain eloquent pages in *Felix*, that their author had early fallen under the spell of Balzac; while on the other hand the report that he was in his youth destined for the Church may not be without significance. Not always were the diverse elements happily mingled. For instance, in one of the

*Barbary Sheep. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper and Brothers.

most remarkable of his stories, *Flames*, the allegory approaches at times perilously near to the ridiculous. Judging him by the bulk of his work, one might set Mr. Hichens down as an intensely earnest, thoughtful, determined man who was quite devoid of a sense of humour. But, not to revert to *The Green Carnation*, this theory fails when one recalls one of his shorter tales, *The Mission of Mr. Eustace Greyne*, a little comedy in which the touch is absolutely certain, the humour unforced and unfailing. Yet there remains, in the case of such books as *Felix* and *The Woman with the Fan*—and even *The Garden of Allah*—a baffling residual sense of disappointment that must be accounted for. For my part I fell back at last on the theory that with all his undeniable talent, Mr. Hichens lacked the essential gift of the storyteller. He knows—no one better—what the novel should be; plot and character, incident and climax, are definitely before his eye. But in the actual writing there is often the effect of effort, of some great resistance being overcome. At times he seems conscious of having failed to strike out at a single blow the precise effect for which he aimed; and so he goes on doggedly, piling up phrases, multiplying pictures, until he has arrived through sheer persistence at something like the desired result. It is, you see, the method of a man of brains and acute perceptions working in an art the specific, intimate gift of which he lacks.

I confess to having felt some satisfaction with this theory until I read Mr. Hichens's latest book. Then it cracked, and I find it requiring some patching and remodelling before it will do service again. *Barbary Sheep* is characteristically Hichens; yet it is strangely unlike his work in some important respects. Mr. Hichens has often been accused of diffuseness; here is concentration enough. It is actually no more than a short story, without an ounce of padding—a little tragedy of the desert, no less tragic because the material catastrophe is barely averted. In the epic vastness of *The Garden of Allah* one felt oppressively the awful immensity of the desert. Here one is scorched by the heat of its swift passions. The whole thing is done in sharp, bold

strokes; not a line is blurred, not a figure bungled. Here is the heroine, after her first taste of the desert and the hypnotic seduction of her Arab lover:

Her light—not wicked—and fashionable life had always hitherto been governed by caprice, but caprice had led her always down flowery pathways stretching into spaces washed with light, never into the dimness of mystery or the blackness of sorrow. She had often felt quickly, but never passionately. Wayward she had ever been, but not violent, not really reckless; a creature of fantasy, not a creature of tempest. The song of the boy Arab under the rock by the river—she had been like that; like a winding, airy tune going out into the sun. Now she was conscious of the further mysteries, that lead some women on to deeds that strike like hammers upon the smooth complacencies of society; she was aware of the beckoning finger that pilots the eager soul whither it should not go, among the great wastes where emotion broods and wonder is alive.

For the first time in her well-filled life she was very consciously in want.

This is not only admirable writing, it is also admirable characterisation—not subtle, but direct and sure. It is indeed notable that the important characters in this book are types of rather elemental simplicity. There are but three—the heavy young Englishman, Sir Claude Wyverne, his pretty, restless wife, and a handsome Arab officer, a creature of mysterious fascination for the Englishwoman. The Arab is a subtler, or at least a stranger, blend than the others; yet that is after all but to say that he is an Oriental. He is as plainly understandable as such an incomprehensible being can ever be. Mr. Hichens knows his Arab too well to balk at his contradictory nature.

The craftsmanship of this little tale is a sheer delight. The title itself is a fine ironic stroke. Sport-loving, unimaginative Sir Claude goes off into the mountains to hunt, leaving his wife exposed to the seductions of the desert and the officer of Spahis. His indifference to the danger which she realises so well is a spur to her restless longing. Her lover knows as well as she that her stupid, adoring husband has left her in this peril

for the sake of killing a few Barbary sheep. "Barbary sheep!" The words are the refrain of the tragedy, and their reiteration, not too often, heightens the effect indescribably. In such small things as this the workmanship of the story is well-nigh perfect.

It is not a great story. Mere bulk counts for something in these matters, and *Barbary Sheep* has not the large impressiveness of *The Garden of Allah*, nor is it, like *Felix*, a final delineation of complex character. It is merely a small thing supremely well done. Not even yet am I convinced that Mr. Hichens is a novelist by the grace of God. In all his books he has been learning his trade by dint of persistent, intelligent application. But he has learned well. In the light of his most recent work it is not too much to say that he has mastered his tools more completely than any other among the younger generation of our novelists.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S "THE WEAVERS"*

Egypt, like India, is one of the countries over which hang clouds of mystery. It is a land made for the romanticist; yet what Kipling did for India in *Kim* has never been done for Egypt. A few years ago Sir Gilbert Parker wrote and published a book of clever short stories about the country, *Donovan Pasha*. In that book he made vague promise, if I remember correctly, of a larger work, for which these tales were to be considered merely as preliminary studies. They were in some respects admirable stories, quite in the manner of the early Kipling, and the promise made them doubly worth while. It is safe to say that many persons have awaited attentively the *magnum opus*, for the author had shown himself not unequipped for work of substantial merit. Already, in his first books, he had fairly made one corner of the globe his own by virtue of the freshness of his observation and a positive gift for drama. Those early tales of the Canadian woods still stand by themselves. But Mr. Parker

*The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker New York: Harper and Brothers.

grew up and left Canada. With *The Right of Way* he became one of our most popular authors. He travelled, became cosmopolitan, was invited to membership in that exclusive literary club, the House of Commons, and even achieved knight-

SIR GILBERT PARKER

hood. From that time to this his career may have its place in the political history of England; assuredly, it will not appear in the annals of literature. What writing he has done has failed to come up to his old standard.

But at last the larger work has come, to which his inveterate admirers turn with fresh hope. In *The Weavers* it is reassuring to find at the outset that he has prepared a large canvas. On the score of mere size this book represents a large ambition, and as one grasps its outlines it is seen that the idea on which it is founded is not insignificant. A young Quaker, of singularly strong and self-reliant character, leaves England and goes to Egypt. Such is the force of his personality that he becomes in a very short time the Kaïd's right-hand man, the virtual ruler of the country. He works for the good of his adopted country against the opposition of innumerable enemies, and emerges from every danger, having conquered the incredible guile and duplicity of the Orient by sheer force of honesty and character. In the end he is united to the woman he loves, when they have just renounced each other because she is bound to his enemy.

In this rough outline, which omits many salient features of a rather complex plot, there is plenty of room for vigorous characterisation, for a large sweep of events; above all, for a convincing realisation of the mystery and glamour of Egypt. I dwell on the excellence of the design, reluctant to leave off praising it, because its execution is so undeniably disappointing. The imposing mould of the story is, after all, only a shell. It contains no life. All the externals of drama are here—plot and character and setting. But not one of the characters is a real human being, and the plot is, in many of its ingredients, rather distressing melodrama. The setting is perhaps better; but it is hard to appreciate the beauty of a stage scene all decorated over with wooden figures of men. The realest of them, certain of the subsidiary personages, are shadowy and indistinct. Those that stand in the full light betray by the unlikelike precision of their movements their mechanical origin. They are qualities with personal names. David, the hero, if he were suddenly to come to life, would loath himself as an impossible prig. Not one of the principal characters lives in my memory as a distinct person.

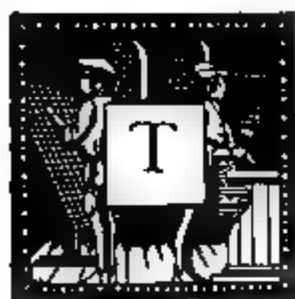
In the invention of specific incidents by

which the plot is carried on Sir Gilbert is in the main happier than in his characters. Too often, however, he plays in melodramatic style for the mere situation, fairly straining the long arm of coincidence out of its socket. The stale device of a lord's secret marriage under a false name, and the consequent descent of the title to the second son instead of the rightful heir, is gravely made to do service. The solution, involving the accidental death of the false Lord Eglington in the nick of time, is as feeble as the device itself. It is sadly apparent that the story was never clearly and definitely thought out by the author. For instance, it has no solid anchorage in time. It is actually possible to read the first dozen chapters without being able to place the period within a hundred years, and it is only through one or two insignificant allusions later on that one is able to fix it in the seventies or eighties of the last century. Such vagueness does not make the story universal; it only makes it unreal. There is one curious instance of muddled chronology which a graduate of a correspondence school of fiction ought to be able to avoid. Toward the end of the story one of the characters, who is represented as being exactly the same age as David's grandfather, proclaims that he is sixty-five years old. Since David cannot at this time be less than thirty-five, it follows that Luke Claridge must have been a grandfather at thirty. To be sure, Luke was in many respects a remarkable man. So was David, who retains his Quaker characteristics so persistently that to the end he uses the Quaker form of address, even when he is speaking in Arabic. Evidently Sir Gilbert has discovered an exact Arabic equivalent for the Quaker "thee," which he translates back into English.

These are, of course, small matters, but the fact to which they point is not small. The truth is that Sir Gilbert has tried to write a story without first thinking it out clearly to the end; he has tried to make his readers realise characters which he has never successfully projected in his own imagination; and the result, with all allowance made for good intention and a certain amount of good workmanship, cannot be called a success.

Ward Clark.

WHO WRITES THE JOKES?



O begin with, by far the greater part of the jokes are produced by some fifteen or twenty men and women, most of whom live in New York and most of whom follow other work as a means of livelihood. Somewhat astounding, but altogether true. When you come upon a joke in a magazine or in your daily paper you may be fairly sure that it was written by one or another of this mere handful of prolific "professional" humourists. And, as will be shown, there is often a way of telling just which one of them is responsible, despite the fact that his name is nowhere in evidence.

There can be no better to begin with than Mr. James J. O'Connell, who has been writing jokes for nearly thirty years and may well be called the dean of modern jesters.

Mr. O'Connell began contributing humorous sketches to the *Danbury News* in 1879 and soon afterward commenced writing jokes for the comic weeklies. In 1887 he was writing sketches for the *Evening* (N. Y.) *Sun* under Amos Cummings and remained on the staff five years, carrying a daily humorous department in addition to a great deal of general newspaper work. "I have travelled extensively, my hobby is literature and my life has been one long struggle with ill health."

Mr. O'Connell says that he has contributed to every periodical using jokes and that his total output has already far exceeded one hundred thousand! Besides this, he has printed more than twenty thousand lines of humorous verse, has suggested many humorous pictures for artists and last year produced an illustrated book, *The Auto Guyed*.

Such figures may seem incredible to those who have had no opportunity of verifying the remarkable capacity of trained joke writers. Conviction came to the writer when he was serving as "cub" editor on a magazine that uses jokes and skits as "fillers." One day he found in his manuscript basket an or-

dinary envelope only partly filled with something which, despite its small size, was half an inch in thickness. The mysterious contents proved to be a package or deck of some fifty neat little oblong papers, each one of which contained a joke. Surprised at so many coming from one man, he was informed that this man sent in a package like that every week or two, apparently always had done so, apparently always would do so. This was something of a shock to the cub editor, but it was as nothing when the fact dawned on him that this remarkable output was merely the share allotted to one magazine and that this same man was sending out similar packages with similar regularity to dozens of other magazines, to say nothing of the newspapers! Perhaps he was a syndicate? No, there was only one of him. Then the cub editor fell to multiplying for the yearly output, got into five or six figures and gave it up.

Incidentally, as time went on the cub editor learned from experience that practically all acceptable jokes are found in these little packages or decks, each joke separate unto itself for convenience in handling, and that only the amateur crowds his gems of wit upon the same sheet of paper. Furthermore, the professional has made a study of jokes, knows how to present his point, is generally honest and always politic and therefore far less prone to serving up jokes previously published. As to prices, Mr. O'Connell, who may be taken as authority, summarises conditions as follows:

"While the joke writers have never had a union, the papers have never shown any disposition to cut down the prices. For the past sixteen years the rates have either remained stationary or have been raised. In the early 'eighties' things were different. Then one of the leading comic papers paid only \$2 a column. Now one would receive \$15 for the same amount of work. One pays \$2.50 for a joke; two pay \$2; most pay \$1; a few go as low as fifty cents. Some out-of-town papers are said to pay only fifteen cents, but they don't get the work of the

MRS. CLARA A. BOLTON

better writers. The syndicating of humorous matter has hurt the business very much and it is no longer possible for even the most successful joke writers to earn the large incomes of sixteen years ago. . . . Some of the dailies pay only \$1 for a column picture with a joke. . . . They cannot afford to pay for this stuff and many do not hesitate to steal it."

In securing data from the professional jesters, they were asked what they considered their best jokes and their worst. Some of the answers are interesting from more than one point of view.

Quoting Mr. O'Connell once more: "As for my worst joke Walcot Balestier said this conundrum was excruciating:

"Why is the driver of a one-horse car like a sailor?

"Because he is a see-fare-in man.

"From my point of view I have written worse ones than that, because I have never been able to sell them to any one. Some of my epigrams have become colloquial:

"Marry in haste and divorce at leisure.

"Fast women and slow horses will bankrupt a millionaire.

"My best known quatrain appeared in *Judge*. It was accepted by I. M. Gregory, the kindest-hearted editor I ever met. He lived to a good old age, despite the fact that he read a batch of my jokes every week for fifteen years. This quatrain was seized upon by the publishers of a well-known dictionary to show that I did not know how to pronounce the word 'appendicitis.' "

AN EVERY-DAY EPITAPH

No more he'll ever greet us,
He now is with the blest;
He got appendicitis
And the doctors did the rest.

At first Mr. O'Connell produced at least one hundred jokes a day, shutting himself up alone in his room and devoting his whole time to it. Often from a bunch of one hundred an editor would reject all but one. Mr. O'Connell now writes all his jokes at night, transcribing and sorting them into batches in the morning. He keeps a note-book under his pillow, for his ideas come most easily just before sleep, but there is often sorrow in the morning when he cannot read what was written in the dark. After doing fifty jokes, however, he can sleep like a top.

England, where Thackeray and Hazlitt wrote paragraphs for sixpence or a shilling apiece, Mr. O'Connell found sterile ground, in spite of the fact that there are many comic magazines and that the papers use large numbers of jokes. There is no regular "joke market," as in America, and a large part of their wit and humour is copied from the Continent and from this side of the water, too often without credit. The prices paid may be judged from the fact that the price for a weekly joke contest is only \$1.20.

Mr. Edwin Austin Oliver, the "Yonkers *Statesman* man," is responsible for more than seventy-five thousand jokes. Though most of these appeared originally, unsigned, in the *Statesman*, his work has been copied all over this country and translated into German, French, Italian and other languages. Mr. Oliver,

who is credited with being the originator of the conversational joke, writes his jests during the first hour at his office, before taking up his other work on the paper, and for thirty years he has produced from five to ten jokes every day, six days in the week, making his annual output something like two thousand and five hundred.

Though the joke writer is seldom allowed to sign his work, the observant reader can learn to detect his identity by his trade-mark, that is, by the names of the characters in his conversational jokes. For example, Mr. Oliver may be put down as the author of any joke whose speaking characters are Mr. Crimsonbeak and Yeast; Church and Gotham; Patience and Patrice; Bacon and Egbert; Bill and Jill; The Observer of Events and Things. The list of those that may safely be assigned to Mr. O'Connell comprises the following; most of which are familiar to any reader of American papers and magazines: Freddie, Cobwigger; Gladys, Myrtle; Crawford, Crabshaw; Flipper, Flapper; Prue, Dolly; Jaggles, Waggles; Ted, Ned; Mrs. Grammercy, Mrs. Park; Madge, Marjorie; Mr. Damrich, Mrs. Damrich; Codwell, Dr. Fee; Caustique, Merritt; Cora, Little Johnnie; Miss Romantique, Miss Yellowleaf.

When one comes upon the following people dispensing laughs in print one may feel reasonably sure of the authorship of Mr. H. I. Horton: Gerald, Geraldine; Hewitt, Jewett; Benham, Mrs. Benham; Ella, Stella; Mrs. Hoyle, Mrs. Doyle; Howell, Powell. Though on the staff of the *Hartford Courant*, Mr. Horton is one of the free-lancing jesters and his handiwork has appeared from ocean to ocean. He has no particular time for the work, but jots down ideas as they come to him, never trying to force them, as he believes the spontaneous ones more marketable. "I find that an occasional trip out of town, if no more than a trolley-ride, will freshen a man up when he gets stale, and he will return with ideas." In all, Mr. Horton has written more than twenty thousand jokes. "I get my ideas from reading and observation and, of course, from remarks I hear, but I make it a rule to beware of the well-meaning friends who have a 'new' joke which they

EDWIN AUSTIN OLIVER

Author of seventy-five thousand jokes and father of the conversational joke

want used. They are usually honest enough and their intentions are good, but their jokes are usually old, though they may not know it. . . ."

Mr. Horton, who commenced to write jokes in 1894, believes that he would not have "entered upon the awful career" if he had not sold one joke from the first "batch" he sent out. His worst jokes he thinks are those about the mother-in-law. "I am a single man, fearing to commit matrimony lest I no longer see the funny side of life, but I think every man is ambitious to become a benedick some day, and I never write a mother-in-law joke without a shudder. As to my best jokes, I have often thought they were the ones I couldn't sell, but a writer is not naturally a judge of his own productions, though I have generally found that something which I thought fairly good found a market eventually."

Mr. Henry Miller, of New York City, who sends out fifteen jokes every two weeks, throws an interesting light upon editorial methods. To a certain publication (*Harper's* or *Harper's Bazar*) he

cousins, both of her being Miss—one, Miss McLandburgh and the other, Miss Wilson. Editors are to be found who assert that they have had the pleasure of meeting her officially at widely separated times and that she wasn't the same person on both occasions. But this is probably only a most unjust rumour, though her work is of a quality to do credit to two or even three people. Miss Wilson's own story decidedly discredits the report:

"I started writing when a child. With the use of a hektograph I issued a comic paper, intended for family use, called *The Wilson Weekly Wit*, and had a dozen or more subscribers at \$2.50 a year. I soon sold all the jokes to the newspapers, refunded the money to my patrons, wound up the business of *The Wit*, and launched out in the professional world. I do not know the number of jokes I have written, but there must be over twelve thousand. Now I write six, with quatrains and a poem of length, every day in the year, and more when occasion demands. My 'blown-in-the-bottle

WILLIAM E. M'KENNA

submitted some jokes, all of which were promptly rejected with the usual coldly courteous printed slip. Learning the name of the editor of the humorous department, he sent the same jokes back to the same magazine, but addressed to this editor personally. Four of the rejected jests were accepted! "If one can get by the readers, it is a great thing."

"I have a great weakness for a joke of mine which I have been unable to sell," says Mr. Miller:

"If corned beef is Irish turkey, what is macaroni?

"Guincy-hen.

"I have no stock characters. For a number of years, however, I've been very curious to find out who writes the jokes with the invariable characters of Knicker and Bocker."

Happily, the answer to Mr. Miller's inquiry is forthcoming. It is "McLandburgh Wilson," who, as even most editors do not know, is entitled to a Miss before her name. There is even further mystery, for it has been claimed that she is

HARRY IRVING HORTON

can't remember the joke. The worst joke I ever wrote I got ten cents in stamps for. This joke was copied in *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *Figaro*, *Punch*, *Fliegende Blätter*, five hundred American and fifty foreign dailies, the *London Court Journal* and *Dahomey Magazine*. It took so well that I rewrote and resold it quarterly thereafter for ten years—after that John Kendrick Bangs and Clyde Fitch got their hooks into it and the editors tumbled. My stock characters are mothers-in-law and goats. The purchasers of humour may be divided into three distinct classes: those who pay munificently but take nothing; those who take munificently but pay nothing, and those you dream about."

Mr. Warwick James Price, of Philadelphia, has "been writing jokes for about seven years. I now own my own home. I started by accident, of course. I can-

JAMES H. LAMBERT, JR. (PERRINE LAMBERT)

trade-marks are: Knicker and Bocker for men and Bella and Sella for girls. Besides jokes I write serious, satirical and humorous verse. My claim to inventiveness rests in the 'historical personage' joke or satire, of which I am the originator.

"There seems to be no telling what the public will take to. What I have considered indifferent work has sometimes floated about for years and will not down. Again, what one thinks one's best goes flat, or, as we writers prefer to say, over the heads of the people."

Mr. C. M. Webb, of Connecticut, sets forth his experience and accomplishments as a joker in the following facetious letter, which the reader may sift into separate piles of wheat and chaff:

"My total output in the past twenty years has been about two hundred and fifty jokes, of which I have sold about fifteen thousand and been paid for about five thousand. My greatest output for one day was two jokes—a 'mother-in-law' and another of the same. The best joke I ever wrote was one I got \$10 for. I think the editor had been drinking. I

ANDREW ARMSTRONG

Mr. X, of Pittsburg, whose modesty withholds his name, may be assumed as the author of all jokes whose speaking characters are Rea and Raynor, Ray and Gauss, or Maude and Mabel. He is another of those who depend upon inspiration, elaborating at odd moments, though occasionally he "digs them out on the spot." "My hard work is getting the idea into satisfactory form."

Mr. Edwyn Stanley, of New York, has averaged one or two a day for the past three or four years, though he works only intermittently and as the mood comes upon him. Spontaneity is his slogan. "Of course the proper development of an idea often requires good hard labour, but it's obvious that this effort must be concealed. My worst product is bought; my best returns to my files. . . . I regret that subtle humour has no

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

not well imagine any one turning to just that calling from choice. The genuine humourist who measured out five daily inches of laughter to the *Philadelphia Press* fell ill, and I was 'assigned,' quite as I might have been to cover a coroner's inquest. For eleven days I was responsible for 'In Merry Guise'; then they put me again on general work. But the poison had got into my young blood."

Mrs. Clara A. Bolton, of New York, keeps four hundred jests in constant circulation. Like Mr. Horton, she objects to ideas furnished by kind friends, but, unlike him, she makes no attempt to maintain her identity in print by using stock characters. "I don't know which is my best jest, but here is my most copied one. It was published in all the funny papers, both here and abroad:

"**CYNIC** (savagely). They say the only way the fashionable woman of to-day recognises her baby is by looking at the nurse.

"**FASHIONABLE MOTHER** (unmoved). How perfectly clever; when one changes nurses so often! I always tell ours by the baby carriage."

EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

sale. Puns as a foundation are too popular. Horseplay is at a premium. It seems that we Americans would rather laugh than smile."

Mr. Stanley and Mr. William E. McKenna, also of New York, both took up this line of work because the average joke seemed so poor to them that they felt they could produce improvements. Mr. McKenna was so particularly irritated by a bad newspaper joke that he set to work and in a few days wrote forty jokes as a first attempt. These were sent out to four comic weeklies (*Puck*, *Truth*, *Life* and *Judge*), ten to each. Thirty-nine were rejected, but one was accepted at the princely figure of \$2.50. "I mixed up the remaining thirty-nine, added a few more, selected forty and sent them out, ten to each of the same papers. Thirty-nine were rejected, but another of the four papers took one at fifty cents. However, the result was sufficiently encouraging to make me give more attention to the matter and I have given most of my spare time to it since. I think I have written eight thousand or ten thousand jokes that have been published and maybe fifty thousand—others.

"A superficial knowledge of the leading topics of public interest suggests some jokes to a man who is looking for them. Anything more than a superficial knowledge is unnecessary and is impossible, indeed, considering the wide range of topics, unless the joke writer is a person of phenomenal intellect, which, judging from such evidence as I have, he is not."

Seventy-five per cent. of Mr. McKenna's work has been done for *Puck*, and he estimates that for a few years he furnished half the material in this publication, or possibly even more. Much of what he has done has been of a length and merit that permitted its appearing over his own name, and his work, both signed and unsigned, is doubtless familiar to most readers. Though Mr. McKenna no longer uses trade-mark characters to any large extent, you can still detect his authorship behind the names of Hudson, Judson; Parker, Barker; Ada, Ida; Powers, Bowers; Uncle Josh, Uncle Silas and Aunt Hetty.

"One of my best jokes was written by

Lord Bacon. I don't know whether the editor knows this yet or not. It was quite a shock to me when I found it out a few years after it was published. As to my worst joke, I don't know whether it ultimately found its way into my waste-basket or into the London papers. Whatever it was and wherever it is, let it rest in peace."

Mr. William H. Siviter, who also has done signed as well as unsigned work, began writing jokes twenty-five years ago when he became editor of the *Oil City* (Pa.) *Derrick*, whose reputation as a "funny paper" he felt bound to maintain. Since then he has written "a few bales of jokes," besides supplying a *Pittsburg* daily. "I don't know how many I have written altogether and I should shudder to make an estimate. My method is to put down ideas as they hit me, in my little vest-pocket note-book, and write them out when I go home at night—if I am able to decipher my shorthand. Some days I write two dozen dialogues and some days I don't write any, because I do some serious writing sometimes, and sometimes I am too tired." Few are the joke-buying publications that have not printed bits of wit and humour from Mr. Siviter's pen. "You have to watch the joke market carefully and study an editor's whims, and then hope that your 'stuff' will reach him when he is in a conciliatory mood and is digesting a good dinner."

Though Mr. James H. Lambert, Jr., has been a jester for only two or three years, and his duties as assistant dramatic and literary editor of a Philadelphia daily confine his humorous work to odd moments, he has begun, under the name of "Perrine Lambert," to make himself felt in the field of motley in print. Of late he has averaged several jokes and at least a bit of verse every day. "I never force a joke or verse and consequently do not follow any particular method. At times, however, I take up a subject, such as the summer girl, the graduate, natural history, historical events and holidays. Natural history, I find, is an unlimited field for jokes, and editors generally appear to favour humour about animals and birds. Children, too, are prolific of good humour, and

sometimes a remark heard on the street or in the car will result in an acceptable joke. Jokes are constantly suggested in conversations and the news in the daily papers fairly teems with humour. When a subject for a joke suggests itself I jot it down and wait for the humour to assume a witty point. For instance, I carried the single word 'moon' around for several months, confident that a joke hung around somewhere. Finally it came:

"Pa," began Bobby, 'may I ask one more question?'

"Um," replied Pa without looking up from his book.

"Well," said Bobby, 'if they had clocks on the moon, would they be lunatics?'

"The names of the characters I use generally conform in some way to the subject of the joke. Mr. and Mrs. Grouch indulge discontentedly in domestic repartee; Mr. Wise receives the wrong end of the argument when he attempts to instruct his wife, and such names as Mr. Staylayt, Miss Summerly and Farmer Kornstalk are obviously expressive of the character of the joke in which they figure.

"Personally I consider the following the best examples of my work:

"TRAIN DESPATCHER. Where's that freight train?

"ASSISTANT. Gone off.

"TRAIN DESPATCHER. Umph, I didn't know it was loaded.

"Tommy," said little Mabel, 'I'm writing to the Lord for a baby sister. What's the Lord's first name?'

"I'm not sure," replied Tommy wisely; 'but papa always calls him O. Lord.'

"Did you visit Paris on your trip abroad?"

"Almost."

"Almost? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you see, I had my wife with me."

"As to my worst, I think the following would come under the wire nose to nose:

"PENN. What's Scribbler doing now?"

"WRIGHT. I believe he's a domestic author."

"PENN. What's a domestic author?"

"WRIGHT. One who writes home for money."

"Going to take a vacation?"

"Haven't decided yet. My wife and I are going to throw dice for it to-morrow."

"Sometimes I succeed in selling a very bad joke by virtue of a good title, but I find that contemporary editors demand the best of both. I find the occupation of writing jokes a most pleasant one. It never becomes tiresome. There is so wide a variety of subjects and so many suggestions in a day's grind that the work never stales."

There is one jokester whose humour is so spontaneous, so absolutely individual, so American in the good old sense of the word, that even to the jaded editor there is a feeling of real joy on the arrival of an envelope containing the unvarying and time-honoured note:

ROGERS, ARK.

Editor—Magazine.

DEAR SIR: Here are fourteen jokes and skits. Kindly select those you can use and return the rest in the self-addressed envelope here enclosed.

Respectfully,

TOM P. MORGAN.

For such an envelope means that the editor is to leave the turmoil of a great city and draw a few restful, happy breaths in Torpidville, Pruntytown (Izard Co.), Polkville, and Possum Trot, Ark., in the quaint and delightful company of Squire Eli Ramsbottom, Tut Springer, Miss Annabelle Tammers, Hi Hilligoss, Mrs. Judge Tubman, Bill Slackputter, Cyrilla Stang, Mr. Timrod Totten, Miss Philenda Ann Pine, the patent-churn man, *et al.* The mere names are a joy. Or perhaps the editor is to revel in the astounding vocabularies of Deacon Slewfoot, Mistah Bowersock, Aunt Miasmy, Sistah Gladys, Pahson Bagster and Brudders Brownback, Meddicott, Smoot, Utterback, Quackenboss and Borax Jones. Perhaps, again, little Bobby Jonks will discourse on much varied topics, or there will be meeting of the Linen Pants and Solid Comfort Club, the Sit and Argue Club or the Loaf and Wax Fat Club.

But no one can tell Mr. Morgan's story so well as he himself:

Now that it has become the fashion to expose almost everything, it is not surprising that there should be a demand that the inner workings of the humourist be investigated. But I am

hurt to find the finger of suspicion pointing in my direction, for I am not a humourist. I don't even know how to pronounce the word—I don't know whether it is "hew"-mourist or "yew"-mourist, and I am not acquainted with anybody who does.

I have never been photographed with my index finger digging into my throbbing temple, and I solemnly swear I never will be. I don't tell good stories in which the bishop laughed heartily—I shouldn't know a bishop from a whiskey drummer if I were to meet 'em both in the middle of the turnpike at high noon. I have never been known as a raconteur—to be called a liar in English is bad enough, but in French it's awful! Moreover—and this ought to settle it—I have never gone around the country with a sheaf of testimonials in one hand and a long, hungry, fiddle-shaped face in the other holding up and robbing the helpless public in the name of a lyceum bureau.

I am merely an honest, self-respecting joke writer who has got started and can't quit. I have been writing jokes for eighteen years or so, and the books that have helped me the most have been the publishers' pocket-books. I have always tried to help worthy publications, and have assisted in bankrupting several superfluous ones, so I feel that I have not wholly lived in vain.

I was started on my downward career by an editor whom I had never harmed by word or deed. In those days I was writing stories to fit prescribed spaces and circumscribed tastes, cheerily grinding along according to the dictates of my own conscience, such as it was, when up jumped this fellow and suggested that I try joke writing, saying that the work was easy and the payments large. Wotting no better, I eagerly swallowed the baleful potion, and have never fully recovered from it. Ever since then I have had but one aim in life—to become rich enough to chase that fellow around the world and push him into a well.

Since the beginning I have written ten billions, more or less, of jokes—just how many less or more I do not know; but it is quite a number one way or the other. The largest number I ever did in one day was twelve hundred and some, and it took me a little over a week to write them.

My methods are simplicity itself. I just catch my idea by the tail and drag it, clawing and spitting, out of its hole—that's all there is to it. The only way to write a joke is to write it. The true test of greatness is in selling

them. It appears that I am a great man, for I have sold them to almost every publication that used such stuff, and have had some of them cross the ocean, be translated into English gibberish, and come home funnier than ever. An American joke is the funniest thing on earth after it has been trimmed up and mortised into *Tit Bits*. The Landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, Alkali Ike, the Old Codger, the Hon. Thomas Rott and old Squire Peavy, of Possum Trot, Ark., are joys supreme under such circumstances.

It is impossible to forecast the result when you turn loose a joke. A couple of years or so ago I published in a certain magazine a skit a page and a half long, which produced a quaint result. You know how you will sometimes get a fragment of an idea wedged in your mental machinery, and although not of the slightest consequence, you can have no peace until it is fitted into its proper place. You've often tried to remember the name of a feller that married the youngest—no, next to the youngest—daughter of old Deacon What's-his-name—feller, you know, with a wart right here, and—er—ah—well, anyhow, his first name was—lez see—oh, yes, Ezry! Ezry—nuh! Ellicksander—aw, naw. Who cares a confound what the fool's name was?—but I'd kind o'—there, now! Had it right at my tongue's end, and you—Eli? E-l-i? Now, lez see! Hey? What? Bill Wilson? Yes, so 'twas! Bill Wilson. Darn Bill Wilson! Never had much use for him, anyhow! Well, I ran onto the name of Sam Patch somewhere, and, remembering how the mind will buzz itself weary over non-essentials of that sort, I wrote myself down as totally obfuscated as to his identity—couldn't remember who he had been or what he had done; wasn't sure that he was a man at all—might have been a Pullman car, a race horse or what-not—sounded a good deal like a race horse, seemed to me. After the article appeared I received more than a dozen letters, one from London, one from Paris and one from the Philippines, all informing me in good faith who Sam Patch was, and only two of them hitting it right. One gentleman, who will be my friend for life, took his pen in hand to let me know that he had never before heard of Sam Patch, and hoped I'd be d—d (and he didn't mean Doctor of Divinity, either!), for now he couldn't rest till he found out. If I could fetch results like that every time I'd be a greater man than he who invented white blackberries.

It has long been my custom to send fourteen jokes and skits in each batch submitted, kind o' as a habit and kind o' because it makes the bundle look just about the right size. Not long ago, after I'd got a batch prepared, I concluded I'd put in a skit which would cease to be timely if held over till the next sending, and instead of taking out one item, I simply added the skit, making the number fifteen instead of the usual fourteen. As heaven is my judge, I had no sinister motive, but when at the office of publication it was found that I had changed my number there was a sound of devilry by night, and the editor, the associate editor, the stenographer, the cat and the tame poet went around in a maze of amazement at the innovation. And I believe that even yet they suspect me of being a dangerous crank of some kind.

While I emphatically deny being a humourist, I claim the distinction of being the author of the most fatal play ever written. I read it to a manager, and a short time later his wife left him. Another manager suavely consented to examine the manuscript, and within three weeks he was as dead as a door-nail. Still another manager got as far as promising to produce it, and then began to pick entomological specimens out of the atmosphere and remark, "Har! har!" at irregular intervals. One play reader tackled it and was run over by an automobile; another jumped out of a fourth-story window, and a third is now in a sanatorium and acting kind o' peculiar. Then I withdrew the critter from circulation; it didn't seem right to kill off the whole managerial tribe. I'll leave it to you if Shakespeare in his palmiest days could beat the record.

I next undertook vaudeville sketches, and seem to be improving, for up to noon to-day none of them has permanently injured anybody. I now have another play, a nice, clean, docile character-comedy, for which I have the promise of an early production by a daring manager. On the outcome I am not offering to bet. If the play pleases Smith, Jones and Brown I'll do some of the things I've long wanted to do; if it doesn't please them I'll write another one. The public knows what it wants when it sees it.

Well, to conclude nicely, jokesmiths work, strive and hop about like other people, and, like the majority of humanity, get all that's coming to them. The payments are sufficient, the editors are generally courteous and consid-

crate, and there is a good deal of fun in it if you don't take yourself too seriously. And, best of all, nobody calls you "the Hon." or asks you to head any movements for the uplifting of anything. Everybody is a little suspicious of the jokesmith, and therein is great comfort. I wouldn't trade my little old job of joke writing for any sinecure in the wide, wide world.

It may be parenthetically admitted that the writer himself was the associate editor who received such a shock on finding that for the only time in years Mr. Morgan had presented fifteen instead of fourteen jokes and skits. And it may be well to add the good news that Alkali Ike has by this time met with success on the New York vaudeville stage and that Mr. Morgan is on the road to fame in this new field.

Others of the unsigned joke writers, whose production is of smaller proportions than that of those with whom this article is principally concerned, are: Mrs. M. L. Wildman, of New York; Mr. Emmet C. Hall, Mr. Andrew Armstrong, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. L. B. Coley, of Tarrytown, N. Y.

Before turning from the jokers themselves mention must be made of Miss Carolyn Wells, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick and Mr. Tom Masson, who, though they are so well known for signed humour, have turned their hands more or less to the anonymous joke. Mr. Masson is now editor of one of the comic weeklies.

There are, of course, joke writers, generally amateurs, who deliberately try to market other people's witticisms, and these, like the story and poem thieves, sooner or later find themselves placed on the "black-list" of the various editors. It was *Puck* that originated a telling method of detecting joke plagiarism. A room, called the "Crucible," was fitted up with a table, a chair, a pencil and paper and nothing else besides. Communication with the outside world was impossible. Into this cell was led the suspect with orders to write, within a definite period, more jokes or humorous verses like those he had submitted as his own. It was not a perfect method, but it produced fairly satisfactory results.

It is, as has been hinted, against the

English papers that the jokers nurse their greatest grievances, and American editors are naturally rather prone to the same irritation. Mr. Horton relates how one of our own comic weeklies brought an American plagiarist to grief through his trustfulness in the London weeklies. He had taken from one of the latter a number of jokes, assuming that the Eng-

lish paper would not have been read on this side of the water. It hadn't been, but unfortunately it had in turn borrowed these same jokes from American papers, without giving credit, and the editors of the American weekly in question recognised the purloined gems of wit from their previous appearance in this country.
Arthur Sullivan Hoffman.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SODOM AND GOMORRAH



HERE was nothing out of the ordinary about the new guest who faced me one evening across Scipione's smallest dinner table except that, at first sight, he bore the characteristic air of mingled bodily agony and spiritual desolation which I am accustomed to associate with sallow-faced gentlemen lunching on crackers and milk at a counter. Soon, however, it became apparent that his was not the usual state of mind induced by the reflection that, in a life too brief for art, taking thirty bites to each morsel is, after all, somewhat of a handicap. He would saw away at his filet of beef pensively, poise the impaled segment in the air like Neptune handling a miniature trident, stare straight through me, become aware of my presence, and with a mumbled apology for his unseemly conduct, precipitate himself upon his food in a sudden access of fury. And yet, in spite of such odd behaviour, there was no denying him the complete appearance of good breeding. His face was long and thin, and the nose, perhaps a bit too large, ran as perfect in contour as the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. Fine lips curved away at the corners with just a suspicion of contemptuously suspended judgment on almost everything, an impression reinforced by the glint of his dark eyes, which were slightly bloodshot. Even in his mood of intense preoccupation his manners were gracious.

To sit there impassive through one of Scipione's prolonged bills of fare with only a narrow board between us was manifestly impossible. Presuming, therefore, on my position as an old and favoured client of the establishment with almost a proprietary, though entirely unremunerative, interest in its welfare, I was about to hurl a commonplace into the breach of profound silence that separated us when my neighbour spared me the trouble. Waking from an extraordinary long trance and growing aware, seemingly, of the necessities of the situation, he bowed across the table with a fine exotic charm that won me instantly and begged to know if he had in any way interfered with my comfort or disturbed whatever might have been the current of my thoughts. Strangely enough his voice showed not the least trace of foreign accentuation.

I hastened to reassure him of the unruffled equanimity of my soul and in turn prayed to know whether I might possibly have been instrumental in making his dinner less enjoyable than it should have been. No, he said, and the debonair warmth of his response served immediately to place us on a footing of frank companionship.

"You will possibly be more inclined to overlook my rather unaccountable behaviour," he half laughed, "if I explain that it is primarily due to a volume of recent verse which I glanced through this morning with a feeling of blended irrita-

tion and disgust that up to the present has shown no sign of abating."

The waiter had just placed before him a platter of the celebrated spaghetti with which Scipione entwines the hearts of his customers. That my neighbour should choose to have this dish after his roast instead of before was worth perhaps a moment's notice, but no more.

"It is a pity," I said, "that a book of bad poems should have prevented your doing full justice to Scipione's art. Ought we not to be grateful, at least, that for every poor sonnet we must endure the world can show a dozen plates of fine wheat paste or savoury ragouts?"

"True," he replied, "but it is not of the fact that the verse was bad in the ordinary sense that I complain. I admit that we must have bad poets just as we must have the measles, and if our young singers would pipe their bravest little tunes and remain content, no harm would be done. But is there not ground for proper resentment, I ask, when our songsters in the fulness of their spirit strive to set up also as prophets? Now this particular book has an introduction in which the author asserts that he has made it his business to establish Evil as co-ruler in this world with the Good."

"Oh, well," I said, "when some youthful disciple of the Camembert school of poetry has his little tilt with Christianity and the Family, we need not be greatly concerned over the outcome. The moral law has survived quite a number of such encounters."

"But, my dear sir," he cried, "it is not at all as a champion of what you are pleased to call the moral law that I protest against the extravagances of our arrogant young bard. On the contrary, I feel free to confess that I refuse utterly to recognise your moral law and your present system of ethics, social or private."

"How," I exclaimed in unrestrained amazement, "you proclaim yourself, then, a revolutionist?"

"Quite so," he said.

"You deny, for instance, the sanctity of the marriage relation?"

"I do."

"And of our obligation toward the weak and the unfortunate?"

"Yes."

"And of duty toward the State?"

"The State as you conceive it at present, yes."

"And of filial obedience?"

"Yes."

"Of self-denial?"

"Positively."

"Self-sacrifice?"

"More than anything else I abhor that."

"Let me put it crudely, then, for you puzzle me. You uphold what we ordinarily call Sin against what we call the Virtues?"

"I do."

"You are a Satanist?"

"Why, yes, if you choose to make use of that rather hackneyed name."

"Well, then," I concluded, "utterly impossible though I find it even to conceive a satisfactory ground for your belief, I fail to see what reason you have for taking issue with our young poet?"

"My friend," he replied, and for all the suavity of his manner his voice was atremble and his eyes gleamed with fanatic passion, "can you not see that the greatest enemy of Evil is he who would turn it into a Good, into the Highest Good?"

"I catch your meaning only in a faint way."

"I will try to explain my position in a few words if you will be patient."

Without attracting my neighbour's attention the boy, Beppo, had removed his scarcely touched portion of spaghetti and replaced it with the regulation square of broiled bluefish.

"Please continue," I said.

"The charm, the strength, the very essence of Evil," he began, "consists undeniably in the fact that it is always in the minority, always in opposition, always disestablished, always unrespectable. Now what these young hot-heads propose to do is precisely to make our party a majority party, a party in power, an Established Church, a creed that is—horror of horrors—respectable. Look at me. I am the irreconcilable enemy of what you designate the common virtues. Why? For the very reason that they are common. On the contrary, see how sin, faults, failings, commend themselves to me and arouse repugnance in you until,

mark you, until the moment in which we learn to speak of them as 'common' failings. Then *presto*, the situation changes. You begin to regard them with indulgence. For me they lose all flavour."

"That is a sufficiently comprehensible position," I said.

"Take the demi-mondaine," he continued. "To me she is the sacred priestess of passion. Give her legal status through morganatic marriage, and as far as I am concerned she is lost. Take the common thief. He is one of my votaries. Give him a charter of incorporation under the laws of the State of New Jersey and I am compelled to disavow him. In the same way homicide under the ægis of the Unwritten Law loses its zest for me, and the pursuit of innocent young women when justified as an essential manifestation of the artistic nature forfeits all attractiveness in my eyes. Therein, you see, rests the pernicious significance of the tactics pursued by our budding young Devil-worshippers. They mean well, but they are not far-seeing, and in seeking to vulgarise vice they would destroy it. One might as well advocate a solid dinner of caviar with mayonnaise sauce for dessert as preach adultery for the masses. The danger is so fully recognised by all true Satanists that already there is perceptible among them a definite reaction against the hitherto accepted principles of our faith. Why, only the other day I saw one of the most prominent members of our denomination in the very act—will you believe me?—of pulling a baby from under the wheels of an automobile."

He pushed aside his fish, untasted, and Beppo brought him a cup of bouillon. But my companion took no notice of the change.

"You will agree, then," he went on, "that any rôle but an oppositional one must be fatal to us. See what has happened to the Liberal party in England. See what happens to the Democratic party in this country whenever it obtains control of the Government. So firmly am I convinced of the fatal consequences popular recognition would entail on our cause that, conservative as I am by nature, I can see no other course left open to us than to effect a complete revision of our creed in a sense that shall leave us

still in the minority. As a rule I abhor the practice of stealing an enemy's political clothes. But there can be no odium attached to our assuming the garments voluntarily discarded by our opponents. If the worst comes to worst, I am prepared to take my stand on a platform of altruism, monogamy, anti-infanticide and teetotalism."

"You speak with almost personal vehemence," I said.

He blushed faintly.

"I say 'I,'" he replied, "but of course I speak of all who think as I do. We all feel the danger so intensely that it seems at times as though it were already come upon us. One of our poets—I refer, of course, to our truly enlightened Satanic singers—has put forth a book of songs in which with prophet-like power he paints our future state with an intensity that makes it vividly present. I fear it would be abusing your good nature if I should venture to repeat for you what I consider the most characteristic, if not quite the most technically admirable, production in the entire volume."

"Not at all," I said.

He began his recitation with such fervour as to make me suspect that modesty alone had kept him from fixing more definitely the authorship of the poem. "Representing as it does a mother addressing her child," he explained, "I have, that is, the poet has called it,

MATER NUTREX

Your lips' embrace calls forth the heart within
me

To knock, with wanton, wild desire saluting,
Against the intervening wall
Of flesh,

Like Pyramus and Thisbe. What matters it,
oh, Sweet,

That man-made laws name this red-glowing
fire Sin,

Or priests fulminate Hell? Upon my bosom,
Vibrant, your palpitating mouth
Is fresh.

Child! Your tiny, random, iridescent fingers,
Grating upon my body, erase the print
Of custom, doubt, or the fear
Of fate.

They lend me skill to veil the face of conscience. They wake

The thirst to quaff the poisoned cup of rapture,

To melt to you in shame; to you, love, my own,
Not to some stranger's child assigned
By the State.

Your body has no secret groove or flexure
I do not seize. Soft bliss! Oh, Aphrodite,
In vain you frown and sternly point
On high.

Say why

Shall I whose soul the Serpent has encircled
Refrain from hugging to my breast the meshes
Of Passion's annulated form
And die?

"I think you will admit," he said after a moment's silence between us, "that there is in the lines a fine appeal for freedom, which is apt to give the Philistine conscience of the future a few uneasy moments."

"Indeed," I replied.

"The same author," he continued, "has published a tragedy which was produced—I should say, of course, which is supposed to have been produced—in those days by the E. P. Roe Stage Society after all efforts to secure a public performance of the play had been nullified by the activity of the police. The plot is of such classic simplicity as to bear compression within a few sentences. Arthur Harmon and Berenice Wainwright, who have grown up from earliest childhood together, discover at last that the feeling which binds them is love, and become convinced that life apart can have no meaning for them. The public authorities, however, ascertaining that neither of the lovers has at any previous time felt the call of passion or been a party to a liaison, recognised or private, forbid the marriage on the ground that a union

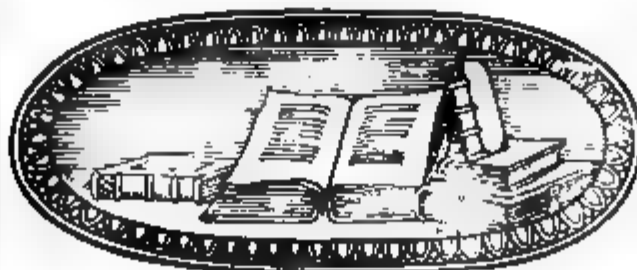
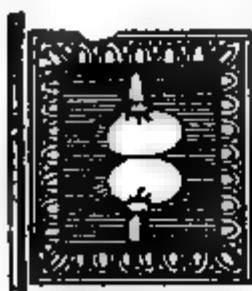
founded on such utter inexperience cannot possibly be conducive to the happiness of the participants or the welfare of the State. Love, however, claims the two as its own, and in spite of public disapproval and the importunity of friends, they determine to be masters of their souls. They marry and the inevitable reward of criminal temerity is not slow in coming upon them. Ostracised by his relatives and the members of his caste, and cut off in consequence from the splendid career that had formerly stretched open before him, Arthur eats his heart out without venturing to utter the slightest reproach against Berenice. But Berenice knows that she has been the cause of his ruin, and finding, though too late, that the wages of sin must always be paid, takes her own life. Whereupon Arthur slays himself over her dead body. The moral intent is quite plain, don't you think?" asked my neighbour, nibbling at an olive, while he beckoned to Beppo for his bill. "Yet even in private the presentation of the play after the first performance was forbidden by the police, and many persons who had joined the Stage Society for the particular occasion, gladly paying the increased initiation fee, were doomed to disappointment."

"The police have seldom revealed themselves as competent judges in the realm of art," I told him.

He nodded and started abruptly to his feet. "I know I ought to continue the discussion with you," he said, "but it would be against my principles to do such a thing just because I feel bound to. You have been patient with me. Good-night."

He went out without tipping the waiter.

S. Strunsky.



DISRAELI AND OTHERS*



OUTATION would be the most effective method of giving the reader an adequate idea of the scope and variety of Mr. Keibel's volume of reminiscences of English social and political life; but a brief summary should suffice to secure for it the attention it deserves. The writer, a son of a country vicar, was originally destined for the Bar. But journalism promised a "short cut to independence," and the acceptance by the *Press*, a Tory newspaper established in the fifties, of "one or two short pieces" determined his career. The greater part of his editorial work has been done for the *London Standard*; but the *Press* was a journal with which Disraeli was at first connected, and it was this circumstance which brought Mr. Keibel to the great man's notice. Naturally he takes a kindly view of his early patron. It may be a true view as well. Disraeli himself told Lord Rowton that Mr. Keibel was one of the few who understood him. Certainly in these pages some fresh light is thrown upon "the man of mystery."

That Disraeli was never very popular with the leaders of his own party there is abundant evidence to show. Yet at Hughenden, though he was far from being the typical English country gentleman and had no interest in sport, he was distinctly liked. He was a lover of nature, and the primrose might have been "his" favourite flower, even if Queen Victoria was thinking of Prince Albert when she sent the famous wreath for the dead statesman's bier. He was fond of birds; the thrushes, goldfinches and warblers were his especial delight. In fact, his home life was quite the reverse of what might be gathered from his public life. Of his affection for his wife Mr. Keibel gives several instances. She was proud of "Dizzy," and after her death, in 1872, he spoke of her as "a perfect wife." This is not like the rather

"flash" political adventurer of the Liberal legend. As for that, many Conservatives had their doubts of their leader's sincerity. He was loyal, but it was with the loyalty of the soldier who had "sold his sword." Mr. Keibel does not believe that such an estimate is just, and, indeed, it is difficult to discover any reasonable basis for it. Disraeli's novels are to a large extent a revelation of his personal opinions, which were those of "a born aristocrat." The real trouble was, of course, that Disraeli had a speculative and paradoxical turn of mind confusing to the plain Tory squire. Then, again, he never quite understood the English clergy. His famous phrase about putting down ritualism gave deep offence. The High Churchmen were naturally Conservatives, but Mr. Gladstone's intense Anglo-Catholicism was more to their taste. Disraeli's curious isolation from humanity is doubtless largely responsible for his incapacity to enter into the feelings of others—his chief defect, on the whole, as a party leader. Mr. Keibel says that when he and Lord Rowton looked over their dead friend's letters and papers they found nothing of sufficient interest for publication. It is not necessary to point the moral by referring to the voluminous materials which Mr. Morley found when he came to write a life of Gladstone; many political leaders of far less consequence have left a large amount of "good copy" behind them.

But Disraeli—it has never seemed quite natural to call him Lord Beaconsfield—is by no means the only figure of importance in these pages. Mr. Keibel devotes a number of chapters to various Tory statesmen of the old school, as well as to Tory ladies who in one way or another came into prominence. Perhaps the most picturesque of the former is the late Duke of Rutland, the Lord John Manners who was in his youth so vehement an advocate of "our old nobility" and whose famous couplet caused inextinguishable laughter. Of the ladies, the best known to Americans is Lady St. Helier, formerly Lady Jeune, who perhaps came as near as any Englishwoman

*Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories. By T. E. Keibel. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

could come to establishing a "salon" of the Parisian type, although it cannot be said that she acted as Egeria for a House of Commons Numa. Hers was a Tory gathering usually, though she was not proscriptive, and many of opposite opinions were made welcome. The influence of women in English political life is a fact which few Americans understand. It has sometimes been used mischievously, but it is in the main an influence for good. Certainly it is to be wished on many accounts that American women took the same intelligent interest in politics that their English sisters take. There is enough "underground" feminine influence in Washington, no doubt, but no wife of a President or a Cabinet officer has ever imitated the example, say, of Lady Palmerston. It would be a hazardous experiment, no doubt, but the philosophical student of democratic institutions can hardly help wishing it might be tried.

Mr. Kebbel writes of Tory Arcadia and of Tory Bohemia, of both of which countries he has been a resident aforetime, though he modestly says little about himself. Arcadia was lost after the first Reform Bill went through; there are few Tories in the antique sense now. Bohemia has changed, too; writers, even newspaper writers, think about "good form." One of the curious figures of the Bohemian land was Mortimer Collins, whose name is well-nigh forgotten by the present generation, but whose work at its

best fell only just short of genius. Collins was "a curious creature to look at. He always dressed the same way, winter and summer. He wore, as far as I remember, an ordinary dark morning coat with a white waistcoat and often a pair of rather short white trousers, neither of the two garments looking as if it could ever have been clean." He lived from hand to mouth, and either starved or dined too abundantly. Coarse in his tastes and language, he had a gentle side, as much of his verse shows. Mr. Kebbel tells how once Collins approached a thrush's nest and stroked the bird's back for some minutes. "To see this great, rough, loud roisterer, redolent of Fleet Street toddy and Bohemian slang, suddenly transformed into a child of nature, and capable of charming a bird upon her nest, was a kind of revelation." But such men hardly make good journalists. Mr. Kebbel seems to have had a kindly tolerance for many people with whom he could have had little in common. His own work was mainly done for the respectable *Standard* and for the equally respectable reviews. A surprising amount of real ability, it deserves to be said, goes into such work in England; there is little of the slap-dash writing which disfigures American journalism. And few American journalists, one imagines, would have the material, drawn from their own experiences, upon which to base so charming and informing a volume of reminiscences as this.

Edward Fuller.

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XVIII

GREAT MIS TOR

Ives Pomeroy was returning from fishing, and now he stayed awhile and screwed up his eyes that he might make out a figure that approached him. She was a woman, and first he failed to recognise her, and then, as she approached to within a quarter of a mile of him, he knew her.

This man's life progressed unevenly. He was wayward, now fluttered hope in those who cared for him, now awakened depression, or anger, or indifference. The folk were very tolerant for his mother's sake, and she, pursuing the way of her own sanguine heart, swiftly recognised any flash of larger ambition, riper knowledge and ampler patience in his nature. She seldom erred and the improvements that she discerned were often genuine; but some of these dawns were false, and occasionally a harsh sequel followed indications of advancement. He possessed as yet no stability and was hard to live with. Little reverence belonged to him, but his mother knew that love of justice formed a large part of his character. And upon this, together with her knowledge of herself and her dead self of the past, she hopefully built.

Avisa had suffered physical trials during this early spring, and was but lately returned home after undergoing an operation at Tavistock Cottage Hospital. She mended now, and the neighbours rejoiced to know it.

Jill Bolt approached young Pomeroy, and his first thought was to plunge off the footpath and put some distance between them; then curiosity changed his intention and he determined to hold on and pass her. They met, as they had sometimes met of late before. On these occasions Ives regarded Jill and she turned her face from him; but to-day he

was astonished to find that she returned his glance; then she stopped; and then she spoke.

He had not heard her voice for many months and it moved him somewhat. Moreover the tone was humble and the words were meek.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Pomeroy?" she said.

He gasped. A thousand grievances seemed to perish in the very sound of her voice.

"Yes, you may," he answered. "I've seed you once or twice out here. Why for have you took to roaming, Mrs. Bolt?"

"I suppose you wouldn't be so kind as to call me 'Jill' again?"

He did not answer, and she continued.

"I walk for two reasons; because my husband's mother be always at me to take exercise and keep tramping for my coming little one's sake, and because I like it. Walking takes me out of earshot of my mother-in-law."

He listened to the sound rather than to the sense of her speech.

He nodded with his mother's nod.

"Sit here," he said. "'Twas a black day for you when you quarrelled with me, Jill."

"I know it."

"And a black day for me too. You've heard all that's happened to me. A man like me ban't built to be thrown over that way without paying somebody. I fell foul of people in general and ended by attacking the rich, because they tread on the poor. But it was only an excuse to break loose, Jill. You'd set me festering and the poison had to out."

"I beg you to forgive me, Mr. Pomeroy."

"Call me 'Ives.' There's been enough damned nonsense between us, and it's wrecked my life and gone far to spoil yours. But you can call me 'Ives,' I suppose. I forgive you, of course. No use to do otherwise."

She looked at his profile as he sat beside her with his face turned to the summit of Great Mis Tor.

"You've suffered only less than me," she said. "I see it there on your face. Why was I born to make you an unhappy man? Such impatience—such cruel, wicked pride. Oh, my God, what a fool I was!"

He hesitated, then spoke.

"You sha'n't say that, Jill. You was a woman and the weaker thing. I know now you weren't all in the wrong. I've thought about it often enough. You was very much tempted, and I ought to have seen it at the time and been more patient and reasonable. I cut my own throat in a manner of speaking. Moleskin showed me that when 'twas too late, and he knows a lot about women. I ban't a patient man, worse luck, and I lost my temper at the wrong time and didn't call it home again soon enough."

"You sha'n't say these things now. The fault was mine, and the punishment be mine also."

"As to that——"

"I know you missed me a bit; but you've got the world to choose from; you're free. I'm done for."

He was interested and marked her hopeless voice.

"Done for!" That's a hard saying. I suppose you'll have what you took him for—his uncle's money?"

"Blast the money! That's gone safe enough and I'm cruel punished ever for thinking of it; though, all the same, God's my judge that 'twasn't love of the money first, but anger at you made me take him. But living with him! If you or any other man only knowed the nature of Samuel: everything that's mild and tasteless. He's invalid food, that man! He makes me sick, I tell you—sick at his tame goodness. You, that be all up and down, and sulks and laughter, and anger and red hot worship—you that I know so well for all we're parted forever—you can't understand what 'tis to be so holy in character. He ought to be in Heaven, and I wish to God he was. Nothing to find fault with—but everything. I hate goodness since I married that man. I hate patience and meekness and giving way to everybody—like hell I hate 'em.

Never an unkind thought of any living creature. Never a bit of news—never even a crooked word. That righteous and pious—there, I could shriek out swear words myself sometimes to anger him, but 'twould be in vain. And his awful flute—like a lamb bleating for its mother. I'd thank God on my knees if he'd come home drunk and beat me for a change—anything—anything's better than such a saint. He'm like a man made of potatoes—no taste to him—body or soul."

"That's him right enough," admitted Ives. "I always said and always will say you was a red rat marrying a white mouse. You had a fine flame in you always. With that brave, fiery hair, you was bound to be hot."

He looked at her great mane and was silent.

"Nothing like it nowheres else," he said, being shaken from the matter in hand by this physical splendour. "Lovely as ever. I'd have been a better father for that child coming than him; and a better husband for you than him."

His frankness did not disconcert her. She sighed and asked after his mother.

"I hope Mrs. Pomeroy be strong again?"

"Yes, she is; but not all we could wish yet. Doctor says we must look sharp after her for a year or two at least. However, she'll soon be herself again, I think. The doctors say she made a splendid recovery and tell us we've every right to hope she'll never fall so ill again. All the same, there's a little fear."

"I wish some of they doctors wasn't such fools. Do you mind when you rated me, Ives, because you said I was marrying Bolt for his hopes of money?"

"Well, and didn't you?"

"No, I'll swear I didn't—not only for the money. The thought of it helped me to decide; but it wouldn't have counted against you—if you——"

"Better leave that now," he said. "I'm punished enough."

"Anyway us won't get it."

"Why not?"

"Because his uncle ban't going to die!"

"He must die sooner or late."

"He's only sixty or thereabout, and the London doctor found as he hadn't got death in him at all. 'Twas his liver;

and now the man eats proper meat and takes long walks and so on, and he's getting spryer every day."

"Your luck's out all round then. I wish to God you'd never quarrelled with me, Jill."

"Don't I? 'Tis a poor plight for a woman of character. Sometimes I feel that desperate that I could run away or cut my throat—anything to get out of it."

"Time will tame you—same as it will me, I suppose."

"Never!"

"Winter and wedlock tames maids and beasts. You was far too fine a piece for a poor ninnyhammer like Bolt. Still it might be worse. I suppose he does your bidding. I dare say he'd have made a better husband than me—here and there."

She put her hand on his.

"Don't say that, Ives."

"Leave your hand where 'tis," he said, with a voice unsteady.

For a time neither spoke; then Jill rose.

"Us better not meet no more. It puts wicked thoughts in me," she remarked quietly.

"Wicked be damned," he said. "Half the things men call wicked be no more than natural. Wicked's only a man's word. Everything that be worth thinking about be wicked, if you listen to they frosty people as call themselves good."

"Anyway we won't go back together. I'll go on my walk and you get home."

He opened his creel, took out some trout, made a neat parcel of them with brake-fern and rushes, then tied all with a piece of string.

"There," he said. "Good-bye! Keep up your pluck. You never know what may happen."

"Good-bye and thank you, Ives."

He turned his back upon her and went his way, while she did not move for some time. From under her pale eyelashes she watched him dwindle. She knew a great deal about his past and was familiar with his behaviour in the present. People began to regard him as an amended young man. He kept more at home and worked harder at his business. With regard to women, none could say that he specially affected any girl's society for the moment. During his mother's illness

Ives had ridden twice or thrice weekly to Tavistock. Now Avis was at home again and her son and daughter ceased not to minister to her. These efforts only relaxed when Avis, now restored to health, took her place and controlled the affairs of the home as usual.

Jill thought of what she had lost and what she had gained. Upon the whole this interview cheered her a good deal. The effect of resting her hand upon that of Ives impressed her with immense possibilities. She wished that her child would come quickly; and in her heart she hoped that it would quickly go again.

Ives Pomeroy fell in with Ruth Rendle on his homeward way, and since she was proceeding to Vixen Tor Farm to see his mother, he escorted her. He appeared very full of the griefs of Jill Bolt and uttered a flood of indignant protests. He scorned the woman's husband and declared that her mother-in-law was enough to make any sane wife commit a crime. The subject entirely possessed his mind, and he made no secret of his recent conversation.

"A cruel thing for any proper spirited woman to be choked between them two stupid creatures. There'll be a flare up presently, if I know anything about her."

He ranted on at the unutterable misery of Jill, and Ruth listened patiently while Ives vented many lawless opinions, and for the time being gave no indications whatever of his alleged improvement in sense and sobriety. She was glad when they reached the farm and he left her with Mrs. Pomeroy. But this he did not do until he had described his interview to his mother and poured Jill's wrongs into Avis's ears.

And his old sweetheart sat on till daylight waned. Then, like an enchanter, the mighty tor began to weave its own cloud-cap before her eyes and draw down from the firmament a nimbus of dark vapours. This grey fleece limned magically under sunset light, spread, and swelled and rolled downward from the hidden mountain top in pearly billows. There was no wind and the fog increased, filled Walla's deep glen beneath the tor, and came presently to the face of the woman where she still sat and pondered.

At its touch, the sense of reality returned to her brooding spirit. She banished certain dreams that painted another pattern of life than the true one, sighed impatiently and turned to go home. For a mile she walked, and was just about leaving the Moor and entering Merivale, when she remembered the gift of the trout. These she had quite forgotten and left at her resting place. She did not want them; but the remote possibility that Ives might pass that way again, remember the spot as their meeting-place, pay it extra attention and find his fish, decided her to return. Already weary, she tramped back again into the fog, found her old lover's gift and took it home with her.

Samuel was waiting for his supper, and his hunger and resignation alike irritated her. When she showed him the trout and told him the name of the giver, her husband appeared too much astonished to say anything.

"You'd better go in and ax your mother if I ought to eat 'em or not," she said, knowing that he would miss the satire.

"A very proper thought, Jill. I will do so," he answered. "For my part, as a large-minded man I can't see no cause against. But mother, aggravating to you though she may be sometimes, poor dear, have sense enough for the pair of us still. If she says the fish did ought to be ate, you can have 'em for breakfast; if not, I'll give 'em to somebody else and tell Pomeroy that I've done so. Of course, he'll see the hidden meaning of that and take the hint in future."

"You may save yourself the trouble," answered his wife. "There's some things still as I dare to make up my own mind about, and I'm going to eat these fish for my supper."

Samuel looked rather nervous and his mouth opened while he reflected.

"Perhaps, you are right," he said. "'Tisn't as if he'd caught 'em deliberate for you. That I would not have stood for a moment—no man of spirit could be expected to do it. But since you met by accident and the fish was caught, and the idea to give you a few comed in his mind, it might be mean not to feed on 'em. Belike 'twas a sort of peace-offering, poor

man, and I hope a sign of grace. But I'll take none. You cook 'em, Jill, and keep the three biggest for yourself, and I'll pop over to mother with the rest."

CHAPTER XIX

A THUNDER PLANET

Some differences of opinion between the brothers Toop culminated in words on a day in August. The matter concerned with Ruth, who had at last told them that she intended to leave Merivale. This startling decision was now in their ears, and they discussed it privately.

"Peter," said Joel shortly, "this is your work."

"On the contrary," answered his brother, "if it's anybody's work, it's yours."

"You'd better explain that."

"So I will then. 'Tis your bullying have done this. I say 'bullying'."

Joel stared. Then he snorted.

"More likely your foolish, clumsy love-making! Don't think that I haven't seen through it. Not likely she can suffer an old fogey like you, and you ought to have known better—you with your many natural infirmities."

"This is rather too much," said Peter. "If you wasn't so puffed up with your own importance, brother, and if you knew a little more how a man ought to treat the gentler creature, you'd see that what you are vulgar enough to call 'clumsy love-making' be just ordinary, proper behaviour, as between friends. For a friend she always will be to me. I have her word for that."

Joel started; then light shone from his face and he laughed unpleasantly.

"So that's it! You've given yourself away properly now, Peter Toop. They never talk that stuff about always being friends until a man have asked 'em to be something more."

"Don't they?" said Peter, growing very red and sticking out his beard. "And how do you come to know such a lot about it? What if I did ask her to have 'me? It's not a crime, I believe. She won't have you anyway. You don't know how to treat a woman."

"No," answered Joel, "she will not have me, as you say so politely. I happen to know that, because I proposed to her in the usual way. I may or I may not have put it more gentleman-like than what you did. But where sense is lacking, a man's powerless. She decided against me."

"And that's why you've worked her so hard ever since, and been so sharp, I suppose?"

"Well, it made a difference to my feelings naturally. As for hard work, who works harder than me? She's not afraid of hard work, and she's not going because of me at all; she's going because of you."

"She's *not* going," said Peter positively. "If I'm anybody here, she's not going to leave the Jolly Huntsmen."

"So far as that goes, I don't want her to leave any more than you do."

"I don't care what you want or what you don't want," retorted Peter. "You've been very rude to me to-day, and I'm a good deal shocked to think of the coarse things that you've said."

There came the sound of a galloping horse, and both glancing from the window, saw Matthew Northmore ride past on his way to Tavistock.

"Wonder how that man put it to her," mused Joel. "For put it he did. I've very little doubt that he offered himself—maybe more than once."

"I hadn't thought of him."

"I'll tell you the sober truth," continued Joel with gathering excitement, "and the wonder is one or t'other of us didn't see it sooner. Ban't us that have made that girl want to go: 'tis yonder man! He's plaguing her with his long face and won't take 'no' for an answer. Mark me, 'tis him, not me or you, that be driving her away."

Joel was obviously comforted by this reflection.

"It only remains to stop him bothering her and make it worth her while to bide along with us," he said. "And that I'll do if money can do it. But the money will be my affair. I be going to give her five shillings a week out of my private cash, Joel."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"If you feel called to fling away your money . . ."

"Yes, I do. What's money to me? I don't suppose I shall marry at all now."

"Not marry! You can talk about not marrying so calmly!"

"Yes, I can. The next best thing to being happy yourself is to make somebody else so. And, anyway, even if I change my mind and the right one comes along, five shillings a week won't break me."

"I shall marry myself, and very soon too, if 'tis only to read that woman a lesson," said Joel. "Seen as I am—merely single—none can picture the husband I'll be; but when the deed is done and I've took a wife and blessed her with my substance, then Ruth's eyes will be opened and she'll begin to understand what she's missed."

"That's spiteful," declared Peter. "However, go your way. And I'm sorry if I said anything improper or disrespectful to you, Joel."

"Granted," answered the other. "Certainly we must not quarrel over a silly child. Come in the bar and we'll tell her what you've decided to do."

Voices, however, fell upon their ears as they approached, and Ruth did not learn her good fortune until the evening.

It was seldom that Samuel Bolt appeared as a morning customer, but upon this sultry day of July he came to drink. There was much upon his mind and he found a sympathetic listener in Ruth and repaid her with dreadful boredom—the usual reward of sympathetic people.

"I may be a father any minute now," said Samuel. "The time has come and I live in a bath of presspiration, to tell the truth. Jill's that calm that my mother says 'tis out of nature and all against the cheel. Jill might have done her part better, I must say. My mother told me what was right, and I told Jill. But my mother was a lot too wise to tell Jill herself. She's the very masterpiece of sense, and yet—" he broke off and emptied his mug. "A drop more cider," he said. "I'm rather downdaunted to-day. There's a thunder planet reigning, I reckon, or else such things couldn't be. I pray God us shan't have a frightful storm afore my child be born."

"I hope all your anxiety will soon be changed into happiness," said Ruth.

"I'm sure I hope it will," he answered. "But to be secret with you, my dear, there are times when I get very much niffed and that vexed, I could almost stamp my foot or use a wrong word. The mischief is that both of 'em is so fond of me that they quarrel for sheer love of my comfort."

Ruth Rendle expressed sympathy and was rather glad when the conversation changed. There entered the bar Moleskin, cheerful and thirsty. He shook hands with Ruth according to his custom, ordered his drink and saluted Samuel.

"Don't often see you in here in work hours," he exclaimed, and Mr. Bolt admitted that it was so.

"As a matter of fact, I'm taking a day off," he said. "The steam-roller's broken down through no fault of mine, and till they've mended it, there's really not much for me to do. Sometimes, in reckless moments, I almost feel as if I should like a change of work. Almost tired of road-mending with a steam-roller after fifteen years of it."

"'Tis the dulness of doing the same thing over and over again," declared Moleskin. "I've just throwed up my own job at Sampford Spiney for the very same reason. No backsliding, thank the Lord; I find myself steady as a rock in righteousness, and the pleasantest part of my week is when me and my darter stand in the House of Prayer. But I couldn't shift muck forever, and since Farmer Ash didn't seem to have nothing else for me to do, I just up and left him. But something will come to hand soon without a doubt. Have a drop along with me, Samuel."

"If I must, I must," answered Mr. Bolt. "All the same, I've had enough cider for the present."

"Give him beer," directed Moleskin. "Beer's a very good top for cider. Never seed such poor promise of apples as there is this year, all through the in country. Orchards full of little old scrubby stuff not worth gathering."

"'Tis a thunder planet reigning," repeated Samuel. "Everything be going

wrong of late—and especially with me, for some reason I don't know."

"You don't drink enough," answered Moleskin. "'Tis a great mistake. Look at me. I find I don't take a thimbleful less than in the old days. The only difference is that I pay money down for it."

"You haven't for some time though, Mr. Cawker," ventured Ruth. "If you'd like to see the score——"

"No occasion, no occasion, my dear. I'm quite willing to take your honest word for it. Have no fear. I shall get some new work in a day or two. And meantime you see parson stands in the place of God to the likes of me. And if the Almighty looks after the sparrows, so much the more is it parson's duty to look after me. We're all fellow-men and it is the call of the clever and rich to help the humble and meek; and 'tis the business of the poor to pray for the welfare of them in authority—from the King downwards; which I do. In my later wisdom, I see very clearly that we can't do much for the upper classes except pray for 'em as long as they last. And I pray for them, and everybody and always shall do."

"And for women labouring with child," said Samuel; "don't forget that, Mr. Cawker. I'm sure last litany Sunday when we comed to it, I felt as if every eye was on me."

Moleskin laughed tolerantly.

"Poor soul! Give him another half pint, Ruth."

"Not another drop," murmured Samuel; but Moleskin insisted.

"You can carry it; you want uplifting. You're more of a man than you think yourself, I dare say."

"I may be; but I'm easily daunted," confessed the other. "Some days I feel my foot goes down as firm as I could wish, and I look people in the eyes as brave as you would. But other times 'tis borne in upon me that I haven't got more sense than, please God, I should have."

"Be hopeful, be hopeful. It takes all sorts to build a world; and when the battle's over you'll make so good a meal for worms as the best among us," declared Moleskin.

"I may, or I may not, though I know you speak it kindly; and now the beer's

in my head! Yes, 'tis there: I feel it mounting! I wish I hadn't took that last drop."

"You'll soon master it," answered Moleskin. "As to beer, when a man's took a good tankard or two of cider first, beer goes down on top, you might say, like——"

The simile was lost, for somebody rode to the door at a gallop, pulled up, dismounted and hastened into the bar.

It was Northmore, and he addressed Bolt.

"What are you doing here boozing?" he asked. "I was passing your house a bit ago and your mother screamed out to me to go for help. Your wife is ill, and I've ridden for the doctor and the nurse. You'd better go, I should think—else people will say you're rather a callous brute to be here soaking at such a time."

Samuel stared, staggered, then broke into a strange, excitable cackle, like a hen that has laid an egg and steps out into the light to let the world know it.

"There—there—well might I say a thunder planet was over us! I laugh, but God forgive me for it. To be a sober man from my youth and then—this minute—my child comes into the world to find its father can't stand straight!"

"Take my arm," said Moleskin. "I'll lead you up the hill. Put your head under the pump when you get back, and you'll soon be ripe for twins or any other black news."

As he went out, Moleskin turned and winked at Northmore.

"Try to be charitable, farmer," he said. "None of us be faultless—not even this poor reed as can be shaken with a pint!"

CHAPTER XX

THE DEVOUT LOVER

The day was Sunday and drowsy peace held Merivale after the hour of midday dinner. A few sleepy dogs blinked at the oppressive heat; a few fowls pecked here and there or scratched pits from the dust and sat in them. There was a drone of a harmonium from one cottage, the squeak of a flute from an-

other, but no visible sign of life. Thunder clouds hung heavy over the central Moor; Walla, shrunk to her summer tenuity, threaded the vale, and not until the eye reached the village bridge did there appear any human being. Here, however, a few men were congregated. They wore their Sunday black, smoked their pipes and permitted the processes of digestion to prosper.

Presently a woman left the Jolly Huntsmen and approached Merivale bridge.

All the men knew her and all gave her "good afternoon." One added a caution.

"Keep your eye lifting out along, Miss Rendle," said Rupert Johnson; "there's a storm brewing. Us may miss it; but I reckon 'tis coming."

Ruth thanked the man and went her way to Princetown. She taught in the Sunday-school there, and the little event was now grown to be the happiest in her week. As yet she remained with her kinsmen. Indeed, they refused to let her depart, and finally she had promised to stop another six months with them. Nevertheless she desired to go, for life thus lived brought daily anxieties and daily heart-shaking hidden from all. Northmore's long, unhappy face haunted her, and she could not see Ives Pomeroy without suffering the sweet and bitter sickness of her own secret love for him. She felt that life was making her old before her time. No day passed without one or both of the two great disquieting forces intruding upon her, for Matthew Northmore usually called on his way to or from his home, and Ives often came also to hear his own voice and spend the hour before closing time at the inn. The latter was always a steady beer-drinker; the former, once a teetotaler, now drank spirits. His own share remained trifling, but the farmer developed an unexpected generosity, and the brothers Toop, as became good men of business, changed their attitude toward him and now regarded him as a worthy pillar of the public house.

Northmore's moral character was a little deteriorated under the strain of futile love. He fought to conquer it and failed. He could not drag himself away; he hoped when first he heard it that Ruth

would go further off; then there came a sleepless fear and frenzy that she might actually do so. Finally he implored her to remain and wearied her ears with entreaties to stay. Sorely tried, Ruth sought Avis, told the mother half her story and heard her counsel departure. Yet Ruth did not depart. She blushed at herself for stopping and scorned the feeble delusion with which she strove to calm her conscience. Then she rose above metaphysics and told her heart boldly that she stopped because she dearly loved a man. At night in darkness, she could whisper this fact to herself and view it unflinchingly, even with joy; but by daylight she dared not look upon it.

Meantime she stopped and Avis Pomeroy, whose advice had risen from a disinterested desire to help the girl's happiness, privately rejoiced. It was Mrs. Pomeroy's earnest hope and secret prayer that this staid and steadfast woman might presently waken love in her son. Avis handled Ives with exquisite delicacy bred from her own great heart. Sometimes the wonder of his mother was dimly glimpsed by him; at any rate a dawn of wider reasoning and self-control, that now made itself manifest in him, took him often to her. No project of his many projects rose but he submitted it to her. Sometimes she supported, sometimes she restrained, sometimes he proceeded against her advice, and when on one occasion he did so successfully, she hastened to point out that he was right and that she had been mistaken. The admission woke a fierce, chivalrous love in him. His nature was such that any concession from another made him grateful rather than proud. To him the hatefulness of admitting error was extreme; but all the more did he admire other people who could fearlessly confess that they had done wrong.

The oak coppice was not cut in young Pomeroy's twenty-fifth year, because Mr. Codd, who admittedly understood oak rinding and everything to do with it better than any man on Walla side, strongly advised postponement.

"'Tis all against my own interests," he said sourly. "I'm very anxious to drop work and take my pension—which I suppose I may presume to mention after

nearly a half century of toil—but I sha'n't go till the coppice comes down, and I sha'n't advise you to throw it till another year's gone over it."

Mrs. Pomeroy obeyed and Ives, who enjoyed all details of forest work, gave his services freely to other men with young oaks to fell.

Now spring was gone and late summer had returned. The coming autumn was to see Lizzie married, and, for the rest, life moved with regularity at Vixen Tor. Mrs. Pomeroy's health had gradually ceased to be the only topic there. She was now considered to be quite well, and she declared herself so when the subject arose. She knew more concerning herself, however, than either Ives or Lizzie learned; and she watched her body with utmost care—for their sakes as well as for her own.

Much did she desire that some flicker of regard might waken in Ives toward Ruth Rendle; but it did not. There came rumours from various sources that linked now this maiden with his name, and now that. But Avis was accustomed to these things, and so long as Ives spoke openly about his friends, she took little note of them. One woman, indeed, was often on his lips, and he did not weary of her; but Mrs. Pomeroy had done far more for Jill Bolt than anybody knew save Jill herself; and his mother paid little attention to the indignation that Ives constantly expressed concerning his old sweetheart's forlorn state, or the need for helping her against her husband and her husband's mother. His interest and keen jealousy for Jill Mrs. Pomeroy did not applaud, and always treated as lightly as tact would permit. But the subject persisted in the mind of Ives and he professed a frank regard for the younger Mrs. Bolt that openly angered Lizzie by its impropriety.

Now Ruth went on her way to Princetown and there came a horseman in the opposite direction. It was Northmore, and glad of the loneliness about their meeting place, he stopped, alighted and greeted her in his usual yearning fashion. She took her hand from his and blamed him.

"You wasn't at church this morning."

"No; I've had something pulling the

other way lately. But I'll be there to-night."

"I'm stopping at Princetown till after supper," she said, and he scented a hope.

"May I bring my trap and drive you home? Please let me do that. It's a little thing enough."

He remembered a past occasion when she had let him drive her into Tavistock and when half way along the road an insane desire had burned in him to set his horse galloping across the Moor that their necks might be broken together.

Ruth refused him now.

"'Tis kind to think of it; but I'm not fond of driving and I'd much rather walk."

"May I come to see you home, if the weather turns nasty? So like as not that storm dogging the hills will burst at nightfall—the air's choking full of it."

She sighed.

"If you only knew how unkind it was—if you only knew how your eyes make my heart ache. Why can't you go and look round and find a woman ten thousand times better worth than I am?"

"Find her—where?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. I'm a poor straw driven by any wind—a nervous, frightened creature—a foolish thing. I shall never make no man happy. I don't know how to be happy myself, for that matter."

"I'd show you how to be if you'd let me. A man's generally strong enough to do one thing, if he pours his whole life and soul and brain into it. And that's what I'd do, and the thing would be to make you happy if you'd let me. By God, I'd fight the whole world and roam the whole world to find happiness for you! And I would find it."

"The world's full of women, Mr. Northmore."

"Is it? I can't see none. Full of one woman for me, and always will be, and only will be, if I live to a century."

She did not answer and he asked his former question.

"May I come up if the weather turns bad? You can't have the heart to deny me that."

"What's the sense of getting a wet jacket for nought?"

"'Tisn't for nought. 'Tis for the

blessed pleasure of holding a shelter above you."

"If—if—" she stammered. Then her mind over-ran itself, she forgot what she was going to say and stopped.

He took up the word and his voice hardened and he spoke in a mood suddenly turned into savagery.

"If 'twas somebody else—perhaps if 'twas anybody else but me—you wouldn't think twice. 'If—if—if'—you say, and stop, and think I don't know what's in your heart."

"I wasn't meaning anything—only some foolish every-day speech I meant to make. So foolish that I forgot all about it."

"No, you didn't. The thought was so strong that it jumped to your lips and would have leapt out in another moment if you hadn't shut your teeth on it. I know—I know. What don't I know where you're concerned? Everything I know—his name, too, for that matter."

He had not sunk to this until the present. But he believed that Ruth in her broken sentence had thought 'If it was Ives Pomeroy.' That was Northmore's genuine opinion; and it made him angry and prompted him to this utterance.

She resented it, turned from him with a hard look and went her way swiftly; then, still walking beside his horse, he made haste to overtake her.

"Forgive me. I'm sorry—cruel sorry that I was such a jealous fool. I couldn't help it. I can't help knowing. I——"

She turned and stopped again.

"There's only one thing between us," he said; "and that's a man; and his name is Pomeroy. There! 'Tis out—more shame to me; but you've made me dead to shame. I'd creep through the contempt of the whole world now if I could win you by creeping. Curse the name of the man forever!"

His companion's eyes showed fear.

"Don't, don't speak and think this way. He's nothing to me, Mr. Northmore."

"No, because he's a daft fool, without sense or understanding. But he might be something—he might be everything to you. I know it. I read you like a book, because I love you. How can I help cursing him? Yet not him—only the

fact that he's alive. I don't hate him—poor wretch: I only hate your love for him."

"This is cruel!" she cried. "How can you say 'tis love at all? You're mad to say such things to a maiden that never wronged you, God knows. I don't love him. I don't love anybody. What should I know of loving? You persecute me, and 'tis very wicked of you. My life's sad enough, and if you really loved me you wouldn't make it sadder."

He did not answer immediately.

"You're right," he said. "I'm a thought mad now and again in your company. But what you say is very true. I must have another fight for it and try to get going from here."

"'Tis the great grief of my life to have made you such an unhappy man. Of course you can't go with your farm and everything; but I can, and I will when my six months are up. Better that way a thousand times. I wish they'd never made me promise to stop now. I was weak."

"It was natural. I can read your heart by knowing my own. If I found it too hard to go, well might you."

"For God's sake, don't say no more of that," she begged. "Ban't comely, or right, or kind—or—or true. 'Twas a cowardly thing, and you know it."

"It was. But I am a coward now. You've broken to pieces what little good of character I had. You can't help it. Anyway one of us must go, or I'll not answer for myself."

He left her and turned his horse round; then he mounted it and walked forward. For a moment she hesitated; then she called after him, in rather weakly tones:

"You may drive me back, if 'twill be any pleasure to you."

Northmore, however, with a mind deep sunk upon itself, did not hear her, and she, thankful that he had not done so, went upon her way relieved. But her feet dragged and she never reached Princetown after all. Her storm-stricken mind turned against the teaching of children, and presently, as soon as Matthew had descended the hill and was out of sight, she too began to go homeward and walked very slowly toward Merivale.

She was fearful of the farmer's in-

creased ferocity, and now, retracing their intercourse with leisured mind, she perceived how radically he had changed within the past year. Had love for her, then, dragged him down from his old austerity and severity? Could she thus in all innocence demoralise a man by the mere persistence in a negative attitude toward him? It seemed a very monstrous thing, and, for the first time, a sort of dull resentment awoke in Ruth that her attitude should thus be rendered a reproach, because this man chose to go forlorn and wretched before the world and suffer her indifference to reduce him in the eyes of the people. She felt it a hard and ungenerous thing; and that Northmore should have named Ives Pomeroy woke active passion in the woman. He must be a mean spirit to have spoken that name to her. For a time she felt anger, then it waned, and she merely mourned when she reflected on the master of Stone Park. As she entered the Jolly Huntsmen a thunder peal seemed to shake the solid earth and glorious, ragged rifts of lightning rent the sky with fire; streamed from tor to tor; leapt across the rivers; dropped a brand where the Lone Stones struck up blue and wan in the heart of the storm, and slew certain terrified beasts that huddled together there. They tottered, turned up their eyes to heaven and so fell and died. Walla already began to wake, to rise, and murmur with great rain messages from the midmost Moor.

Many watched the storm and during the height of its passage children wept and frightened females hid their faces; but two women there were engaged upon a theme so interesting that neither found mental leisure to fear, even had fear belonged to them. One spoke; the other listened. The rattle and roar of the sky merely silenced Rachel Bolt for a moment, and as soon as it ceased her thin and ancient pipe, ludicrous in contrast with the organ music of the storm, proceeded again and poured its message upon Avis Pomeroy's ear.

"If anybody—if angels from heaven—had told me that Samuel would ever say a short word to me, I'd have up and answered they was liars," declared the old woman.

"And you would have been right for certain."

"But it's come—the blow's fallen. Look at my eyes—red—red. Burning tears poured out of 'em last night, and life poured away with them drops. I don't care when I die now. Not only short he was, but sharp, Avis—sharp with me. Every word I can call home—every word cut like a knife into my old heart. 'You're wrong, mother—wrong,' he said. Twice mark you, he used the word 'wrong,' as if once wasn't enough. 'You're wrong. Jill knows perfectly well how to manage the baby!' That's what he said, Avis—to my face after I'd told him day in, day out, since the little girl came, that his wife's killing it."

"Well, surely nothing to make a flurry about, my dear. A man can't always agree with his mother's opinion."

"I don't ask that; but in matters of a baby what right has he to have any opinion? But there, words are no use. He's taken her part. 'Tis time, and more than time, I was underground. I might have known it: the Bible prophesies it. I must wait and watch and see my grandchild done to death by that cruel viper."

"'Tis a very weakly little one," admitted Mrs. Pomeroy.

"It could be reared, if there was anybody to rear it. But I've got to sit here with my old heart breaking and see it die by inches. That wretch hates it, Avis! She hates it, like the stupid creature she is, because it's a red un. And whose fault was that? Sammy ban't red anyhow. He's a flaxen man without a red hair on his body. She's dormouse colour, and what more natural than she should have a ginger-haired child?"

"And what more natural than that she shouldn't like it? Us mothers ban't strong in common sense at such times. But we must be hopeful, and don't you fret about the little thing, whether or no. Doctor sees her every day, and if he's satisfied, so did you ought to be."

"If that child dies, 'twill be murder," declared Rachel bitterly. "And old as I am, I'll tear her face for her afore the people, if it happens!"

Avisa strove long to comfort her friend, but Mrs. Bolt would not be comforted. Samuel's baby proved to be an

extremely feeble and weakly infant, and behind his back the father was blamed for it; but Mrs. Bolt cried shame and blame upon Jill. Meantime the little life hung in the balance. Samuel and his mother prayed Heaven to preserve the atom; and Jill, albeit she spared no proper care and duty, heartily hoped that her puling infant would perish.

CHAPTER XXI

LIZZIE WEDDED

Mr. Arthur Brown displayed a good many little virtues, but above all he prided himself upon a well-regulated mind. When, therefore, his wedding day arrived, it found him calm and perfectly prepared. His hand did not shake as he shaved himself, and he parted his hair down the middle with neither more nor less care than usual. A fortnight of the honeymoon would be spent at Ilfracombe and a fortnight in London. Lodgings were already engaged and expenses calculated to the last half-penny. One five-pound note was allowed for possible luxuries. Lizzie had never been to London and the prospect was a delight to her.

All who cared for the Pomeroy's contrived to be present, because this was held an important wedding. Mr. Brown had very few relations or intimates, but a schoolmaster or two attended the ceremony, and his friend, a Harold Wilkin-son, a young jeweller from London, acted as best man. The bridegroom did not entirely approve of many among the wedding guests, though he kept his opinions to himself and was reasonably gracious both before and after the ceremony.

It remained for Ives to cast a cloud upon the day; and he chose a moment peculiarly inappropriate to do so. Some had driven and some had walked back from the wedding, and he preferred to return home afoot. With him came Joel Toop and Emanuel Codd.

"Be sure not to mention it," said the publican, "but 'twill be out soon, only I want the wedded pair to get off without hearing the news. They'll toll the bell this evening. Such is life: a wedding

peal in the morning and the knell for the corpse afore sunset."

"Who's dead now?" asked Ives.

"A very poor, small morsel of flesh, and a great deliverance no doubt for all concerned. 'Tis Samuel Bolt's baby, in fact."

"That's a damned good thing," declared Ives. "Anyway Jill will think so."

"And I dare say she knows more about it than she'll tell the coroner," growled Codd.

Ives looked at him dangerously, but the old man missed his glance.

"There'll be a little feeling without a doubt," added Joel. "My brother was up, so soon as he heard about it, to comfort all parties and take the measurements himself—a thing he does for a neighbour in his large-hearted way. And I'm sorry to say that there was high words going. In fact, old Rachel have made herself mighty ill and the doctor, when he comed, was busier with her than with the dead child. Sammy's sitting in a corner crying his eyes out, and Jill's like a statue. She's put on mourning as cool as a cucumber—seemed to have had it ready by the looks of it—but t'others haven't growed calm enough to do such a thing yet."

"I hope 'twill be the beginning of a bit of peace for her," said Ives. "That old hag and her husband and his flute between 'em pretty well worry the flesh off her bones."

"She don't get more than she deserves," answered Codd. "She's a hard case and well everybody knows it; and I hope they'll have the rights of this business."

"Really, you ought to be careful, Codd," replied Joel. "You come dangerously near to libel in the things you let yourself say. Some day you'll fall within reach of the law, and that means money."

"More likely a horsewhip," said Pomeroy. "Old blackguard! The law's too slow to tackle him. He wants a lathering to sting charity into his dirty heart."

"Pretty talk—on your sister's wedding-day, too! If I'd got any authority——"

"Shut your mouth," cried the other. "You haven't got any and never will have. Keep your nasty thoughts silent; don't

spill 'em through your lips, to trouble your betters to-day."

It was in this frame of mind that Ives took his place at the wedding board, and every circumstance of the banquet increased his exasperation. The bridegroom's frigid propriety irritated Ives to madness, though Arthur Brown played his part with a perfection that awoke immense admiration among the company. He smiled on a calculated scale of geniality in proportion to the importance of the guest. He made several pleasant general remarks at the breakfast. He helped Lizzie to cut the cake. He called everybody "neighbour" except his best man; but the jeweller, though a lifelong friend, he addressed as "Mr. Wilkinson." Arthur Brown, in fact, suggested a great and good young man unbending among his inferiors. He did not flaunt his superiority, but it was visible in his tolerant complacency. This patronage even extended a little to Lizzie herself.

Ives, with a cloud on his face, ate his meal silently and wished the matter ended. Presently, however, he caught his mother's eye, understood her expression and made an effort to be more urbane. Avis knew that Jill Bolt's baby was dead, but she hoped that bride and bridegroom might depart in ignorance of the fact. However, that was not to be. Peter Toop, in a moment of professional enthusiasm, spoke an awkward word, and it was overheard by Arthur.

"Ah—taken from the evil to come doubtless," he said. "In my judgment a man of the somewhat infirm build of Samuel Bolt should not have been permitted to have any hand in the next generation. I have devoted a good deal of thought to the subject and——"

A cork shot dangerously close to the schoolmaster's ear and silenced him. Ives was opening three bottles of champagne, and whether he had intentionally or accidentally directed the first toward Mr. Brown, he alone knew. Everybody laughed; the bridegroom smiled and dried a few drops of wine that had touched his face. Lizzie's glass was filled, but her husband took none. He shook his head leniently at young Pomeroy, who carried round the champagne.

"Must be true to my principles—even

to-day," he said; and Ives, with a short, not pleasant, laugh, turned to his mother and filled her glass.

To Mr. Peter Toop fell the solitary toast of the day; for though the best man from London had prepared a humorous and witty speech on the subject of the bridesmaids, there were none—a fact which secretly disappointed Mr. Wilkinson, though he pretended to be much relieved to find it so.

Peter spoke somewhat heavily and infused a gloom into his reflections ill suited to the event. His speech was long and never reached its peroration, for Ives created an extremely painful diversion, and the wine that should have been drunk to a sister's happiness was very differently applied. For some time the company listened to Peter's slow and laboured maundering, then people began to whisper among themselves. Mr. Codd was of those who had the bad taste to talk. He addressed Johnson, who sat beside him, and by so doing much annoyed Joel, who said "hush!" somewhat loudly once or twice and edged away from the labourers. Then it was that Ives overheard a sentiment and instantly exploded.

Emanuel Codd, ghoulish-like, appeared incapable of dragging himself away from the dead baby. He had done what he could to asperse Jill from one direction; now he went further and reflected against her from another.

"Bah! The likes of her don't care a rush for law and order. Perhaps I know and perhaps I don't know who was the father, but it wasn't that slack-twisted toad her husband, mark me!"

This assertion was not designed for any other than his fellow-worker, but, unluckily for Mr. Codd, young Pomeroy heard every syllable, rose, roared, sought a missile and found his wineglass.

"You vile old wretch!" he cried. "Why haven't the women wrung your skinny neck afore to-day? Why don't these respectable people here kick you out into the gutter, where you ought to be? Take that and get you gone, you loathsome beast!"

He flung his wine into Mr. Codd's face and then leapt from the table. Conster-

nation prevailed. Mrs. Pomeroy rose; Arthur Brown shrugged his shoulders.

"Even to-day!" he murmured reproachfully to Lizzie.

Ives went out without a word; Emanuel Codd drew forth a red handkerchief, spluttered into it and mopped his face.

"I give notice!" he screamed out. "Mark me, all you people, as have seen me so cruel ill-used by that infernal young youth—I give notice for this day month! I'll endure no more of it, no more of it. And how God A'mighty can suffer that man beats me. 'Tis throwing away good patience to let him go on, and I don't care who hears me say so."

He also left the table and at the door turned and lifted his voice again.

"He'll strike in His holy time, be sure of that. And I hope that I shan't drop afore right's done, for I shouldn't rest easy in my grave to think that Ives Pomeroy was still trampling the earth after I was under it. And I hope I'll be the Lord's tool to smite him!"

"Go away and hide yourself!" said Joel Toop sternly. "You're a bad old man, and I heard what you were saying myself, and you got no more than you deserved. And as to your being the Lord's tool, 'twill be a long time afore He wants such a horrid creature for any work of His. Get on, Peter."

But the undertaker had lost the thread of his discourse and made no effort to find it.

"I command all present to drink to these here dear people," he said. "Good luck and long life and prosperity to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown!"

Lizzie kept her tears out of sight and soon retired to make ready for her journey. Mr. Codd went to his room, doffed his festive attire, put his wine-wet coat in the window of his attic to dry, and having returned to his corduroys, went out to work. He chose a spot for his labours immediately in front of the parlour window and toiled ostentatiously there, to show that for him the day's rejoicing and merrymaking were at an end.

Ives meantime waited for his sister and went up to her room with her.

"I owe you a word, Lizzie," he said

soberly, "and cruel sorry I am to have made a fuss on such a day of all days; but I couldn't help it; and if you knew what that hatch-mouthed old villain was whispering, you'd forgive me. For him to dare to take away a sad, sorrowful woman's character at such a time! I'll tell you what he said some day, but not to-day. Anyway, God knows that I wish you all the good and happiness and joy and luck and love that a brother can wish a little sister. Arthur's a rare sensible chap and I know he'll make you a steadfast, steady husband, and you've a right to be proud of such a man, I'm sure."

She shed a few tears and put her arms round him, while he caressed her, kissed her and patted her cheek tenderly.

"You're a dinky dear," he said, "and you bore yourself terrible brave, and—here's mother. I knowed she'd soon be up. I'm telling Lizzie how 'twas, mother. So long as you and she do understand, I care not a rush for t'others."

Mrs. Pomeroy, thankful for small mercies, felt glad to find Ives with his sister, and when he had left them, Lizzie explained that he had received some very dreadful provocation. The mother doubted it not and felt no particular grief over the incident. Indeed, her passing cloud of anxiety was quite dissolved when she found her boy and girl together. His attack on Mr. Codd and his subsequent speech with his sister both sprang from a love of what was good. So Mrs. Pomeroy believed; and when her son subsequently told her the truth concerning the head man's imaginings, she blamed him no more.

By the time that Lizzie and her husband were ready to start, Ives, at a sudden whim, had climbed the Vixen; and he shouted his farewell from that lofty altitude. Then he disappeared and did not return home until long after midnight, to find his mother still up and waiting for him.

When he slept she lay waking, and saw dangers ahead that as yet Ives neither discovered nor suspected. In this connection Avis did not fear her son, but feared for him; because Jill was a curious, fascinating woman and soon she promised to be a desperate one. That

day, made reckless by anger and grief, Rachel had permitted herself to say many things to her friend. The misery of Samuel's home apparently approached a climax and old Mrs. Bolt openly declared that she expected Jill to run away. She added that the sooner her son's wife took this definite step, the better Samuel and herself would be pleased; but Samuel did not hear the sentiment, or he might have ventured to modify it.

CHAPTER XXII

CALL OF THE BLOOD

Over against his home on the eastern bank of Walla, Ives Pomeroy sat on a mossy boulder beside a woman. They talked earnestly; and their feet were buried in flowers. Opposite them the Vixen towered above Pomeroy's farm, where it gleamed with newly white-washed walls. Beneath was the river and her hanging woods; while at hand stretched those oaken coppices whose time had come and who now shook forth their last splendour of golden green. Already saw and axe gnawed and struck where the harvest of oak began to fall. Above this scene of activity the waste sloped toward King Tor and the spring gorse arose in sheaves and masses of gold from a bluebell sea.

Ives sat beside Jill Bolt. They met by appointment without secrecy; and within sight of them where they sat, Rupert Johnson, Emanuel Codd and several others were working.

She retraced recent events, for they had not spoken together of late days.

"After Christmas the old woman 'peared to grow a bit more friendly. Samuel was ill then, you remember, and off work for nearly six weeks. She wanted him to go in the hospital, for she mistrusts me and thinks I can't look after him; but he wouldn't go and he's pretty right again now. A dog's life; I suppose 'twill be better when his mother dies."

She looked straight before her, and he fixed his gaze on her profile—her strange face and heavy eyes; her hair, like a wild fire of wind-blown flame; her round

deep bosom. She had grown thinner of late, he thought, but she was none the worse for it. He carried an ash sapling in his hand and, after patting the ground idly with it, patted her shoe. She did not heed him.

"How's your husband's uncle now?" asked Ives.

"Nearly all right, I believe. 'Twas a scare about nought seemingly."

"You were married under false pretences then, Jill."

She smiled.

"Not that—only a cruel, bad bargain. My race be a very unlucky one: nothing ever falls out well with us. The only good thing that's happened to me since I married was making your mother my friend. She understands pretty near all I've got to suffer—nobody else does."

"I'm very sure I do."

"You understand all that a man can—I grant that. Oh, Ives, you don't know how I love you for being so large-minded; but there's a lot of things no man can understand, and that your mother does. A very wonderful creature. I hope to God she's growing stronger and no sign of any more trouble."

His face grew gloomy.

"As for that, she makes light of it, but I don't. She's going into Tavistock again next week—for my satisfaction, though she vows that all be very well. I see her hand go up sometimes, when she thinks none be looking, and I feel the stab of the pain as if 'twas in my own breast."

"I'd lay down my life for that woman," said Jill; "and so would you, if I know you."

He nodded and was silent. Then his voice changed a little and she marked an echo of the old, masterful intonation when he courted her. But it shook a trifle too, as though he was not quite certain of himself.

"Look at me, Jill," he commanded; and she obeyed instantly.

Her pale eyes, under the droop of the upper lid, fixed themselves on his dark ones. She did not look horizontally into his face, but obliquely and sidelong. The glance was gentle, humble and trusting.

"You said you loved me just now."

"Well, and I do. I'm not ashamed of

truth—never was. Is it a sin? I always loved you—always save in those few black days when we were fools, the pair of us, and I left you. But don't think no more of it. What's done be done."

"'Tis a brave man's part to undo what's done sometimes," he said.

She laughed and put out her hand for him to hold. It was a simple little gesture often performed in the past—like the unconscious action of a child. He used to love her to do it then. Now he held it and looked round. There was nobody in sight, though shouts and the cracking of wood echoed close by. He held her hand and pressed it as he used to. She drew it away.

"Whatever be I thinking of?" she said.

"Thinking of two years ago," he answered. "And so be I. You've not changed much, for all your trouble."

"I'm thinner far."

"So pretty as ever anyway."

"You are a wonnerful, generous, rare chap," she said.

"Give me a kiss, then," he faltered, not looking at her. "Your good's my good. I never seed anybody that I never got tired of but you. I'd go to the world's end for you this minute, Jill."

"No more kisses, Ives."

"One—on that little mole on your cheek. Please, Jill!"

A light twinkled across the valley. A spot of white fluttered up and down in the garden, and the man marked it.

"Dinner," he said; "that's my mother waving her apern. 'Tis the signal dinner's ready. Just one, Jill. Where's the harm of that? Who's the worse? I'm panting all over for it!"

"'Tis springtime in your blood, not me. Any other would make you just as hungry."

"No, by God!"

"I won't let you kiss me, Ives, because I don't think 'tis a seemly thing; but I'll come and eat a bit of dinner along with your mother and you, if you like. No call for me to be home till tea-time."

He was delighted and made up his mind to touch her face with his lips before the day was done.

Through the tree stems, himself unseen, Mr. Codd had watched his master touch the hand of Jill. He sniffed to

himself and imagined evil. Now Ives approached him, and the old man, labouring along under an armful of oak bark, stopped and waited for young Pomeroy to speak. Emanuel, with his brown, gnarled face and thin mouth, with his load and the strong smell of the bark exuding from his person, stood there a very incarnation of the astringent, tannic, tonic principle.

Ives dimly recognised this.

"They ought to cart you away with the other stuff," he said, laughing shortly. "You'd tan hides as well as oak can."

"Truth generally tastes bitter in a bad world," answered Codd. "'Tis the business of men that don't like us to tell it. And I don't like you, and I'll always tell it. Not that truth will ever tan you into anything useful."

"'Tis just for that I like you to stop here," answered Pomeroy. "If we want to see a chap in deadly earnest, we must look at our enemies. There's no friendship takes the trouble that a red-hot hate does."

"I'll take this trouble, anyhow, hate or no hate," answered the old man. "For your mother's sake I'll always speak up and scorn anything you may do or say that's wrong. You mind this: don't you be loafing about stray corners in spring-time with your neighbour's wife! Cuss till you're black in the face: that's good advice, and for once in a way there's no hate behind it."

He threw his load down, then began to pile the bark upon a grey and glowing stack.

Ives did not curse but laughed.

"I might have known you was squinting at us! You scent evil, like a carrion crow scents a dead pony. Don't you fear, my old blid. I sha'n't do nothing to shock your nasty mind."

He was none the less glad that Mrs. Bolt had refused his petition.

"Another thing," said Emanuel. "'Tis all one to you, no doubt, whether a man works or idles; but Cawker, as be down on the south edge of the copse-wood, might just as well go home for all he's doing. As my duty was, I went across this morning and surprised him sitting by the river smoking his pipe and watching a wood-dove's nest over his head. I

only tell you this because I believe he's getting four shilling a day for his job."

The edge of the wood where Moleskin was supposed to be earning honest money extended but little out of the farmer's road as he passed down hill to the river. He made the necessary detour therefore, and, on sighting Mr. Cawker, crept forward very carefully and stalked him.

But the converted poacher knew exceedingly well what it was to be stalked. He saw Ives coming before the latter saw him. Nevertheless, Moleskin, who as a matter of fact was not working, made no effort to do so. He lolled on a scented cushion of wild thyme and his eyes peered into the valley beneath. Blue smoke puffed from his pipe, and his dinner in a little frail stood beside him. He appeared the picture of elderly, orderly content and peace.

"Morning, Ives. I heard 'e coming! You see, I know who 'tis without looking round," said the idler, when Ives had reached to within twenty yards of him. Then Moleskin rose and beamed and stretched his arms.

"A gladsome day," he said. "'Tis good to be alive and know you'm a righteous creature doing man's appointed work on such a day."

"Drop that rot," said Pomeroy. "With me anyway you needn't pretend anything. Why ban't you working?"

Mr. Cawker winked slowly.

"Force of habit," he said. "And not rot by no means. 'Tis good to be alive, even at the withering time of life where I begin to find myself. Yet there's a sort of second sap begins running in us old men, if we've lead a healthy open-air life like what I have. And when I say I'm a 'righteous creature' now, I mean it."

"Why ain't you working then?"

Mr. Cawker shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't think 'tis the young man I like best on Dartmoor axes me that question," he answered. "'Tis a day to glory at and feast upon and snuff up, like a sweet smell, and drink in, like a drop of spirits. We know one another very well, thank God; and you've taught me a lot; and among other things that there be times when 'tis only a mean spirit will work. The world calls to pray and to play this

morning. For that matter praying and playing be often one thing."

"And four shillings be four shillings," answered Ives. Then he took a seat and filled a pipe, with his thoughts running upon the woman by the river.

"Four bob is four bob, and nobody can deny it," admitted Moleskin. "Yet four bob a day to a man of my parts be very small money. Not that I grumble, because righteousness is its own reward, as I tell my wife when she says it must end in the workhouse afore next winter. 'Let it,' I answer. But why need I say these things to you? You know what the dear women be—all of 'em. If they was reasonable and common-sensible, half of the pleasure of 'em would be gone. But—there, you've got the delight of finding out about 'em still. I'd give my knowledge for your ignorance if I could begin all over again—bless their hot, cunning hearts!"

"You're too much for me," said Ives. He felt in his pocket and found half-a-crown. "Give this to Mrs. Cawker with my compliments, and mind you do! No nonsense. If she don't thank me next time she sees me, I shall know you sneaked it."

Moleskin was hurt.

"You can even think such a thing and know me—as I am now! Once you might have said that; but I take it very unkind that you do since I turned over a new leaf."

"Get on with your work and don't waste no more of your time or mine," said Ives.

"Come down to the river then—for luck," answered Mr. Cawker. "I've got a bottle dropped in there—to keep cool against the dinner hour. Thirsty work and rough work, this rinding of the oaks. 'Tis thirsty work doing nothing too—clever at that though you are still. For that matter I always say you'm clever at everything you turn your hand to."

They had now reached the river and Moleskin fished up a big white glass bottle full of gin and water. Pomeroy, to oblige him, drank a little. Then they parted and soon the farmer stood again by Jill Bolt, where she waited at the crossing. Thought had sped somewhat swiftly with her during his absence. Her

instincts felt a joy in him—in his brown skin, sturdy neck and curly hair—in his somewhat fierce eyes and the general atmosphere of healthy masculinity that he diffused. It was she who seemed in an oncoming mood now.

"I was afraid you'd forget me," she said.

"Not likely! I don't forget. There's more water here than I thought."

She laughed.

"Looks as if you'll have to wade a shallow and carry me across."

He fired at the idea.

"Let me—I will!"

"Of course not—I was only laughing. There's no need really."

"But there is need, and I'm going to do it—and—and——"

He sat down and began to take off his boots. He was in such a hurry that he fumbled a knot. The lace was leather, but in his amorous impatience he exerted sudden strength and broke it. Not until afterward did he discover that the strain had injured his finger.

"'Tis all nonsense. I can take off my shoes and stockings as well as you, for that matter," she said.

But he did not reply. In a moment more his boots were round his neck and his socks in his pocket. Then he turned his trousers to the knees, flung his stick over the river and opened his arms.

"Come on," he said. "No good saying 'no.' I be going to carry you over willy-nilly now."

She let him have his will and his arms picked her up and held her close.

"You be lighter than you was."

"Yes, I am; and maybe you're stronger."

He waded out, and his feet felt the sparkling water, and his face felt the woman's hair. In mid-stream he stopped and looked at her, and hugged her.

"Go on, go on," she cried. "This ban't fair."

"All's fair in——"

He kissed her.

"Kiss me back," he said, "or I'll drop you in the river!"

He felt her arms tighten round his neck, and she kissed him fiercely thrice for his once.

"Glory, glory!" he shouted, and his noise frightened a kingfisher that sat twenty yards distant on a dead branch above a pool.

For a long time not another word passed between Jill and Ives. He brought her across, then put on his shoes and socks, then picked up his stick. Presently he spoke again.

"This is the most splendid thing that has happened to me for two years," he said.

"You was always too strong for me and always will be. I won't trust you no more, Ives."

He did not speak and half way up the hill she burst out impatiently:

"To live all one's life among these old crook-backed men and women and in such a home as mine! I wish to God I was dead and out of it."

Still he did not reply. He was thinking swiftly of all that she meant to him. Old fires began to waken; a thousand old memories arose through the channels of the five senses, since he had held her so close again and pressed his face against her.

"I'm going to think about it," he said presently. "There's a remedy for most things where two people be of one mind. Leave it till us meet again. Let me have a week."

"You can't do anything now. But I know you would if you could."

"I can run away with you!"

She laughed.

"That's like your pluck! But where?"

"Not another word till I've had a bit of thought about it," he said again. "I'll go up into the Vixen with my pipe and—this puzzle."

They appeared at the farm, and Ives explained that Jill had come to eat with them. He went away for a time and left the women together.

"I hope you get stronger," said Jill.

"Mrs. Bolt said something about you to Samuel and feared you wasn't so well."

Avisa shook her head.

"Don't think that. I'm going down to Tavistock next week—to please Ives; and I hope that the doctor will say there's no cause to be troubled. Just a passing thing. For that matter, what be life's self but just a passing thing, Jill?"

But her face belied her. It lacked the old full outline. Jane Pomeroy also shook her head.

"'Tis very well to make light of it, Avisa," she said. "But you know that you'm not all you should be."

"Just ups and downs—same as we all have—men or women," answered Avisa. "Don't say nothing before the boy, mother. It makes him so terrible vexed when a word's spoken. Besides, you must know I'm going to have a useful help here come autumn. Then Ruth Rendle is going to stop for a few months along with us. She've had a hard struggle to get away from the inn; but the Toops know now that she's really going, and they've got used to the idea."

Jill reflected on this arrangement. She knew very little of Ruth, but she wondered what Ives thought of her. He had never mentioned her, therefore she guessed that she did not interest him.

At dinner the talk ran on Lizzie Brown and her husband. They still dwelt at Sampford Spiney; but Arthur had at last achieved promotion and would go to more important work in East Devon after Christmas.

"Lizzie's happy—that's the main thing," said Jill. "So long as she understands his nature and he don't hurt her—"

"He don't hurt her, because she haven't got the power of being hurt," answered the man. "A little, unfinished thing like dear Lizzie—made to be cuddled and fussed over—eh, mother?"

"No, Ives. Lizzie wasn't that sort. She never wanted cuddling—even from me when she was a young one. She's happier without it. He loves her very well and she's perfectly satisfied with what she gets, and can't picture nothing different."

"How a woman can be happy with a man who's got starch in his veins instead of blood—" began Ives. He finished the sentence with an expression of contempt and his grandmother took him to task.

"You want for everybody to be cut out in your own pattern," she said. "'Tis so narrow and silly, I'm sure. A

fiery sort of world and cruel unrestful to live in, if all was like you, my dear."

"'Twould be living anyway," he answered. "I'd sooner smart sometimes, as God knows I have done, than never smart. Because, if you can't suffer when you'm miserable, you can't rejoice when you'm happy. Life's a tingling business with me. It rubs against me and it's good or bad—never neither one nor t'other, like with Arthur Brown. The man don't know he is alive!"

That night Ives talked along with his mother, bewailed the wrongs of Jill and tried to win some expression of opinion from Avis. She was cautious and sympathetic. She guessed pretty correctly what had set his blood on fire, and felt no anger at the fact. Her only sorrow and care was that this woman had strength still to waken his hunger, and that it was not another who had done so. She felt uneasy concerning the future; and for the present she felt powerless. The trend of her son's existence was toward betterment, and there she left the matter. Upon one glad occasion, treasured in the mother's heart, young Pomeroy had openly admitted that there was more in Ruth Rendle than at one time he had imagined. She accepted the concession with immense secret satisfaction, but was careful to reveal none of her hidden delight. As for the plan that Ruth should come to Vixen Tor farm presently, Ives made no objection at all. Since Lizzie had left, too much work fell on Avis, and she would not engage a servant. Therefore her son was glad when Ruth promised to come. He did not guess the girl's secret trepidation or the struggle that she had to decide. Indeed, Mrs. Pomeroy herself knew little of that. But she was very glad that Ruth should stay with them awhile, and she felt, so far as her son was concerned, an inevitable intimacy, that must arise from dwelling together, would settle once for all the problem most in her mind. She understood Ives and knew that he would be engaged to this girl in less than six months, or not at all.

But it was of Jill Bolt and not the maiden that Mrs. Pomeroy thought that night, until sleep closed her day's anxiety.

CHAPTER XXIII

A RELAPSE

Now did the mother's natural fire abate and sickness surely lessen her native energy. She hid all that was possible, and indeed her strength waned so slowly that no eye marked the gradual decline of it.

Upon her second visit to the hospital there came a guarded report. The physician committed himself to no very definite opinion. He held intervention at this juncture not called for, but urged upon the patient to take all possible rest and strive for peace of mind and body.

Many visited Mrs. Pomeroy when she returned home again, for she was a woman well loved, and much given to kindness.

There came certain summer days when circumstances all combined to make Avis happy, and good followed upon good. Another had feared such prosperous tidings and predicted some rough reverse before that week was done; but she felt no uneasiness and, looking forward, only prayed that her life's hope might come within sight of fulfilment before the end. Her secret desires, indeed, were largely narrowed to Ives at this season and he was seldom out of her mind. Of late, while her health was again the first anxiety at Vixen Tor, Ives had behaved as a very pattern man and son.

She hoped and tried hard to believe that he had ceased to think of Jill Bolt, and she was able to tell him after speech with old Rachel Bolt, that Samuel's wife appeared much happier of late.

Then came Peter Toop to see Mrs. Pomeroy and she found that the publican echoed her own hopes.

"A very great improvement, and we all mark it," he declared. "Even Northmore, as can't be called a friend of Ives, has allowed of late in company that your son seems inclined to grow up to man's estate at last. He'll catch up his years very soon and be as good and steadfast a character as his father before him."

"'Tis the best medicine you could bring me to hear you talk so."

Peter expressed pleasure, then proceeded to the matter that had brought him.

"I be come chiefly about Ruth. You'll guess 'tis a very cruel loss to us, and for my part I can't see at all how we'll do without her. I may tell you, Avis, in the darkest confidence, that I offered her marriage—though I know you didn't advise it. Still, that's a matter a man be often very pigheaded upon. However, she wouldn't have me. She was very ladylike, though I still think mistaken. A woman such as you will be a good shield for her; but, to say it without pride, a man like me would have been still better. But that's over. She won't have me. The question is, 'Who will she have?' Now you know Matthew Northmore?"

"Very well, poor chap. He was here a bit ago and came, like your good self, to say he felt glad to hear I was going on well."

"But when Ruth arrives I warn you that he'll haunt the place. A mistaken and a desperate man. He's ruined his life largely on her account."

"She will never take him. She cannot."

"Of course she won't. Why should she? There's no dignity to the poor soul, and I might call your attention to the very different way that I behaved when she refused me. I loved her as well as ever Northmore did; but when she said 'twas out of the question, I just suffered it. Not a thimbleful more than my usual did it tempt me to take. But that man—it turned him from teetotalism to begin with; and that was, of course, to the good—yet there was something weak in it. You talk to him, Avis Pomeroy. I can't myself, having been as it were in the same fix; and Joel won't, because he says, since Ruth is so short-sighted as to leave us, he doesn't feel no more interest in her."

"You ask a harder thing than you know," she answered. "I'm interested in Ruth too—and very, very interested in her future. She's an uncommon woman and, though I look through a mother's eyes, yet I wouldn't do it if it coloured the picture unfairly to her. But 'tis this way. I honestly believe, and more and more every day of my son's life, that he and she would make a most beautiful, happy couple and be a very good blend.

I'm telling you secrets, Peter, but I know you'll keep them."

"You deep woman! Trust a mother! Well, I don't see anything against it, though a year ago I shouldn't have liked it. But I've be on the upward path, I believe."

"And the wiser he gets, the more he'll see in Ruth."

"I wonder what she thinks of him? But even you don't know that, I suppose. Well, 'tis a harmless state of things, and if they be meant for one another by Heaven above they'll come together. But why should that stop you talking to Matthew Northmore?"

"Because I'm partial. I try not to be, but I must be. Still, if Ruth have made up her mind about him for good and all, perhaps there's no unfairness in my trying to get the poor fellow to see how 'tis."

"Certainly not; and I hope you will do so. I'll go further and say 'tis your duty. Remember, Ruth's that fond of you that, if you held up your finger, she'd jump in the river for you."

"And I'm fond of her—dearly fond. 'Tis more than good of you to let her come to me just while I've so little nature in me; but I hope you'll see her as often as you like, and, if I get a bit stronger presently, then maybe she'll come back again to you—if nothing happens."

Peter laughed.

"Something will happen, however—if you've got your native wits in your head still."

"Don't think I shall do anything. I know 'em both too well. . . ." She stopped, then put her hand on his arm and continued in a low voice. "Sometimes I think 'twill be my passing that will do what I want—and only that. And I'd go very happy, Peter, if I saw them with their hands clasped beside my bed."

She sat alone in the kitchen when Peter departed, and the next guest was Mary Cawker. Rupert Johnson brought her in and explained that she had come to see the mistress.

At Avis's wish the man stopped, because she knew something about his secret mind that none else knew.

Mary declared the happiness of her

family, and of herself, at Mrs. Pomeroy's bettered health.

"Mother, as be a bed-lier these many years and can understand illness as only such dead-alive creatures can, was very wishful to tell you that she felt thankful," said Mary. "And father too. He says that it may be as much an answer to his prayers as anything, because he says if the prayer of a righteous man availeth much, though an every-day thing in heaven—as common as letters through the post—yet the prayer of such as him might have a lot more to it, because so rare."

"A wonderful reform, and I hope he'll never look back," said Mrs. Pomeroy. "Ives told me you were largely to be thanked for it, Mary. Well, 'twas a useful and beautiful thing to come into the world for, if you comed for nothing else but to save your father."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," answered Moleskin's daughter; "yet, now and again, I have my doubts how 'twill end. To be plain with you, he's a terrible lazy old man since he found the Lord. Us rejoice, of course, at least, I do. Mother don't and never did from the first. The fact is, there's no money coming in."

"I'll talk to Ives," promised Avis, "seemingly 'tis a choice with your parent between doing wrong and doing nothing."

"He'll never do nothing. Far too busy-brained a man for that," answered Moleskin's daughter. "But if you could—if anybody could see their way to seventeen and six a week, I do think all might come right. Nobody can honestly say he's not worth it."

"He's well worth it," said Mr. Johnson. "If I can get it, as I can, thanks to Mrs. Pomeroy and Mr. Ives, then your father ought to be good for a sovereign at the least, if not more."

Avis nodded, and her grey eyes twinkled with the brightness of old.

"You can knock off for a bit and see Mary up the hill, if you like, Rupert," she said.

The young man started guiltily; the hard-faced Mary showed no emotion. But Avis had seen a dawn of joy even for Mary Cawker. She smiled as they went

out together and Rupert uttered his clumsy thanks.

"I'll bide after hours, ma'am. Have no fear as the farm will lose by it."

These things happened on a Wednesday, and during the following day Ives himself rejoiced his mother by his solicitude. He also mystified her. It seemed that he had surprises for her, but he would not utter them until he knew her health was strong enough to stand them. She had long guessed that something was hidden, but as yet knew not what it might be.

The time to tell seemed close, for she could usually rely upon instinct in this matter, and Avis came with placid mind to the familiar nightly interview. Ives said little by day to her or anybody. It was at those times, when the life of the farm slept, when he returned to his home after midnight, and when Avis often came down from her room for a little while to see him eat his supper—at these times he told her things concerning his personal interests, plans and hopes.

On Saturday night the mother and old Jane Pomeroy sat and talked of the past. It seemed that a climax had been attained of late by each member of the little family, and Jane reviewed the situation.

"I, for one, never should have expected it," she said. "Because you always let him have a freer hand than his father would. My son well knowed what poison boils in a young man's veins, and what worthless things they be most times till it works out of 'em. However, Avis, all's well, I do believe. He's taking closer and closer after my son."

"Lizzie's happy as a lark too. If Ives be so well suited with a partner in his turn, you and me can go happy, my dear."

Jane nodded.

"No need to talk of going, all the same," she said.

"And if he makes as good a husband as he has son——" continued Avis.

"Let's hope he'll shine better at it—for all sakes. We mothers be too easily satisfied. The wives want a lot more than we do," declared old Mrs. Pomeroy.

They talked by fits and starts until it was after ten o'clock. Then Jane summed up, as she rose to depart.

"Here be I nearly an hour after my bedtime—all through talking about your blessed boy and girl, and my dear son, your husband. Well, 'tis a beautiful subject, God knows. And Ives have got to get in love with my favourite, Ruth. That's the next thing. Then—then I suppose I'll be a great-grandmother, and you'll be a grandmother, and us'll begin our cares and hopes and ideas all over again for the next generation. Well, so must it be; there's no steady happiness in this world if you love people."

"There's no steady happiness unless you do," said Avis. Avisa.

Jane Pomeroy went to bed, and her daughter-in-law prepared a supper for Ives.

Upon her dreams the man presently came and brought red-hot reality with him. He was flushed and evidently excited. He asked a question swiftly, and when his mother answered in the affirmative, his secrets burst out of him in a flood.

"Be you strong enough and brave enough to hear a bit of strange news to-night, mother?" he asked, flinging off his cap and walking up and down restlessly. "Don't say 'yes' if you can't; but things have got to be done, and quickly. Only I don't want them to come as a shock and surprise upon you. That might be worse than if you didn't know at all."

"I'm quite equal to hearing what you've been hiding so close these many days, dear lad."

"I might have guessed you'd seen a bit of it. What don't you see? And you'll swear afore the living God to tell no creature? You'll swear that, mother?"

She grew a little cold and her lips tightened. He spoke in the old, ferocious voice and strode hither and thither in the old, tigerish fashion.

"I'll do nothing you don't want me to do, after we've talked it out," she answered, strong in her own power over him.

"Very well, then. And first I must have my coppice money—fifty-seven pounds, ten, my share came out at."

"You can draw it from the bank to Tavistock to-morrow."

"That's all right then. I'm like to be busy to-morrow by the looks of it. Now,

mother, listen. Jill Bolt's the matter, and for God's sake don't say a word till I've done. She's being tortured to death—nothing less than that. And I won't suffer it no more. I've put it to her a dozen times that she's a fool to bide there. But some rotten ideas about virtue have kept her in hell linked to that drivelling fool of a man. Why, his flute's enough to make a decent woman cry out for divorce. If that's not cruelty, what is? And to cut a long story short, she's consented at last and is going to run away with me to-morrow night."

Mrs. Pomeroy shut her eyes for a moment. Then she rallied and looked at Ives.

"Going to run away? Well, the woman can't do more than that for 'e, to be sure," she said quietly.

The youth gave a triumphant grunt.

"There! I was right to trust you. You take it like the sensible wonder you are!"

A silence fell for some moments between them, while Avis marshalled all her wits to fight this battle and the son rejoiced to believe that his mother was on his side. He had largely deluded himself of late, and Jill had helped the process. Now Ives believed that, thanks to his initiative, this great adventure was to befall him. He fancied that his own energies and resistless arguments had brought Jill to his way of thinking, that he had won her to his own idea of wisdom, that he had overborne her feminine scruples, enlarged her mind, and secured her reluctant consent to this romantic step by sheer force of masculine strength and will. In reality, however, Jill arranged her own plans and thought on ahead a great deal further than Ives dreamed. She had weighed the chances of this step, and her decision was largely guided by information as yet hidden from young Pomeroy.

"Speak, mother," said Ives. "I want to hear what you've got to say to Jill as a daughter-in-law. Because that's what it's going to be afore any of us be much older."

"You've had your unquiet moments afore you came to this, my son. You mustn't hurry me. There's unquiet moments for me just now too. This is a far-reaching thing. I can't speak in a hurry."

"You're not going back on—not that I care if you do. My mind is settled."

She kept silence still. Her thoughts raced swiftly, and she arranged her plan of argument. Somebody must be sacrificed; and that person could only be Jill.

"You can judge how steadfast I am, mother, by my telling you."

"I can; yet I'm proud to think you set me so high as to tell me, while there was time."

"You'll never change me."

"I know that, but you may change yourself."

He turned sharply.

"Now you are going to begin one of those long——"

"Not I. 'Tis a short and sharp business, my dear. Only a thing never looks the same to any two pair of eyes. A bit ago I saw two strange laddies start to walk from Langstone Common to the top of Great Mis. 'Tis nought,' they said; 'us will be there in twenty minutes.' But they didn't know of the valley and the river in between. These simple things be just they that have oftenest got a kink in 'em."

"There's no kink in this job, for I've thought it out to the end. I've been quiet and steady getting my plans all cut and dried and waiting for you to grow stronger, and now all's ready and the time has come."

"'Twas like your kind heart to wait for that. And you love me well enough to list to me even now, though I guess how full your thoughts are of t'other man's wife. 'Tis this way, Ives; you must think of her as well as yourself."

"Ban't I thinking of her?"

"Right well I know it; but think deeper. You take her; but you'll never marry her."

"Of course I will so soon as ever Bolt's divorced her."

"He won't divorce her."

"I'll make him!"

"Nought can make him. That's one side—hers. Here's another—yours this time. When did Mrs. Bolt say she'd run away with you?"

"On Monday last she had to promise, for I'd take no longer denial."

"I thought so. Did she tell you the

news touching Samuel's uncle on Monday last?"

"The latest news is that he's not so well and going down the hill a bit. And that shows to her credit, for she puts me far ahead of the money Bolt will get."

"That's not the latest news of Samuel's uncle. The latest news is that he's going to marry the young woman in the shop. It came all of a sudden. 'Twas to be yesterday. No doubt it's done now."

"Jill didn't know it then."

"Jill knew it very well, for Samuel told me exactly how she took it when he broke the news."

"What did she care?"

"She cared so much that the very day she heard it, and not sooner, she decided for you."

"You've no right to say a dirty thing like that!"

"I be going to say still dirtier things, and you've got to hear 'em, unless you want your life to be ruined forevermore. Mind, 'tis life or death for you, or I'd never raise my voice against any living creature. Not a word would I say against Jill Bolt if it wasn't your salvation that was in danger. Indeed, and hers be too, for if he won't divorce her, what's to become of the pair of you?"

"What do we care? She loves me."

"I grant it—up to a certain cautious point. She's wiser far than you, and she knows that, come what may, an honest man like you will stick to her and give her half that's his to the end. But do she think of you as well as herself? She knows right well Samuel would never divorce her; he'd think it wicked. Therefore she knows that she can never be your wife, however much she pretends."

"What do we care for the parson's twaddle?"

"That's not here nor there. I suppose you care for them as will follow? I suppose you don't want to get nameless childer? Does this woman look ahead or think or care what will happen to you saddled with another man's wife? 'Tis a great adventure, and like your bold spirit to think of such a thing, but I won't have you hoodwinked into a bad bargain while I can help it. Let her run away if she wants to. Let her run away a hundred times. But why with you?"

"Good God! You can ax that? Don't she love me and only me?"

"Now Sam's money is done for perhaps she does, but not till then."

"'Tis a mean thing, mother, to harp on that."

"No, Ives, 'tis a proper and self-respecting thing. She thought that you'd hear nothing of it till afterwards, and she'd have pretended, of course, that she didn't know it. But 'tis that has decided her, not your prayers. She's not worthy of you—not worthy of my son, and I say so, a woman little prejudiced against any living creature."

"I know her better far than you. She couldn't be so mean as that, I tell you."

"She's worse than that, Ives. Poor creature, I smart to have to fight her and hurt her behind her back; but 'tis you or her. She's not honest. She takes the man's money from his little store. Her stepmother told me. She'll come to you with a fat purse, mark me. Could you suffer that?"

"I won't do no blackguard thing and go back on my word for anybody on God's earth," he said at last.

"Then don't make her go back on hers," answered Avisa quickly; "that's far, far worse. She's the man's wife and under oath to him. Why not? Why shouldn't she honour him? He's better than thousands, and a kind and trusting soul. For you to strike such a man! For my strong son Ives to lower himself to rob that poor, harmless creature! Like stealing a child's toy! And don't you go dreaming that she's a miserable woman, because it isn't so, whatever she may tell you."

Very gradually she gained a little ground. She probed the wound of his self-esteem delicately yet firmly, and he smarted to think that Jill had been so exceedingly wise on her own behalf. He remembered, though he did not tell his mother, that there had indeed been no abandon about her love until the previous Monday. He could not fail to mark that she had become far more yielding since the news concerning Samuel's uncle. Until then she refused to promise anything definite and denied him the least lover's privileges. After those fleeting fires in the bluebell wood,

when she let him carry her across the river, she had maintained a very strict attitude and only erred in liberty of speech. So far none could tax her with a greater crime than listening to the man and offering no protest to his proposals. Ives reflected upon the past and saw that, despite his denials, there was nothing in it that did not chime with his mother's theory. He gasped with secret wonder at her intuition. The day before Jill had coolly told him that she was going to take her husband's savings when she departed, and he had forbidden it and been a little shaken that she could even dream of such a deed. And now his mother foretold that even such a thing Jill would be capable of doing.

Hours passed and still Avisa Pomeroy spoke. The clock whispered three, but neither heard it. The mother was strung up to a tense excitation of mind that could not feel fatigue. She poured out words as never before had she poured them. Some inner prompting told her that this was the supreme moment of her life, and she did not spare herself.

And the man listened; now swore and strode this way and that, now sat down again and set out his views, now strove to spin some new sophism with a vocabulary that was scarcely equal to utter the thought in his head. He suffered deeply and turned and twisted before the steady onslaught. But he listened; he did not fly from the opposition. Reason had its way with him between frantic flashes of imagination.

He was firm, but Avisa was firmer. Once or twice she felt a physical collapse threatening her body, but she persisted, and finally got him to promise faithfully that he would do nothing whatever until he had again spoken with her on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LETTER

Little was said during the following morning, though Ives knew that his mother would speak with him before nightfall. He felt shaken but unconvinced. She grew stronger during the

day and nerved herself for the last struggle. Little time remained, because her son had plainly told her that he was going to leave Merivale with Mrs. Bolt in the small hours of the following morning. Jill's preparations would doubtless be made that day; his own, as he had declared, were already made. He intended to be away from Vixen Tor for six weeks, and his share of the money from the cutting of the oak coppice was to pay for it. By that time he imagined that Jill would be divorced and his way clear to marry her.

But a thing happened more significant than Pomeroy's silence during these pregnant hours: he made no more mention of his money and did not go to Tavistock to draw it. Hourly his mother expected him to ask for a cheque; but the time slipped on past noon and he took no step. Her heart beat high and hope came to her. As the hours advanced she nerved herself and secretly prayed that she might have but one glimpse into her boy's heart, the better to prevail with him. But his heart was hidden; he even avoided her glances that she might not read his eyes. He slunk through the day as though ashamed of the past rather than the future. She could not perfectly apprehend his attitude, but rather feared that what she saw was the outward sign of inward suffering. She suspected that he meant to have Jill at any cost and was ashamed of himself for the determination. She believed that his soul was affirmed to do evil and that he smarted in consequence and went heavily till the night came. Once again in company of the woman, this emotion—this constraint and self-contempt—would doubtless vanish from him. But precious hours yet remained, and Avisia thirsted to be with her son alone.

The mother, however, erred in this theory of Pomeroy's present attitude. Indeed, she over-praised his true emotion; though the conscience of Ives had nothing else it was that tormented him into this gloomy condition and made him more than common saturnine and fierce. His conscience, however, stabbed with a different wound than Avisia imagined. He had made up his mind not to run away with Jill, and for that he now hated

himself with all his might. He longed for her body still; but the high chivalry and the romance of the proceeding were all dust and ashes since he had spoken with his mother on the previous night. The poetry of this great experience perished out of it when he heard that Jill's decision was based on the sordid circumstance of her husband's uncle and his plans. It chimed with a good deal else in her that had jarred on the occasions of their secret meetings. The thought gradually inflamed him to bitter anger, and having fully digested it, Ives decided that he would not marry Jill.

First he stopped there. He determined with himself that he would run away with her, amuse himself with her and ultimately leave her to her own devices. It was on the edge of sleep that he came to this conclusion; but it did not bear the light of a waking mind. He rose and the intention vanished. Then he began to make up his mind anew. But he was now determined not to marry Jill even if he could do so; and since his nocturnal thought seemed vain, if not actually vile, by daylight there remained nothing but to abandon the enterprise altogether.

He told his mother when evening came, and such was his concentration of mind upon himself, that he quite forgot the other side until Avisia reminded him. He had not intended to see or communicate with Jill. He spoke in heat and uttered oaths and profanities; he made it very clear that his motive for this change of mind was no desire of right, but rather wounded pride. Blinded by wild anger he went back on his morning clarity of thought and declared that Jill deserved to be ruined. Then his mother answered him and with infinite skill took care to utter no word that might add a pang to his smarting spirit.

"You are yourself in this," she said. "And your justice was bound to bring you to it, Ives. 'Tis your ruling passion, and always have been—justice to men and women and children. I'll not be talking now, and I'll not judge your motives, but I will say you've done the wisest thing you could—for her as well as for yourself. There's a large lesson looming ahead for her too. I shouldn't see her to-night. Just write one of your

short, swift letters. And don't play about with reasons. There's nought on God's earth more dangerous than giving reasons for some of the things we do."

"Write to her—why? I'll neither write nor see her."

"For her husband's sake more than her own. She'll be going to meet you, I suppose."

"I'd forgot that! When I gived up the thought of meeting her it seemed as if all the world must know it, and her with the rest."

Avisa nodded.

"A very natural feeling; but as yet she don't know. Better write a line and get it to her to-night—to her own hand somehow."

He wrote and at last satisfied himself; then he blotted his letter, sealed it into an envelope and set the single word "Jill" upon it.

He did not offer to show it to his mother, and she did not reveal the least interest to learn what it contained.

"That girl will hate me like hell after this," he said.

"She'll come to hate herself far worse even than you after a bit."

"Yes," he said. "And I know what a damned unpleasant feeling that is—nobody better. I hate myself with all my heart this minute."

He rose and took his hat.

"'Tis after nine o'clock," he said. "I'll drop in for a few words with Sammy, or take a message from you to his mother. Then I'll see that she gets this unbeknownst to him."

He left his home and went out into the summer night. It was warm and somewhat close. He thought of the Windy-stone and the tryst there appointed for three o'clock on the following morning. She would be ready with the few things that she meant to take packed in a bag. He himself had bought her the bag for that purpose.

The squeak of a flute fell on Pome-roy's ear as he approached Mr. Bolt's cottage; but Samuel was on the other side of the road in his mother's home. The window stood wide open and the room was lighted. Old Mrs. Bolt sat smiling with her face turned to her son, while Samuel, with shut eyes and bulg-

ing cheeks, played the tune of a hymn: "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide." Upon his arm he still wore a black band for his baby. Samuel's own cottage appeared to be dark save for a gleam of light over the front door; but the kitchen faced upon the other side and Ives doubted not that Jill was there. A sudden longing struck upon him to go in and see her. But his desires toward her and his new knowledge of her could not live together. He had only to summon the one to cool the other. Now he slipped his letter under the cottage door, waited till Samuel's flute was uttering a shriller note than usual, then rapped loudly thrice and went his way. She was bound to hear and must see the letter when she entered the lamp-lit passage.

But Jill neither heard nor saw. All was ready for her flight. At two o'clock, when her husband slept, she meant to leave her home and return no more. She had gone to bed very early that she might enjoy a few hours of sleep before the great exodus. From the other side of the road her husband's flute squeaked faintly, as it ranged over his mother's favourite hymns; and Jill's last waking thought was that she would never hear the odious sound again.

When Ives went home, Avisa had gone to bed. She knew that he would not want her any more on this night. Therefore she withdrew herself and he was glad. He felt sore with his mother. The emotion shamed him, but he knew that it was real. He thought of Jill reading his letter and writhed.

Meantime the husband it was, and not the wife, who found that fateful note. Sammy returned home soon after ten o'clock. The house was silent and he did not doubt that Jill had gone to bed according to her habit. As he locked the front door his eye caught sight of an envelope on the floor; and he picked it up and stared at the solitary word "Jill" written large across it. Samuel did not know the hand, but felt somewhat interested. Letters seldom came to his house, and when they did, his wife or himself would open them as chance willed. He took down the lamp from a plaster bracket representing an angel, and went

into the kitchen. Then he drew himself half a pint of beer and opened Pomeroy's letter to his wife.

Samuel read every word through five times. After doing so, he set down the page and stared before him. So silent and so still he sat, that two mice, scurrying hither and thither like shadows, drew near his boots, found a fragment of food and nibbled there.

Thus wrote the lover:

"DEAR JILL: A good deal has happened in my mind since we planned to be off together to-night. I've thought about a few sides of the subject that I hadn't thought of before, and I sha'n't be at the Windystone to-morrow morning at three o'clock as arranged. You'll live to see we are better apart and that there is nothing to be gained by ruining yourself on my account. Because your poor husband would never take a divorce, and that being so. . . . I haven't changed my mind because I'm afraid of anything, or want to do right or any nonsense like that. It is not because I care a curse for anybody, or anything anybody can do. All the same I've got a very good reason for changing my mind, and if by chance you can't guess it and think you've a right to know it, I should not hesitate to tell you. And, though I'm doing this, I loved you a lot more than ever you loved me really, for all your speeches. But I won't say any more than to hope you'll be happy some day or other. As for me, I don't expect it and don't look for it.

"Yours very truly,

"IVES POMEROY."

Mr. Bolt came slowly to himself after helplessly reading and re-reading this communication. At first he was frightened rather than angry. Once he rose and put on his hat; but he remembered that his mother would long since be asleep. Then he decided that, as became a man, he would thresh out this tremendous circumstance singlehanded. He paused to wonder at his own courage, then asked himself what he must do. He read the letter again and tried to grasp how much had gone before it. It was clear that Ives Pomeroy and Jill had

arranged to run away that night, and that Ives, at the last moment, had changed his mind. He must have come himself with the letter, heard Samuel's life and felt it safe to leave the letter for Jill. Mr. Bolt then permitted himself to wonder what sort of relations had obtained in the past between the pair. This line of thought awoke emotion. It was perhaps hardly worthy to be called anger, but he was certainly very much irritated. He struck the letter in the face with his fist, called Pomeroy a scoundrel and walked up and down the kitchen; but first he took off his boots that he might not waken Jill overhead. Suddenly a cold sweat burst out all over him. Perhaps she was not overhead; possibly she had already gone to the Windystone. He crept upstairs to see and stood at the open bedroom door. She was in bed and sound asleep. He heard her steady, regular breathing.

Samuel descended again, saw his beer and drank it. He mopped his forehead and read the letter once more. He thought for yet another half-hour; then his mind began to wander and, to his surprise, he grew sleepy. He started up indignantly, read the letter again and began saying more harsh things of Pomeroy under his breath. Nevertheless, he felt thankful that Ives had changed his mind, and he began to wonder what had made him do so. Samuel found his spirit grow milder as the night advanced. He even ventured to hope that it was God who had worked this miracle in the mind of Pomeroy and thus saved all parties. He felt weak and quite worn out, but yet realised that he could hardly retire without taking some definite step. For the moment Pomeroy might be disregarded, since he was not going to the Windystone, but without a doubt Jill intended to do so. He must, of course, stop that and have it out with her. In his present weary condition the necessity for this terrible deed depressed him. He tried to work himself into a fury with her and failed. He drew himself some more beer and read the letter again. His head kept nodding, and presently he passed beyond recovery and fell very soundly asleep. For nearly two hours he thus remained, and then woke

to find the lamp smelling and the light of it reduced to an azure bead of fire.

Samuel came slowly to his senses and had an inspiration. He felt that to fall into a fierce quarrel with Jill at this time of night was physically impossible for him; his system cried aloud for sleep, and he hardly knew how to get upstairs to bed. But his mind gave an expiring flash, even as the lamp had done, and he had a great idea. He lighted a candle, locked up the letter, and went to bed. He had decided upon a terrible revenge. He decided that he would do nothing at all! Though in itself a plan unheroic, yet the consequences must be very considerable. His silence meant that Jill would presently rise and go off to the Windystone. Samuel fumbled at his buttons and dragged off his clothes.

When he lay by sleeping Jill's side and felt her tawny hair against his face, Samuel's spirits sank and he wept. The immensity of this wrong overwhelmed him. He began to argue that it was not Jill's fault at all, but the man's. He had tempted her with lies and the devil had helped him. Samuel felt cold and wretched after his sleep below; but he did not creep close to Jill for warmth as was his custom. "No! I've got my dignity," he said to himself.

Some while afterwards she woke him getting up, despite the stealthiness of her movements. He pretended to be still asleep. She dressed in the dark and left the room. He heard her open and shut the door; then her feet sounded outside. He peeped from the window, but it was too dark to see her. His mood had changed. He felt rested and refreshed. An emotion of light-hearted-

ness overtook him. He surprised himself by laughing at the picture of Jill waiting for one who would not come. He got back into bed and rolled over to the warm lair that Jill had left. He was just going to sleep again when a new idea, somewhat splendid at first glance, made him sit up and rub his eyes. "How would it be if I was to get in my clothes and go after her and forgive her and bring her back?" he asked himself. He even went so far as to light a candle and put on his socks. Then he took them off again and blew the candle out. "Won't risk it—might be dangerous and tragical," he murmured regretfully. "She'll be expecting that bad fellow, and if I come up and tell her that he ban't coming, 'tis any odds she'll lose her temper with me, and say things, or even do things, that us both should much regret. I'll leave her in the Lord's hands. I'll kneel on my knees and lift my soul to Him; I'll—I'll— 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Shall us poor worms——"

Here he sank finally to sleep and did not wake again until the sun had risen.

Elsewhere Ives Pomeroy, sleepless, tossed and turned and sometimes standing at his open window, looked through the darkness to where westerly the Windystone stood on the edge of the Moor. He thought of the silence that two voices had meant to break there. He pictured the ancient granite brooding alone under night, and a whim woke in him to go forth and keep the promised appointment, even though he knew that the woman would not now do so. He sneered at his folly and returned to bed.

(To be continued)

PRAGMATISM*



NEW name for some old ways of thinking, pragmatism is to philosophy what a court of arbitration is to capital and labour; it attempts to mediate between arrogant rationalism and complacent common sense. Essentially independent, it follows neither the professional philosopher on his high *a priori* road, nor the man in the street with his cock-sure notions of truth; rather does it strive to tread a path between the two, a *via media* from which may be obtained the ideal outlook of the one and the concrete practicality of the other. In this rôle of mediator pragmatism exhibits its adaptability to modern demands, finding the world sick of abstractions and, at the same time, uninspired by the current scientific beliefs, it offers itself as a tonic to tired minds, a pungent compound which will restore the jaded appetite for the speculative life. Here it claims efficiency for the most opposite types of men—the rationalists, who go by principles, the empiricists, who go by facts—for it seems to possess a remarkable insight into the varied symptoms of each. Assuming individual rationalists to be devotees to abstract and eternal principles, and individual empiricists to be lovers of facts in all their crude variety, the pragmatist describes the one as intellectualistic, idealistic, optimistic, religious, free-willist, monistic, dogmatical; and the other as sensationalistic, materialistic, pessimistic, irreligious, fatalistic, pluralistic, sceptical.

This is the table of contrasted traits drawn up by the most recent exponent of this most recent phase of thought. Given this table, and postponing the question whether it be coherent and self-consistent or not, Professor William James holds that the antagonism between the two types forms a part of the philosophic

atmosphere of the time. Describing the one type as tender-minded and the other as tough-minded, he continues: "The tough think of the tender as sentimentalists and soft-heads. The tender feel the tough to be unrefined, callous, or brutal. Their mutual reaction is very much like that that takes place when Bostonian tourists mingle with a population like that of Cripple Creek. Each type believes the other to be inferior to itself; but disdain in the one case is mingled with amusement, in the other it has a dash of fear." This inimitable description suggests the story of the rise of pragmatism in this country. To reconcile the ways of thinking between the wild Westerner and the effete Easterner, there arose half way between the two what has been called the Chicago School, headed by Professor Dewey. This school, perceiving that both concrete facts and abstract principles were good, sought to attain a system which would combine the excellences of each. Here the prime criterion was declared to be practicality. "Grant an idea or belief to be true," says pragmatism, "what concrete difference will its being true make in any one's actual life? How will the truth be realised? What experiences will be different from those which would obtain if the belief were false? What, in short, is the truth's cash value in experiential terms?" With this emphasis on practicality, pragmatism now attempts to resolve certain dilemmas of philosophy, inasmuch as it counts itself most useful in its method of settling metaphysical disputes, which otherwise might be interminable. Avoiding the barrenness of transcendental idealism, it seeks to unstiffen discussion by giving up the pretence of finality in truth, and simply asking, in regard to any question, "What difference would it practically make to any one if this notion rather than that notion were true?" Here a learned opponent, adopting a sort of slang which pragmatism does not disdain to use, has defined its idea of truth as "any old thing that works." Thus he imagines a rustic visitor to the city, who, seeing that an uplifted hand will stop a trolley car, tries

*Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. Popular Lectures on Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1907. Pages xiii. + 309.

the same symbol in front of an automobile, and—the police gather up his fragments. Such a man, it is unnecessary to say, is not a pragmatist, for the essence of pragmatism is success. Now, apply this method to any historic system and observe the result. Take transcendental idealism; it may be inspiring to an ardent believer, but is such a belief to an ordinary man anything more than a cold-storage system of truth? Like the Christian Science formula, "One life, one truth, one love, one principle, one good, one God," the purely rational conception of reality, as ready-made and complete for all eternity, may possess an emotional value, but intellectually it is no solution of this present world, with all its bewilderments, surprises and cruelties. In a word, continues Professor James, rationalistic systems are remnants of artificiality, too refined to satisfy the empiricist temper of mind. So we find men of science preferring to turn their backs on metaphysics as on something altogether cloistered and spectral, and practical men shaking philosophy's dust off their feet and following the call of the wild. But this is too fast, concludes the advocate of pragmatism; the man of science needs philosophy; he may give up "God" and the "Absolute," but he still calls upon "Matter" and "Energy." The practical man also needs philosophy; he may give up the flamboyant optimism of his salad days, but he still needs something to cheer him on his way. Here pragmatism offers itself as mediator and consoler, to satisfy both kinds of demands. It can remain religious like the rationalisms, but, at the same time, like the empiricisms, it can preserve the richest intimacy with facts. Pragmatism means, then, not the bare presentation of abstract outlines, but a helpful method of tracing specific consequences of any given hypothesis. Assuming the empiricist attitude, it turns toward concreteness and adequacy, toward fact, toward action, and toward power. How is one to choose, say, between optimism and pessimism? By its effects on practical living, responds the pragmatist; one naturally accepts the former doctrine because it gives a happier view of this sorry world. Or, again, what practical difference does

it make now that the world should be thought to be run by spirit or by matter? In the one case there would be the hypothesis of an eternal perfect edition of the universe coexisting with our finite experience, in the other the hypothesis of blind physical forces, bits of brute matter unconsciously following their particular laws. Between theism and materialism, thus presented, it is impossible to choose hypothetically, but apply the principle of practical results and there is vital difference. The one hypothesis is pessimistic, its sun sets in a sea of disappointment; the other is melioristic and means the preservation of our ultimate hopes, since it is not a blind force, but a seeing force, which runs this universe. So, likewise, with the controversy between determinism and free will; pragmatism rids one of Puritanism, drives away the vapours of a bilious conscience, and puts man, if not on the road to perfectibility, at least into the fresh fields of independent action.

But it is in the ancient problem of "the one and the many" that pragmatism claims to reach the most comfortable conclusions, despite certain palpable inconsistencies. Accepting design, free will, the absolute mind, spirit instead of matter, because they have for their sole meaning a better promise as to this world's outcome, it suddenly abandons this monistic point of view and takes up with a pluralistic. This at first appears unnatural; it is as if an American of the strict constructionist type should suddenly give up the idea of the paramountcy of the federal government and become a violent advocate of States' rights. And yet this apparent reversal of judgment has its reasons, namely, the temperamental preferences of the author for that rich medley of facts called the world, rather than for that risky monistic dogma of an absolutely perfect universe. Here the monist might be compared to the protectionist, who argues that if one break be allowed in the sacrosanct Dingley system, the whole will fall to the ground. Wherefore to the philosophic stand-patter pragmatism comes in to unstiffen his theories, to show that this is no more the best of all possible worlds than the present is the best of all possible administrations, and that pluralism, like States'

rights, is necessary to allow that free play of parts so conducive to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Pragmatism, then, it is said, pending the final empirical ascertainment of just what the balance of union and disunion among things may be, must obviously range itself upon the pluralistic side and sincerely entertain the opposite hypothesis of a world imperfectly unified still. Hence, the actual world, instead of being complete "eternally," as the monists assure us, may be eternally incomplete and at all times subject to addition or liable to loss.

These views of Professor James on the fundamental problem of the one and the many will, of course, be criticised, for he fully expects to see the pragmatist view of truth run through the classic stages of a theory's career, first being attacked as absurd; then admitted to be true but obvious and insignificant; finally, seen to be so important that its adversaries claim that they themselves discovered it. Thus, if one might forecast its future, pragmatism will very likely be dubbed a mere progressive pantheism; then explained away as a revival of the ancient Greek conception of cosmic fluxility, of a plastic principle in nature; finally, claimed to be the only, original American philosophy, despite its brilliant advocates in England and Italy. But to confine one's attention to the first stage, pragmatism at the present moment does not seem so absurd as its opponents think. Conventional monism, with its insistence on eternal principles and fixed archetypes, will be hard pressed to explain away that mutability in nature, that changing pageantry in earth and sky, from which native writers like Emerson and Whitman drew their philosophies. As an acute

critic has observed, the notion of a finished world is as hard to grasp as the notion of a finished waterfall. Or, to carry out the figure, instead of being immutable, a frozen river of reality, truth is ever in mutation, ever carried forward on the flowing stream of consciousness.

All this seems a fair construction to be put upon pragmatism in its latest exposition; it has been found judicial because acting as a mediator between rival theories, independent because rejecting the orthodox ontologies, practical because insisting upon an account of truth which has a cash value. But lest the latter characteristic appear too commercial, too much in the nature of a transaction in the Chicago clearing house, the Eastern exponent of pragmatism concludes with a defence both typical of his locality and suggestive of his intellectual heritage. Feeling, indeed, the immense pressure of the objective control of things, resolving to test his notions of truth by their material utilities, he yet allows the value of subjective principles of pure reason and the worth of such spiritual inspirations as "over-beliefs" and "faith-ventures." Herein the author exhibits traces of a transcendental environment and even of a mystical heredity. Reasoning from pragmatic principles that we cannot reject any hypothesis, if consequences useful to life flow from it, he finds that the use of the Absolute is proved by the whole course of men's religious history, and following the lead of Henry James, the elder, he appears, in his doctrine of meliorism, to revert to that Swedenborgian type of thinking which conceived the world as a progressive spiral of perfectibility.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Company:

American Book of Golden Deeds. By James Baldwin.

A record of deeds of bravery and heroism performed by Americans for America. Some of these stories are merely familiar legends rewritten, but the greater part of the book, it is said, will be entirely new ground to the reader.

Outline for Review of Roman History. By Newton and Treat.

Outline for Review of Greek History. By Newton and Treat.

Presenting the essential points of Roman and Greek history. Fifty typical questions from college entrance examination papers have been included.

Mathematical Geography. By Willis E. Johnson.

Educational. This is intended as a text-book in high schools, academies and normal schools; also for the guidance of teachers.

Appleton:

The Younger Set. By Robert W. Chambers.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Empire Builders. By Francis Lynde.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Grinmar. By Nathaniel Kussy.

With its scene laid in an ancient and lonely castle in England in the sixteenth century and its characters men who breathed the passionate spirit of the times, *Grinmar* consists of the third and fourth acts of an unpublished play made into a novel.

Century Company:

Brunhilde's Paying Guest. By Caroline Fuller.

The Paying Guest is a young New Yorker, who has sought refuge and rest in a quiet Southern home. His hostess, or "landlady" as he at first styles her, is an ideal type of womanhood and he soon falls in love with her despite the disparity in their ages, she being eight years his senior. It is subsequently discovered that the New Yorker is a Southerner born, and his ancestral estates are near

at hand. The traditional family ghost is introduced in the shape of the Whirling Woman. Ultimately he wins the reluctant consent of Brunhilde and marries her. The book is full of numerous other complicated love affairs.

Clem. By Edna Kenton.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Week on the Concord. By Henry D. Thoreau.

Walden. By Henry D. Thoreau.

Excursions. By Henry D. Thoreau.

Cape Cod. By Henry D. Thoreau.

A bijou edition of the collected works of Henry Thoreau.

Stories from Morris. By Madalen Edgar.

Stories of Early England. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton.

Stories from Chaucer. By J. W. McSpadden.

The first three books in a new series.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

The Making of a Successful Husband. By Caspar S. Yost.

This volume is evidently intended for the improvement of husbands. The subject is dealt with in the form of letters which a father who has committed matrimony successfully writes to his son. They treat various subjects—whether it is better to board or keep house, the wife's allowance, the bride's relations, and should women work.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Memoirs and Artistic Studies of Adelaide Ristori. Rendered into English by G. Mantellini. With Biographical Reminiscences by L. D. Ventura.

A resumé of the remarkable dramatic career of Madame Ristori. She tells many intimate anecdotes of the principal personages of her times and of her "confrères" Rachel, Ernesto Rossi, Tomasso Salvini, Edwin Booth and other prominent figures of the nineteenth century. Madame Ristori also makes a critical analysis of many of the famous plays in which she appeared. This is a companion volume to *The Memoirs of Madame Vigée Lebrun*.

The Lone Star. By Eugene P. Lyle.

A romance about the making and makers of Texas, introducing Crockett, Houston, Santa Anna, and other less noted historical figures.

Duffield and Company:

The Successor. By Richard Pryce.

Dealing with the want of an heir for a great English estate. Edmund Alton, the nephew of the present incumbent, grows up in the belief that he some time shall be Lord Alton de Merringham. When his uncle dies this almost becomes a certainty until the birth of a daughter to Lady Alton destroys this hope. When Gundred, the daughter, grows up, however, the inevitable happens and she marries Edmund, thus making him master of the manor, if not the lord.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Burning Torch. By F. F. Montresor.

Following the fortunes of Dolores Ellerson, a girl strangely endowed with the gift of looking into the future. As a child she leaves her home in South America accompanied by her father. On the voyage she becomes an object of interest to the passengers by foreseeing many disasters which occur, and a premonition of evil concerning her father results in his committing suicide in a spasm of insanity. On her arrival in England, Dolores is taken to a family of cousins, with whom she lives for a time. The remaining four hundred pages of this volume takes up her career step by step to her death, which she anticipates in the same remarkable way.

Paul Elder:

In Lighter Vein. By John de Morgan.

Witty sayings gathered at different times and from men and women all over the world whose names are familiar.

How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers. By R. W. Wood.

Limericks illustrated by accompanying pencil sketches by the author.

R. F. Fenno:

The Kingdom of Love. By Henry Frank.

The author of this book tells you that love reigns in a kingdom of calmness and serenity, of the awakening of the slumbering soul, and society brought to an ideal plane.

The Serf. By Guy Thorne.

A story placed in the middle of the twelfth century. Hyla is the serf of the Baron de la Bourne, but he differs from the other serfs on the estate in that he does his own thinking. His owner is a hard and cruel master, who takes all from both men and women that he can. The baron wrongs Hyla and his family in many ways, and for this the serf determines to have revenge. In order to accomplish his purpose he secretes himself, and when his lord goes by, kills him by shooting three arrows into his

body, one for each of his daughters and one for freedom. Hyla is afterward caught, and for the avenging of his wrongs tortured and hung.

Harper and Brothers:

Barbary Sheep. By Robert Hichens.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Adventures of Uncle Sam's Sailors. By General Charles King, Captain Charles A. Curtis, and others.

Exploiting the adventures, both in fact and fiction, of American soldiers, by some among them.

Henry Holt and Company:

Leading American Soldiers. By R. M. Johnston.

This is the first book in a series of biographies of leading Americans which is to be issued. Distinguished soldiers in the service of our country are here presented, and the principal battles in which they were engaged are considered in detail.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Selected Poems of Shelley. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by George Herbert Clarke.

A text-book which the author says is "suitable for student use, and conforming to class-room requirements, yet based on other than formally pedagogic principles."

Little, Brown and Company:

A Lost Leader. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A romance of English political life, the hero of which is said to be an adumbration of Mr. Balfour. Mannering is living a retired life in the country, from which his friends in the political world seek to drag him. They finally succeed in their designs. Mannering becomes one of the most prominent figures in England, being known as "the people's friend." While out walking one night, he is held up by a half-crazed workingman, who wishes him to visit the provincial manufacturing cities and see for himself the true state of the working people. This changes the whole trend of his political life, which never reaches a successful conclusion, for though twice on the eve of becoming prime minister, he is both times defeated.

The Macmillan Company:

Temptation. By Richard Bagot.

To be reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Methods in Teaching. By Rosa V. Winterburn.

A treatise on the methods of teaching

employed and advocated by the Stockton Schools.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Century.
By Justin H. Smith.

A summing-up of the efforts made by the thirteen United Colonies to secure an alliance with another member of the British colonial possessions in North America.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

China and America To-day. By Arthur H. Smith.

An exposition of the present conditions existing between America and China. There is a special criticism on America's strength and weakness in that country. Doctor Smith wishes to be known not so much as a representative of the Government, but rather as a missionary to China.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Essentials in Architecture. By John Belcher.

An aid to the general reader of average intelligence, showing him how he may distinguish between the good and bad in architecture.

A Short History of Jewish Literature. By Israel Abrahams.

Beginning with the fall of Jerusalem, in the year 70 A.D., and covering the seventeen centuries which intervene, to the death of Moses Mendelssohn, 1786. The object of this book is to encourage an elementary study of a part of Jewish literature which has hitherto been much neglected.

The Makers of British Art. Morland. Edited by James A. Marston.

A biography which attempts to show Morland's different moods and styles in a way that no other work has done.

Pompeii as an Art City. Edited by Selwyn Brinton, M.A.

One of the Langham series of Art Monographs. Illustrated.

Synoptic Publication Company:

Gospel Development. By Caleb T. Ward.

The aim of this book is to show the origin and growth of the Four Gospels, and for the more convenient consideration of this work, it has been placed in two divisions.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between August 1st and September 1st:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. *The Traitor.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. *Alice-for-Short.* De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. *The Brass Bowl.* Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. *The Midnight Guest.* White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
5. *The Lady of the Decoration.* Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. *The Beloved Vagabond.* Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. *Beatrice of Clare.* Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. *The Penalty.* Begbie. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. *Sister Carrie.* Dreiser. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
4. *The Midnight Guest.* White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
5. *Satan Sanderson.* Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. *The Flyers.* McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. *New Chronicles of Rebecca.* Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. *The Scarlet Car.* Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. *The Traitor.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. *The Lady of the Decoration.* Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. *Alice-for-Short.* De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. *Aunt Jane of Kentucky.* Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. *Satan Sanderson.* Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. *The Traitor.* Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. *Beatrice of Clare.* Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. *Devota.* Wilson. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
5. *The Midnight Guest.* White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
6. *The Brass Bowl.* Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Alice-for-Short.* De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. *As The Hague Ordains.* From the Diary of a Russian Prisoner's Wife. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. *The Lady of the Decoration.* Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. *The Beloved Vagabond.* Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. *Beatrice of Clare.* Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. *Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther.* By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elisabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elisabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
4. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
5. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Ackroyd of the Faculty. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Castle of Doubt. Whitson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Devota. Wilson. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
6. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Doniphan Expedition. Connelley. (Bryant & Douglas.) \$2.50.
4. The Lonely Lady of Grovesnor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Devota. Wilson. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Needles and Pins. McCarthy. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shadow of a Great Rock. Leighton. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. The World's Warrant. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elisabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. To Him that Hath. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Bruce's Social Life in Virginia, 17th Century. Bruce. (Staly.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
6. Old Home House. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elisabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Bar 20. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. Woodcarver of Lympus. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. Meany. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln. (Barnes.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.25.
2. The Master of Stair. Bowen. (Musson.) \$1.25.
3. Pigs Is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips.) 50 cents.
4. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Musson.) \$1.25.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Through the Eye of the Needle. Howells. (Harper.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10				
" " 2d " " "	8				
" " 3d " " "	7				
" " 4th " " "	6				
" " 5th " " "	5				
" " 6th " " "	4				

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00..... 248
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50..... 236
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50..... 158
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50..... 121
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75..... 106
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50..... 73



**NEW AND POPULAR
BOOKS**

Fall, 1907

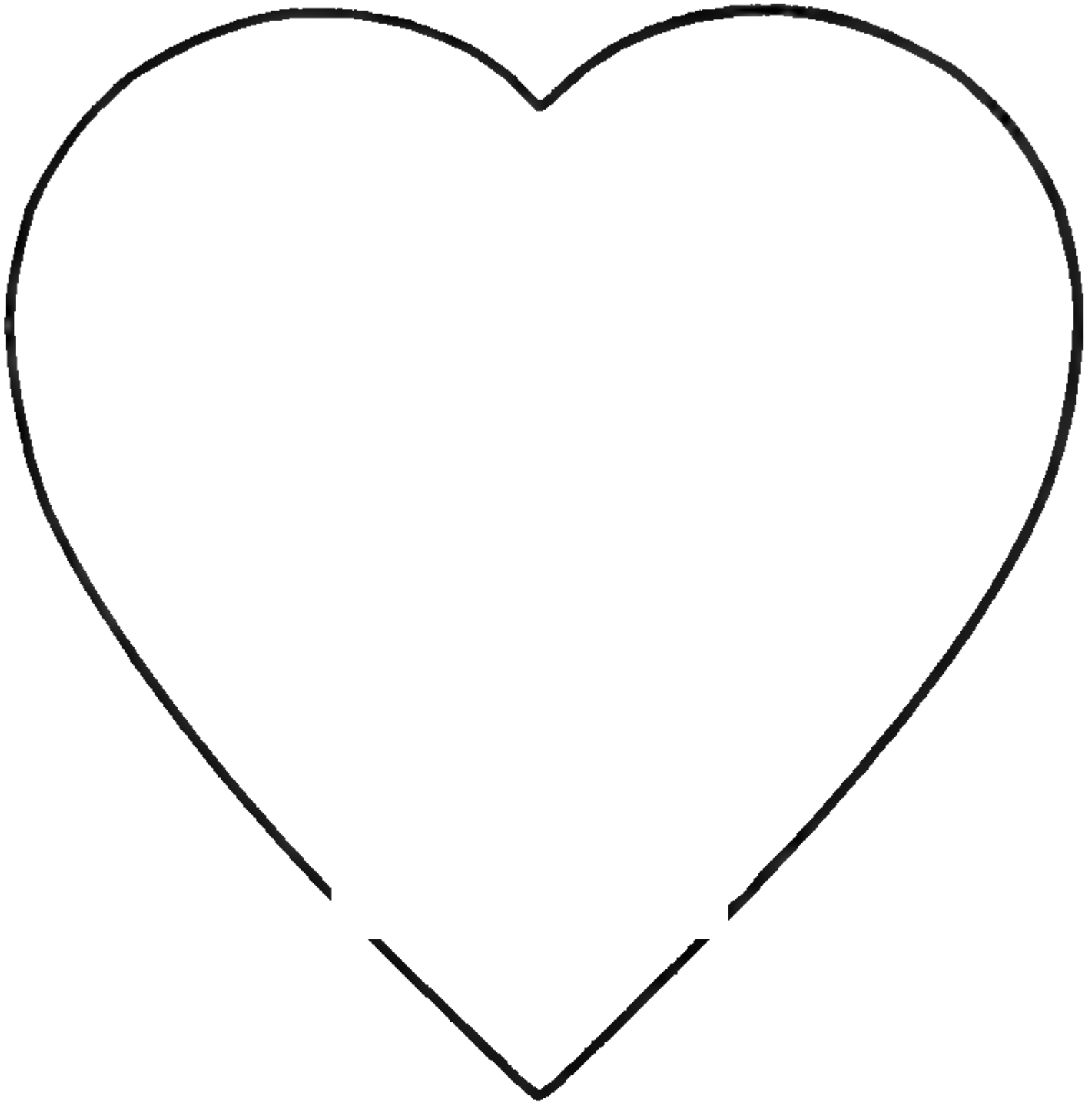
Publishers

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

372 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

New and Popular Books



The Heart of Jessie Laurie By Amelia E. Barr, author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "The Maid of Maiden Lane," etc., etc. Frontispiece and inlay on cover by Harrison Fisher. In this story Mrs. Barr goes back to the scenes of Scottish life which she has already treated so successfully in "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Daughter of Fife," etc. For a charming story of simple Scotch folk Mrs. Barr is unexcelled. The love affairs of high-spirited, beautiful Jessie Laurie, the fisher-lass, with the troubles she meets and the final happy outcome make a thoroughly delightful story. 12mo, cloth \$1.50

Retail



The Daughter of Anderson Crow

Retail

By George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Graustark," "Nedra," "Jane Cable," etc., etc. Mr. McCutcheon does not need to lay his scenes in Graustark, or the Philippines, or other imaginary or faraway places in order to write a story which is characteristic of the author, in its mingling of romance and adventure. Rosalie, the adopted daughter of Anderson Crow, lives in the little village of Tinkletown. Tinkletown might be anywhere where simple, kindhearted, American country folk live. But in this quiet village, through circumstances which it would be unfair to the story to divulge, it falls out that Rosalie is as beset with adventure and danger as if she were a princess of Graustark, and she is in as great need of a lover who is loyal and brave. She gets him and, of course, they are happy in the end. "The Daughter of Anderson Crow" has all the elements of the earlier novels which have given Mr. McCutcheon such a wonderfully widespread popularity. In addition, there is a remarkable piece of character drawing. The mistakes and disasters of foolish, kindhearted old Anderson Crow, the town marshal, will call forth many a laugh, and much liking for this most glib of detectives and kindest of foster fathers. The cleverest piece of work Mr. McCutcheon has ever done. D. M. & Co.

\$1.50

New and Popular Books—*Continued*

The Stooping Lady By Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," "Richard Yea and Nay," etc. Illustrated. For distinction of style and aristocracy of touch Mr. Hewlett is second to none among living English writers. In this, as in all his novels, the human interest is predominant. It is a vivid and absorbing love story. The scene is laid in London in the earlier part of the last century, the time of the great Napoleon. The story is brought to a most powerful and dramatic conclusion, one which perhaps has never been equalled by Mr. Hewlett and which will bear favourable comparison with anything in English literature. D. M. & Co \$1.50

Retail

New and Popular Books—Continued



Mother By Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian," "Lady Baltimore," etc. With many illustrations, some of which are in colors, by John Ray. Also decorative borders and cover in full colors. New York of the present day is the background for a pretty love story, rudely interrupted by a disastrous speculation in Wall Street which the hero undertakes in order to get money enough to marry his fiancée. An unscrupulous broker has already induced him to buy as an investment a certain stock for his "mother," and he decides to risk his own small fortune in the same stock on a "margin." He loses all, and it is only after trial and disappointment that the lovers are finally happily united. Throughout the tale is the vein of quaint, gentle humor which characterizes all of Mr. Wister's work. 12 mo, cloth. D. M. & Co. \$1.25

New and Popular Books *Continued*



TH

R 1907

My Lady Caprice By Jeffery Farnol. One of the most beautiful
 Holiday Books combined with one of the most charming love stories
 the publishers have ever issued. Many illustrations in full color.
 8vo, cloth, boxed. D. M. & Co. **\$1.50**

Retail

New and Popular Books—Continued

- Those Queer Browns** By Florence Morse Kingsley, author of "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," "The Singular Miss Smith," etc., etc. Frontispiece and inlay on cover by Harrison Fisher. In this story Mrs. Kingsley has returned to the scene of her former success, "The Singular Miss Smith," inasmuch as several of the characters of that sprightly tale reappear in "Those Queer Browns." But the heroine of the story is an entirely new departure for the author, who has heretofore been regarded as the chosen portrayer of the "old maid," or at least of that closely allied, but in reality, widely different individual known as "the bachelor maid." Agatha, the heroine of "Those Queer Browns," is a delightful type of the clever, yet innocent and ingenuous American girl, and her artless revelations of herself, together with her ambitious attempts to achieve altruism and the higher levels of the new socialism, after the somewhat difficult manner of that serious personage, Professor William Rutherford Brown, whom she calls "Bilby," are full of charm and humor. Incidentally the story throws occasional sidelights on many of the vexed questions of the day, and here and there one comes upon trenchant observations on politics, religion and economics which are not likely to be passed over by the thoughtful reader. For the rest "Aunt Margaret" is the heroine of a refreshingly funny little comedy, which she sets forth herself in the stilted English of the old style novel; and it goes without saying that the charming Agatha also has a lover of just the right sort. The really noteworthy thing about this new story of Mrs. Kingsley's is the sharply contrasted literary styles which the author employs in the various characterizations, all blending in the well-constructed plot of a most interesting story. 12mo, cloth..... \$1.50

New and Popular Books—*Continued*

Her Son By Horace Annesley Vachell, author of "Brothers," "The Hill," etc., etc. Frontispiece by Walter Everett. Mr. Vachell is neither unknown nor inexperienced as a novelist. In Great Britain the sales of his books place him among the first five English writers of fiction; in this respect he takes rank with Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mary Cholmondeley. "Her Son" is a story of extraordinary originality, immense dramatic power and intense human interest. It is filled with situations which bring to a climax the conflicts of human emotions. The tone and atmosphere of the tale are pure and elevating because of the character of the heroine, it is powerful and invigorating because of the masculine strength of the hero. It is told with a literary finish and skill equal to that of Edith Wharton or Robert Hichens. 12mo, cloth.....

Retail

\$1.50

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

NOVEMBER, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

No wonder Mr. Boynton, whose sympathetic estimate of Mr. A. C. Benson's writings appears in another part of this magazine, deplores that excellent person's continuity. His most loyal readers have begun to flag, recognising as they do that passage after passage in his later books are essentially identical with what has gone before. Four volumes a year in praise of a quiet, contem-

**Mr. A. C.
Benson's
Fluency**

plative life are something of an anomaly. There must be an uncommon degree of activity behind that "college window," and it is incredible that a man who writes so rapidly of tender memories and gentle musings should have a moment to spare for their indulgence. Of course Mr. Benson as a diarist must have accumulated a great deal of material which could be readily adjusted to the loose structure of his books. But the fact remains that as time goes on he repeats and

AMID THE SCENES OF ROBERT HICHENS'S "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT SHACKLETON
The authors of *The Quest of the Colonial*

MISS FRANCES CROUCH
The author of *Feminine Finance*

MISS GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM
The illustrator of *Nursery Rhymes from Mother Goose*

dilutes himself to a degree that is rarely attained by the sordid, hustling folk whom he abhors. In another writer this would not be worth remarking, but in Mr. Benson, devotee of beauty and spiritual self-development, foe to the coarse, competitive ambitions, special pleader for the "inner life," it arouses an

uncomfortable suspicion. For there is always in this kind of writing the danger of protesting too much. The most insidious artistic hypocrisy is that of the men who traffic half unconsciously in the praise of fine things. The mind stops, but the pen trails along with an idealistic vocabulary. Publishers and public are

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Mrs. Bacon's new book, *The Domestic Adventurers*, is reviewed in this issue

source no longer causes us to "sit up and take notice." Mr. Roosevelt has shown so much generous activity in these matters.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 26, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS KELLY: Mrs. Roosevelt and I and most of the children know your very amusing and very pathetic accounts of East Side school children almost by heart, and I really think you must let me write and thank you for them. While I was Police Commissioner I quite often went to the Houston Street public school, and was immensely interested and impressed by what I saw there. I thought there were a good many Miss Bailies there, and the work they were doing among their scholars (who were so largely of Russian-Jewish parentage, like the children you write of) was very much like what your Miss Bailey has done.

Now, a word of preaching, not to Miss Kelly, but to Miss Bailey. The scrape into which Miss Bailey got by following too closely Messrs. Froebel and Pestalozzi (and

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

The author of *Crested Seas*

slow in detecting the difference, but the author knows it, or might know it, if he possessed a fraction of that power of self-analysis which Mr. Benson attributes to himself. An introspective mind must surely perceive the signs of its literary deliquescence, and so contemplative a man as Mr. Benson must often have reflected on the various forms of artistic temptation, including the wiles of the little devil of facility, which can be defeated only by time and taking pains.

■

In the Foreword to *The Wards of Liberty* Miss Myra Kelly tells that she is frequently asked if she was not the model from which the Constance Bailey of her stories was drawn. "I admit regretfully that I was not," she says. "All I aspired to be and was not Constance Bailey was. Only her mistakes are mine." The Foreword includes a letter from the President. It implies no lack of respect for an exalted office to say that an endorsement of a new book from this

HARRISON FISHER

Whose illustrations have been collected and published under the title of *The Harrison Fisher Book*

these eminent men, like most other human beings, diluted their good work with bad work) was because of not seeing, and therefore not telling, the plain, wholesome truth. To try to teach her pupils that there

should never be any appeal to force, when they lived under conditions which meant reversion to the primitive cave man if it were not for the continually exercised ability of the father of Patrick Brennan to cope

CHURCHILL WILLIAMS

The author of *J. Devlin, Boss at the steering wheel of his Panhard*

with the Uncle Abys, amounted merely to the effort to give them ideals which would not work for one moment when they got outside of the school room, and I think it is an abomination to teach people ideals that will not work, because, instead of understanding, as they ought to, that it is only false ideals which do not work, they in such

cases generally jump to the conclusion that no ideals at all will work. Teach them that the wrong is not in fighting, but in fighting for a wrong cause or without full and adequate cause, and you teach them what is true and right and what they can act up to. But teach them that all fighting is wrong; that the wars of Washington and Napoleon are of the same stamp; that Lincoln and Attila are on the same ethical level, and the result is either vicious or nil. If Miss Bailey's "steady," the doctor, would not knock down a man who had insulted her, I would have a mighty poor opinion of him; but if he were brutal to the weak, or a bully, or a tyrant, I would have an even worse opinion of him.

There! I suppose I have been preaching again, when I only meant to write a word of thanks and appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

✱

A few months ago *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires* of Paris published a series of illustrated interviews

with French authors about their plans for spending the summer vacation. It was not surprising to find that a majority were devoted to the motor car, or to see pictures of dignified and, at times, venerable members of the Academie

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE—STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Mr. White runs a two-cylinder Maxwell runabout. The reason for the above portrait, in which he appears in mufti, instead of a picture showing him in cap, leather coat, and goggles, at the steering wheel of the Maxwell, is, to use his own words: "I am up here in the mountains, where the merry chug chug is unknown. Hence the dearth of auto pictures." We had hoped to treat this subject with pictorial thoroughness. But then we know the literary temperament. Those snapshots promised by Mr. R. H. Davis have not arrived. Mr. Tarkington has apparently forgotten. As for Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, we shall have to retract our disparaging remarks in the text. He seems to have fully qualified. He writes: "If you could get a snapshot of me engaged in the profitable pastime of smashing my electric three weeks ago it would be a wonder. I ran into another machine in front of the Annex." Admitted to membership.

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE
Some glimpses of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett as a motorist

Française actually seated at the steering wheel of some cherished Panhard, Renault or Clement. The

Writers and the Automobile same seems to be true, in a measure, of English authors. Every now and then we read of Sir

Arthur Conan Doyle driving a new high-powered car across Germany or France with the dash of an Étienne Gerard and the imperturbability of a Dr. Watson. Max Pemberton was one of the pioneers of the sport and knows the automobile from "starting crank to differential," as the saying is. He conducts a very spirited and interesting motoring department in one of the English weeklies. The British Empire can boast of few more enthusiastic motorists than Mr. Rudyard Kipling of Rottingdean and South Africa. The list might be continued indefinitely.

¶

Nor are American writers at all behindhand at the game. We printed about a year ago a portrait of Mark Twain, "seventy years young," looking out at life from the tonneau of a Model S Oldsmobile. Booth Tarkington, who recently returned from Europe after an absence of nearly two years, owned during his stay in Paris and its environs a F. I. A. T. and a Clement-Bayard in turn; expressing a frank preference for the latter. Of the professional chauffeur, whose ways are dark and whose tricks are vain, he can tell strange and harrowing tales. Richard Harding Davis's name appeared in the papers a year or so ago as a purchaser of a Cadillac, but judging from the adventures and appearance of *The Scarlet Car* in the story of that name which appeared last spring, Mr. Davis has probably long since been graduated into the four- or six-cylinder class. A few weeks ago, at least, Irving Bacheller was still controlling the destinies of a single-cylinder Cadillac. Lloyd Osbourne is another writer who is not only keen on the sport of automobiling, but also profound in its technique. He began the experiences which he incorporated in *The Motor Maniacs*, *Baby Bullet* and *Three Speeds*, *Forward* with a Rambler runabout. Later he and his mother, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, owned a White

Steamer. What particular make of car has the honour of carrying this Knight of the Road at the present writing we do not know. Thomas Dixon, Jr., began as a motorist with a White Steamer, but has recently become converted to the gasoline car. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and her son Vivian Burnett are joint owners of a Winton and also a Pope Tribune runabout. We have some little hesitation about including George Barr McCutcheon in this list, for the author of *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* chose to own an electric—of highly approved workmanship and design, but still an electric. Churchill Williams, the author of *J. Devlin, Boss* and *The Captain*, is another writer whose knowledge of the automobile is of the "from starting crank to differential" variety. He has owned an Autocar and a Panhard, and will stoutly swear to the virtues of both. Stewart Edward White runs a two-cylinder Maxwell runabout with pronounced success in the State of California. At one time last summer he and Samuel Hopkins Adams used the Maxwell for a long trip over the mountains of the Pacific Slope. We can assure the general reading public that the tales that Mr. Adams brought East of grades climbed and obstacles overcome on this journey far surpass in extravagant incredibility the wildest episodes of *The Mystery*.

¶

The most ridiculous feature of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle* is the frontispiece. The text tells us that Betty Vanderpoel meets Lord Mount Dunstan in the course of a twelve-mile cross-country walk. The illustrator shows us a most preposterous young lady attired for something not a bit less ceremonious than an afternoon tea. To the eye of a mere man she resembles a very gorgeously garbed bridesmaid. The feature of the book that is likely to be talked of most is the character of G. Selden, the hustling and slangy young American, who earns his living by being thrown off doorsteps while working in the interests of the Delkoff typewriter. Selden is in many respects an unusual character. Not

An Illustration and a Character

only is his extraordinary use of slang a joy, but it has the earmarks of consistency and verisimilitude. That is something rare in the book of a writer of even the most remote British affiliations. Mr. Kipling, for example, should have understood America and its speech pretty thoroughly by the time that he sat down to write "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." Yet the strange and artificial jargon in which Wilton Sargent was made to express his resentment against the Great Buchonian Railway officials was something which the average American could hardly interpret, much less understand. The slang of G. Selden, on the other hand, impresses us as being perfectly easy, natural and unforced. It was inevitable that he should allude affectionately to himself as "Little Willie," and figuratively describe his condition when bicycling through England as "lunching at Buckingham Palace with the main squeeze." And as G. Selden may be regarded as a genuine achieve-

ment, it is especially interesting to learn that the character was drawn from life. A young man acquaintance having taken, as he supposed, a position as stenographer and typewriter, found that he was expected to act as town agent for the machine. While he was doing this, Mrs. Burnett saw him frequently and was greatly amused by the stories he told of his new occupation. He was a cheerful youth with a strong sense of humour and a thorough knowledge of New York slang. Mrs. Burnett found his summing up of the situation so suggestive of the type of honest young American hustler that it occurred to her that he would stand out well against a background of English country lanes, county families and feudal lords.

✱

In *Peter Ibbetson*—or was it in *The Martian*—George du Maurier wrote of the extraordinary advantage in point of view enjoyed by a person to whom fate

*The great moment she wondered if it could be possible
that he had imported a larger gel. He opened his hand & took
at the money with a grim steadiness
"Thank you, Miss," he said & touched his cap in the
proper manner.
He did not look gratified or grateful but he began
to put it in a small pocket of his brown corduroy shooting
jacket. Suddenly he stopped as if with a stab of remorse.
He handed the coin back without any change of his
grim look.
"Hang it all," he said "I can't take this for money.
Suppose I ought to have told you. It would have been
too awkward for us both. I am that unfortunate
beggar Mount Dunstan myself."*

Facsimile of a page of the original manuscript of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle*, which bids fair to be one of the most successful books of the year. The passage is one of the most dramatic in the story, describing the parting of Bettina Vanderpoel and Mount Dunstan when he reveals his identity. She has taken him to be a keeper.

In Mr. Hoffman's article in our October number on "Who Writes the Jokes?" he introduced several examples of what writers considered the worst bits of humour that they had ever perpetrated. We submit the following, which came in a few days ago, *à propos* of the note in the September number on "Winston Churchill and the Letter C," as entitled to an exalted position in the list of atrocities:

Trivial

Why exempt Winston Churchill's Alma Mater from your interesting sequence in the current Chronicle and Comment? In entering the United States Naval Academy he solemnly dedicated himself to a C Career.

■

London's Bohemia has always been lacking in a certain kind of tradition. There are plenty of legends concerning

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN COUGH SQUARE

ancient Norman church, the church of the Hundred of Rolvenden, which is mentioned in the Domesday Book. All the Moneypennys are buried in this church, which in its simple way is of remarkable beauty. Their tombstones surround the great Hall pew, which is almost as big as a room, and has tables and chairs in it. The Hall grounds stand between two very picturesque villages, both appendages to the estate; one called Rolvenden Village and the other Rolvenden Street. They are as picturesque as they can be, full of the quaint old gaffers and gammers, who stand at their picturesque thatched cottage gates surrounded by the flowers in their cottage gardens, and salute the Hall carriage as it drives by. A great many of these ancients have been pensioners of Mrs. Burnett's, receiving some of them a fine meat dinner from the Hall on Sundays, or perhaps a few shillings a week, or maybe perhaps only papers and reading matter. The country around is the most beautiful that England can boast, and the most rural.

ROSSETTI'S HOUSE IN CHEYNE WALK

A LONDON BOOK STALL

Grub Street and the "poor devil authors" who dwelt therein, but there is an absence of that colour which we associate with Bohemian Paris, and which probably grew out of Henry Murger's idealisation of the life in his *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. That Bohemian London is a field of vast interest, however, Mr. Arthur Ransome has made apparent in his forthcoming volume, *Bohemia in London*. In his introductory chapter Mr. Ransome tells us that his aim has been to depict life in the great city as

it touches those persons who come to it, like Whittingtons, to seek gold on its pavements. "They are conscious of the larger life of the town, of the struggling millions earning their weekly wages, of the thousands of the abyss who earn no wages and drift from shelter to shelter till they die; they know that there is a mysterious East End full of crowded, ill-conditioned life; they know that there is a West End, of fine houses and a more elaborate existence; they have a confused knowledge of the whole, but only a part becomes alive and real, as far as they themselves are concerned."

THE OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE

Mr. Ransome finds hugely ridiculous the conventional treatises on the subject. These are the books that talk of the Savage Club and the Vagabond Dinners, and other things of slight unconventionality. "But these are not the real things; no young poet or artist fresh to London, with all his hopes unrealised, all his capacity for original living unspent, has anything to do with them. They bear no more vital relation to the Bohemian life that is actually lived than masquerades or fancy-dress balls bear to more ordinary existence. Members of the Savage Club, guests of the Vagabonds, have either grown out of the life that should be in my book, or else have never lived in it. They are respectable

contrived to retain writers by an ingenious appeal to their gambling instincts. "Every Saturday all the cheques were accurately made out and delivered to the contributors. But these soon found that there was never more money to the credit of the paper in the bank than would pay the first three or four of the cheques presented. The rest were returned dishonoured. The result was not unamusing, for Beldens had chosen a bank in Fulham, while his office was in Covent Garden. Every Saturday at the appointed time all the contributors used to attend, with hansoms, specially chosen for the fleetness of their horses, waiting in a row outside. Beldens would come, smiling and urbane, into the outer office, with the bundles of little pink slips. As soon as they had been passed round there would be a wild scuffle of genius on the stairs, the dishevelled staff would rush out of the door, leap into their hansoms, and race pell mell for the bank, the fortunate first arrivals dividing with their cabbies the moneys that their respective efficiencies had achieved."

¶

The third dinner of the Titmarsh Club was given in London on Thursday, October 24, 1907, when the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James presided. The club was organised in 1905, in honour of William Makepeace Thackeray, and now consists of seventy-five members, including five Americans—Frederick S. Dickson and Major William H. Lambert, Thackeray collectors; Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.; Hon. Whitelaw Reid, and General James Grant Wilson, author of *Thackeray in the United States*. The Titmarsh Club propose hereafter to dine together in London twice each year. The complete membership is as follows: George Alexander, H. Granville Barker, J. M. Barrie, Hilaire Belloc, F. S. Boas, C. E. Brock, Sir F. C. Burnand, Egerton Castle, C. E. S. Chambers, G. K. Chesterton, J. Comyns Carr, W. L. Courtney, Edmund Craigie, William de Morgan, F. S. Dickson, E. Edmonds, H. Furniss, R. S. Garnett, Edmund Gosse, Kenneth Grahame,

citizens, dine comfortably, sleep in feather-beds, and find hot water waiting for them in the mornings. It is, perhaps, the unreality of their pretences that makes honest outsiders who are disgusted at the imitation, or able to compare them with the inhabitants of the Quartier or Montmartre, say that there is no such thing as Bohemia in London."

¶

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which deals with the expedients to which certain ingenious journalistic adventurers resort to keep the little newspapers with no apparent circulation afloat. One editor relied on subsidies from religious faddists, and always made it a point to be found praying aloud when some black-coated righteous old gentleman called. Another

Anstey Guthrie, Frederick Harrison, Anthony Hope Hawkins, William Heine-
mann, U. S. Hichens, Roger Ingpen,
H. B. Irving, A. A. Jack, W. W. Jacobs,
Walker Jerrold, Major W. H. Lambert,
John Lane, Sidney Lee, J. H. Lobban,
W. J. Locke, Sidney Low, Justin Mc-
Carthy, J. H. McCarthy, Frederick Mac-
millan, Theodore McKenna, Archibald
Marshall, Captain R. Marshall, Sir F. T.
Marzials, A. E. W. Mason, D. S. Mel-
drum, Lewis Melville, James Milne,
Henry Newbolt, H. V. Nevison, Alfred
Noyes, Sir Gilbert Parker, Louis N.
Parker, A. W. Pinero, Arthur Rackham,
Walter Raleigh, S. J. Reid, Whitelaw
Reid, Ernest Rhys, Clarence Rook,
George Saintsbury, Owen Seaman,
Thomas Seccombe, Walter Sichel, Reg-
inald J. Smith, M. H. Spielmann, Hugh
Thomson, H. Beerbohm Tree, G. M.
Trevelyan, H. A. Vachell, A. Vian, A. B.
Walkley, Arthur Waugh, H. G. Wells,
Percy White, General J. G. Wilson.



The average man who comes up for
membership at a club and fails of elec-
tion is not usually in-
clined to boast of it.

Pilled Henry Stevens, G.M.B.,
F.S.A., M.A., of Yale,
the author of *Bibliotheca*,

Geographica and Historica, was evidently
of not so squeamish a nature. On the
title-page of this book, published in Lon-
don in 1872, we find the following curious
lines: "By Henry Stevens, G.M.B.
(Green Mountain Boy), F.S.A., M.A.,
of Yale, etc., Fellow of the Royal Geo-
graphical and Zoological Societies of
London and Citizen of Noviomagus, For-
eign Member of the American Anti-
quarian Society of Worcester, and Fel-
low of American Society of New York,
Corresponding Member of the Ameri-
can Oriental Society and of the Histori-
cal Societies of Massachusetts, New
York, Maine, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania,
Connecticut, New Jersey, and Vermont;
and blackballed by the *Athenaum Club*
of London."



We have just been reading the first
volume of the *Memoirs of Alexandre*

Dumas Père in the English edition,
which is coming piecemeal from the
press. It deals with
the novelist's ancestry,
the experiences of his
father, General Dumas,
as an officer under Bona-

parte, and the impressions of his own
youth at Villar-Cotterets. It is a book of
amazing triviality and yet of striking in-
terest, and it is so typically Dumas. A
boy's practical joke, a day's hunting, are
elaborated into four or five pages of really
stirring dialogue and description. Of
genuine importance are the chapters deal-
ing with the Consulate and Empire, al-
though we are inclined to regard these
passages full of intimate detail the same
way that we regard the long harangues
of Livy's generals. As an illustration of
his method of expanding the slightest
anecdote, witness the following:

I recollect hearing my father relate—when
I must have been quite a young child, since
he died in 1806 and I was born in 1802—I
recollect, I say, hearing my father relate
that one day when he was ten years old he
was returning from the town to his home,
he saw, to his great surprise, an object lying
on the seashore that looked like a tree-
trunk. He had not noticed it when he
passed the same place two hours before,
and he amused himself by picking up peb-
bles and throwing them at the log, when
suddenly, at the touch of the pebbles, the
log woke up.

The log was an alligator dozing in the
sun. Now, alligators, it seems, wake up in
the most unpleasant tempers; this one spied
my father and started to run after him. My
father was a true son of the colonies, a
son of the seashores and of the savannas,
and he knew how to run fast; but it would
seem that the alligator ran, or rather jumped,
still faster than he, and this adventure
bid fair to have left me forever in limbo had
not a negro, who was sitting astride a wall
eating sweet potatoes, noticed what was
happening and cried out to my already
breathless father:

"Run to the right, little sah; run to the
left, little sah."

Which translated meant, "Run zigzag,
young gentleman," a style of locomotion
entirely repugnant to the alligator's mech-

anism, who can only run straight ahead of him or leap lizard-wise.

Thanks to this advice, my father reached home safe and sound; but when there he fell, panting and breathless, like the Greek from Marathon, and like him, was very nearly past getting up again.

This race, wherein the beast was hunter and the human being the hunted, left a deep impression on my father's mind.

✽

Really touching is his description of his impressions of the death of his father:

Then it was that I heard these words, but without taking in their significance: "My poor child, the papa who loved you so much is dead!"

I cannot tell what lips uttered those words over me, the little orphan of three and a half years, nor who it was that announced the greatest misfortune of my life.

"My father is dead?" said I. "What does that mean?"

"It means that you will never see him again."

"What! I shall never see my papa again?"

"No."

"Why shall I not see him?"

"Because the good God has taken him from you "

"Forever?"

"Forever."

"And you say I shall never see him any more?"

"Never again."

"Never, never at all?"

"Nevermore!"

"Where does the good God live?"

"He lives in heaven."

I remained in thought for a moment; un-

reasoning baby though I was, I quite understood that something dreadful had happened in my life. Then I took advantage of the first moment when attention was diverted from me to escape from my uncle's house and run straight home to my mother.

All the doors were open, and everybody looked scared; one could tell that death was in the house.

I got in without being noticed at all, and reached a little room where arms were kept; I took up one of my father's single-

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

The author of *The Old Dominion*

best-known works of Dumas that is being published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company

A New Set of Dumas is for many reasons worthy of very serious attention and commendation. Despite the fact

that something like two thousand volumes bear his name, if you are well acquainted with the trilogy of the Valois, the trilogy dealing with D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, and *The Count of Monte Cristo*, you may be said to know Dumas. Your knowledge is hardly moer impaired by the fact that you have ignored all the other books than would a knowledge of Thackeray and Dickens be impaired if you had read all the rest of Thackeray and Dickens but had neglected to read the unfinished fragments of *Denis Duval* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. The books of Dumas mentioned above are the necessary books, and they constitute the Pocket Edition, which is issued in fourteen volumes. A word should be said of the comparative honesty and excellence of the translation. Perhaps it is because

DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN

The author of *Old Indian Days*

barrelled guns, which he had often promised to give me when I should be grown up.

Then, armed with this gun, I climbed the stairs.

I met my mother on the first landing; she was coming out of the death chamber, weeping bitterly.

"Where are you going?" she asked, surprised to see me there when she thought I was at my uncle's

"I am going to heaven," I replied.

"What! you are going to heaven?"

"Yes; let me go."

"What are you going to do in heaven, my poor child?"

"I am going to kill the good God for killing papa."

My mother seized me in her arms and pressed me closely to her.

"Oh, my child!" she cried; "do not say such things; we are quite unhappy enough already."



While from a purely literary point of view of far less importance than the *Memoirs*, the new pocket edition of the

A. E. W. MASON

The author of *The Broken Road*

an assumption that is borne out by the cheerfulness of Mr. Crawford's title, *The Little City of Hope*.



The Autobiography which Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens wrote shortly before his death is now in the hands of his son, Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens, who will enlarge it with biographical notes upon his father's reminiscences, and with such of Mr. Augustus-Saint-Gaudens's letters as may be collected. Therefore Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens would be under

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

The author of *Son Riley Robert and Little Girl*

Dumas is of all French standard authors the easiest to translate that his books have received such cavalier treatment. The worst of hacks has felt at liberty to interpret the original as he thought fit and on occasion to omit entire episodes. For example, we were never able to fathom the exact relationship between Athos, Comte de la Fère and the Vicomte de Bragelonne until we read *Vingt Ans Après* in the original French. It was a case where a whole chapter had been condensed into a single obscure paragraph. Of this kind of mutilation the new edition seems to be guiltless.



We are always interested in the announcement of a new book by Mr. Marion Crawford, and

The Christmas Story we are especially attracted by the report that the next book to bear his name will represent an

attempt to revive the old-time Christmas story, of which Dickens's *Christmas Carol* is the classic example. This comparison, be it understood, pertains only to the spirit of the story. The scene is American, the principal characters being an inventor and his wife and child. The inventor's struggles against adversity are a foregone conclusion, but since this is a Christmas story, it may also be safely assumed that everything ends happily—

MAY SINCLAIR

The author of *The Helpmate*

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Linguistic Studies, that modern science claims to be proving. . . . What Whitney could fairly describe as a "claim" science has now made good.

¶

From all of which the reader would naturally be led to think, first, that Whitney's *Oriental and Linguistic Studies* appeared many years before Morgan's *Ancient Society*; secondly, that *Ancient Society* is a new and recent publication; and thirdly, that its author is still among the living. As a matter of fact, Whitney's *Studies* were published in course of the years 1872-74. Morgan's *Ancient Society* appeared in 1878, and immediately attracted the widest attention among ethnologists and sociologists the world over. Years ago we saw a translation of it in German, which must have appeared before 1891, for it is spoken of as already in existence in the preface to the fourth edition of Friedrich Engels's *Ursprung der Familie, des Privateigentums und des Staats*, which appeared in that year.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS

deep obligation to those who would send such letters to him at Windsor, Vermont. The letters would be copied and the originals returned without delay.

¶

A strange case of literary resuscitation occurred recently in the columns of the New York *Sun*. Under the standing caption "Some New Books," there appeared in its issue of Sunday, August 18, 1907, an excellent full-page review of *Ancient Society*, by Lewis H. Morgan, over the well-known signature of "M. W. H." In the prefatory note the reviewer informs us as follows:

Dr Lewis H. Morgan, well known to American readers as the author of *The League of the Iroquois* and *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family*, has lately (the italics are ours) published a comprehensive and suggestive study of *Ancient Society* (Henry Holt and Company). The main purpose of this book is to demonstrate the truth of the dictum uttered years ago by Professor Whitney in his *Oriental and*

DR. D. S. SAGER

The author of *The Art of Living in Good Health*

Moreover, this latter book, the first edition of which appeared in 1884, was professedly based on Morgan's work, and through its numerous editions and translations, including one in English, has made known the achievements of the American scientist to many thousands who otherwise might never even have heard the name of the great but modest investigator. Finally, as we might learn from the encyclopædia, Morgan has been dead since 1881. And all this confusion on the part of the *Sun* reviewer and our own display of bibliographical learning have been occasioned by the publishers merely changing the date on the title-page of *Ancient Society* from 1878 to 1907!



Readers of Miss Elizabeth Robins's *A Dark Lantern*, a remarkable novel, which received rather less attention than it deserved, will not be altogether

THE LATE EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

Mr. Lee-Hamilton's work is discussed by Mrs. Wharton elsewhere in this issue

surprised at the subject of her latest work. *The Convert* is a story of the London "suffragette," a subject offering such opportunities in the way of romance and comedy, and even tragedy, that it is rather surprising no one has hit on it before. Miss Robins, although she lives in London, is an American woman, who has written about the Alaska gold fields as well as the life of smart English society.

For several years Miss Robins was an actress associated with Ibsen parts. At the same time she was writing fiction under the pseudonym "C. E. Raimond." It was not until *The Open Question* was published about eight years ago that the literary detective ferreted out her identity. When she found that she could no longer preserve her disguise Miss Robins contributed a long letter to a London paper deploring that as it had been discovered that she had acted in *The Master Builder*, it would be impossible to have her books criticised without reference to the influence of Ibsen. For a brief day *The Open Question* was very widely discussed. But bearing out the prophecy made in these pages at the time, it had its little success and was then forgotten.

W. L. FINLEY

The author of *American Birds*

The wave of interest in Nietzsche which has swept over Germany and France seems to be spreading in England and America. Not only has a book on his philosophy been announced for publication this autumn, but the appearance of his works in English translation goes steadily on. The latest book to appear in the series is *Beyond Good and Evil*, the translator being Miss Helen Zimmern. This book is sub-titled "Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future," and was intended as a prologue to the work on which Nietzsche was engaged when his mind finally gave way, *The Will to Power: An Attempt at a Transvaluation of all Values*. This is the fifth of Nietzsche's works to appear in an English edition, the preceding volumes being *The Case of Wagner*, *The Genealogy of Morals*, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and *The Dawn of Day*.

Nietzsche
Interest

We learn that "Marion Lee," whose name appears on the title-page as the author of *Confessions to a Heathen Idol*, is in reality Mrs. Anna Botsford Comstock, secretary of the Nature Club of America and a very well-known lecturer

"Marion
Lee"

and writer. She is the wife of Professor J. H. Comstock, the entomologist, and is herself a lecturer in Cornell University. In collaboration with her husband she wrote the *Manual for the Study of Insects*, to which she contributed the illustrations. This work required all her leisure time for fourteen years, for there was believed to be no wood engraver then capable of making sufficiently accurate pictures of insects. Mrs. Comstock mastered the wood-engraver's craft for the specific purpose of illustrating this book.

■

There is a striking fitness in the new *Joan of Arc* that is written and illustrated in colour by Louis Maurice Boutet de Monvel. For De Monvel in his work has always been closely associated with the story of the Maid of Orleans. "Open this book with reverence, my dear children," he appeals to young readers, "in honour of the humble peasant girl who is the Patroness of France, who is the Saint of her country, as she was its Martyr. Her history will teach you that in order to conquer you must believe that you will conquer. Remember this in the day when your country shall have need of all your courage."

Boutet
de Monvel

DANIEL VIERGE AND DON QUIXOTE

The love of books is not the love of women, that it shows an infinite variety in kind and in degree. Between the sensuous delight of the opulent collector in rare editions and costly bindings, and the scholar's reverence for a faultless text, though paper and cover be of the humblest, there is the measure of difference between the flesh and the spirit. Yet whether the chief attraction of a volume, as of a woman,

lies in the outward beauty or in the deeper charm of noble thoughts, there is, I believe, in the heart of every possessor of books an unrealised ideal, with which the volumes upon his shelf are at best only a compromise. There is something abnormal about the man or woman who has never felt the pleasurable anxiety of choosing an edition of a favourite author, never hesitated over the number of the volumes, the quality of the binding, the size of the printed page, but simply accepted the first set offered as heedlessly as one ac-

DON QUIXOTE'S DISASTROUS ENCOUNTER WITH THE WINDMILLS

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ROME

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cepts a railway guide or a telephone directory. To every one with an inborn love of books, whether his taste runs to Homer and Dante or to Scott and Dumas, there must come from time to time the dream of an edition beyond question or reproach, an edition whose value is not measured by priority or expense or rarity, by artist-proof illustrations, or the richness of gold tooling on its covers—but simply an edition in which author and editor, artist, printer and binder have wrought as though inspired by a single mind, a single purpose, and each in his province produced a masterpiece. But because the needful genius and sympathetic understanding and self-effacement are a combination rarely found, such editions remain for the most part in the realm of the unattainable. All too often, editor and artist, printer and binder, are openly striving to see which can scramble first and highest into publicity upon the author's shoulders. Far better than the pomp and pride and obvious self-seeking of the typical *édition de luxe* is a modest, unembellished duodecimo text, that will easily slip in and out of the pocket, and pretends to no other charm than that which the author originally put into it.

Yet now and then the miracle of an ideal edition of one of the world-classics actually occurs—witness, for example, the newly completed Vierge Edition of *Don Quixote* just issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Here is an achievement which justifies an unstinted enthusiasm, because it satisfies the needs not only of those who give to Cervantes's masterpiece an intellectual appreciation, but of that smaller inner circle that yields it the intimate affection of the heart. It is only in the case of the books we really love that inadequate illustrations stir us to a real resentment. For my own part, the long line of illustrators who have successively misconceived Milton and Bunyan, Dickens and Scott, leave my temper unruffled; but I want no artist's pencil to interfere with my Horace or Dante, my Balzac or Dumas—and none save Thackeray's own with *The Newcomes* or *Vanity Fair*. And

only yesterday I might still have added Cervantes to the list, sharing in full Mr. Henry Edward Watts's aversion to "the long line of vile attempts to make *Don Quixote* a picture-book." And when Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in his introduction to the Vierge Edition, rejoins that "*Don Quixote* was a picture-book before the first illustrator touched it," because "the author really visualised the creatures of his imagination, and gave them a reality upon the printed page equal in vividness to that which we expect from the brush of a painter," he unintentionally emphasised the superfluousness of illustrations. When an author has the rare gift of such simple and graphic description that even a child may follow the narrative, why, it may well be asked, should any individual intrude upon us with his particular interpretation of scene and character, which must almost inevitably be at variance with our own?

It is precisely in this fact that the Vierge illustrations do not conflict with our own conceptions, but on the contrary seem to merge in them, and to become a continuation and commentary of the text itself, that the special miracle of this edition lies. No one knows, and no one ever will know, the precise mingling of motives which urged Cervantes to the accomplishment of his masterpiece; but surely Lowell was right in implying that modern scholarship is inclined to "attribute to him a depth of intention which, could he be asked about it, would call up in his eyes the meditative smile that must habitually have flickered there." It is enough for us to know that, whatever fact or philosophy or moral we individually find in *Don Quixote*, it is so far as we are concerned really there whether Cervantes consciously put it there or not. For it possesses to an exceptional degree that hall-mark of real greatness which just a few of the world-books share with it, the ability to give forth something specially suited to every age and race, so that the native Spaniard and the foreigner alike feel in youth the irrepressible vitality of its adventures, awaken

next to the inimitable quality of its humour, discover with each re-reading some deeper lesson, some subtler truth, and finally in later years come to recognise its deep and pervading sadness. It is the peculiar merit of the illustrations of Daniel Vierge that they, too, partake of this changeful quality, mirroring back the mood that each reader finds for himself in the text.

As one slowly turns over the pages, with an ever growing delight and wonder at the artist's sympathetic insight and illuminating power, one's interest grows proportionately in the personality of a man whose pencil reveals such close intellectual kinship with the long dead creator of *Don Quixote*. Although he chose to spend the greater part of his brief and afflicted life in Paris, and to call himself by his mother's patronymic, Vierge was as true a Spaniard as Cervantes himself, as his father's name, Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz, sufficiently testifies. But it was not merely that he had in his blood the inheritance of centuries of Spanish life and tradition, the inborn love of Spanish art and letters. A strange caprice of destiny willed it that the artist, like the author he interpreted, should by a pathetic coincidence perform his task undaunted by a crippled hand, and bravely carry it to a completion, under the very shadow of approaching death. If any extraneous fact could add to the interest of his illustrations, it is that of the man's indomitable will, which refused to admit defeat when, at the age of thirty, a paralytic stroke permanently destroyed the power of his right arm. Patiently he faced the necessity of be-

ginning life anew, and forced the awkward muscles of his left hand to master the old dexterity of his right,

Yet he was not in the least inclined to make a martyr or hero of himself (writes Mr. Cortissoz). He had superlatives no more for his sufferings than for his art. His resignation had the gallant, winning strain in it which marked him as of the race of Don Quixote. Looking back at him, in his peaceful retreat, with the sounds of summer faintly heard through the door opening on his summer garden, I seem to see him learning, as the "gentle knight and stout" learned, to persist against all odds in his great endeavour. The splendid effort was repaid. He revived his old powers in more than their original force, and, dying after ten years of hard but happy labour, left behind him the drawings of Don Quixote, in which we have the perfect interpretation of one Spanish master by another.

The English text chosen for the Vierge Edition is that of Thomas Shelton, the first in point of time of all the long line of Cervantes's translators, who, if often none too accurate, still holds his own because of the fidelity with which the spirit of the original is retained in his quaint and graphic speech. The edition is limited to eleven hundred and fifty numbered copies, both for Great Britain and the United States; and the four stately volumes, in the quiet dignity of their dark red binding, should be equally dear to the heart of the bibliophile and to the reader who, in Mr. Cortissoz's felicitous phrase, was marked "in his cradle by his good fairy as one of the loyal servants of Cervantes."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

CALENDARIO NUEVO

Like our forefathers, let us count our years
From spring to spring, from flower to flower again;
Mark all our days from gladness—not from pain,
And thus rid life of half its blight and tears.

Ruth Sterry.

THE SONNETS OF EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON



EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON, who died last month in Florence, made his poetic testament in a volume of sonnets published by Elliot Stock in 1894, and far less known than they should be to readers of verse in America.

"Seek not to find me," (he says)
"Where angel trumpets hail a brighter sun

* * * * *

But in some book of sonnets, when day's
done.

There in the long June twilight, as you read,
You will encounter my immortal parts,
If any such I have, from earth's clay freed."

Lovers of English poetry, and especially of that subtle form in which Mr. Lee-Hamilton delighted to exercise his skill, will not think that he prophesied too rashly, or that the qualifying clause was necessary. A re-reading of his best-known volume, *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, confirms and even strengthens the impression received from its first perusal: that it contains some twenty sonnets of exceptional beauty, and four or five which rank not far after the greatest in the language.

This seems no small praise if one reckons up the number of satisfying sonnets in the "literary baggage" of any one of the English poets, excluding only the master-sonneteers, Shakespeare and Rossetti. Even those most distinguished for the mastery of the recalcitrant form—Wordsworth himself not excepted—can hardly show more than five or six sonnets of sustained perfection. The halting sonnet with one or two immortal lines is familiar enough in the work of the greatest poets; but the rounded whole, even in the case of the greatest, is astonishingly rare. If Mr. Lee-Hamilton's best falls below the supreme instances his average, in both form and thought, is markedly

above the lesser sonnets of the great poets. He is indeed distinguished not only for sustained dignity of thought and felicity of image, but for a verbal flexibility which almost always enables him to control the exigencies of the sonnet, instead of being controlled by them.

In spite of their intrinsic beauty Mr. Lee-Hamilton's poems are of the kind best appreciated in the light of the writer's circumstances and environment; and before analysing his work it is necessary to speak of the exceptional conditions under which it was produced. The author of the *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours* drew the name of his volume from his own cruel experience. Beginning life brilliantly in the English diplomatic service, he was seized at the age of twenty-eight by a mysterious illness, presumably of nervous origin, which put an end to all hopes of an active career, and kept him for over twenty years stretched on the low-wheeled couch—"hybrid of rack and of Procrustes' bed"—which several of his sonnets mournfully or ironically apostrophise.

It was thus that, in the Florentine villa of his sister, Miss Paget ("Vernon Lee"), I first saw him, some fifteen years ago, stretched flat and immovable on the "dire bed" where, year after year, he lay gazing with "hungry eyes . . . derided by uneatable gold all round." Complete imprisonment it would be hard to conceive. Mental exertion was almost as difficult as physical movement; and it is proof of the indefatigable vivacity of the poet's fancy that he was able to find so many ways of picturing a state of such unbroken monotony. During those wingless hours, when all use of his eyes was impossible, and his weakness so great that he could not bear to have more than a single line of verse read to him at a time, Mr. Lee-Hamilton still contrived to maintain high commerce with the greatest in art and letters. How he kept his "immortal parts" alive on such meagre fare—how he kept the black flood

of the sea of misery from submerging his little "green isles" of intellectual life—those only will understand who know how intensely the flame of thought burns in his poems, and to what high and airy realms his imagination had access.

The *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours* picture the successive phases of despair, submission and triumphant courage through which their author passed in the course of his long illness. The first division of the book, "A Wheeled Bed," paints with the aid of every dark analogy the early period of unrelieved gloom. Yet even then the writer was aware that, among the evil fairies about his cradle, there was a single pitiful one who "In every little tankard full of gall" let fall a drop of the golden wine of poetry; and it is noteworthy how the range and beauty of his poetic expression develops as this magic gift begins to sweeten the bitter draught of life, and to reveal to him that

Through the bars of shadow and their chinks
A face can look, and twilight's few great stars.

In the second division the horizon has widened, and the high fixed stars of art and poetry are pouring their rays between the bars of shadow. To this group of sonnets—"Brush and Chisel"—belongs one of the noblest in the volume, "On Raphael's Archangel Michael": a poem that must be cited in full, not only because of its beauty of conception and excellence of form, but because it is so representative of the writer's final attitude toward life.

From out the depths of crocus-coloured
morn,
With rush of wings, the young Archangel
came,
And diamond spear; and leapt, as leaps a
flame,
On Satan, where the light was scarcely
born;
And rolled the sunless Rebel, bruised and
torn,
Upon the earth's bare plain, in dust and
shame,
Holding awhile his spear's suspended aim
Above the rayless head in radiant scorn.

So leaps within the soul on Wrong or Lust
The Warrior Angel whom we deem not
near,

And rolls the rebel impulse in the dust,
Scathing its neck with his triumphal tread,
And holding high his bright coercing spear
Above its inexterminable head.

Mr. Lee-Hamilton did not always face his fate with this bright equanimity. He suffered too much, and was too keenly sensitive to all the joy and beauty denied him, not to have his moods of dark relapse; but his verse proves that, as the years passed, he found increasing strength to bear his pain, and increasing consolation, in that very sensitiveness to imaginative reactions that had once been the cause of his intensest misery.

The world of beauty that had so tormented him became more and more his solace and his refuge. He sent his mind down the long vistas of art and history and human thought, and it came back stored with high images and fortifying memories. Such sonnets as "The Waifs of Time," "The Horses of Saint Mark," and "The So-called Venus of Milo" bear witness to this increasing mental detachment, and fitly lead up to the third division of the book, in which the poet meditates on the problems of life and fate.

His thought has come full circle; but he has found himself again as a part of the world-all, a sharer in the general lot of man. If the note of sadness still sounds through these sonnets it is wrung from him by the "tears of things" and is not the utterance of an isolated grief. He formulates his creed in two of the finest sonnets of this division, "The Ring of Faustus" and "Cæsar's Ghost." Faustus' ring, which keeps him magically young and fair, is "Faith-in-good"—

Remove it not, lest straightway you behold
Life's cheek fall in, and every earthly thing
Grow all at once unutterably old.

And Cæsar's ghost, which "with a sword of shadow" turned the tide of battle, is "The ghost of some high impulse or great plan" which, in a moment of moral crisis, may appear to the man who has murdered

it, and turn the tide of his struggle against evil.

Mr. Lee-Hamilton never lost his robust faith in each man's power to mend the world a little.

Just because we have no life but this,
Turn it to use; be noble while you can;
Search, help, create; then pass into the night.

This is the keynote of the division entitled "The After-Life." Professor Le Dantec has brilliantly said: "*La mort c'est le triomphe de l'athée*"; and substituting agnostic for atheist, and illness for death, the phrase may well be applied to Mr. Lee-Hamilton. His attitude toward suffering and privation is the noblest vindication of his creed, and has inspired some of the most serene and beautiful of his poems. "Sea-Shell Murmurs," perhaps the finest sonnet in the volume, is one of these, and another of almost equal imaginative quality is "Idle Charon."

One may have been tempted, in reading Mr. Lee-Hamilton's earlier pages, to see the same analogy between his *Weltanschauung* and that of Leopardi as between their physical infirmities. To both poets "The gates of pearl are crumbling fast. . . . And earth is the reality"—but Mr. Lee-Hamilton, in a sonnet written, appropriately enough, "On the fly-leaf of Leopardi's poems," has shown the fundamental difference of the conclusion he draws from this premiss.

There was a hunch-back in a slavish day,
Crushed out of shape by Heaven's iron
weight,

who poured scorn on the God imprison-
ing him, "And called the world the mud
in which he lay." And mud it is—but a
tillable and fruitful mud; and even to
those imprisoned in the most cruel moral
or physical anguish, its bare tracts

Conceal, perchance, some buried urn all
filled
With golden Darics stamped with a winged
shape.

Mr. Lee-Hamilton's book testifies to the truth of his faith. Perhaps because of that latent power of renewal which, some ten or twelve years since, miraculously drew him to his feet, and gave him a Saint Martin's summer of health and happiness; or simply, perhaps, because the angle of his moral vision was different, his rage against the "miscreated world" was the expression of a passing mood and not the essential basis of his philosophy. From the bare tract of his twenty years' bondage he delved out painfully the golden Darics of his verse; and it is not only, or chiefly, because of the precious substance in which they are wrought, but most of all because of the winged shape stamped upon them, that the best of them seem likely—in a phrase he has applied to other works of art—to "stand before us as immortals stand."

Edith Wharton.

THE PLOT THAT WOULD NOT DOWN

It is a good plot, and I shall always say so. But I will give it away to any one who can write it. I can't. Here it is. Edith after marrying Harold falls in love with Tom, but keeps it strictly to herself. Tom marries. The two families are intimate. Harold dies (pneumonia). Edith, imagining Tom is beginning to care for her, takes herself out of the way. Tom dies (automobile).

That's all. Nothing happens.

I first took that plot and I wove around it an eight-thousand-word story. I called it "Another Version"—a sort of problem story without the problem. Edith was a pink-and-white, unsophisticated English girl, with a bishop for a father. Harold's American friends found her very shy and sweet. When she suddenly realised that she was in love with Tom she was naturally horrified, but, keeping her head, reasoned through several pages that so long as he didn't know it and she remained a loyal wife to Harold there was no sin in it. On the contrary, she herself would be all the better for the experience. Tom was completely unseeing, and when he married she forced herself to become his wife's friend. She was almost too noble for this world, but that was the kind I had her. Then Harold died, and Edith, uncomfortably fancying that Tom was finding his own home unsatisfactory (of course *his* wife had to be made a frivolous, society-loving girl as a foil for the high-souled Edith) and her own sustaining personality too much of a contrast for his peace of mind, wrenched herself away and went back to the bishop, where, such was her self-control, she took up her old life again and settled down into a placid, exterior calm, until she suddenly heard of Tom's death, when she went all to pieces, greatly upsetting the bishop.

Do my best, I couldn't make it anything but mawkish. My idea was to

show that people *could* fall in love with other people—married or unmarried—and yet harm neither themselves nor any one else. On the contrary, the general effect was to be ennobling through the forces of repression, sacrifice and unselfishness. It had a deep purpose and a lofty ideal. But it wouldn't go. I tried to liven it up with dashes of attempted humour in the character of Tom, but it was neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring, and I sadly stacked it away.

Its next reincarnation was in quite another garb.

Here, under the title "Among the Un-numbered," I had "Her" (no name given) on her knees in church on Easter day amid twinkling lights, flowers, incense, music and all the picturesque setting of a great high festival. And while the successive numbers of Gounod's glorious "St. Cecelia Messe Solennelle" throbbed and pulsed through the arches above her, "She" was recalling (for the benefit of the reader) the various steps in her life story. Up to the time she began to suspect that 'He' cared for her it followed practically along the original lines of the plot. Then it differentiated into, "Should she tell her husband and ask him to take her away before 'He' became aware of his real feeling?" A convulsive agony of soul, accompanied by a melting tenor solo, decided that she *should*, for "His" sake, and with the last strain of the Recessional she rose from her knees, the white light of martyrdom in her eyes, to meet "Him" at the church door, amid the gay Easter crowd, and to be greeted with:

"I wanted to tell you the first one—congratulate me—we're just announcing it to-day!"

Only a thousand words—short, and, as you can see, wonderfully pointed and suggestive, with sharp contrasts—and it *should* have been snapped up instantly. But the secular press said it was "too religious," and the religious press said that it "never used problem stories." So

into the pigeonhole to join "Another Version" went "Among the Unnumbered."

I was a trifle dampened for a while, but my spirit rose anew in a fresh conception for a setting. Let a child tell the story—unconsciously, of course. Child stories seemed to be flooding the magazines. So I made my heroine a girl of thirteen, who in trying to write an impossible cowboy tale (as "all the other girls were writing") tells in the form of a journal the real story going on under her eyes, and which she doesn't see at all. Here Edith was a "beautiful, white bride rose," with golden hair and the faintest pink in her cheeks, very young, only eighteen, and most fetchingly depicted.

The usual cataclysm transpired, but the ending differed in that, the other man once married, the young wife's wandering fancy returned to her own husband, with everything in train for a happy future.

This was really a masterpiece, full of subtle touches, and filled to the brim with choice treasures to be read between the lines. But no one except myself seemed able to find them. One magazine "did not publish juvenile literature." Others needed "action, plot, real characters and some attempt at clearness of style." And "Eyes that See Not," after a few unsuccessful preliminary blinkings, closed in final slumber with its predecessors.

Still the insistent plot wouldn't let me alone. Another vehicle for its working out presented itself. I had tried Simplicity, Tragedy, Unconsciousness, now let Sarcasm have its fling.

With renewed enthusiasm I started out on "The Unexpectedness of Edith." Harold was neatly described in a humorous-satirical manner, and Edith, a beautiful Greek goddess, with a Salem an-

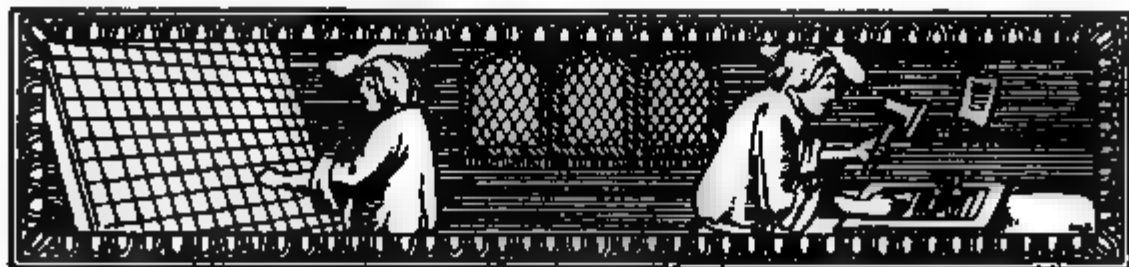
cestry, was treated in the same vein. The medium of communication was a maiden aunt, whose energies were obliged to work overtime to keep up with the intellectual and moral stunts of her young but terribly recollected relatives. The "unexpectedness" was to be elucidated by the mental gymnastics of the aunt on finding that Edith, the cold, the poised, was really madly and uncontrollably in love with Tom. But after writing some two thousand words of light comedy, I found I couldn't develop the plot in the usual way without verging on tragedy, which would necessitate a change from the flippant attitude I was assuming. Whereas if I had it end "happily" I would have to wade through seas of blood over Harold's corpse, and also that of Mrs. Tom, who would, of course, have to be disposed of; and while they were being killed off (the modish solution—divorce—was naturally out of keeping) my tone of facetious ridicule would again have to be abandoned.

This time I fell beneath the chariot wheels of this juggernaut plot and retired from the contest completely baffled.

I finally took the first part of the story and fitted on an entirely different ending to suit the style of the narrator—cut out Tom and the problem element altogether, had Edith and Harold wrenched apart and as violently reunited, and in the end it turned out to be broad farce—and "available."

But I insist it is a good plot, and I would like to see it utilised. For myself, I have taken to nature stories. It is far easier to invent and make compelling the most improbable plot of that kind than to develop this one, which adds to its other unsurmountable difficulties the crowning impossibility of being absolutely true.

Mary Buell Wood.



THE COMING OPERA SEASON

THE opera season is at hand; the two theatres in New York devoted to the presentation of music drama are presently to open their doors, and the New York public is quite open, because New York has made a fetich of opera. Two singing theatres open at the same time, in the same city, using practically the same repertoire, and both successful: the idea itself is not comprehended by the European, for all over the Continent, although the singers are paid much less than in America, and expenses are correspondingly lighter, the opera houses rely upon some external means of support. Society takes care of Covent Garden in London; the two opera houses in Paris are supported by the Republic; in Germany each petty kingdom or state is compelled to furnish the capital necessary to keep the state theatres open.

There is a reason for the popularity of this particular form of art in New York, a reason seldom appreciated, and not believed when it is stated, but nevertheless it is the true one. The success of opera in New York depends upon the fact that better performances in many respects are given here than elsewhere, notwithstanding that in producing opera in three languages it is difficult to achieve an artistic ensemble. Opera first of all, however, requires singers, and the best of these our two managers have secured, to the detriment of some of the foreign theatres.

London opera is not a subject for laudation. As one of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company recently said to the writer, "It has all the defects and none of the good points of the polyglot system." The *ensembles* are weak; singers with no experience are permitted to sing leading rôles. Most of the operas are staged without taste and the stage manager wastes no time attempting to make his chorus anything more than a set of lay

figures, nor does he experiment with light effects. But even London laughs at the *ensembles* at the Grand Opera in Paris, where an Alvarez or a Litvinne is supposed to be sufficient unto an opera. However, in stage management and lighting effects the Opéra-Comique in the French capital is essentially artistic. Any one who has seen the clear white light piercing through the darkness and falling on the crouching figures in the second act of Dukas's *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* or watched the slave dragged off for crucifixion in the third act of *Aphrodite* or seen Pelléas fall, a splash of blue in the pale moonlight, while Mélisande slips away, an uncertain white figure, through the trees, will not easily forget these marvellous stage pictures. But the Comique is not famous for voices, and Mr. Hammerstein has lured away the best of these, leaving, it is true, Messrs. Beyle and Clement, besides sending Madame Pauline Donalda there from New York. The heroes of the Wagner festival at Munich this summer were Messrs. Burgstaller and Knote, both of whom will sing in New York. There were no heroines. The orchestra under Director Mottl was not improvable, and the stage pictures were of great beauty. The "atmosphere" of the theatre and the evident sincerity of the artists made a deep impression, but even so, memories of some New York performances of *The Ring* were not effaced.

Operas here, especially the older works, are not always staged with the greatest care. But Europe could do no better than was done with *Salome* and *Madame Butterfly* at the Metropolitan and *La Navarraise* and *Carmen* at the Manhattan last season. The orchestras are frequently unfavourably criticised, and yet at both houses they often reach high levels; they are seldom less than excellent. The best conductors of the world have wielded the baton here at different times, and of the quality of the singers there can be no doubt. A few singers still make Europe habitable for the opera

GUSTAV MAHLER, WHO WILL DIRECT A SEASON
OF THE GERMAN WORKS AT THE
METROPOLITAN

lover. Madame Emmy Destinn will remain another year at the Berlin Opera before coming to America; Madame Selma Kurz, whose trill is phenomenal, asked, it is said, \$12,000 a month of Mr. Hammerstein, and so she will continue to sing at Vienna; Madame Irma Koboth, a Mozart singer of much charm, remains in Munich. But Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Conried have been exceedingly successful in their efforts to engage important artists, and they have left few singers of consequence behind.

New operas, interesting revivals, are more difficult to decide upon. *Salome*, the wonder-child of the new German school, has been done in New York even more marvellously than elsewhere. It is the only success among the new German works at even the German houses, where it seems to have lost none of its interest, for in Berlin alone last winter it was sung forty times. Italy at present means Puccini, whose *Bohème* is in the repertoire of practically all the singing theatres of the world. After Puccini, impresarios who search for opera in Italy must fall back on Leoncavallo, who seems to have spoken out once and for all in

Pagliacci; Mascagni, whose *Cavalleria Rusticana* will be alternated with performances of *Iris* this year; Giordano, whose *Fedora* was a success of clothes and Cavalierian beauty last season; Cilea, whose *Adriana Lecouvreur* will be produced early in the fall at the Metropolitan; Ponchielli, whose *Gioconda* will be revived; and Catalani, who is being more or less snubbed since the failure of his *Loreley* last summer in London. France at present is wavering between two schools: the saccharine, pseudo-Italian, represented by Massenet, the favourite composer of Paris, Saint-Saëns and Reynaldo Hahn; and the subtle, mystic, degenerate, represented by Vincent D'Indy, Claude Debussy, Paul Dukas and, weakly enough, by Camille Erlanger. Of the first school we shall hear much this year, as four of Massenet's operas and two of Saint-Saëns are announced. Of the second, Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, perhaps the best example, will be given at the Manhattan Opera House.

Out of this struggling mass of modernity each manager has selected what he considers suitable for New York, and has

CHALIAPINE AS MEFISTOFELE AT THE
METROPOLITAN

Theatre in Vienna, has shown that a great deal of the force of his institution will be spent upon the German music dramas. The fifty-seven orchestral rehearsals of *Salome* last season took much time away from the preparation of the Italian and French works, and the result seemed to indicate that the proportion must be changed; that either the Italian and French operas or the German music dramas must predominate. Mr. Mahler is an indefatigable rehearser, and as he represents the German school, his presence is likely to have a decided influence on the repertoire. Mr. Hammerstein, on the other hand, has announced a number of French works suitable for the smaller auditorium of the Manhattan Opera House, which makes the performances of Donizetti, Mozart and Bizet there delightfully possible.

The season is to open November 4th at the Manhattan, when Mr. Hammerstein offers a revival of *Gioconda*, with Mesdames Nordica and De Cisneros and Messieurs Zenatello and Sammarco in the cast. Two weeks later, on November 18th, Mr. Heinrich Conried will open the Metropolitan Opera House with Cilea's opera, *Adriana Lecouvreur*, in which Madame Cavalièri and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti will appear. Boito's *Mefistofele*, with Mr. Chaliapine, will probably be given Wednesday of the same week; *Aïda*, with Madame Gadski and Mr. Caruso, and *Rigoletto*, with Madame Sembrich and Mr. Bonci, are to follow on Thursday and Friday. Both seasons will last twenty weeks, and at the Metropolitan an extra Thursday night subscription performance will be added. Mr. Hammerstein will cling to the usual subscription nights for another season, with the privilege of giving, when he so desires, extra performances on Tuesday and Thursday nights.

Mr. Conried announces comparatively few new singers. Mr. Theodore Chaliapine, the Russian basso, is perhaps the most notable of these. In the different operas dealing with the Faust legend this artist has made a deep impression in the European cities where he has appeared. He will make his New York début at the Metropolitan. Madame Berta Morena, a German soprano whose voice is at pres-

OLIVE PREMSTAD AS CARMEN AT
THE METROPOLITAN

varied novelty with the revival of some not too well-known works. And of course the bone and substance of the repertoire is always with us. There seems to be an indication, however, that exclusive of the older Italian works and the necessary *Faust* and *Carmen*, an attempt will be made to divide the repertoire. Mr. Conried, by engaging Mr. Gustav Mahler, of the Royal Court

Eames returns, ambitious to conquer dramatic rôles; Mesdames Geraldine Farrar, Bella Alten, the beautiful but unmelodious Madame Cavalièri and Madame Gadski, all are re-engaged. Mesdames Louise Homer, Kirkby-Lunn, Josephine Jacoby and Frida Langendorff will divide the contralto rôles. Of the men, Messieurs Caruso, Burgstaller, Burrian, Dippel (who sings all parts in all languages), Scotti, Journet, Goritz, Van Rooy and perhaps Plançon will return. Mr. Guiseppe Campanari will also sing again at the Metropolitan after a season's absence. Mr. Alfred Hertz, to whom we are indebted for the wonderful orchestra which played the *Salome* music last year, is re-engaged to conduct many of the German works; Mr. Bovy will conduct the French operas, but a new Italian conductor, Mr. Rudolfo Ferrari, will replace Mr. Arturo Vigna, who resigned in the spring.

But the most interesting announcement made by Mr. Conried is the fact that Mr. Gustav Mahler will come to assist in

GERALDINE FARRAR IN "TANNHÄUSER" AT THE METROPOLITAN

ent not in the best condition, makes her first appearance here. She was promised for last season, but her health failed her and she was obliged to retire for a year, returning to the stage in August at the Munich Wagner festival. She is an extremely beautiful woman. Her rôles are Sieglinde, Elsa, Elizabeth and like parts. There are several new tenors: Mr. Riccardo Martin, who was successful with the San Carlo Opera Company last season; Mr. Alessandro Bonci, who is responsible for the revival of *Puritani* and other archaic operas; and Mr. Heinrich Knote, still in his prime and one of the best of German tenors.

Most of the well-known singers of this organisation are re-engaged. The incomparable Olive Fremstad will come back not only to sing Sieglinde, Kundry and Venus, but also Isolde, and in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Madame Fremstad has spent months on her study of Isolde, and much is expected of her conception of the part from those who have followed the career of this admirable artist. Madame Marcella Sembrich will still preserve the *bel canto* tradition; Madame Emma

BERTA MORENA, WHO WILL SING WAGNER
RÔLES AT THE METROPOLITAN

Mahler's direction, *Don Giovanni* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. The unfitness of the Metropolitan stage and auditorium for the miniature operas of this composer has long been recognised, but it is perhaps better that they be heard under unfortunate conditions rather than not at all. An "all-star" cast is being planned for *Don Giovanni*, which may include Mesdames Farrar, Eames and Sembrich and Messieurs Bonci, Chaliapine and Scotti. Kreutzer's *Das Nachtlager von Granada* is to be revived, as is Weber's *Der Freischütz*. Madame Fremstad is to have the leading rôle in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, an opera which has been sadly neglected in New York of late.

Poor *Salome* will not dance in New York this winter. It had been planned to give a few performances of the Strauss work at one of the Broadway theatres, as the directors of the Metropolitan have vetoed its repetition at that house, but the sentiment seemed so strong against it in many quarters—Boston and Chicago refused to harbour the opera—that it was thought wise to leave well enough alone.

DUFRANNE IN "PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE" AT THE
MANHATTAN

the presentation of the German works at the Metropolitan. It is possible that under his direction an entire cycle of the Wagner music dramas, from *Der Fliegende Holländer* to *Parsifal*, will be given. Mr. Mahler is a composer of note, a conductor of the greatest authority, and his taste in matters Wagnerian is accurate. Mozart he conducts with delicacy, Wagner with fire and passion, sweeping an audience with his force.

The large number of German singers engaged for this season will make it possible to give an interesting presentation of the music dramas. *Der Fliegende Holländer* has not been heard here for several seasons, and the early promised revival will be welcome. *Die Meistersinger*, which was not given last year, will be presented this fall with Messieurs Heinrich Knote, Goritz, Van Rooy and Madame Gadski in the cast. *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *The Ring*, *Tristan und Isolde* and *Parsifal* are all in the repertoire.

Two of the Mozart operas are announced and will be given under Mr.

ALICE ZEPELLI AT THE MANHATTAN

It is unfortunate that many New Yorkers will have no opportunity of hearing this most remarkable work, especially as the cast which presented it here was far superior to any which has appeared in the opera in Europe.

Mascagni's *Iris*, an opera with a Japanese story, will relieve the monotony of writing that composer's name before *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Madame Eames is to sing the principal part. Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur*, with Madame Cavalièri in the title rôle, was ready for production last season, and will be the first opera given. Verdi's *Otello* is another promised revival. This work, in the composer's later manner, is by many considered his greatest opera. *Il Trovatore*, which has been absent from the repertoire for a season or so, reappears. Puccini's four popular operas will of course be given. Many of the older Italian works will be revived for Madame Sembrich and Mr. Bonci, and *Aïda*, *Traviata*,

GERVILLE RÉACHE AS ORPHÉE AT THE
MANHATTAN

Lucia, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* are always certainties. It is announced that Boito's *Mefistofele*, with Mr. Theodore Chaliapine, will be one of the spectacular features of the season. The two French versions of the Faust legend will be given—Gounod's *Faust* and Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*. In both of these also Mr. Chaliapine will appear. *Lakmé*, in which Madame Sembrich was seen at her worst last season, has been withdrawn from the repertoire. In fact, *Mignon* (a needless revival), *Romeo et Juliette*, *Samson et Dalila* and *Carmen* are the only other French works announced. Madame Cavalièri is to be the new *Carmen*. Madame Eames is also said to be studying the part. Neither could be more incongruous in the part than Madame Kirkby-Lunn, who sang it in London this summer.

The indomitable Oscar Hammerstein announces much in the way of novelty. Of his new singers, none, perhaps, will attract more attention than Miss Mary Garden, from the Opéra-Comique in Paris, where she has been singing for the

AMEDEO BUSSI IN "SIBERIA" AT THE MANHATTAN

contralto makes much more money in concert than she does in opera. Madame Camille Borello, one of Mr. Hammerstein's summer discoveries, will sing in *Dolores*, *Contes d'Hoffmann*, *Pagliacci* and *Mefistofele*. Madame Gerville-Réache is a mezzo-soprano who has sung in Glück's *Orphée* at the Opéra-Comique in Paris and in London at Covent Garden. She will have the leading part in *Dolores*, and will alternate with Madame Bressler-Gianoli in *Carmen*.

Three new tenors are to appear on Mr. Hammerstein's stage. Mr. Giovanni Zenatello, who has sung at La Scala in Milan, Covent Garden and South America, will appear in *Gioconda* at the opening performance. Mr. Leon Cazauran is a young French tenor, who has been singing in Cairo and who has never appeared in the European capitals. Mr. Carlo Albani is an unknown singer whom Mr. Hammerstein discovered this summer. Mr. Jean Périer, a baritone from the Opéra-Comique in Paris, has an exquisite French voice. He will be heard as Pelléas. Mr. Dufranne, another bari-

JEAN PÉRIER IN "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE" AT
THE MANHATTAN

past five years. Her fascination on the stage is paramount; in Erlanger's version of Pierre Louys's *Aphrodite* this woman was the talk of the boulevards for several months. Her daring in costume and action made her the idol of the French eye. *Aphrodite* will not be given here this season, but in Debussy's decadent tone poem, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and Charpentier's charming and realistic *Louise* Miss Garden will have an opportunity of impressing her personality on New York. Madame Lillian Nordica, who has not sung in opera here for some time, has been engaged for the dramatic soprano rôles at the Manhattan, and will open the season in *Gioconda*. She will also be heard in *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Don Giovanni*, *Aïda*, *Les Huguenots* and *Trovatore*. Madame Schumann-Heink will appear as Fides in *Le Prophète*, as Ortrud in *Lohengrin* and as Brangaene in *Tristan*. She has been engaged for eight performances in December and January. These may be extended, but it is doubtful, as the German

THE MANHATTAN

tone from the Comique, is an interesting singer. The new basso is Mr. Abramo Didur, a Pole, who has recently appeared in Italy, South America and Portugal.

Madame Melba will return in December. She will sing in *Lucia*, *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, *Romeo et Juliette*, *Hélène* and perhaps *La Bohème*. Madame Russ will alternate with Madame Nordica in the dramatic soprano rôles; Miss Alice Zeppilli will dash with her charming voice between coloratura and soubrette parts; Miss Emma Trentini, whom Madame Melba has dubbed "the little devil," likewise returns; the stately and beautiful Madame Eleanora de Cisneros will again be the principal Italian contralto. Mr. Charles Dalmorès, best of French tenors, returns; Mr. Amedeo Bassi, who was the idol of the Manhattan gallery last season in *Pagliacci*, is re-engaged; so are Messrs. Arimondi, Ancona and Gilibert. Mr. Maurice Renaud, the French baritone who caused people to be turned away from a performance of *Don Giovanni* last season, something unheard of in New York, where Mozart

LINA CAVALIÈRI AS MANON AT THE METROPOLITAN

and the "house full" sign are not friends, comes back, and so does Mr. Mario Sammarco, whose fresh young baritone voice was heard for the first time in New York last season.

Mr. Cleofonte Campanini, foremost among Italian conductors, has been re-engaged. To see this director at a rehearsal is to understand how opera is produced. He will have two assistants.

In selecting his list of novelties for next season Mr. Hammerstein has taken into account the intimacy existing in his theatre between singers and audience. It is a house where works of the smaller *genre* can be given with success. One of these, Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann*, a charming Opéra-Comique, will be presented with Mesdames Zeppilli, De Cisneros and Borello and Messieurs Renaud and Cazauran. This opera is a great favourite in Germany, and a company from Berlin presented it in London last summer. *Louise* will probably serve for the début of Miss Mary Garden during the third week of the season. This

LINA CAVALIÈRI IN "PAGLIACCI" AT THE METROPOLITAN

opera follows the Maeterlinck play very closely. A great deal of its success depends upon subtle staging, light effects and colour in costume and scenery, details which were realised absolutely in its presentation at the Comique. The orchestra is a constant mass of changing colour, while the voices are used almost in a conversational way. Massenet's *Manon* is the fourth opera in which Miss Garden will appear. Saint-Saëns's *Hélène*, a one-act opera, will be sung by Madame Melba and Mr. Dalmorès. Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame* is interesting in the fact that all the parts

M. FERRARI

singer made her first success in this work at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, and it was selected for her farewell appearance there last summer. To those who do not know Paris and Montmartre *Louise* may lose some of its charm, but to all it must appeal with its human story of the conflict in a young girl's soul. The words and music are both by Charpentier, who has succeeded in putting into his score characteristic Parisian street sounds. Massenet's *Thaïs* is another opera which will be given to exploit Miss Garden. Revived in Paris this summer with Madame Cavaliéri in the title rôle, *Thaïs* renewed its sensation of 1894, when Miss Sybil Sanderson, the young California girl, dazzled French opera-goers. The story of the courtesan who is converted by a young priest only to make him fall in love with her is told in a series of realistic scenes. *Pelléas et Mélisande*, a characteristic work of the most modern French school, will be given at the Manhattan with many of the singers who were in the original French cast, including Miss Mary Garden and Messieurs Jean Périer, Vieulle and Dufranne. The

AMEDEO BUSSI IN "SIBERIA" AT THE MANHATTAN

are taken by men. In the cast will be Messieurs Gilibert, Dufranne, Zenatello, Ancona, Sammarco and Arimondi. Madame Bressler-Gianoli will appear again in *Carmen* and Madame Gerville-Réache will be substituted for Madame Calvé in *La Navarraise*.

Of the heavier French operas, *La Damnation de Faust* will be produced immediately after *Gioconda*, with Madame Borello and Messieurs Renaud, Cazauran and Arimondi in the cast. *Romeo et Juliette*, fortunately omitted from the repertoire last season, will be included this, to enable Madame Melba to sing the waltz. Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* is revived for Madame Schumann-Heink. It has been only a few years since it was revived at the Metropolitan for the same contralto. Of course, *Faust* and *Les Huguenots* will be sung.

A Spanish opera by Breton, director of the Madrid Conservatory of Music, will

be a feature of the season. This work, *Dolores*, will be sung in Italian, and in the cast will be Mesdames Gerville-Réache and Borello and Messieurs Albani and Dufranne. The Italian works announced are Giordano's *Andrea Chenier* and *Siberia*, a novelty; Verdi's *Aïda*, *Rigoletto*, *Traviata* and *Trovatore*; Boito's *Mefistofele*; Ponchielli's *Gioconda*; and *Lucia*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci* and possibly *La Bohème*. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is to be repeated, and Wagner's *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* and *Tristan und Isolde* are promised, although in what language they will be sung is extremely uncertain.

Altogether the season at either house will be interesting, and it is but fitting that the opera year in New York should commence with *Gioconda* and end with *Parsifal*. Catholicity of taste and New York mean the same thing.

Carl Van Vechten.

THE CONVENTION OF ROMANCE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

ONE of the popular fallacies regarding realism and romanticism is that while the former is handicapped by the necessity of keeping within the bounds of nature and fact, the latter has no limits save those of the author's riotous imagination. As a matter of fact, it is the romantic fiction, and not the realistic, that is hampered, circumscribed, bound down by the shackles of convention. The romanticist starts with the convention of a logical beginning, whereas the realist knows that every human story has its roots so far in the remote past that the nearest approach he can ever hope to make to a beginning is a bold cross-section through life. And in nine cases out of ten he ends with a convention—the convention of the Happy Ending—the convention that the cruel father relented, or the rich uncle died, or the real criminal was discovered, or the hero reprieved at the eleventh hour; that the curtain descends to the sound of wedding bells and the bridal pair live happily ever after. Whereas the experience of real life teaches that people do not usually relent or die or confess just in the nick of time; they have an unreasonable way of deferring these helpful acts until it is too late to be of service. And even when the Happy Ending does occur, the idea that it ends anything is only one convention the more, because in real life a story no more ends than it begins, owing to the necessity we are under of continuing to live, and no amount of Happy Ending can guarantee that the subsequent years are going to be happy ones.

Then, again, there is the almost universal convention of romantic fiction, that the heroine is superlatively beautiful, the hero splendidly brave, the villain incredibly base; whereas, if we stop to think quietly for a minute, we realise that behind the author's hyperbolic adjectives there are really just an average, womanly young woman and a manly young fellow,

who have discovered that they have a genuine liking for each other; that the rival is not such a bad sort of person, either, but on the whole more sinned against than sinning—because it really was no crime for him to have fallen in love with the same girl; and common experience of life tells us that he probably missed winning the girl by the narrowest sort of margin, and that if he had won her, instead of the other man, her chance of happiness would have been just about as good. It seems strange, when you come to think of it, that the convention of the One Man and the One Girl in the World should be acquiesced in so complacently. If people really believed this fundamental doctrine of the romantic school, that somewhere in the world there is just one person waiting for you, the only person with whom you can find your life happiness, what an era of unrest would be ushered in! Courtship and marriage would be embittered by the knowledge of the fearful odds against drawing the one right partner out of the world's millions.

Then there is the convention of the romantic hero's prowess, cleverness and success, his ultimate ability to win out. If at any time he is temporarily discomfited it is only in order to make his later triumph more sweeping. If he loses his purse to-day he wins a fortune to-morrow; if his enemy runs him through the arm in their first encounter, in their next he runs his enemy through the heart. Of course there is the practical necessity of keeping the hero alive, in order that the story should not come to an untimely end; yet, short of the penalty of death, the right sort of hero can suffer a multitude of reverses without alienating the reader's sympathy and affection, as witness our ancient friend, Don Quixote. The Monte Cristos who always escape from prison, the D'Artagnans who always save a queen's honour, the Sherlock Holmeses who never fail to solve a crime, the motley host of Admirable Crichtons of fiction who invariably show their su-

perulative cleverness, are never so real and convincing to us, never so brave or so clever as those who prove the greatness of what they do achieve by the contrast of an occasional failure, the evidence of human fallibility.

It is precisely here that the few great masters of the romantic novel reveal their inherent instinct for truth by venturing to break away from the trammels of convention. Indeed, to a follower of the realistic creed it seems no exaggeration or paradox to say that the greatness of the romanticists is in direct proportion to their disregard of the conventions. No one was more keenly aware of this than the most prolific, the most audacious, the most widely loved of them all, the elder Dumas. There is not a single convention which he did not calmly brush aside, not once but many times. For the Happy Ending he cared nothing, either in love or in war. In *Les Trois Mousquetaires* D'Artagnan did, to be sure, bring back the queen's diamonds, but he and his friends together failed to save the life of the woman he loved. In *Vingt Ans Après* the whole plot culminates in another failure, their inability to save Charles I. from the scaffold; and the later volumes record successively the old age of Athos, embittered by the knowledge that a woman has ruined his son's career; the failure of the plot of the Man in the Iron Mask; and the tragic deaths of the three best beloved of Dumas's four immortal heroes. As for the convention of an absolute beginning, no disciple of Zola could have cut a bolder cross-section through the tangle of intrigue and jealousy that made up the life of Louis XIII.'s court. Athos and Porthos and Aramis have behind them whole volumes of adventures, of which, for the most part, we are destined to remain ignorant. They are the product of conditions and influences which we only dimly conjecture, yet which we are not allowed to forget or to ignore. The effect produced is almost as distinct as though Dumas had said frankly at the outset: "There is no beginning to this story. My heroes are what they are, because of the lives they and their fathers before them led, the men they hated, the women they loved, the blood they shed. I might have begun a

year earlier, or two years, or twenty, and it would all have been very interesting—as interesting, perhaps, as what will here be recorded. But I had to begin somewhere, and it is my whim to begin just here, with D'Artagnan fresh from his adventure with the man of Meung, and the other three just recuperating from their conflict with the Cardinal's guards. It may not be the best possible beginning, but it will serve."

But few romanticists of the modern school have the robust courage of Dumas. There is undeniably a popular demand for the familiar old conventions of romance, provided they are handled with a certain modernity of touch. As an extreme type of the stereotyped romance of adventure brought sharply up-to-date, the picaresque novel enacted to the music of steam whistle and telephone and the insistent chug-chug of the motor car, there is no better example than *The Car of Destiny*, the latest achievement of those two indefatigable collaborators, C. N. and

A. M. Williamson. Had these authors undertaken to write a satire on romanticism they could not have more thoroughly incorporated every one of the familiar and well-worn conventions of the school. One suspects them more than once of having had no small amount of amusement out of their success in utilising effectively every known trick of the trade, so to speak. And at the same time they are to be congratulated, because the resultant volume is so fresh and ingenious and apparently spontaneous that it can be read with frank enjoyment even by the out-and-out realist, who is half vexed at his own enjoyment while he reads. Convention number one, the absolute beginning: the one man in the world meets the only girl, on a given day, at a given hour, near the Spanish frontier, and straightway the world is recreated and life begins anew. The man is an Anglicised Spaniard, unjustly exiled from his native land; the girl is English, with rank and fortune and a scheming mother to hedge her round and make her inaccessible; but these are mere details. Convention number two: He, being superlatively brave and handsome, and she

faultlessly beautiful and charming beyond words, the miracle of love at first sight occurs the moment that their eyes meet, and the exchange of vows follows with a promptness equalled only by that of Romeo and Juliet. But the Only Girl is on her way to attend the marriage of the King of Spain; she is to all intents and purposes affianced to another Spaniard, a villain of the good old school; she and her mother are the guests of the villain, travelling in his own motor car; while the hero, exiled from Spain on suspicion of having once taken part in a Nihilist plot, seems to be rather hopelessly out of the running. But, convention number three: All things are possible to the true hero; the word Failure does not belong to his rôle. In real life, of course, a political exile is a marked man; if not stopped at the frontier he would be surely recognised and arrested within twenty-four days after crossing it. But *The Car of Destiny* is not real life; and no one wants it to be, because it is quite sufficiently enjoyable just as it is. Day after day the Only Girl is hurried unwillingly along broken, precipitous, abominable Spanish highways, throughout the length and breadth of the land; and always, with the persistency of a bloodhound, the motor-car of the hero dogs her trail. And though the villain and the girl's mother, and from time to time the police, are quite aware who the hero is, and how little right he has to trespass on Spanish soil, they don't seem to know just how to go to work to rid themselves of him. And, not to mention the miscellaneous little conventions of stolen letters and forgeries, of hairbreadth escapes from imprisonment, poison and ambushes, the story arrives triumphantly at a Happy Ending, in which the villain is duly discredited and the hero, received back into favour by his sovereign, rejoices in his restored title and estates, as well as in the possession of the Only Girl. Frankly, the book contains every one of the elements which ought to annoy a reader of critical taste. And yet, paradoxically, instead of annoying, it furnishes a very genuine, even though not enduring, enjoyment.

Mr. Marion Crawford is not without sin regarding the conventions of romance.

At least, he follows the time-honoured formula of hero and heroine both endowed by their good fairies with wisdom and virtue and physical charm beyond that of other mortals; loving each other not wisely, but too well, in view of the barriers which an unkind fate persists in raising between them; and eventually breaking down these barriers and living happily ever afterward. More amazing even than the graceful ease of his narrative style is Mr. Crawford's fecundity of invention in ringing the changes upon this limited theme. One recalls for the moment only two of his novels which do not end in the triumph of love—*The Three Fates*, which is one of his most artistic and least popular books; and *Mr. Isaacs*, in which the general public forgave the death of Miss Westonhaugh solely because of an in-born prejudice against having an English girl marry a Mohammedan. His new

"Arethusa"

volume, *Arethusa*, is of its kind a better book than Mr. Crawford has produced for several years—the best in character and in scene since *Pietro Ghisleri*. For the first time since *Paul Patoff* he reverts to the picturesque setting of Constantinople—not the modern city this time, but the Constantinople of the Middle Ages, before its capture by the Turks; the Constantinople of degenerate Byzantine days, when revolutions were a popular pastime, and the imperial household, fathers, sons and brothers, took turns in deposing and imprisoning one another, incidentally putting out eyes and otherwise maiming the rival claimants. Such a revolution is in full swing when the curtain rises upon *Arethusa*. Zeno, Venetian soldier of fortune, living by choice in Constantinople, is commissioned by a friend to buy for him a slave girl of exceptional beauty and attainments. It happens that the slave dealer has just acquired the very girl to meet the conditions, the daughter of a patrician house, whose father had recently paid for dangerous political views by dying under torture in the arena, and whose sick mother could be saved from starvation only by the girl's voluntary sale of herself into slavery. Of course,

the discerning reader speedily foresees that Zeno, having acquired this exceptional paragon, will not pass her on to the friend who gave him the commission, but will keep her for himself; that he will promptly fall under the spell of her beauty, be subtly drawn by her into a well-laid plot to depose the emperor and avenge her father's death, and that the consequent struggles and dangers, imprisonment and torture all lead up to the triumphant overthrow of the reigning despot, the kaleidoscopic pageantry of a rejoicing city, and the glorification of requited love. But into this underlying warp of romance Mr. Crawford has woven the interest that comes from an understanding of the complexity of human emotions, as poignant in the twelfth century as in the twentieth. Zeno and Arethusa and the throng of other characters, high and low, that swarm and crowd and jostle each other through his pages are as truly individual and alive as any of our old friends of the houses of Saracinesca and Astrardente.

Mr. Anthony Hope is one of the few authors who can don and doff at will the mantle of conventional romance. He can amuse himself one day with a grown-up fairy tale of Zenda-land and the next he surprises us with the sober strength of a book like *Quisante*. His latest story, *Helena's Path*, lies somewhere between the two extremes. It has an outward framework of actuality, the atmosphere of present-day English country life; yet into this he has infused a certain spirit of old-time chivalry and homage that gives to his whole picture something of the grace and charm of a Watteau landscape. The whole theme of the volume, which is scarcely more than a novelette, concerns itself with a right of way. The hero's estates lie somewhere on the east coast of England; but between his land and the strip of beach where he and his fathers before him have for generations been in the habit of bathing lies the property which the heroine has recently purchased; and, unaware of any right of way, she closes up the gate through

which it is his habit to pass for his daily swim. He writes courteously but firmly, insisting on his right. She answers in the same spirit, emphatically denying it. He refuses to be robbed of his legal rights, even by a pretty woman; she refuses to yield, at a command, what she would have graciously granted to a prayer. As neither side chooses to adopt legal measures, a state of mimic war ensues, in which he continues to invade the enemy's territory, while she continues to barricade and intrench. And all the while, although they have not once met face to face, each is quietly falling in love with the other, so that when finally honourable terms of peace are concluded, it is already a foregone conclusion that the whole dainty little comedy will end with oaths of fealty and bestowal of favours worthy of a knight and a lady of the olden times. It is several years since Mr. Hope has produced anything so thoroughly artistic.

Edward Peple's *Semiramis* belongs to the same order of romance as Margaret Potter's *Ishtar of Babylon*, in that it leaves upon the mind a blurred impression of flamboyant Oriental colouring, the din of clashing sword and dying groans, the struggles of ancient civilisations grappled in their death throes. The sense of swarming hordes is well conveyed; so also is the sense of relentless despotism and wanton cruelty, the inherent savagery of an age that had not learned the virtue of brotherly love. And yet, like the vast majority of the novels that would fain reincarnate a buried antiquity, the sense of actuality is ineffectual. You see men bleed and women suffer, yet the sense of poignancy is absent, because you do not feel that they are real; you know that their nervous system is lacking. Otherwise the plot would be grim to the point of repulsion. King Ninus is in an evil mood because of all the tribes and races from which his greed of power has successively won homage and tribute, one city alone has withstood him, the Bactrian city of

"*Helena's Path*"

"*Semiramis*"

Zariaspa. So sorely has the prolonged siege exhausted the strength of his army that he must perforce accept a temporary truce in order to recuperate. It is an unfortunate time for his favourite officer, Menon, Governor of Syria, to choose to defy him, and, refusing to accept his king's daughter as wife, secretly marry a Syrian maiden, Semiramis. When he learns the truth, King Ninus's wrath is blended with another and more dangerous emotion, because he, too, comes under the spell of Semiramis's beauty; and thinking that he is sending Menon to certain death, he issues a royal edict that Semiramis shall remain captive in the royal palace until the rebellious city of Zariaspa is taken, and then shall be given as a prize of war to whatever soldier first surmounts the city's ramparts. How Menon sets to work to accomplish the hopeless task, how Semiramis comes to her husband's aid, and how after victory he is treacherously robbed of his just reward rounds out a story that is sure to win favour, provided you are in sympathy with the type it represents.

Beth Norvell, by Randall Parrish, tells how a prosperous young civil engineer finding himself stranded for a few weeks in a Western town, hires himself out as general utility man to a theatrical company doing one-night stands through the mining district. It is not merely novelty and experience that the young engineer is seeking, but more particularly a chance to come in closer contact with the leading woman, of whom he has caught a single brief glimpse in a hotel corridor. The life of strolling players, the types they represent, the tawdry equipments of third- and fourth-rate theatres, the audiences to which they play, are all rendered with a certain graphic sincerity. But the story itself fairly revels in the old familiar conventions. The hero's noble manhood reveals itself triumphantly through the disguise he wears; the heroine promptly owns her love, but utters the familiar words that she can never be his. There is a mysterious other man, who turns up unexpectedly

and makes a great deal of unnecessary trouble before he gets himself shot in a brawl between the local sheriff and a gang of miners. And because the other man happens to have been the actress's husband, and she and her lover each make the mistake of believing that the other is responsible for his death, the story ends with a real, old-fashioned, melodramatic misunderstanding, destined to last until the passage of years has given them both a few grey hairs and a little much-needed common sense. It does seem as though a hero of a decent sort, loving a heroine of a decent sort, might have taken her innocence for granted instead of her guilt, and that she in turn might have given him the benefit of the doubt. But of all conventions dear to the heart of romanticists, that one is dearest which holds that the simple and obvious thing to say or to do is the last thing which hero or heroine ever think of saying or doing.

Gret, by Beatrice Mantle, defined in the sub-title as *The Story of a Pagan*, is a book to be endorsed for the unpretentious fidelity of its atmosphere and the quiet understanding of human nature revealed in its characters. The background of the story is the great lumber region of the Northwest; the central figure is the daughter of one of the big lumber owners, who is too busy and too seldom at home to keep a proper watch upon her. The girl runs wild among the rough men of the saw-mills and the lumber camps, imbibing a precocious knowledge of the business and coming to no actual harm until her father makes a tardy and unwise attempt to curb her liberty. In an hour of foolish rebellion she accepts the boyish offer of a worthless young fellow, and slips away with him to a justice of the peace in a neighbouring town, before whom they go through the form of marriage. This rash act, once accomplished, satisfies her impulse to assert independence, and she quietly returns home, to attach less and less importance, as the months pass by, to that record hidden away in the musty

"Beth
Norvell"

"Gret"

files of the justice's office. And at this point the real story begins. Two young men, with plenty of education, a modest capital and no business experience, come into the region and start a shingle factory, which is predestined to failure until Gret benevolently takes a hand in the game, uses her practical experience in the woods and her personal influence with the workmen, and promptly puts the business on a paying basis. All this is a small matter in itself, although told with a simple directness that makes the whole episode stand out as one of the things in fiction that really happened. But the immediate and important consequence of the saw-mill's prosperity is that it draws to the vicinity during the summer months a party of the owners' friends and relatives, and brings Gret into contact with social standards such as she has never known before. And among others, it brings Errol Ludlowe, the man to whom Gret is destined to give the one deep and lasting love of her life. If the conditions under which they came together were not so plainly pictured—the wholesome freedom of the great forests, the simple honesty and frankness of the girl herself—it would be hard to understand how the cultured, wealthy, rather fastidious man of the world came to love the daughter of the lumber camp well enough to offer her marriage. But there is no difficulty at all in understanding how she, in her ignorance, refuses to let her early blunder stand in the way of her happiness; how she cannot believe that a mere verbal form, forgotten almost as soon as uttered, can be binding upon her now, or if it is, how her disregard of it can possibly bring punishment upon any one except herself. And so, when Ludlowe makes his offer, she hides the truth and says "yes," little thinking of the tragedy that will result when he learns, as he inevitably must, of that thoughtless ceremony before the justice of the peace.

A sterling book, unmarred by convention.

Mr. Alfred Ollivant, the well-known author of *Bob, Son of Battle*, has recently produced a new volume bearing the whimsical title of *Redcoat Captain*, which at first sight is sure to be mistaken for a new species of nursery tale. What it really is requires some degree of courage to pronounce with assurance, for it is quite possible to read into it almost as many different meanings as there are readers. The present reviewer freely confesses that the first perusal brought only a sense of helpless bewilderment, the second an occasional glimmer of intelligence, the third a growing understanding and delight; and in the light of this later reading he ventures to hazard the opinion that *Redcoat Captain* is a book for grown-up children, the universal and perennial love story, told with the joyous irresponsibility of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. It reminds you at one moment of Mr. Kipling's *Just So Stories* and the next of Mr. Barrie's *Little White Bird*, and then again of no one in the world but Mr. Ollivant himself. A good many readers will doubtless frankly take issue with this opinion, and lay the book aside in helpless bewilderment. Yet the effort to understand its tender symbolism is at least worth while, not merely because the inherent romance of youth and love have seldom been treated with such freedom from all that is conventional, but because it contains the key to the right of entry into "that country"—the country of those who have learned to remain young in heart and to look out upon life with the frank serenity of little children. Such at least is one possible interpretation of Mr. Ollivant's curious, alluring and altogether unique volume.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

MRS. BURNETT'S "THE SHUTTLE"*

Although a good many of us have returned now and again to renew acquaintance, it may be said, in a general way, that we took leave of Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy, something like a quarter of a century ago. The savage old earl had been reduced to amiable docility, the claim of the wicked pretender to the Dorincourt estates had been utterly routed, "Dearest" had been duly installed in Dorincourt Castle, and an entire landscape bore an aspect of the most perfect beatitude. By all rights, in this year of Grace 1907, the former Lord Fauntleroy should be a man in his early thirties. He should be sitting in the House of Lords as the Earl of Dorincourt, a title which in the course of natural events probably came to him a good many years ago. Yet, through one of those delightful transformations which, in the Fable Land of Romance, do not impress us as being in the least degree surprising, Fauntleroy has come back to us as a stately, beautiful and altogether charming young American lady of twenty years. In this case she goes from America to England, not as an heir to a great name and estate, but primarily to rescue an unhappy sister and to foil the villainy of the baronet, who is that sister's husband. That is the main difference. For fundamentally *The Shuttle* is *Little Lord Fauntleroy* over again. And be it understood that this is said in a spirit, not of disparagement, but of candid admiration. For as *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was good, this book is good, and added to the "Fauntleroy" idea there is a great deal more.

The Shuttle is not an easy book to review. There is so much to say about it. You may call it melodrama, if you please, and be quite correct. It is melodrama, but melodrama of the highest kind, which in the theatre appeals not to the Bowery, but to the best of Broadway. You may

**The Shuttle*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

say that it is the old method, and so it is. But grafted on the old method is the new thought. You may say that in the character of Sir Nigel Anstruthers Mrs. Burnett has laid on the black strokes with the thickest kind of a brush; but you must confess that she has done so to a purpose, and acknowledge that the rascal exasperates you as much as any villain of recent fiction. One thing that will never be said is that the book is uninteresting.

Like the old melodrama, *The Shuttle* has a prologue. This tells of how, at a time when Americans were cruder than they are nowadays, and the international marriage was still something of a novelty, Sir Nigel Anstruther crosses the Atlantic in search of an American heiress, whose dollars are needed to restore his tarnished name and debt-ridden estate. Fate brings about his marriage with the gentle, timid, elder daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel, the great millionaire, and her he takes back to Stornham Castle and his grim old she-devil of a mother. This part of the book is not pleasant reading. The fortune which has been given the young wife by her father is in her own name, a condition of affairs which Sir Nigel regards as outrageous. She must be coerced into signing it away and brought to the proper understanding of a wife's duty to an English husband.

"I did not know," she broke forth at last. "I never understood. I knew something made you hate me, but I didn't know you were angry about money." She laughed tremulously and wildly. "I would have given it to you—father would have given you some—if you had been good to me." The laugh became hysterical beyond her management. Peal after peal broke from her; she shook all over with her ghastly merriment, sobbing at one and the same time.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she shrieked; "you see I thought you were so aristocratic. I wouldn't have dared to think of such a thing. I thought an English—an English gentleman—oh! oh! to think it was all because I did not give you money—just common dollars and cents—that I daren't offer

to a decent American who could work for himself."

Sir Nigel sprang at her. He struck with his open hand upon the cheek, and as she reeled she held up her small, feverish, shaking hand, laughing more wildly than before.

"You ought not to strike me," she cried; "you oughtn't. You don't know how valuable I am. Perhaps"—with a little crazy scream—"perhaps I might have a son."

Twelve years elapse and the scene of the story shifts for a brief period to America. The Shuttle has woven "steadily and with increasing rapidity." Old grievances have been forgotten, old prejudices outlived. England and America are infinitely closer and Bettina Vanderpoel, the younger sister of Lady Anstruthers, who, as a child of eight, was the only one of her family to understand rightly the character of Sir Nigel, is on the point of sailing for England with the idea of clearing away the mystery of the long years of apparent estrangement. In her hero and in her heroine Mrs. Burnett has given us striking studies of reversion to type. Just as Lord Mount-Dunstan, whom the world unjustly holds to be the last of a bad lot, approximates his remote ancestor, the sturdy, fighting Red Godwyn of Saxon times, in Bettina are apparent the masterful blood and dominant personality of her great-great-grandfather, the first Reuben Vanderpoel, the lauded hero of a thousand tales of thrift and enterprise. But when the first Vanderpoel could not spell, the fifth generation represents the full result of a century and a quarter of evolution. In her we see the prestige of a wealth so great that it is power. The inherited force and ability to do things which she takes with her to England in a person of less tact and delicacy might irritate. With her there is never a jarring note. The story of that trip—the redemption of poor little Lady Anstruthers from misery and premature old age, the rehabilitation of Stornham Castle, the struggle between Bettina and Sir Nigel, and the very pretty development of the loves of the heroine and Lord Mount-Dunstan—is the story of *The Shuttle*. Analysed carefully, the canvas is not a large one, yet somehow it gives

the impression almost of immensity. Long as the book is when judged by the standards of the day, there is very little that one would willingly spare. There is only one thread which may be critically regarded as superfluous. That introduces G. Selden, the American "tripper," who is in Europe partly for pleasure and partly in the interests of the Delkoff typewriter. Nearly everything that has to do with him might be ignored without seriously impeding the action of the narrative. Fundamentally he is not important, yet if he were left out it would be almost a case of *Hamlet* without the Dane. For vital as are the characters of more apparent consequence, keenly interesting as is the plot, and striking as is the theme, the inevitable success which awaits *The Shuttle* is due, first and foremost, to G. Selden, "Agent."

Beverly Stark.

II

MRS. WHARTON'S "THE FRUIT OF THE TREE"*

It is one of the penalties of so striking a success as Mrs. Wharton achieved in *The House of Mirth* that for a long time to come all her work must endure the comparative judgment. The first question asked concerning *The Fruit of the Tree* will pertain neither to its proper merits nor its formal classification. "Is it as good as *The House of Mirth*?"—that is the query that must be met at the outset, unless it is anticipated by the no less pressing interrogation, "Will it be as popular as *The House of Mirth*?" The implied distinction must be maintained. Those shallow-pated readers who identify merit with popularity are not to be found in the intellectual circles to which Mrs. Wharton ministers. Rather is her most numerous following among those who forgive the popularity for the sake of the merit. But since the dual question is sure to be propounded, and the dilemma cannot be avoided by even the humblest commentator, I may at once lay a reckless hand on either horn by hazarding the opinion that *The*

*The Fruit of the Tree. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fruit of the Tree, though a better book than its predecessor, is not likely to provoke an equal amount of that heated and emotional public discussion which is the true sign of popularity.

And so enough of the grocer's quantitative method of weighing genius. It is more gratifying to declare Mrs. Wharton's new book a novel that richly repays reading, without reference to intrusive comparisons. To the reader of much fiction of the day, and even more perhaps to the craftsman, its craftsmanship must be a delight. It is not merely that the author knows how to write, though even this faculty, which ought to be taken for granted, is sufficiently rare. She knows also how to manage and develop a story. Her skill in this province of her art is all the more striking because her latest work is frankly disdainful of certain traditional precepts. It lacks unity. Its point of view is not single. It does not flow evenly, but leaps over years in a paragraph and halts for pages over a momentary incident. It takes in different groups of personages whose relations are shifting and varied, and the main interest is more than once transferred from one character to another.

These facts might well excite the academic person who reads by rule. But it should be remembered that Mrs. Wharton has established her right to ignore rules by first proving how faithfully she can observe them. The perfectly direct development of Lily Bart's career, though it was empty of the dramatic element, was structurally an almost faultless narrative. In *The Fruit of the Tree* the problem is, if not actually bigger, at least vastly more complex—or, rather, there are two or three distinct though related problems dealt with. It is not altogether discreditable to Mrs. Wharton that she has attempted a more difficult task, and the only valid test of her success or failure is the concrete one—the impression produced by an honest reading of the book. The truth is that the structure of the story is for the most part managed with admirable skill. The transitions are effected so easily that there is no jar, and the point of view throughout is large enough to allow for some variation without forcing a consciousness of the

change. Only the shifting of attention from one to another of the principal characters, resulting in a lessening of the grip of the story, must be recorded as a positive fault. The stage is set in the beginning around the figure of John Amherst, at first a worker in the Westmore mills and eventually their virtual owner, and it is his relation to the mills that furnishes the semblance of a unifying interest. But the personal problem springing from this relationship falls into abeyance for a time as the character of his first wife emerges into the light, and it drops nearly out of sight before the more poignant demand of the situation which develops toward the end around the woman who becomes his second wife. Hers is the real drama, for which all that goes before is mere preparation. And the preparation goes back too far, is too thorough; the length of the approach dwarfs the edifice.

But I have dwelt too long on purely formal considerations. Mrs. Wharton's highly polished style and mastery of her craft imply at least that the stuff she has put into her book is worthy of some attention. But when one comes to examine the story itself and the ideas that lie back of it some very large questions obtrude themselves. Here the backward view with its comparison is inevitable again. No one who has followed this author's career attentively can have failed to note that *The House of Mirth* betrayed a decided change of front; and the terms in which this change is characterised are likely to involve one's view of the whole province of fiction. In her earlier work, and particularly in the best of it as contained in certain of her short stories, Mrs. Wharton showed herself the cultivator of a highly specialised field. The problems with which she dealt were subtle ones, and her characters were tinged with the morbid excess of sensibility which seems to us to belong to modern life. It was not for nothing that she was proclaimed the faithful disciple of Mr. Henry James. Perhaps the persistent attribution of this discipleship stung her to seek escape into a different field. Whatever the reason, the marks of her former master's influence have almost wholly disappeared in her later

work; for her recent book, *Madame de Treymes*, though reminiscent of Mr. James as to subject, is scarcely so as to treatment. In *The Fruit of the Tree* there is elaboration of plot, but little of the complexity that springs from the interaction of highly individualised characters. The persons of the drama are indeed somewhat conventionalised into the guise of "types," and the situation into which they are finally plunged provokes a reference to literature rather than to life. Ingeniously, plausibly as the climax is developed, it is possible to feel that it is a wonderfully clever invention, not an organic growth.

All this the contemner of popularity may explain by asserting that Mrs. Wharton's inspiration has dwindled as her technical mastery has increased. On the other hand, it may be declared that she has sought a universal note in place of the limited appeal of her earlier work; and the advocate of this view can at least have the satisfaction of pointing triumphantly to the fact that she now has twenty readers where she formerly had one. For the reader who is honestly in doubt as between these two extremes of opinion there is no course open but to fall back on the heartiest praise of Mrs. Wharton's fine and exceptional gift, and the liveliest curiosity as to what pleasure it may still have in store for us.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

MR. HOWELLS'S "BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT"*

A septet of Mr. Howells's short stories of more or less recent date has been published in *Between the Dark and the Daylight*, a title that serves with sufficient aptness to link the majority of them together. The first four of these romances are curious studies in psychology, their subject being the borderland where the conscious merges into the subconscious, memory into forgetfulness, fact into self-deception, mind into physical processes, conscious mental control into dreams.

*Between the Dark and the Daylight. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

How much of what Mr. Howells speculates upon in these four stories, and attempts to analyse with acute ingenuity, is experience, his own or obtained from others, and how much of it deductive invention, it were hard to say, but the form into which two of them are cast—that of reminiscences told over the coffee cups—may be taken as evidence that they have at least some basis in fact. Mr. Howells has visited the borderland ere now, bringing back from it material of this kind, tales of the super-normal and the abnormal, the extra-natural, if not the supernatural. His interest in dreams was made manifest in his deliciously inconclusive paper on his own, published some years ago.

That the material for the first of these stories has been derived from a psychopathist, if not an alienist, admits of little doubt, though its indirect origin may well be traced to the crudely sensational tales of suspended memory once so popular in our fiction. Briefly outlined, "A Sleep and a Forgetting" presents a case of the "persistence of personality, character, identity, consciousness, after the loss of memory," Mr. Howells proceeding from this to the daring question whether this soul, which is passing in its integrity through time without the helps, the crutches of remembrance by which our earthly personalities usually support themselves, cannot pass so through eternity without that loss of identity which is equivalent to annihilation? Here Mr. Howells stops; he poses the question; he does not attempt to answer it. His heroine recovers her power to remember the past, but her case leaves us with an interesting problem to ponder upon.

"The Eidolons of Brooks Alford," the second story in the collection, is an excursion into the field of psychophysics. By staring at the glare of the sunlight on the water, as we all know, dancing spots are produced which become visible the moment the eyes are averted. This phenomenon is also observed, without the preliminary stare, when the general physical condition is not good; when, in current parlance, the "system is run down." Mr. Howells's patient, a scientist sadly in need of a long rest, develops a

curious complication of this affection: his physical sight produces automatically the images his mind calls up. The image seen oftenest is that of the handsome, gracious young widow who takes a friendly interest in the lonely scientist. He sees her first sitting in his bedroom when he retires in the evening, as he has seen her sitting in the hotel "parlour," with a distinctness so deceptive that he protests aloud against the unconventionality of this visit, and its dangers. But the next moment she vanishes; even the chair upon which she has been sitting in the vision proves to have been non-existent. Thereafter his mind produces again and again a physical vision of her. Mr. Howells wisely takes the "case" to a D.O.S., who is also an M.D.; the romance, a quiet one, he keeps in his own sympathetic, kindly, humorous care.

Thus far the psychopathist and the physician. The next case concerns the man of law, and the reliability of evidence honestly given, which Professor Münsterberg has undertaken to discuss for us of late. The protagonist of this story starts out to do a certain thing, planning it carefully beforehand. He executes his purpose only in part, then unconsciously drops a link, nullifying all that follows, yet in the end his memory persists that he has performed the self-imposed task from first to last according to his programme. In explanation of his failure he is obliged to tell a white lie—an obligation of courtesy toward his betrothed—and it is this little deliberate departure from the facts as his memory tells them they are, though in reality they are not, that gives the whole episode its strangest turn as it is remembered by his wife.

The fourth and last of these ventures into the twilight speculates upon the uncanny possibilities of "metaphantasmia," by which Mr. Howells means a power of dream transference resembling the familiar phenomenon of the transference of waking thought. This subject has been treated of, if we mistake not, in Myers's *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*.

Of the remaining three stories, "Editha" is a protest against war in the Tolstoyan spirit, with a biting irony in

its closing adjective. "Braybridge's Offer" is a partly humorous, partly serious discussion of the way in which men and women become aware of awakening love between them, and of the share of the initiative that belongs to each sex in bringing about the proposal and its acceptance. This story attracted considerable attention on its appearance in a magazine; it loses nothing of its speculative value in the second reading. "After all the marriages you have brought about in literature," says one of the characters in this story to another, who is a novelist, "can you say positively and specifically how they are brought about in life?" The novelist answers frankly: "No, I can't. I might say that a writer of fiction is a good deal like a minister who continually marries people without knowing why." The closing tale, "The Chick of the Easter Egg," is a little domestic comedy, light and graceful, of tender, reminiscent sentiment.

A. Schade Van Westrum.

IV

MISS SINCLAIR'S "THE HELPMATE"*

This novel of Miss Sinclair's is one of more than ordinary power and with a more pressing *raison d'être* than have most novels, but it is almost certain that those who might draw from it a profitable idea are not the ones who will read it.

Briefly, it is the story of a man and wife, who, loving each other, yet live at odds almost from the hour of their marriage, till the death of their only child about nine years later. The husband has a past and the wife has a painful and nosey conscience, and is a spiritual voluptuary. The husband awaits patiently the time when his wife, who married him "because he was good," shall love him. He conducts himself meanwhile in all ways tenderly, manfully and as a man should, till, tormented past endurance by his abnormal wife, he seeks interests outside his home. After a child is born and develops a hyper-æsthetic system, nervous, sentimental and otherwise, and dies under strange and depressing conditions,

*The Helpmate. By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

and the husband has accumulated a paralytic stroke, the wife takes a lesson. She seems to awaken; to know something of wifely instincts.

This novel is written with great facility. It is written with analytical power and the synthetic result is compelling, but it is a question whether it is convincing. It is not the never-failing kindness and devotion and passion of a fascinating husband that brings about response in the wife at the end of several tragic years that have nearly wrecked two lives, but an inchoate, undefined suggestion received at a critical moment from a friend of the husband, who has long been utterly despised by the wife. When the happy ending has come in sight the reader involuntarily wonders if the change in the wife will survive her initiation into the new and normal life. The author leaves her on the verge of this initiation; she leaves us in full view of the impulse, and we have witnessed the poignant regret for the past, but the consummation so devoutly to be wished is only at hand; honours are not yet even: the husband has suffered all out of proportion to any happiness we feel he will ever know at Anne Majendie's hands; all out of proportion to her worth as a wife—and even, we suspect, as a woman.

This novel is of profound interest because it is written by Miss Sinclair, who probably could not write other than brilliantly if she chose to. When so many in the world are labouring under such disabilities as wrecked the Majendie family, the subject provides a brilliant novelist with something to say. Beyond all question, it has provided the publisher with something to sell; but it is doubtful if the sort of woman implicated is the woman who will read the book, and, assuming that she does, it is doubtful if she would gain a normal condition from the tragic lesson. She is, first of all, the woman who never, never sees herself as others see her. Smugness is a very part of her existence, and this especial breed of smugness can mostly be traced to a physiological lesion.

There is a sort of under-philosophy treated of, which the reviewer hardly knows how to sum up. Perhaps it were better to say that he hardly dares. It is safer to present the two horns of the

dilemma and let the reader hang to the one least likely to gore him. Thus this novel distinctly demands either that a man shall have no past nor present till he is married, or else that after marriage his wife shall have absolutely no business with his past. It does not seem to be a part of the reviewer's proposition to bring down scorn and contumely upon himself by deciding this matter, but the novel from cover to cover propounds just this question in an insidious, Sinclair way. After all is written and done, one cares little for those misplaced, mismatched men and women. Lecky or Mill reminded a reasonable civilisation that sex relations are entirely personal. Which ever said it may of course have been mistaken, but any one who takes issue with this must be reminded of the boy who asked, "If f-r-e-n-d doesn't spell friend, what does it spell?" The thing we do mind and weep over is the little child, like the Majendies' child. The incomplete, hyper-sensitive, adorable, doomed-to-die, either in soul or body, as a result of an abnormal woman's vagaries!

This is a novel which women should read, but probably it will mostly be read by men, and the men will feel all puffed up and think themselves the hero, while they bear as little relation to Majendie as a jackal bears to a good dog. The women who read will plume themselves on being quite unlike Anne Majendie, or else won't in the least know what the author is talking about. It is a book that should make for virtue and right feeling; it will probably make only for discussion. The matter of which it treats is too personal ever to be applied by any one to whom it rightly does apply.

The same remarkable diction that we have learned to expect of Miss Sinclair is here. She has again written with a brilliancy that makes the reader blink, and this time she has done more: she has sounded the human note, wrought pictures that hurt or amuse us, and while we know all of the time what the end will be, she has induced us to read on if only in order to witness how she brings it about. The book should teach—but it won't; it should sell—and it will, and doubtless it will become a ground for endless argument and endless quarrels

between men and women—just as the situation there presented now is.

Dolores Bacon.

V

MR. VACHELL'S "HER SON"*

The conscientious reader who tries to keep abreast of the latest fiction will find it a great relief to turn from the dominant schools of long-windedness and eroticism to the simpler and more pleasing style of Mr. Horace Vachell, who is known principally in this country by his study of schoolboy life at Harrow, *The Hill*.

In his latest book, *Her Son*, Mr. Vachell has given us the story of a young woman who adopts the illegitimate child of the man she loves and manages to pass him off as her own until the boy is eighteen years old, although her reputation suffers somewhat in the process.

Dorothy Fairfax, a charming girl both mentally and physically, is engaged to a young journalist of strong personality, who, after many vicissitudes, is well on the way to success. The wedding day is set when Dorothy receives a visit from Crystal Wride, a young music-hall singer, who has preceded her in Dick Gasgoyne's affections. Taking advantage of Dorothy's pity for her, the girl promises to live "straight" if Dorothy will postpone her marriage for a year and neither see nor correspond with Dick during that time. Dorothy, filled with pity for the girl, gives her promise and thereby makes her first great mistake. Dick accepts his fate, protesting strongly, and departs for Africa, and Dorothy is left to try and persuade herself that at the end of the year the affair can be taken up where it was dropped.

But the moving finger writes. Before the end of the year Crystal Wride has given birth to a son, deposited the unwelcome little one in a foundling asylum and started afresh upon her professional career. Dorothy, frantic at the idea of Dick's son being brought up in an institution, adopts the child as her own and commits her second great mistake in un-

**Her Son*. By Horace A. Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

dertaking to keep the truth of the matter a secret from every one, including the boy himself.

The remainder of the book describes the boy's growth and arrival at manhood, his love for his supposed mother and her devotion to him. The appearance of Dick Gasgoyne after his reported death adds complications to the situation, but the story works out to a happy conclusion, leaving the reader impressed with two ideas. First, a strong doubt as to the wisdom of too much self-sacrifice, and secondly, the enormous advantage, even from the point of view of expediency, of the open and straightforward course of action. On one occasion Dick says, "You know, Doll, personally I believe in facing things. As Susan says, you have made a hole-and-corner affair of this. If you hadn't, we should be together to-day."

And that is the truth of the matter. In order to pass off Dick's boy as her own Dorothy has been obliged to represent herself as a widow, and when this comes to the ears of her conventional English relatives they believe the very worst of her and cast her off. And in the end all these precautions come to nothing and the whole story finally comes out.

But the book is interesting, the characters have a life and personality of their own and it is written in that pleasant, tranquil, narrative style which is destined to flourish and charm long after the present morbid and neurotic school shall have disappeared.

Mary K. Ford.

VI

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON'S "THE DOMESTIC ADVENTURERS"*

Here is something to be strongly recommended as a panacea for the peculiarly debilitating effects of the servant problem. Coming at a time of year when low spirits are so prevalent among housekeepers, and it seems, perhaps, as if one never would get settled for the winter, it should be especially welcome. For without slighting the gravity of the situation

**The Domestic Adventurers*. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

in the least, Mrs. Bacon has contrived to invest it with so much hope that even a cook who proposes to enter upon her duties leading a small boy by the hand is shorn of her accustomed terrors and tuned to sweetest harmony. It is wholesome to read such an amiable, sunny, sympathetic account of a series of muddle-headed greenhorns embodying all the familiar vices and few virtues—to meet three mistresses blithely keeping open house on a volcano in a chronic state of eruption, and still managing to avoid nervous prostration. Such a book to-day is more than a mere passing diversion, recording as it does luridly, yet without exaggeration, a new version of the age-old handicap contest fought and won against fearful odds. The time for laughing, even over other people's spilt milk, is long since passed; but if some one can give us the receipt for living serenely and entertaining acceptably on nothing a year in the servant line, let us crown such a book with the best curled parsley and award its author the *Cordon Bleu*.

The present story sets forth both the erotic and culinary experiences of three bachelor girls from New York, who decide that their combined resources justify the setting up of a modest establishment in the suburbs somewhere "out Greenwich way." It is told by the housekeeping member of the trio—the others being too busily engaged in teaching and editing—somewhat in the form of a diary, presumably jotted down from day to day, but occasional lapses into a reminiscent mood, as of one writing it all up several years later, considerably disturb the continuity and befog the chatty atmosphere. However informally one's mind may work, it cannot move forward and backward at the same time, and such slips as "It was the effort of my life at that time to keep Solly and Mr. Van Ness apart," followed immediately by such a resumption of the present tense as "Mr. Van Ness has been taking Chloe out in the country on long drives a great deal of late," give one a rather scatter-brained impression of the housekeeper, at all events, and make some of the wildest adventures seem highly probable.

G. W. Adams.

VII

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "HIS OWN PEOPLE"*

Back in the days when people travelled in post chaises, and Americans were so uncommon on the European Continent that there was the vague and general belief that the President was a red Indian, pretty much the same tale was told with personal feeling and elaboration by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh. For Robert Russ Mellin the said Titmarsh gave us Sam Pogson, the London "bagman"; for the Countess de Vanrigard there was the Baronne de Florval-Delval; for Sneyd, the Honourable Chandler Pedlow, and the somewhat shadowy Italian Corni, the older narrative had De Florval and the Honourable Tom Ringwood. Titmarsh's Major British may stand for the American journalist Cornish, and while you may hunt through the *Paris Sketch Book* in vain for any one resembling Lady Mount-Rhyswicke, the moral of both tales is the same, and *His Own People* might just as well pass under the more prosaic title of *A Caution to Travellers*.

As the work of an unknown writer, *His Own People* would be entitled to a fair amount of commendation as an amusing magazine story somewhat out of the usual line. From Mr. Tarkington it is, to speak with candour, a decided disappointment. The theme—the American swindler in Europe and his American victims—is one of vast possibilities. Every now and then there is an epidemic of letters in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* telling of disastrous personal experiences. From time to time a brief cabled paragraph in the American papers from a London or a Paris police court gives us a hint of dissension among thieves. Travellers on the big transatlantic liners are learning that it is unwise to accept too enthusiastically the advances of apparently large-hearted Americans. In a word, the American "crook" in Europe is so interesting and dramatic a figure, and comparatively so fresh in action, that it seems a pity that Mr. Tarkington, in writing of him, made use of so time-worn a plot.

**His Own People*. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Yet the very inadequacy of the story as a story emphasises its individual merits. One may criticise it with downright hostility, rail at its staleness, and deplore its triviality. But always it is impossible to ignore the fact that it is the work of a writer who, ever and always, at his worst as at his best, possesses

the rare and absolutely indescribable gift of charm. It is that and the half hundred little touches of quaint pathos and humour that lend to *His Own People* a dignity which will rank it during its ephemeral life with stories in themselves of more intrinsic merit.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XXV

VIGIL

gap of the hills,
Feather Tor and
rly of the Vixen,
s an old, crooked,
te post. The Windy-
is seven feet high
from afar suggests
figure bending for-
ward as he tramps the desolation;
but seen at hand this memorial of
the middle ages resolves itself into the
symbol of Christianity. Shaft and arms
are octagonal and in fair preservation.
Centuries of wild weather, flood and
frost have driven the cross out of the
perpendicular; time has fretted its
angles; mean spirits have bitten the
broad arrow into its base; but still the
grey stone, clad in venerable vesture of
jade and black lichens, shall be seen to
stand nobly upon the heath.

Hither came Jill Bolt under the stars
and sat her down and waited. She used
the Windystone for a support, cast her
new bag beside her, and turned her face
to the east. Thence must come Ives
Pomeroy and the dawn, and she felt as
sure of the one as the other. Their fu-
ture together had been pretty fully
planned on the assumption that Samuel
would divorce Jill at the earliest oppor-
tunity. Then Ives had arranged to
marry her and bring her home to Vixen
Tor Farm as his wife. He had rather

more than fifty pounds to spend, and she
had saved twenty-five. This was her
own, and she carried it in her pocket
now.

Jill was early and rather regretted
that she should have first arrived. She
spent the minutes that separated her
from the man by considering her attitude
towards him. She liked him well
enough; but it could not be said that she
loved him. Her present desperate pro-
ceeding was purely selfish, and she had
not finally determined to trust herself
with him until all hope of worldly pros-
perity with Samuel was at an end. Had
Mr. Bolt's uncle remained a bachelor
and continued calmly to dwindle and de-
cline, she would have endured Samuel
until the end; and this the more readily
because she suspected that her husband
himself was not likely to be a long-lived
man. He coughed a great deal and, as
his wife, she marked many signs which
pointed to low vitality. But now that the
Plymouth bookseller was about to marry,
the hope of the Bolts had disappeared,
and Jill perceived that even though she
waited for Samuel's death, it must leave
her a widow nearly penniless. Pomeroy
promised no very great earthly pros-
perity; but he was a man, and Vixen Tor
Farm appealed a good deal more to Jill
than her home at Merivale.

Sampford Spiney church clock struck
three and Jill strained her ears for the
step of Ives. Light began to be felt
rather than seen, and the eastern hills

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were defining themselves; but the world still slept; the stars still shone overhead and the water at her feet still reflected their light. The morning wind awoke, sighed out of his deep, hungry heart, and roamed restless until dawn should come and throw her rosy loveliness into his bosom. Waking creatures shambled past Jill. She felt uneasy, for the man was ten minutes late—a circumstance very hard to understand at such a time. Birds called; the world revolved to the sun and soon a rusty red lattice and tangle of dim fire fretted the east. The hour was half-past three and the Moor stretched stark to Vixen. Every stone and bush and knap shone clear against the increasing glory of the day; but no sign of Ives appeared upon the path that he should have trodden an hour ago.

Jill stared at the sky, and anger heated her blood and banished the cold begot of nightly vigil. False and perjured always from his youth up, he had been true to himself even at this crisis, had rejected the thing so long hungered and yearned for even at the moment when it became his own. Her insulted womanhood had no large immediate choice of action. The sun would be shining in half an hour, and it became necessary for Jill to disappear in one direction or another. To run away alone was absurd; therefore she chose the alternative and went quietly back to Merivale before the village should be waking. Even as she went she turned often and looked along his way. But he did not come. At last the road was hidden, and she walked on and felt that a vital chapter of her life's story had slipped from it. The chapter that she had sketched so carefully Fate refused to insert in her life. A void must henceforth exist: a section planned but never executed.

She strove to hold her judgment in suspense, but failed. She tried hard to assume a good reason for the absence of Ives, but could not. Nothing but death, or some physical catastrophe that had deprived him of the power to come to her, could explain his defection in any manner to be endured. But she felt positive that no misfortune had overtaken him. She chose rather to remember his unstable character and to suspect that he

had really changed his mind at the last possible moment and not been at the trouble to let her know it. She hated him very heartily as she went home.

Jill found her husband sleeping very heavily. She restored to their usual places the things in her bag; she locked up her money in a little desk. She changed her gown and hid her soaking boots and stockings for the present. Then she went down and lighted the fire.

Interesting emotions overtook her spirit during these processes. She moved among objects to which she had bidden eternal farewell; she performed duties which she had seen and felt herself perform for the last time. The anti-climax sickened her. She smoothed her forehead and prepared her husband's breakfast. He was late and she went out to the cottage door for a time and spoke to a neighbour. Her object was to learn if anything unusual had been reported from Vixen Tor Farm, but there came no news, good or bad. Jill, however, heard something that interested her not a little and promised a possibility of light in the darkness.

Mr. Joel Toop, who always rose an hour earlier than his brother, appeared. They exchanged greetings and Mr. Toop explained his gloom.

"You'll see me looking wisht and down in the mouth, Mrs. Bolt. 'Tis such an unmanly cast of countenance in a general way, and so unlike me, that I must explain it. This is a black day for me and Peter and the Jolly Huntsmen. 'For why?' you ask. Because that silly woman, Ruth Rendle, be leaving us."

"Really going?"

"Yes; to be a sort of all round useful help and companion to her friend, Mrs. Pomeroy at Vixen Tor. I never would sanction it and I don't now. It's a great come down from the Jolly Huntsmen, everybody must see that."

He went on his way and Jill thought that she began to apprehend. It was not news to her that Ruth was going to Vixen Tor. Ives had told her all about it long ago and rejoiced, on his mother's account, that it should be so; because Ruth would take his place while he was away with Jill. But now the fact, from

being insignificant, swelled at every outline and bulked huge as a thundercloud.

Still the exhausted Samuel slept; therefore Jill wakened him. He sat up, rubbed his eyes and stared.

"You!" he said.

"Yes, I suppose so. Who should it be?" she asked. "Get up—your meat's cold—'tis nearly seven o'clock."

"Ban't going to work to-day," he answered slowly.

"Not going to work—why not?"

"For a lot of reasons. Firstly, the engine's not to be out, and what I've got to do to it I can do on Monday early afore I get steam; at least that's not the first reason, but 'twill serve well enough."

He began to dress. A strange sensation struck him that it was improper to put on his clothes before this woman any more; she had gone out of his life. Then he perceived that she had evidently come back into his life again. Hope rose in him. She might have run away altogether; instead she had chosen to return of her free will and without the least interference. He felt himself yielding and anger dropping from his heart.

"Drink another cup of tea along wi' me," he said.

She obeyed.

He found the letter on his lips a score of times, but delayed that horror as long as possible.

Jill began to wash up and Samuel watched her.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Nothing in particular—unless——"

An idea suddenly struck him. He dimly guessed the unfathomed depths of discomfort in Jill's mind, and it occurred to him that she ought to be distracted after her recent tragical experiences. Moreover, he felt that it might be easier to tell her the truth after an interval.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to come to Tavistock Cattle Fair and revel to-day?" he asked. "'Twill be a gay business, and I feel you haven't had a holiday for long. I'll put on my best, and take the band off my arm, if you'll come."

Rather to his surprise, and much to his satisfaction, she consented.

"I'll go if you're set on it."

"That's all right then. Us'll smarten up a bit and get off in an hour's time."

The day passed prosperously, and Jill was glad to meet various acquaintance, including Rupert Johnson from Vixen Tor. She desired that Ives should know his outrage of the previous night had made no difference to her.

Samuel, for his part, lost no opportunity to please his wife, and spent a good deal of money on her account; but his own pleasure was spoiled by the recollection of what must come at the end of the day. Mr. Bolt longed to destroy Pomeroy's letter altogether and forget it; but that was not possible. It seemed to him necessary for future peace that Jill should learn the truth. The ordeal loomed large and destroyed his content. Indeed he grew nervous toward evening.

It was past ten o'clock when they returned home and nearly eleven before they had finished their supper. Then Samuel went to his desk, unlocked it and produced the letter.

"I'm sorry I've got to end this beautiful day in rather a serious manner," he said; "but there's some things didn't ought to be put off too long, and this is one of 'em in my opinion. Here's a letter from Ives Pomeroy to you, Jill."

The woman started and put out her hand for it.

"I must tell you that it comed pretty late last night, when you was in bed and asleep. And as your husband and a man from who you oughtn't to have secrets, I found it when I got home, and I read it. I may tell you, Jill, that it upset me a great deal, and I ban't going to make light of it even now. My first thought was to do something rash and desperate; but I didn't. Please to read it through; then I've got a bit more to say."

She took the letter and read it slowly; then she put it down on the table, leaned back in her chair and crossed her hands over her breast.

"Go on," she said. Jill believed that she had long since fathomed Samuel, but here was a depth of pusillanimity almost inconceivable.

"You see how 'twas. I came home to

find you on the verge of destruction, but this here letter told me the destroyer had changed his evil mind. And what had changed it, d'you reckon? Why, the only Person that's got the power to do such a thing, namely, God Almighty. Then I had to consider about you. Well, of course I knowed that somehow he'd got you to promise to do this wicked thing. You was the weaker vessel, and you'd always had a bit of a feeling for the man, and no doubt his cunning words foxed you into thinking that he loved you better than what I do."

"Why for didn't you wake me last night and have this out then?"

"Because—for several reasons. One was I hadn't the heart. You must remember this comed as a terrible shock to me; it made my flesh water and my bones jelly. I've gone my way and never thought of such a thing in all my life. I quite thought that you and me and mother was all settling down again and getting along perfectly smooth and comfortable. Especially since mother promised only to come in once a week. And I felt very low about it, I can tell you, last night at midnight, with the silence of the grave all round about and not a hand to comfort me."

"Why didn't you come upstairs and pull me out of bed by the hair and cut my throat?"

"'Twould only have been one more nastiness in the newspapers. I hope to God, whatever happens, I shall never get in print; besides, I'm not that sort. But I said to myself, stern-like, that you'd got to suffer, Jill. You mustn't take it too harshly in me, but I felt very strong that my bounden duty was to let you suffer a bit. So what did I do, but just harden my heart against you, and go to bed, and let you march off to cool your heels and wait for the rascal? 'Twas my unsleeping love for you made me do it, Jill, and you oughtn't to think none the worse of me for it."

"I suppose I was mad to dream of doing it."

"You was; but they smooth-tongued men—very few can stand against them. However, God don't forget a sparrow."

"And what next?" she asked. "Be you

going to forgive me for this bit of wickedness?"

"Certainly I be," he answered. "I forgived you this morning when you woke me and told me that breakfast was ready. I can see how all this has looked from your point of view. Of course 'twas a great disappointment in its way; but take my word for it, he wouldn't have worn very well."

"Never mention his name again to me."

"I don't want to. Let him go to his reward. 'Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord.' But the thing is to know how us all stand now. You see, if he's to hear that I had your letter and that I read it, then he'll naturally expect me, as a wronged husband, to do something sharp. There's a worldly side to this, and there's my manhood. At the least I ought to go to the length of being vexed with the man in public. I ought really to pull his nose afore the people."

"You ought to break his blasted neck!"

"No, Jill, I'm a Christian first and a husband afterwards, as we all should be."

"Best way out is to let him think I had the letter and never went to the Windystone at all."

"I'm afraid 'twould be acting a lie, however."

She stared at him.

"God's truth! What stuff be you built of?" she said. "Not true? Perhaps not; but a long way better than the truth, I should reckon. You'm such a peace-loving and patient man that you ought to jump at it. That plan lets you out altogether. Nobody need ever know the—the pretty truth."

"Of course I'd very much rather have it so, if 'tis within the bounds of honesty."

"Certainly 'tis. To hide the truth ban't to tell a lie. Leave the rest to me; and leave the man to me. My quarrel's quite so big as yours—maybe bigger."

"I must ask you to have nothing more to do with him," said Mr. Bolt firmly; "that I demand, Jill. I have my feelings, too, and they've been a good bit rasped by this job. I'll go further and order you—order you on your oath—to swear you'll never speak to him, or write to

him, or open a letter from him as long as you live, so help you God. What he meant to do to me is only too clear; and we've got to thank the Almighty that it didn't happen."

"Better leave it at that then. I'll swear anything you like. You're a good sort, under your awful softness—too good for such as me, anyway."

"So be it," he answered. "Now tear up that letter and we'll go to bed."

"I'll read it again once in the morning," she replied. "There's a lot to be learned of men in general and their wicked ways from such a letter."

"And the ways of God in their hearts also. Remember that. 'Twas God, and only God, prompted him to go back on his planned wickedness. And I dare say his mother helped the Almighty, as such women can."

At this speech Jill began to wonder what was really hidden behind the letter and the motives that had prompted Ives to write it. She felt, however, that these questions could hardly interest Samuel.

"As you've been so big-hearted over this, I'll ask you one thing," Jill said. "Ban't the time for me to beg favours, I know. I ought to be on my knees afore you; but all the same, I do beg and pray of you not to tell your mother, Samuel. Don't make me out any wickedder in her eyes, just when she is beginning to think a bit better of me. I'm a repentant and contrite woman and God knows it."

"I never meant to tell her," he answered. "Not my mother or any other person will ever hear of last night's work from me."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TIDE EBBS

Chance timed Ruth Rendle's coming to Vixen Tor so that it served a good purpose to the man she loved. Never had Ives stood in such need of distraction from his own mind as at the present; never had he so fretted and beat the unbending bars of circumstance. His spirit was bruised and sore; for some time he continued impatient of his mother's company, and she well understood with what

he associated her and kept out of his way as much as possible. The task was the more difficult for Avis because she knew what Ives did not; that her illness gained upon her unseen. For a time his own tribulations blinded him; then rose the dawn of other interests, and after Ruth Rendle had been a month at the farm he began to perceive the significance of her presence. She avoided him, but she discussed him when Avis or old Mrs. Pomeroy desired to do so, and, unknown to herself, Ruth's secret swiftly slipped from her into the keeping of the mother.

They spoke together one night while Avis sat up for Ives. Of late it was Ruth who, under Mrs. Pomeroy's direction, prepared the young man's suppers. Then, at the sound of his coming, she vanished to bed and Ives enjoyed speech with his mother. She had denied herself these evenings for many weeks, that she might not force the past upon him by her presence. Then the son expressed a desire for her company again, and thankfully she granted it.

Upon this night the talk first ran on Northmore. He had broken his collar-bone in a fall when hunting. Ives visited him and found him frankly unfriendly; Mr. Peter Toop also called upon the sufferer, and to him Matthew had confessed a weariness and hatred of life. At the farmer's earnest entreaty Ruth Rendle also went to see Matthew; and she took a little gift of heather honey from Mrs. Pomeroy. Afterwards, though she concealed much that passed between them, she, too, related to Avis how Northmore had cried against his fate and cursed the business of living.

"Cruel changed from what once he was," she said. "And he haven't got a word of thanks for his fortune in light of his trouble, though Mr. Toop tells me he's wonderful prosperous with his cattle."

"I feel like a murderess when I look at him."

"Terrible obstinate—a man of one idea—more's the pity. One might almost think the old saying 'Lucky in life unlucky in love' was true."

"What can I do?"

"There's nothing you can do—unless.

... However, we can't help you there. 'Tis something none can do for you...."

Ruth guessed her meaning.

"'Twould be better if he was to marry—not if I was to. There's a plenty would be proud to take him."

"He's marrying the whiskey bottle, 'tis hinted, poor fellow."

"Can't you go and see him, such power as you have, Mrs. Pomeroy?"

Avisa shook her head.

"'Tis no use, I'm afraid. We understand one another. I'm fond of Matthew Northmore—always was. There's a great deal of high-mindedness in him. 'Tis a terrible thing when a man comes to love hopelessly at his age. A young chap can get over his disappointments in time, at least I pray God 'tis so; but such as him are different, and after love's melted 'em once into its mould and they've run hard into it, there's no changing. They'll break, but they can't thaw."

"He'd not be angry with you if you spoke serious to him."

"But he would. Man or woman can't brook a third party in such a matter, especially if the third party comes with advice. Besides, I'm—he knows."

There was a silence and Ruth, pursuing the thread of thoughts wakened by this last remark, remembered incidents now far past and made an artless confession.

"I was cruel vexed with you once, if you can believe it. Right down savage, and on that very man—Matthew Northmore I mean—I poured out my anger."

"You 'right down savage,' Ruth! 'Twas a funny sight, I should think. How did I come to anger you so much?"

"'Twas that terrible sad business long ago when Ives—when he went away for a bit—you remember."

"Yes, I remember. And do you?"

Ruth rose, sat beside the mother and took her hand.

"In my wicked ignorance and passion I stood up in the bar that night to the Jolly Huntsmen and forgot myself afore the men there, and rated Northmore and stung him with the bitterest words I could call up! Yes; he said you was right and a brave, good, true mother to do what you did do; and I flamed out, like the fool I was, and spoke unmaidenly

and dared to tell 'em you was no true mother—God forgive me."

Avisa's hand tightened on the other's. For some time she did not answer; then she asked a question.

"D'you think so still?"

"No, indeed—you were right."

Another still lengthier silence fell and Mrs. Pomeroy leisurely considered all that was hidden in Ruth's confession. For a moment she guessed that the girl had chosen this way to make implicit confession of the truth; then she dismissed the idea. No such subtlety belonged to Ruth. She had let out her secret innocently and the question next rose in the mother's mind whether to ignore or to acknowledge it. She did not doubt very long as to her own action, but turned suddenly, put her arms round the other's neck and kissed her.

"And yet you could come here?" asked Avisa. But Ruth, ignorant of the connecting links in Mrs. Pomeroy's mind, supposed this question related to the speaker herself and her past adverse opinion.

"I could. I'd have come across the world to you."

"Ruth," she answered; "you've told me what I'd rather have heard than anything human speech could utter, but one thing. Ruth, you love Ives and 'tis the most blessed thought to me that you love him. Go on loving him, for God's sake! He's a big-hearted man, and life's teaching him a lot of precious things. He's done brave deeds that only I know about, and—and—— Go on loving him, Ruth. My love has been rewarded above my highest hopes and prayers . . . yours. . . . But I'm selfish. . . . 'Tis beautiful of you to love him, Ruth—to love him so secret and so steadfast despite all that life tempts you with. 'Tis beautiful, and only my own Ruth would rise to it. . . ."

The girl did not answer. She was crying, half in shame, half in joy.

They kissed each other again, and Ruth disappeared at the sound of Ives approaching. He came in moody and out of temper, and his darkness clouded the happiness of Avisa's spirit.

"You'm glum, dear heart," she said. "I haven't seen that darkness on your brow these many days."

"Because you haven't sought it, mother. Yes, I'm glum, and there's enough to make me so. If a man has prided himself on being a man and he breaks down and sinks away from manliness, 'tis enough to make him glum. A cur—a coward—— I was trying to forget it; but—to-night—I met one—I met two—as made me remember it cruel sharp."

He began his supper and ate and drank for some time without more words. Then he put down his empty mug abruptly and spoke.

"I came face to face with her this afternoon—in a spot without any eye to mark us. I felt I had a right to know if she'd seen the sense of my letter, not to mention its inner meaning. I felt I had a right to know if she wanted to hear any more. I've always hungered to tell her the truth about why I did it, and let her know her infernal selfishness wasn't hid from me. So I spoke straight and bade her 'good afternoon' quite civil. Then I said, if 'twas all the same to her, I'd like to have a five minutes tell with her."

"I can guess the rest," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"I'll swear you can't; nobody alive could."

"She didn't heed; she didn't speak; she just went by."

"You're right, by God! She looked through me at the Moor, as if I was a pane of glass. Not a tremble, not a wink of her eyelashes. 'Twas the vilest moment of my life and always will be. I'll strangle her if ever she goes by me like that again!"

They talked far into that night, and presently Ives began to smoke. The circumstance brought his mother's mind round to Ruth again, because among the presents received by Ives on his last birthday, was a little matchbox from her hand. This trifle Avis remembered, and now she marked that her son carried it.

Mrs. Pomeroy made no mention of Ruth that night, or that week, although the girl was hot in her heart. She delayed until a fitting moment. But meantime the grandmother of Ives, coming to certain conclusions without assistance, actually did the thing Avis delayed to

do, and challenged the man bluntly and strongly on the subject of Ruth. Indeed, she went much further than her daughter-in-law would have dreamed of going; and the result was very far from successful.

They were alone together and Ives, putting his hand into his pocket, was reminded of a circumstance by something he found there. With an exclamation of contempt he drew forth a little pamphlet of a few pages. On the outside was a picture of a moon-faced youth, who wore large whiskers and stared upon the spectator. At his right an angel, wearing a white robe and large wings, pointed up a steep hill on the summit of which stood a cross; at his left a black fiend, all claws and tail, appeared and directed the young man's attention to a lake on which a boat rode at anchor. A seductive young woman with her hair down sat languidly in the stern of the vessel and waited to see what course the pilgrim would take.

Ives flung his tract across the table to old Jane, who put on her glasses, examined it and read the text beneath the picture:—

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

"One of them Methody things. Did you pick it up?" she asked.

"Pick it up! No. A man gived it to me. And who d'you think 'twas? But you'll not guess. Going through Merivale a bit ago, Sammy Bolt stopped me and asked for the favour of a word. Then he said, 'Will you be so very kind as to promise to do me a service, Mr. Pomeroy?' Of course I said I would if I could. Then he pops this twaddle into my hand. 'You've promised,' he said. 'And I hope you'll keep your word. All I want for you to do is to read every syllable of that message.' With that he made off so fast as his legs could carry him."

"You promised, so you'll have to read it."

"I might say 'damn the cheek of the man,' but coming from that source 'tis rather funny—for private reasons. In fact, a good bit funnier than Bolt himself knows."

"Nothing funny about it. He'm like

a good few others that would do you a service and willingly, if you'd but let 'em. Never was such a man as you for getting between hisself and the light. Come in the garden out of earshot and give me your arm. I want to talk to you."

He rose.

"Talk," he said; "what's the good of talking? There's only one subject and only one person I care about in this world now; and that's mother."

"Well, let's talk about her then. You want to make her happy, don't you? And the happier she is, the better her health's like to grow, for doctor specially said she must be peaceful and calm and do no work and have nothing to fret her."

"What more can I do? I've let it be known that if anybody frets her, by so much as a hair, I'll be the death of 'em."

"You might do a bit more, notwithstanding. You know what your mother thinks of Ruth Rendle."

"Quite right too. Ruth's a Godsend here."

"A proper li'l fairy in the house, I call her."

"All that—so good as that fat, white angel on poor Sammy's tract. But I don't like angels myself—got no use for 'em. I lay the girl waiting in the boat be better company."

"Don't talk so. You know 'twould grieve her—our mother. I tell you—there 'tis—how can I put it afore you—you so blind and deaf as you are!"

"You mean Ruth Rendle, and you want me to marry her? Well, I'm off all that forevermore, grandmother. I hate all the women now as much as I used to like 'em. Once bit twice shy. I'll keep clear of them henceforth. You can't plan these things. I've got a great respect for Ruth, because she don't know enough about men to get to flout 'em and scorn 'em yet. Anyway, I'd wish her a better husband than the likes of me. She's good and straight. She's learnt a lot from mother."

"You'll never get a better; you'll——"

He began to grow violent and use evil language.

"Stop it," he said; "how can you be so damned selfish—to the girl? Like

enough Ruth hates the sight of me and well she may. I won't hear no more of this from anybody. Another syllable and—and I'll get out of it and not come back."

"Go, and kill your mother by going—that's a clever thought."

Ives stormed for ten minutes, then he went off. When he returned later, the old woman had gone to bed and he spent the evening with Avis and Ruth. He made the latter read Samuel's tract aloud and he watched her face while she did so. She had some beauties that he had not marked. Her hands were pretty, and if her lips did not bud into one of those delicious mouths that cry for kisses, yet they were red and ripe. Her voice was soft and clear also.

The women chid Ives when he scoffed at the sermon, but, for once, his mother seemed less bright and swift of mind than usual. Guessing that she suffered, her son made her go to bed, and when she had gone, he talked with Ruth a little and tried to get a glimpse of her heart. But he failed. She had long grown accustomed to his presence and could bear herself with perfect self-control before him.

She spoke now of his mother and could not find it in her to echo his hopes for the future. Then, marking that she did not agree with him, Ives went to the opposite pole and became pessimistic.

"I try to hide what I think," he said, "and take a cheerful view; but don't suppose I don't really know all that you know and much more too. She can't hide anything from me. I know her far better than anybody else in the world knows her. And I always have done so. No nature in her now, the darling dear. Always finger-cold on the warmest day, and her face do seem yellow to me instead of the nut-brown it used to be. I see it—I see it all sharper and deeper far than any of you women."

Three days later, as if to prove Pome-roy in the right, there came cold news that Avis could not rise. She had not slept and felt it would be better to stop in bed until midday.

Ives rushed up at once, and having seen her haggard face, departed to Tavistock for a doctor.

"'Tis the beginning of the end," said Jane to Emanuel Codd, when he had ridden off. "Her light be burning low, and when it starts to flicker, 'tis only a question of time how long afore 'tis gone."

Ives returned with the physician and waited impatiently for an hour until he heard the truth. Then he learned that his mother might live till Christmas, or even into another year. But her end was at hand.

"She knows it," said the doctor kindly; "and she knows the time better than I do, for she can judge her own reserves of strength in a remarkable manner. She is calm and content. I've made everything clear to the young woman upstairs, and your mother will not suffer again as she suffered last night. I'll send a nurse this evening and come myself next week."

Pomeroy did not go to Avisia then, but took his horrified heart with him to the Moor, when a lifeless and sodden hour in late October brooded over fitting theatres for grief. Heavy concourse of vapour smothered the high points of the land and emptied secret cisterns upon the peaks and ridges of the mountains. From the tors ran down much water to the valleys; earth was drenched with the libations of the hills, and all the grey world wept.

CHAPTER XXVII

WANING LIGHT

Avisia Pomeroy still rose and descended to the house-place when her strength permitted it; but these occasions grew rarer and presently ceased. A nurse assisted Ruth, and since the mother could no longer move among her people, the life of the farm came to see her, and still revolved about her sinking fires.

Once Jane Pomeroy sat with her daughter-in-law and told her a story. It happened that Ives was also beside the invalid at the time. This fact, however, did not hold his grandmother's tongue, for she was not sorry that he should hear what she had to say.

"I was along with Rachel Bolt having

a tell last night on the way from Sampford Spiney," she said, "and the bitter ancient creature was speaking things that wouldn't have been over pleasant for your ears—either of you."

"You oughtn't to heed an old soft-head like that. Who tells her anything?" asked Ives.

"Her son and her son's wife; and 'twas Jill, I believe, as she'd got this from. My word, but there's an edge to it! They are saying you and that big girl what teaches at Princetown school . . . she'd got chapter and verse for it, and 'twas rumoured that you'd been teaching her and that — somebody — I forget the man's name—be going to lie behind a hedge for you, Ives Pomeroy."

"I'll have this cleared up in double quick time!" said the man.

His mother smiled and shook her head.

"You're past that stage. A false bit of she-news like this isn't going to make you hot," she declared positively. "No man ever says such foolish things as that — only silly women. Take no notice of it."

Christmas approached and the folk began to regard any chance sight of Avisia Pomeroy as the last. Most of those who knew her sought opportunity to see her once again and speak with her; but the person she herself sought refused to come. Lizzie and her husband arrived at Christmas and, without the knowledge of Ives, his mother sent a private message to the younger Mrs. Bolt by Lizzie. She begged that Jill would call to see her; but Samuel's wife declined the invitation cautiously.

"You can tell your mother that I'm not coming. I mind very well that she was kind and useful to me in small things; but I've got nothing to say to her; and what she's got to say to me I'll take as said."

After this speech Jill thought a few more words; but she did not utter them. In her mind she reflected that those laugh best who laugh last. She continued to ignore Ives, and enjoyed to pass him as though unconscious of his presence; but she guessed, Avisia once gone, that it might be possible if she pleased again to waken his slumbering

fires. Herein, however, she largely erred. The man was not destined ever more to desire her; and his mother knew it. Lizzie delivered Jill's message, which was a mystery from her point of view, and Avis regretted the fruitless errand but assured her daughter that this answer caused her no surprise. The sick woman's fading thoughts only concerned her son, and she did not guess the difficult problems that he presented to the rest of the household when beyond earshot of her room.

Arthur Brown especially provoked Ives. Brown's principles were quite equal to the strain, and his complacent and magisterial calm awoke explosion after explosion, though no sound of these eruptions reached Avis.

There came a day, early in the new year, when Lizzie broke down and wept before the company at dinner.

"You are too much in the house, my dear," said Arthur. "This afternoon I must ask you to come for a short stroll with me, to take the air and fortify your nerves."

Her husband never spoke twice to Lizzie, and presently, drying her eyes, she walked out with him. The day was cold and the Moor stretched sleeping round about them.

Mr. Brown found a sheltered spot, and sat down with his face to the cross; while Lizzie took a seat beside him.

"It is most necessary that those who nurse the sick should themselves keep in rude health," said her husband. "You must consider that and not allow your natural and proper love for a good mother to blind you to the laws of physical health. Ives also has to be reckoned with. It has always been so: I have never succeeded in penetrating his natural stubbornness of perception. And I have regretted it as you are aware, Lizzie."

"God knows what'll become of him when mother dies."

"Exactly: God knows. We have that inestimable certainty. Though the future may look grave from our standpoint. . . ."

"D'you think I ought to stop with him for a while — after? Of course Ruth can't."

"I have already considered the point," he answered. "I have decided that you stop with him exactly one fortnight after the decease—no more and no less. I shall permit that; indeed, I wish it. The vacation ends four days hence and I, of course, return to my duties. You will stop and close your mother's eyes, just as I did for my own good mother. And, from the date of the interment, you will remain fourteen days with your poor brother."

One by one the friends and closer acquaintance of her life took leave of Avis; then came a Saturday when her son-in-law beheld her alive for the last time.

She was unusually well upon this forenoon, and those she best loved assembled beside her and listened to her speeches. Her thoughts turned a good deal upon the past, and she gave her children glimpses of her husband and their own childhood that interested them very deeply.

Long afterwards Ives remembered the chance latter utterances of his mother and strung them together in his mind. To him they were a thread of precious gems, each the bright home of a memory. The last thoughts of Avis's feeling brain seemed sacred things to him. He treasured them and never forgot them.

On this occasion she spoke of Mr. Joel Toop, after her son had grumbled about him.

"'Twas always the same: full of proper qualities, but no general largeness of mind to go along with them, good man."

"Won't praise a cabbage in a neighbour's garden; but always expects people to make no end of fuss when they see his," said Ives.

"There's a lot like that: they shut one eye when they look at other people's good things—to make 'em seem smaller," she answered.

Presently Arthur Brown read the Bible to her while the rest listened, and Ives well remembered his grandmother's horror and the schoolmaster's uneasiness at Avis's comments on a certain scene. Arthur rehearsed a chapter from Kings

that told of Elisha, the rude little boys and the beasts:

"And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them," he concluded with a sigh.

"'Twas a wonder some of they poor, frantic mothers didn't tear the prophet," said Avisia Pomeroy. As she spoke, the faint humorous image of her old self shone in her eyes a moment, like after-glow of sunset.

None saw her actual leave-taking of Mr. Brown, for she sent them out while she bade him farewell.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

Now Avisia Pomeroy constantly planned to have her son and Ruth beside her. She sank into lengthened silences at the turn of the new year, and the old swift play of her mind grew slower. Ives often read aloud; and while he did so, his mother's eyes alone moved as she turned them from her son to Ruth, from the young woman back again to Ives. It seemed as though her fading glances sought to spin a bond between them and played, like a shuttle back and forth, to entangle these two hearts in one net of love. But grief reigned over both, and close linked though they were through these days by circumstance, it was a shared sorrow and love of another, not joy and a mutual love that drew Ruth and Ives into present harmony.

Avisia saw each of those who had entered into her life and took farewell of many humble men and women. The folk departed from her with tears, and the strain became intolerable.

She faded slowly. Then the end seemed at hand and Lizzie wrote to her husband in secret and implored him to come down again, if only for a few days. He obliged her and arrived to stop from Saturday until Monday.

Ives received him ungraciously and his coming precipitated some of the frenzy that had slowly gathered head in the younger man's spirit. They sat in the kitchen and Lizzie made tea for her

husband, while Arthur described his journey with much worthless detail.

Ives pursued his own thoughts aloud. There was great anguish in his eyes as he spoke to Lizzie.

"'Tis all one to the lamp when it goes out—but them that be left—the darkness. . . . But us—us that walked by the light of her—and must go blind evermore. . . . 'Tis us that be struck to death—not her. Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie, and me a bad son—a bad son I've been to her. That's the heart of this trouble for me. That precious mother to have such dross for a son!"

"Don't think so, dear Ives. She's been proud of you all your life, and she often tells over the good things you've done for love of her and—and—the good things you be going to do."

"Her work's done," he said. "Her wonderful, beautiful deeds be all ended now, and she've led a better life than any born woman did afore. She've done with the business of being alive. 'Twas worth while to the earth her being alive. The whole world's better for it. But us poor, helpless, useless things—what's going to hap to us now?"

He went out from them after asking the question and his sister wept, but not all for grief.

"'Tis good he feels it so cruel," she sobbed. "My heart aches for him and yet, and yet 'tis well he should be struck so hard."

Avisia sank slowly into unconsciousness, and her mind, withdrawn from the present, wandered alone through the shadowy avenues of the past. There now she dwelt, and, by the windows of words, those who watched her sometimes dimly perceived her hidden course and gained glimpses of her maiden days, her love time, her motherhood and the hours of her bereavement. Once there sat with her Ruth and Ives, and her son fancied, from a smile that woke upon her face, that she knew him; but it was not so. She tightened her hand on his, no more.

As usual now, she spoke at intervals, but did not know that she spoke.

"Bear up, father," she said. "Our

poor baby be happy as a songbird now, and heaven her school instead of earth. She'll know—she'll know and count the days till her mother and father come up along to her. Us'll meet her up-along. . . ."

Presently she laughed and her joy was terrible to bear.

"Look, father, there comes the boy! So sturdy and strong he goeth on his legs! Do 'e see his little flea-coloured coat, as I've made out of that old blanket? 'Twill do bravely when he walks to day-school in winter. . . . Lizzie's your own darter, father; and the boy's mine—mine."

She laughed again.

"What a jakes of a mess they'm both in, poor, dear, li'l pigs! Palstring through the mud they've been. . . ."

Her hands worked at the bed-clothes and creased and creased tirelessly.

"No, no, no, no . . . never that! I'd see him dead sooner. . . . A good end, mother. Your son died like he lived. I do envy you, old mother, for your journey back to him is like to be far shorter than mine. . . ."

Jane Pomeroy entered a moment later and Ives spoke to her.

"Pity you didn't come in a minute sooner," he said. "Your name was on her lips a minute ago. My father had

just died and she was saying as you'd see him again before her."

"And well she might think so. Look! Do 'e mark the pattern her hands have pinched in the counterpane? That's the fold of the dying—she's at her end."

Twelve hours later the men were called at earliest day and hastened up to find a leaden and reluctant dawn struggling with the red candle light. A change had happened when the morning wind awoke, and dayspring came as a messenger to Avis Pomeroy.

She was conscious but dumb, and she desired in vain to speak with Ives. For a full hour he knelt beside his mother with his right arm gripped round her. Those of her household were also about her, but she and the man were only conscious each of the other's presence. People came and went, whispered and wept and watched. Then, when one might say that day had broken, Avis relaxed suddenly upon her son's shoulder, turned her face to him in pain and so sank to everlasting silence with his lips upon her cheek.

Long he sustained her and would not yield her up; because to him it seemed that the clay in his arms held some faint fragrance still of his mother's vanished soul.

(To be continued)

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION

BEING A RHYTHMICAL ESSAY ON THE RELATION EXISTING BETWEEN THE ABSTRACT
AND THE CONCRETE IN LITERATURE

Observe Expression taking Thought
To give it to mankind;
Observe how sedulous it is
The proper means to find.

Sometimes without the slightest slip
Of word or form it takes
The Thought directly from its source
And prose or poem makes

Into some perfect piece which gives
Delight to every sense
And makes mankind the worshippers
Of its plenipotence.

But oftentimes it fails to find
The form or words that give
To Thought the beauty and the strength
That make it breathe and live.

And many, many, many times
It simply makes a snatch
At anything in sight and queers
The whole darn shooting-match.

ENVOI

Pause, critics, with your hammers,
Pause,
And do not knock these lines be-
Cause
They prove in their own selves just what
Your very hardest blows might not.
What?

William J. Lampton.



DOUGHERTY ON IBSEN



HE assistant city editor of the *Evening Vibrator* countersigned and pushed aside the final proofs for the twelfth afternoon edition and turned to his chief.

"About this foreign play that people are all red-headed over. Mabel Jones is just back from her interview with the innocent child-murderess in the Tombs and has nothing on hand. She suggests that she might dress up as—" Here the copy-boy appeared demanding additional matter for the seventeenth edition, and the assistant editor's voice, drowned in the hubbub, reached only the ear of his close neighbour and superior. "Good idea; go ahead!" snapped the latter, and went on with his first proofs for the twenty-second edition. It was then about eleven A.M.

* * * * *

A little over an hour later Tim Dougherty, squatting with curled legs serving as a clamp, on a horizontal girder 604 feet above the surface of Broadway, paused in the very act of imbedding his teeth into a massive cut of pie, stared straight down below him, looked away, stared down again, and slowly relinquishing his grasp on the pie, turned to Hans Hansen, who was eating his lunch on a pillar a little above him.

"I say, Hans," he asked with a trace of the accent that he revealed only in moments of strong emotion, "was I exceptionally reckless with the sthrong water at the meeting last night?"

"Naw," replied the other.

"Hev ye noticed anything peculiar about me this morning?"

Hans had not.

"Well, then," said Dougherty, "look down and see what's comin', bound straight for us."

What Dougherty and Hansen saw was a woman climbing the last of the long series of ladders reaching to the top of the completed framework. In another moment she was erect on her feet on a small platform a few feet below them. She was young, of middle height, slen-

derly built and somewhat tanned by the sun. She wore a species of tourist costume, consisting of a short skirt and a sailor's blouse and cap, and carried a knapsack on her back, a plaid shawl tied up in a strap in one hand, and an Alpine-stock in the other.

"An' who may ye be, ma'am?" asked Dougherty, while the Swede sat confounded but stolid.

"You have heard of me, of course," answered the girl, laughing merrily. "Everybody is talking about me. I am Hilda Wangel."

"The compliments of the saison to ye, Hilda, and welcome to our pleasant little abode," responded Dougherty in the same cheery manner. "But may I ask for a little more definite information, as the lawyer for the government said to the railway prisident who had forgotten his wife's name?"

She tapped her foot somewhat impatiently. "Haven't I told you? I am Hilda Wangel, from *The Master Builder*. Ibsen made me."

"And a very good job he made of it, to be sure, though I don't remember ever meeting the gentleman."

"Pshaw!" she stormed prettily; "don't you know the greatest play of the greatest Scandinavian dramatist?"

"Scandinavian, is it? Then it's up to my friend Hansen there. Ever heard of a cilibrated Scandinavian dramatist that answers to precisely that name, Hans?"

"Ay bane tanking I never hear of him," replied Ibsen's kinsman.

"And you a descendant of the Vikings!" exclaimed Hilda. "Why, Ibsen lived to a great age and has been dead only a little while, and his son is now a member of the Norwegian cabinet."

"Eh, Norsk, is he?" called out Hansen, stirred to vehement disgust as he thought of old King Oscar and what happened only two years ago. "Ay tank ay ain't got much juse for dose dem rebels, anyhow," and he would say no more.

Dougherty stepped into the breach. "Sit down, Hilda, and make yourself comfortable and tell us all about it. Only

don't step on them promiscuous rivets. They're still a bit warm, I believe."

Hilda sat down with great good grace. "You see," she began, "it's this way. Out in Norway there was a Master Builder, a man who planned and superintended the construction of all kinds of buildings——"

"Call him a boss contractor," said Dougherty, "and we won't attempt to go behind the returns."

"Well, a Master Builder named Solness, who stood at the very top of his profession and was considered a very happy man. But, as a matter of fact, he was not a happy man at all, because he had succeeded in pushing himself to the front only at the cost of much suffering to himself and to others. He obtained his first chance, for instance, through the suspicious burning down of the old manor-house his wife had brought him. Then, as a direct result of the fire, his two babies died and his wife became an invalid and melancholy. At the same time, in the course of his work he had shown no consideration for his early benefactors or for his employees, whom he ruthlessly crushed down whenever they stood in his way."

"No labour unions out there, of course?" interjected Dougherty.

"No. But the sad thing about Solness was that while he continued to exploit other people his conscience would not let him alone in the matter. So he worried, and grew despondent, and finally lost his self-confidence to the point where he dared not climb to any considerable height without growing dizzy and endangering his life. As a result he gave up building churches and restricted himself to dwelling houses and other commonplace structures that are not made very high. For himself, however, he built a new house with a very high tower, which was just completed when I first arrived in the town."

"The sight o' ye must have cheered him considerably, ma'am," spoke the Celt in Dougherty.

"It did. And I, thinking it a great pity that a man formerly so high-spirited should have sunk so low, urged him to redeem himself by climbing the tower, with the scaffolding still in place, and to

fix a wreath at the very top, instead of sending up an ordinary workman. Well, he did climb up and fasten the wreath in its place, but his vertigo came upon him and he fell to the ground and was killed."

Dougherty had been listening with intent face. "And what did you do then?" he asked.

"Do? What could I do? But I was quite glad that I had persuaded him to climb the tower."

"Phwy?"

"As I told you, I had reawakened his early spirit. I had made a man of him again. Wasn't that enough?"

"I admire your sinsairity, Hilda. May I ask to what cause we are indebted for the honour of your stimulating prisence, so to spake?"

"Simply this: I happen to be staying in New York for some time, and I thought that men like you who are in the same business as Solness might be interested in his story. Then, too, I wanted to experience the sensation of breathing the air so far above the crowd. Isn't it glorious here?"

"It is glorious, Hilda, though a trifle chilly, like the ricord of a certain Prisdential candidate. What height would you say this here Master Builder fell from?"

"Oh, it was very high—from the very top of the tower, remember."

Dougherty spoke with just the suggestion of a professional sneer. "About sixty feet, w'd ye say? Not quite so high as we are—by forty-five stories. What think ye made him lose his head and fall?"

"Well, if he hadn't left a wife below perhaps he wouldn't have grown dizzy."

"Very true, Hilda. Very few of us stick to this business after we're married, though I have. And then, again, he might have been thinkin' of the poor fellows to whom he had been administering liberal doses of the elbow and the knee all these years."

"That's possible, too, I admit."

Dougherty gazed down at her for some time with pursed-up lips. Then he spoke out rather sharply, "Look here. You're a sensible girl from the mere looks of you, there's no denyin' that. What made

you put old Solness up to climbing the tower?"

"I have already told you. I wanted to see him realise himself in his highest being."

"That's all right. But why was you the one to attempt the common operation known in select society as buttin' in?"

"His wife could not help him. In fact, she dragged him down. So I used my power. Isn't it woman's highest gift and highest mission to inspire man, to urge him on and up?"

"Stop right there," said Dougherty. "So that's what you've learnt out of your little spellin' book, is it? Well, let me tell you that's all moonshine. Women is never an inspiration. Often they're a hindrance. At most they are rest and recreation to tired men."

"I don't agree with you," said the girl.

"Why should you, Hilda, darling, so long as my own views agree with me? Now I am fond of Mrs. Dougherty and the children, and, as the word goes, it's for their sake I'm workin' up here where the angels' wings fan me manly brow as they go sailin' up with the soul of some Standard Oil millionaire. But betwene you and me, it's for meself I'm workin', for Timothy Dougherty, Esq., d'ye understan'? Of course I go home and play with the kids and have my pipe and a good night's rest and feel much better the next morning than if I'd spent part of the night holding down the brass railin' in front o' Murphy's bar. But that's all. Women can make us *better* workmen, maybe; but in the first place men work because work is in man. I exclude, of course, corporation lawyers, walkin' delegates and such pathriots."

"But the greatest works of man's hand have been based on woman's sympathy or love."

"Don't you believe that, Hilda, my own. The greatest works in this world have been built on more substantial things than them. First of all, natch'rally, on hunger, which is a very tangible proposition to be up against. And I'll tell you on what else. Father Flynn once told us at an illustrated lekchure on the Pyramids—he told us that them mighty monuments to man's vanity and folly were built on garlic and a little millet

flour, which the latter must have been the airy Agyptians' favourite breakfast food, like shredded rice, only more so. And I heard him tell another time that the Roman roads and aqueducts, which are still doing business and will continue to injoy good health when the Harrisburg capitol is only a fragrant mimory, was built on lard and a little of whatever was the Latin for spighetti and a plenteous application of the whip. Even so, my brethren. And the Panama Canal is be-in' built on boiled rice and ham and eggs; and all that lovely woman's inspiration and divotion can do for our boys down there is to keep the bugs from gittin' into the soup. I'm not particularly inspired by any beaut'yous female at this precise moment, prisent company always excepted, but I'd go to Panama to-morrow if it were at all possible for a Dimocrat to accept a job from a Raypublican administration without loss of self-respect and with a fair chance of profit."

"But I did enable him to climb the tower."

"You didn't, Hilda. I don't mean to be hard on you, but the fact is, the power was there in him and you only freshened him up a bit—you were his Luna Park for a little while, so to spake. What you really did was this: You paid him good and hard for the kind of treatment he had been handin' out to his wife and those poor come-ons he had taken advantage of all these years. He used them up for his own satisfaction. You got square by usin' him up for your own."

"For my own?" she gasped.

"It comes hard to be firm with a lady, but I insist; you did, for your own satisfaction. You think you wanted to see him realise himself. What ye -wanted was the pleasant thrill of seein' him up there. If it had been New York instid of Norway you'd have made him loop the loop or match you a ribbon sample on bargain day, maybe."

"I don't care what you say, Tim. But my Master Builder climbed to higher things, and if he fell because he could not help thinking of those below him, that was his own weakness."

"What a bloodthirsty young thing we are, to be sure. Look here, Hilda, my pet! Did you ever hear of any big work

that got done by people climbin' over each other's backs and kickin' and bitin' as if life were just one great primary illiction? Why, do you know how the great cathedrals in Europe were built—cathedrals that would make your old Solness's biggest church look like thirty cints with the price of a regular dinner gone up to thirty-five? Father Flynn told us once when we were out on strike and he was urgin' us to hold together. He said the masons that built them cathedrals were organised into what was practically unions, d'ye understand? And they were just like so many brothers, and there was no climbin' over or half-Nelsonin' each other while the church was goin' up."

"Ah, but my Master Builder lived to see his churches completed, while some of your cathedrals took a thousand years in the building."

Dougherty grinned at her comprehensively. "My dear, wasn't I tellin' you they were put up by union labour?"

But Hilda Wangel was flaming with battle. "See here, Tim. Suppose your foreman should make up his mind that you are too old for this kind of work and that you ought to make place for a younger man. Wouldn't you do anything to show that you were still worth your salt? Wouldn't you risk your neck this very minute?"

"My dear, I beg to differ, as the insurance auditor's private memorandum said to his sworn statement in court. I would not. I would think of Catherine and the young ones and ask the boss to let me run the donkey-engine downstairs."

"And if you fell ill?"

"I'd draw my sick pay from the union."

"And if you were too old to do any kind of work?"

"Well, there you have me. But that only shows that what we need is a comprehensive system of old-age pensions, and, Dimocrat though I am, I say good luck to Teddy for proposin' them. And come to think of it, just take Teddy. He is no slouch of a Master Builder himself, is he? Well, does he go about trampin' all over the young men, pushin' 'em aside, refusin' 'em a look-in? Why, Teddy does all he can for the young men. Look at

James Something Garfield. Look at Cortelyou. Look at Lenny Wood."

"Tim, in the very act of falling there was self-realisation."

"Nonsense, my child. Do you see that bridge there?" and he swept his arm toward the heavy bulk of the Williamsburg Bridge straining on its threadlike cables. "The first man killed on that bridge was the chief engineer. He fell from one of the towers before it was done. And every bridge that goes up costs our union a score of men. But that's all right; it's part of the game. There's got to be bridges, because bridges means more elbow room, and fresh air for the kids, and less drink and wife-beating, and less disease and all that. But you can't get my lovin' sympathy for the man that meets his finish in the act of scalin' the Empeerium just for his own sweet soul's sake. There wasn't anything noble about Jimmy Dolan's break-in' his neck while shinning up a tili-graph pole to get a look at the last game between the Yankees and Detroit."

There was a suspicious twitching about Hilda's lips. "Tim Dougherty," she called out, "you don't take me seriously. Old Solness did."

"Now, now, my dove, don't you go and be crying! You're a plucky girl; was I denyin' that? But why should you go travelling about in this rig in places where you don't belong? Go home and cook the old man's supper and be sure to wash the children's face with What's-his-name's soap, so that they will be nice and clean against their father coming home."

"I'm not a married woman."

"Get married, my dear. There's lots of fine fellows would be glad to have you. And I've that confidence in you that when any single young woman comes around tryin' to inspire your husband you'll be able to give a better account of yourself than poor Mrs. Master Builder did."

Hilda rose, half sullen, half conquered; but as she placed her foot on the top rung of the ladder she turned about with a last burst of defiance. "Tim, it is more beautiful to fall from a tower than to die of a cold in the head."

"But, my dear," he called after her,

"you can't even fall and die that way nowadays without making others suffer. If I should let go my holt this very minute and drop to the street I should probably obliterate, so to spake, an innocent Wall Street broker, a Dago fruit peddler or two and a couple of stenographers."

Just then the one o'clock whistle blew.

* * * * *

All of which, and much more, appeared

the same day in the thirty-fourth edition of the *Evening Vibrator*, accompanied by a quarter-page picture of Miss Mabel Jones and a corner inset showing the Tower; the spot where the interview took place being marked by a Maltese cross. For permission to print the present brief summary of the interview we are cordially indebted to the publishers of the *Evening Vibrator*.

S. Strunsky.

ON A GATE-STONE AT GRANADA

Here stood the little garden where
Of old, when joy was mine,
Over her cheeks two roses rare,
Her eyes, twain stars, would shine.

They say her beauty flaunts its flower
Within the courts of men afar;
But see how thorns enmesh the bower
And never comes a star.

Thomas Walsh.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

MISS STELLA PATRICK-CAMPBELL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is to tour America beginning November 18th, arrives here she will have with her her daughter, Miss Stella Patrick-Campbell, who is now nineteen years old, and who will officiate as stage manager for her mother. The young woman will also make her debut as an actress. For the last three years Miss Campbell has been in Dresden, completing her education. Quite recently she was presented at Court.

Uncle Josh (Denman Thompson) welcomes the city folks

Horace and Ethel Simpson, natives of Kokomo, Ind., having been left orphans, and with a comparatively large sum of money at their individual commands decide to live in Europe. There they are taken up by a certain unscrupulous European set. Both these young people become extreme Anglomaniacs. Their affairs are left in the hands of Daniel Voorhees Pike, a lawyer of Kokomo. He hears that Ethel has decided to marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, the eldest son of an impecunious British peer, the Earl of Hawcastle, and immediately takes ship to Italy, where the young people are living, with the idea of looking into the matter. He arrives at a crucial moment. Ethel has promised to marry the young man, and the father demands the settlement of three-quarters of a million in payment for the "honour" his son is about to do her. She believes the young man loves her for herself. It becomes Pike's business to show the precious pair up in their true colours.

JOHN DREW AND BILLIE BURKE IN "MY WIFE"

Although "My Wife" is associated on the programme with the name of an American playwright, it is, to all practical purposes, a translation of "Mlle. Joseph, Ma Femme," one of the greatest Parisian successes of last year.

MARGARET ILLINGTON AND KYRLE BELLEW IN "THE THIEF," BY HENRI BERNSTEIN

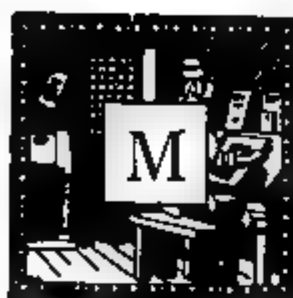
The Thief tells the extraordinary story of a wife who steals in order to procure luxuries of dress to make her attractive in the eyes of the husband she adores. In the above scene the wife's guilt has just been discovered. The husband is going to tell their friends that she is the thief. She stops him.

THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD

MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA, NOW PLAYING IN IBSEN'S "THE MASTER BUILDER"

The Step-Sister tells the story of the lives of two young women, one of whom tyrannises over her weaker step-sister, whose father, through unfortunate investment, has brought the family to ruin. The younger sister finally pays back the money that has been lost.

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF MR. A. C. BENSON



R. BENSON presents the rare spectacle of an accomplished literary workman who has preserved to middle age an almost childlike ardour and ingenuousness. From an academic point of view, at least, his training in letters was the best which England can afford. Mr. Benson has never escaped the academic atmosphere. From Eton to Cambridge, where he captured a "classical first," then back at Eton as master for eighteen years, then (since 1903) again at Cambridge as a fellow of Magdalene College: growth to middle-aged bachelorhood under these circumstances is a parlous thing. There is, in truth, a touch of the spinsterly in the author of *From a College Window*. Such a career, at all events, gives ample leisure for the development of the writing talent; and Mr. Benson was predestined to write. Before he became a don he had published various books in biography and essays and a half dozen volumes of verse. During that time he was known as a capable and diligent worker in the field of belles-lettres; and for his poetry, refined, restrained, *simplex munditiis*, there was an appreciative if not precisely enthusiastic audience. It is perhaps a little too obviously reminiscent of Clough and of Arnold; a quiet melancholy, a plaintive elegiac note, is its characteristic; its moods of joy are always expectant of a gentle disillusion against which they hardly think it worth while to arm themselves:

Hidden music, airily heard,

The child's voice in the warm woodways,
The soft glance and the murmured word,

The soft close of the summer days.

Heart speaketh to heart,

Friend is glad with friend;

The golden hours depart,

Sweet things have an end.

There is a plaintive loveliness in such strains, which characterises Mr. Benson's

verse at its best. In more aspiring moods he is less impressive; as, for example, in his patriotic odes—that "Ode to Japan," say, which presents in diplomatic rhyme the advantages of a union between Japan and England, and concludes:

Perchance, some war-vexed hour,
Our thunder-throated ships
Shall thrud the foam, and pour
The death-sleet from their lips.
Together raise the battle-song,
To bruise some impious head, to right some
ruinous wrong.

But best, if knit with love,
As fairer days increase,
We twain shall learn to prove
The world-wide dream of peace;
And smiling at our ancient fears,
Float hand in loving hand across the golden
years.

Brimstone and treacle! Mr. Benson roars you on these occasions as gently as any sucking dove. The truth is, he is a bad jingo and a good sentimentalist. He is not a robust person. In *The Upton Letters* "T. B." says of Kipling: "I don't like his male men; I should dislike them and be ill at ease with them in real life, and I am ill at ease with them in his books." One need not be a female man to understand this feeling about certain of Kipling's heroes; but brutality is not worse than niminy-piminy, and the croquet school of literature has its failings as well as the football school. Mr. Benson is of the sensitive, reflecting, confiding temperament, which shrinks from whatever is brusque and rough and uncompromising. He is not really effeminate, but boyish, eager, ingenuous. There is an air of wistfulness about his confidences which is very winning. No doubt the feminine element in his following is large; for if women snatch a fearful joy from contact with the rude male man, they respond quite as readily to the gentler adolescent appeal for sym-

pathy. *The Upton Letters* was the first of a series of intimate confidences which have given Mr. Benson an audience far larger and more attentive than his more formal work in belles-lettres could have won him.

The Upton Letters were of course really Eton letters; or, rather, the thoughts, experiences, and aspirations of Benson, the Eton master, cast in the convenient epistolary mould. At the end of his long service he finds himself doubtful of its value; he is much disposed to consider whether the game of teaching is worth the candle. He speaks very frankly all those thoughts which come into the minds of such teachers of long standing as are neither absolutely inspired nor absolutely useless in their calling. It must have been a relief to him to write such a book—a veritable book of confession—at the moment of his release from the routine which had become so disheartening. What he consciously labours for is frankness and simplicity: "One should practise the art of talking simply and directly among congenial people of what one admires and believes in." That he is extraordinarily successful in this art accounts largely for the eagerness with which *The Upton Letters* and its successors have been received. To be sure, it is considerably easier to get a clear notion of what he admires than of what he believes. He has the balancing instinct, his imagination is sufficiently flexible to bring the for and the against into sometimes embarrassing juxtaposition. It is a little puzzling to hear this man of academic training and classical manner remarking pleasantly on occasion, with a kind of amiable blasphemy, "I sometimes wonder whether there is an absolute standard of beauty at all, whether taste is not a poet of epidemic contagion, and whether the accredited man of taste is not, as some one says, the man who has the good fortune to agree most emphatically with the opinion of the majority." Isn't this a little like an æsthetic fouling of one's own nest? But the fault that must be found in Mr. Benson's work as a whole is precisely that it is inconclusive: very amiable, very engaging, very helpful to people who stand in need of a mild sedative; but not really

stimulating, not really (it is a debauched word) convincing.

This fact is at first view obscured by the extraordinary charm of his style. He repeatedly cites Newman as his master; and the peculiar excellence of his own style is admirably characterised and illustrated in this comment:

The perfection of lucid writing which one sees in books such as Newman's *Apologia* or Ruskin's *Præterita* seems to resemble a crystal stream, which flows limpidly and deliciously over its pebbly bed; the very shape of the channel is revealed; there are transparent glassy water-breaks over the pale gravel; but though the very stream has a beauty of its own, a beauty of liquid curve and delicate murmur, its chief beauty is in the exquisite transfiguring effect which it has over the shingle, the vegetation that glimmers and sways beneath the surface.

Mr. Benson's style always flows limpidly and deliciously; it is a delicate and pure medium through which, to tell the truth, ideas of moderate or even negative value are capable of taking on a positive charm. But this, as a feat of literary art, is a feat which the world has never learned to despise, and the personality thus revealed is separated by a strong barrier of genuine purity and spontaneity from the art-for-art's-sake prettiness of decadent literature. If Mr. Benson has no robust philosophy of life, if he is not quite fitted to be the spiritual father of a flock, he has, more than any of his contemporaries, the faculty of intimate discourse, of winning sympathy through frank and human confession. He bids fair to be ranked not with the Newmans or even the Ruskins, but with the Rousseaus, the Constants, the Amiels of recorded time. He improvises delightfully upon the theme of his own temperament and experience, and this quite as clearly in such signed essays as he has collected in *From a College Window* as in the rather perfunctory anonymity of *The Upton Letters* or *The Gate of Death*.

In one of the essays he declares improvisation to be not only his own method, but the best one. "One cannot do much by correction; 'incessant practice' is the main thing; 'we must be

content to abandon and sacrifice faulty manuscripts entirely; we ought not to fret over them and rewrite them." Such a method has its perils. Mr. Benson's besetting sin is overproduction. When he was released from the drudgery of teaching and promoted to the rich seclusion of his fellowship at Magdalene, might not one have thought his instinct would have been to bide his time, to bring forth the fruits of leisure and quiet well-being? Yet that moment of release seems to have been a signal for the beginning of an almost feverish burst of literary industry, the end of which is not yet. No penny-a-liner in his attic ever consumed more blameless sheets in a given time. Besides numberless periodical articles, he has published some four books a year. There is something a little undignified in this haste, something reprehensible as in gluttony or any other excess. The habit of incessant practice would seem to have got the upper hand. "T. B." puts the situation very clearly:

My head is full from morning to night of everything except living. . . . Where I am at fault is in not relapsing at intervals

into a wise and patient passivity, and sitting serenely on the shore of the sea of life. . . . Why do I not do this? Because, to continue my confession, it simply bores me. I must, it seems, be always in a fuss; be always hauling myself painfully on to some petty ambition or some shadowy object that I have in view; and the moment I have reached it I must fix upon another, and begin the process over again. It is this lust for doing something tangible, for sitting down quickly and writing fitly, for having some definite result to show, which is the ruin of me and of many others. . . . And meanwhile all the real experiences of life pass me by. I have never, God forgive me, had time to be in love!

Mr. Benson says somewhere that he has always been in the habit of keeping a full diary. There, it may be, he chiefly lives; and this public diarising is merely an elaborate embroidery upon the original fabric. Or is his personal journal simply another number upon the programme before the prospect of whose indefinite expansion we now begin, perhaps, to shuffle a little in our seats?

H. W. Boynton.

BERNARD SHAW'S POLITICAL ALLEGORY



WE wonder how many of the readers of Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* have wondered at the improbable plot of that play. We refer to the fixed, invariable and unalterable succession of the Undershaft business—the manufacture of death and destruction in the shape of cannons, torpedoes, submarines, patent hand grenades and aerial battleships—through successive generations from one foundling to another. The thing sounds more like a story from fairyland, assuming that they have foundlings there, than a representation of modern life. To be sure, the plot,

the story, the logical unfolding of a series of connected happenings to their natural conclusion, has not always been the strong point in Mr. Shaw's plays. The plot has ever been to Mr. Shaw mainly a vehicle for conveying his peculiar ideas to an eager public agape with expectancy for his brilliant sallies, original juxtapositions and bold new moralities (or immoralities). Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw is, if anything, a militant anti-romanticist. He professedly aims at being true to life as he sees it; and although his plots sometimes contain bizarre and even mystical elements, yet these elements are not shockingly untrue to life, since the odd, grotesque and incomprehensible are also

a part of life. This cannot, however, be said of the Undershaft rule of succession. No such rule exists now, nor has it ever existed. Even the Roman Empire under the Antonines—the only other institution the success of which is at all comparable with that of the Undershaft firm (Act I., p. 209)—was not handed over to foundlings, although it was transmitted not to natural, but to adopted sons. Nor can it be argued that the introduction of this strange and highly improbable element was necessary for the development of the Shavian ideas in the play. On the contrary, all those ideas are brought out without any reference whatsoever to the peculiar rule of succession, which seems as superfluous as it is unreal.

We believe that the puzzle can be explained by conceiving of the Undershaft rule of succession as an allegory of Socialist politics. It is well known that Mr. Shaw has been a leading figure of the Fabian Society from its very birth. This society is composed of English Socialists. Not, however, of Socialist workmen, but of Socialist "intellectuals," of whom many, like Oliver, Lord Milner, Sidney Webb and Shaw himself have attained to eminence in their respective spheres of action. Not of "impracticable" Marxists, with their theories of surplus-value, irrepressible class conflicts, and social revolution, and their uncompromising attitude toward all existing institutions, but of "practical" men, "realists" and "evolutionists," with whom theories and general principles count for naught, and practical measures of reform count for everything. According to the Fabians, practical results can most easily be obtained, not by forming an independent party of the working class, but by permeating existing political parties with Socialist ideas and by giving to existing institutions a Socialist trend. To be sure, this can only be accomplished warily and gradually, a step at a time, by stealth, as it were, and unbeknown to the reactionaries and conservatives. The latter are to be persuaded to commit themselves to programmes and policies that run counter to their own interests, while they are to be kept in a state of innocence as to the ultimate implication and inevitable drift of these policies and programmes

so soon as they have begun to be put into execution.

In all the preceding plays of Mr. Shaw, in so far as the Socialist in him found expression in them, it was always as the revolutionary Socialist, as the electrical battery administering shocks to his *bourgeois* audiences. In the Socialist politics of England, on the contrary, Mr. Shaw has always figured as the practical man, safe and sane, worldly-wise, as the man who puts on the brakes, as the Germans would say. *Major Barbara* is the first of his plays in which this practical side of Mr. Shaw's Socialism finds embodiment through the allegory of the Undershaft rule of succession.

Ever since the formation in France, at the crisis of the Dreyfus agitation, of the "cabinet of republican defence," of which the late Waldeck-Rousseau was the chief and Millerand, a Socialist, was the Minister of Commerce, the Socialists have been divided on the question of "ministerialism," i. e., the propriety, consonance with principle and advantageousness of the entrance of a Socialist into a cabinet composed in the main of upholders of the existing social order. The entrance of Millerand into the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet divided the Socialists of France into two bitterly hostile camps. A similar split occurred not long after among the Italian Socialists on the allied question of co-operating with a *bourgeois* ministry and voting for its budget in order to keep the more conservative parties out of power. In Germany also the followers of Eduard Bernstein, who suddenly leaped into general favour and fame on turning "revisionist" of the "orthodox" theory and practice, hailed with joy the policy of ministerialism as a new revelation of proletarian power, and longed for the time when conditions in their own country would make the application of the new policy a possibility. The Fabians, of course, looked upon the turn of events in France as a practical demonstration of the correctness of their own attitude, and on the favour with which it met elsewhere as a conversion of the Socialists of the Continent to their own views. Of late, however, the "anti-ministerialists" seem to have obtained a decided preponderance all over the Con-

tinent. Even in France, the home of its birth, "ministerialism" was declared anathema, and Milleraud himself was expelled from the Socialist party even with the consent of Jaures, his erstwhile staunchest and most eloquent supporter, who had formulated the theory of the "new method" for overthrowing the capitalistic social order. Nevertheless, the experiment has been repeated in France by the inclusion in the present Clemenceau cabinet of MM. Briand and Viviani, and is also being tried in England for the first time by the entrance of John Burns into the present Liberal cabinet.

The plot of *Major Barbara* is an allegory of "ministerialism." The Undershaft firm "dealing in death and destruction" images forth the Public Powers, the Forces of Government. The firm was established in the reign of James I. (Act I., p. 208), when Parliament first began to assert itself in a masterful way. The transmission of governmental power, not from father to son, as in the days of monarchical absolutism, but to a succession of foundlings, denotes the triumph of Parliamentary Government, the possession of which has shifted in turn to various social classes and political parties. At present this government is under the thumb of Undershaft and Lazarus (Act III., p. 279), representing Industrial Captaincy and High Finance, and actuated by the morality nowadays characterised as Nietzschean (Act II., p. 252); while to the hereditary aristocracy, personified by Lady Britomart, is assigned the ornamental function of social representation. But the Socialist "in love with the common people," represented in the play by Cusins and Barbara, is to be the next successor. It is, however, only in England that the working classes, as represented by the Socialist, are in relation to the powers of government in the condition of an illegitimate child; in Australia, where the Labor party has been a recognised factor of government these many years, they are the offspring of lawful wedlock (Act III., p. 291). "You cannot have power for good without having power for evil too," says Cusins, and the Socialist must become a junior partner and heir apparent in the Undershaft firm in order that he may learn to use

the powers of government for good and create a "democratic power strong enough to force the intellectual oligarchy to use its genius for the general good or else perish." Thus is Industrial Captaincy to be converted into Industrial Democracy under the guidance of a universalised Fabian Society, and "ministerialism" is justified by its prospective fruits.

The allegorical core of the play was quite effectually concealed by Mr. Shaw, who did not vouchsafe even a hint of its existence in all the forty-four pages of preface to *Major Barbara*. But besides the completeness of the analogy, there are also some extraneous circumstances which confirm us in our view. First, the decision of Barbara to turn from the task of converting the slums to the conversion of the well-paid and full-filled employees of the Undershaft firm, which accords with Mr. Shaw's own preference for the preaching of Socialism to the well-to-do. Secondly, the above-mentioned comparison of the Undershaft firm to the Roman Empire under the Antonines: how often has not the *pax Britannica*, in India and elsewhere, been compared to the *pax Romana*? Thirdly, the inscription on the dome of the Labour Church in the Undershaft model town of the words of William Morris: "No man is good enough to be another man's master." The doctrine of the equality of all men, which is coeval with modern society, "shocked men at first, I am afraid," as it did the Undershaft employees, by its glaring contrast with actuality, and gave rise to the Levellers in the English revolution (the Puritan, not the "glorious" one of 1688) and to the Terror and the subsequent conspiracy of Gracchus Babeuf in the French Revolution. In time, however, it came to be "taken no more notice of than the ten commandments in church." Lastly, it may be taken for granted that the creator of Adolphus Cusins, Professor of Greek and translator of Euripides, has at least a bowing acquaintance with Aristophanes, whose sense of ironic humour was not a little akin to his own, and who was also a past master at turning a political situation into a dramatic allegory.

H. Simpson.

THE GHOST FLOWER



CHILLED and sodden company sat about the fireplace in the much-varnished Adirondack hotel parlour. Miss Bascom, the art student with slovenly hair and uncertain belt ribbon, played airs from the *Sultan of Sulu* at the piano, while a slabby girl from Montreal danced a two-step by herself, heavily and without rhythm. Mrs. Sylvester Banks, of Brooklyn, embroidered a centrepiece with yellow roses. Mrs. Thompkins, of Elmtown, St. Lawrence County, sat in the window seat watching the storm come up over the lake, and was in Mrs. Banks's light. Mrs. Thompkins had even drawn the red chenille curtains about her shoulders, so secluding herself that her presence was indicated only by the foot of one of her crutches protruding from the fringe.

Mr. Clancy Barnes, entering, remarked, "You look as if you had all eaten blue-berry pie for dinner and were sorry."

"We did." Mrs. Sylvester Banks's chin became triple with mirth.

"And we are," sighed Miss Bascom.

"I had sandwiches," said Mr. Barnes, unbuckling his knapsack and laying it on the big table among old papers, magazines and embroidery floss. "Sandwiches—and my conscience is clear. And I got back just in time, didn't I?"

The storm flashed and gloomed at the window as he spoke.

"Mrs. Thompkins," called Mrs. Banks nervously, "don't you know it's dangerous to sit by a window in a thunder storm?"

But the sullen lady, wrapped in red chenille curtains, made no reply.

Mr. Barnes took charge of the fire, which was spilling smoke lazily under the mantel, and fed it with the old papers until he had directed a neat column of smoke at the flue. He cosily touched the embers here and there and eased the logs to a comfortable position.

"There," he said, standing off and dusting his palms, "now we'll do."

The red curtains stirred. Mrs. Thompkins, hearing the cheerful crackle, and seeing the reflected dance of flames on the darkened walls, rose painfully to her feet and tapped with her crutches across the slippery floor, but Mrs. Banks, with a certain suave rigidity that suggested a person quite aware of what she was doing and why, established herself in the one easy-chair by the fire before Mrs. Thompkins had covered half of her slow journey. Mrs. Thompkins's scowl in the mingled firelight and rainy dusk was ferocious, but it faded to dull wistfulness and then to indifference. She looked backward at the window seat, but the girl from Montreal had promptly taken that. Mr. Barnes, however, who had briefly disappeared, entered with a big porch rocker, which he placed opposite Mrs. Banks; then, with smiling apologies to the girl from Montreal, he took the cushions from the window seat, arranged them cosily in the rocker and bowed to Mrs. Thompkins.

She sank into it, saying nothing, but looking up with a softened expression in her scornful black eyes before she settled down to studying the fire as she had studied the storm, as if planning some sombre line of action, building something definite out of indefinite smoke and flame.

Then Mr. Barnes undid his knapsack like a jovial Santa Claus, so confident of interest and applause that it came hypnotically when only a messy lot of herbs tumbled out.

"I'm just taking it up"—meaning botany. "You've no idea how fascinating it is. You get acquainted with plants as if they were people. You wouldn't suppose these were related, now, would you?"

He held some Prince's pine in one big hand and in the other a waxen, pearly, leafless thing with bent head like a novice at prayer.

"They both belong to the heath family," he went on cheerfully.

Mrs. Thompkins spoke: "That's an Indian pipe. I used to find them when I was a girl."

He dragged the great table up to her chair at once.

"Have you studied botany?"

"A little—at the old academy and by myself. Another name is 'corpse plant.' You see they are blackening already, and they are cold and clammy to the touch."

"Ugh! What a name!" shuddered Mrs. Banks, her manner implying that Mrs. Thompsons in mentioning it had committed a solecism.

"They call them 'ghost flowers,' too," said Mrs. Thompsons. She examined the confused mass in the knapsack, and collected a dozen or so of the Indian pipes thoughtfully. There was a suggestion of dead and gone romance, of something that these flowers had once meant. The art student, with a soul for the beautiful, clasped her hands and shrieked:

"Oh, don't *move*! I want you just like that—the pearl-grey shawl and the grey dress and those dead-looking flowers and the firelight just touching it here and there. Oh, what an inspiration!"

Mrs. Thompsons threw aside the flowers, turned her back to the table and once more paid attention to the coals, Miss Bascom, unabashed, looking at her through the telescope of her half-shut hands, ejaculating now and then, "Perfect!" and at last, with dreamy ecstasy, "How would 'The Ghost Flower' do as a title?"

"Bully!" This was the comment of Mr. Thompsons. He was wiping his little oily wisp of a moustache as he stood in the doorway, and brought with him a powerful fragrance of cloves and peppermint. Mrs. Thompsons did not raise her eyes. She was busied stirring the fire with her crutch. A log fell, and a sudden blaze lit all corners of the dusky room. The rain was for the moment withheld, but the clouds crouched thick and dark on the lake and in the forest until even Mrs. Banks had to lay aside her embroidery.

"C-call it Ghosh Flow'r. M-make it portrait. I'll buy it!" said Mr. Thompsons, approaching unsteadily, beaming loving kindness on every one. Mr. Clancy Barnes, intent upon placing his treasures between sheets of blotting paper, did not look up or give place, but Mrs. Banks at once swept from the room, thus leaving her chair for Mr. Thompsons,

who promptly dropped into it, first thanking her profusely.

Mrs. Thompsons rose then, looking down at the outspread plants. The firelight so sported with her thin face that it seemed to wear a grimace of pain.

"I used to be interested in them when I was young."

"You are not a centenarian," said Clancy Barnes with a bright, forced smile.

Mrs. Thompsons looked up at him dreamily under her heavy eyelids, frowning, not at him, but at some far-off idea or memory. When she frowned her eyebrows had a sinister way of meeting in a broad, black band. Perhaps Clancy Barnes, like the ghost flowers, was a symbol to her of something that she had once thought about or hoped for. With the same slow stare she contemplated her crutches.

"These are the same as age."

She pinned a ghost flower in her pearl-grey shawl and went toward the door.

"You goin' off shust because I came?" shouted her husband. When she made no reply, and he jumped up to pursue her, it was noticed by all the women in the room that Mr. Clancy Barnes also made a sudden motion as if to follow, then pulled himself together and stood quite still, looking at nothing but his plants.

They all listened to the slow, steady tapping of the crutch, which did not falter because of the scrambling pursuit and angry incoherence of Mr. Thompsons. Afterward the women of the hotel evolved quite a romance out of that spasmodic start of Mr. Clancy Barnes, but Miss Bascom would say, "Don't you remember those bands of grey in her hair and the wrinkles? She looked old enough to be his mother."

And Mrs. Banks would further elucidate, "He comes from a good New York family, you know, and, of course, he is chivalrous. Very likely he was afraid that Thompsons, in that condition, might strike her. Still"—there was a vague contradictoriness about Mrs. Banks's remarks, which yet passed for worldly wisdom, unquestioned—"still, women like Mrs. Thompsons are strangely attractive to a certain class of men."

* * * * *

The rain became terrific with lightning, thunder and the uprooting of trees, but by supper-time the darkness rolled aside and a tearful sunset filtered through the still mottled dining-room windows.

On each table was a trim bouquet of nasturtiums, sweet-peas, petunias and candytuft. There were fresh blueberries, chocolate cake, hot biscuit, slices of cold ham, tea, and cocoa, all touched with tender pink light from the glorified storm clouds. Everybody was in rare good humour. But there was a shocked and virtuous tone to this good humour as of partisans in some good cause; or was it more the attitude of people who criticise a popular play or book? A violent storm had been raging audibly indoors.

Mrs. Banks welcomed Mr. Clancy Barnes, who sat at her table, with a forgiving and indulgent smile, but as he was unconscious of any need for indulgence or forgiveness, he merely bowed as usual, and made comments on the beauty of the sunset.

"Did you get the full benefit of the *matinée*?"

Mrs. Banks spoke in a significantly lowered voice, lifting her eyebrows correspondingly.

"May I offer you these biscuit?" said Mr. Barnes. "They look delicious and one can digest anything in this air." But while he hesitated for further change of subject Mrs. Banks slumped stubbornly back into the line she had chosen.

"It was certainly the most disgraceful thing I've ever known—that is, so close at hand. Of course, in settlement work we hear that kind of thing now and then, but to be under the same roof with it——"

Mr. Barnes half shut his eyes, recalling the careworn, cowed demeanour of this lady's husband.

"Yes. We are more quiet about it, aren't we?"

"Oh! to be sure. Their room is next to mine, you know. I gathered that her lameness was due to his having thrown her downstairs some years ago when he was drunk, and that he is driven to drink by her temper. Lovely, isn't it?"

The door opened and Mr. Thompkins appeared alone, sleek, fat, loose-mouthed,

the same jovial leer in his little black eyes, a baby-blue tie under his triple chin.

"Sweet creature!" murmured Mrs. Banks. "But as I started to tell you, I think they won't stay. I spoke to the proprietor about it, and so did Mrs. Irwin, and I think they will be requested to leave. At least"—her own chin became triple with firmness—"if they don't leave *we will*!"

Then Mr. Thompkins's voice where he sat alone at his table rose up in jolly anecdote and personal witticism, rendering further conversation difficult even for Mrs. Banks.

"Wonder where *she* is?" that lady murmured.

The same idea seemed to occur at that instant to Mr. Thompkins.

"Where's my better half?" he inquired with loud cheerfulness. There was arrested attention throughout the room. The woman at the next table said, "Mrs. Thompkins hasn't come into the dining-room yet."

"Why, she knows supper's ready, doesn't she?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say. I don't think any of us have seen her this afternoon since—she went upstairs."

"Huh! that's funny!" Mr. Thompkins seemed actually a little troubled, finished his meal without further conversation and went out on the veranda. They heard him walk slowly about its three sides and then go down the long board walk toward the forest-bordered lake. At the edge of the trees he stopped and called, "All! All!"

"I believe I like him better than I do her," said Mrs. Banks. Miss Bascom went to the piano and began to sing, "She's my Mary contrary." Barnes lit his pipe and strolled down the walk after Thompkins. He was not anywhere in sight, but his voice was audible from a distance. "All! All!" He seemed to be skirting the lake shore.

Barnes followed slowly, running over in his mind such disagreeable things as he had ever heard of suicides, mysterious disappearances, bizarre acts of people out of patience with the world, showing their resentment hysterically.

The wet air blew up from the lake; to Barnes it seemed invigorating, but little Mrs. Thompkins, lame, feeble, should

be in her accustomed place by the wood fire in the hotel parlour, wrapped in her pearl-grey shawl, and if she must look like those dreadful little ghost flowers, at least doing so in comfortable surroundings. He considered different pleasant ways of exterminating Thompkins, yet that persistent call of "Al! Al!" rather disarmed him. The fellow seemed genuinely anxious. Probably he was merely a stupid brute and not a malicious one.

The calling stopped at last and the swift crackling of the branches showed that Thompkins was returning.

"I say," he observed as he emerged face to face with Barnes, "would you mind helping me hunt a little? She's sulky, I guess, and hiding. She couldn't 'a gone very far, now could she?"

"One wouldn't suppose so."

"You see, we had a flare-up this afternoon. She's enough to provoke a saint, anyway. You've no idea what I've had to put up with from that woman. Lots of men would 'a run off before. My gracious, I——"

"We would better get other men, too, I think. She must be found as soon as possible. Perhaps you would better inquire at the cottages around the lake. I will get the others."

"Well, I dunno——" said Thompkins, but Barnes was already striding back to the hotel.

* * * * *

The distant tops of the trees shut out what little light there might be left in the sky, and Clancy Barnes with his lantern passed here and there among their great trunks like a will-o'-the-wisp, calling now and then, echoed for a time by the other searchers, but at last his cries were unanswered, and the solitude of the forest shut in upon him. Once he was startled by the glow of two great eyes in the shine of his lantern, then there was a snort and a light patter of feet as a deer dived into the darkness. Once an owl with a mournful cry flew so near his head that he felt the wind from its noiseless wings.

"Mrs. Thompkins!" he called at intervals. Yet how was it possible she could have come so far! Had she started on her tempestuous journey during the fury of the rain that afternoon? It must have been so. The wretched quarrel had taken

place directly after she had gone upstairs. Then that brute had slept off his drink, and while he slept she had escaped, and the rain had effaced all mark of her pathetic little crutches and destroyed the trail for the dog which had been brought with many boasts by the guide.

One party was searching the lake. In his heart Barnes believed that theory to be the correct one. Poor, harassed soul, who could blame her? One could tell by the lines of her face how she had been fiercely active once. He recalled one story she had told of her youth, of a horseback ride at night for a doctor, and another about climbing Mount Powasket alone for the fun of the thing. He could imagine the lake and the storm might have seemed attractive enough under present circumstances. But to think of that was the duty of those who were about it; his was to search and call among the sombre tree trunks, to keep sharp lookout for a pearl-grey shawl and gown, huddled and pallid, like the Indian pipes he had found that morning half hidden under dead leaves. And suddenly, as he held up his lantern and looked into the hollow of an old tree he saw her, silent, cowering, the light gleaming in her eyes as it had done in the deer's.

She remained perfectly quiet while he came up to her with the lantern. Her crutches were at her feet and her shawl was drawn closely about her. He thought swiftly of Miss Bascom and her ecstatic remarks. Poor ghost flower! The resemblance was striking enough as she crouched in the hollow tree, wet and cold.

"Poor child!" he said—and that seemed hardly the proper remark to a woman with grey streaks in her hair. He put his brandy flask to her lips; she swallowed a little obediently, but when he took her hand to help her to rise she moaned and shook her head.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "let's have a fire and then we'll see what next."

It was not so easy to gather dry material in the dripping woods, but at last from under logs and roots he collected several armfuls of leaves, and on these placed dead twigs, which dried quickly in their heat and then took up the blaze in their turn, so that at last there was a

fire—the second made that day for Mrs. Thompson's comfort.

"Come up and get dry," he said as it roared. He held out his hand again to help her up, but she shook her head, glancing at her crutches.

"You are in pain?" His tone was infinitely gentle. She put her hands over her face and nodded convulsively.

"Will you let me carry you?"

She made no gesture of refusal, so he bent down and she put her arms about his neck. Her hands had the clammy chill of death as he carried her the few paces to the fire. But when he would have laid her down on the cedar couch he had prepared she still clung in a childish way, her little cold hands clasped behind his neck.

"The pain is very great?" he suggested, waiting patiently to be released. Her colourless lips silently repeated, "Very great!" and she made no motion to let him go.

"Can I ease it, do you think, by holding you up a little as I am doing now?"

She answered "Yes" voicelessly as before.

So he carefully adjusted himself to her slight weight, and when he had thus made it plain that she might stay as she was, her cold hands relaxed at last and were folded under her chin, and she sighed a long, deep, shuddering sigh of relief. Her black hair with its white bands was loosened, so that its ends coiled on the ground, and the fire-light lit up the silver in it till it shone like metal.

"The rest will find us soon," said Clancy Barnes, "then you can be more comfortable."

"The rest?" It was the first time she had spoken. "My husband?"

"Yes. They are all hunting, you know. I sort of got lost from them myself, you see."

One hand twisted firmly into his coat lapel.

"I don't want him to come."

Clancy Barnes had a well-bred dislike of unconventionality. It was an article of his belief that if people were unhappy they should clothe their unhappiness as decently as possible in polite phrases. The savage misery that is so indifferent

to appearances as to be willing to stalk naked he did not understand.

"Oh, now, Mrs. Thompson, you don't mean that, you know!"

"Mrs. Thompson," she repeated reflectively. "I've been Mrs. Thompson ten years. It's an ugly name. Since I came into the woods this afternoon I've been 'Alice' again. Call me that."

"If you wish it—Alice." Poor Clancy Barnes blushed to his polite ears. He felt as sick with pity as he remembered feeling once when he was a boy and his pony had broken a leg and had to be shot. There were potential tears within him and he was horribly uncomfortable.

"It wasn't so easy getting here," went on Alice, "that I should want to go back now. I wish we could stay here. This going back— isn't it something like the fugitive slave law? I don't want to."

The great trees stirred softly now and then, sending hissing drops into the fire. The world of convention appeared infinitely remote and foolish. The kind forest seemed to say that if this maimed and unhappy Alice wanted to spend the rest of her life in a hollow tree with birds and squirrels, why, then, let her. There was plenty of room and it was more natural and right than Thompsons, anyway.

And Alice twisted her slim fingers into Clancy Barnes's coat lapel, fixed him with her great unhappy eyes and argued the matter until the forest seemed sensible and towns foolish.

"If you had known me when I was a girl you would understand. There's Indian in me, way back, and so it's wicked for me to be lame than for most people. So long as I could ride and walk I didn't mind, but now— I was going to the lake, but the woods looked so kind and peaceful in spite of the storm—I wanted to be out in it alone again. And now I'm glad I did, for you came—you came—and—you are keeping the pain away, and just now I am happy. I don't care now about all those other years."

"Is she in love with me?" thought the dismayed Clancy Barnes. But he kept on looking at the pale face resting against his shoulder and the dismay disappeared. A wounded dryad, when the world was young and unconventional, might have

thus been succoured by a faun in such a forest as this.

Alice suddenly put up a hand and stroked Clancy Barnes's cheek and smiled—a smile so young and innocent that the white bands in her hair seemed unreal.

"How lovely it would have been," she said, "if we could have been young together—and—all that. I don't believe we'd have got tired of each other, do you? But I suppose you're engaged to some nice girl, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Clancy Barnes, fumbled at his vest pocket and brought out a miniature. Alice looked at it eagerly and critically, then handed it back with a smile.

"She is nice, and you'll be happy, and I'm glad; but just for now help me to dream how it would have been—" She broke off with a moan and hid her face against his breast.

"It's no use dreaming, one can't get rid of the truth, but hold me like this while you can. O God! God!"

There were long shuddering sobs gradually decreasing. Was it an hour of this pitiful companionship?—then silence—and drowsiness—then a shout and a sudden sensation of something gone from his arms—was there a kiss on his forehead first?—and Thompkins and the other searchers were standing over him

in the grey light of dawn, while from high up came the busy sound of waking birds.

"Been making yourself comfortable, eh?" sneered Thompkins.

"But," gasped Barnes, staring about him, "she was here!"

"Huh! She'd be here now, I guess, if she'd ever been."

A small dog chained to the guide's wrist was straining away from the group, his nose to the ground.

"Toby know," said Pete. "She been here—she go—Toby find him."

Toby led eagerly through tangled underbrush, stopped and whimpered. The guide lifted his lantern, then crossed himself—"Nom de Dieu!"

An answering light seemed to come up from over the bank as his lantern swung out over it, but it was only the reflection from black, still water. They crowded up to the shore and strained their eyes into the darkness. Some sleeping pond lilies floated nearer the shore. A little further out—was it a branch? Too symmetrical for a branch—more like a crutch—yes, both of them.

Thompkins sat down and cried, but Clancy Barnes waded in. The pool was slimy and opaque, but shallow, so that it was easy enough to find what he sought.

Georgia Wood Pangborn

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MAGAZINE WRITER



AM that very ordinary, meet-you-every-day person, a magazine writer. I wish to say at the outset of this simple confession, which is made only in the hope that it may help others who are struggling to gain a livelihood, that I have happily been endowed with the ability to realise my own limitations; and any small success I have achieved I attribute principally to that one talent.

In a magazine experience covering now a round dozen years, I have never once attempted to write an article unless I felt certain that I could do so. Perhaps I have lost a good-sized cheque here and there, but I am loath to believe that. I have steadfastly held to the idea that it is better and safer in the long run to turn out, even on order, only work that could without shame and remorse be signed with one's own name; and that to "do" an editor by delivering to him a MS. that represents little of one's best thought and endeavour is like killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Editors and publishers are wise men, though the public and many writers may not agree with me.

My income has averaged about \$3,000 each year, and I, for one, hold that any sane man can live very happily and comfortably on that amount. In a few instances it has far exceeded that; but I have had my poor seasons, just as any merchant or cobbler has his. Excluding one period of sickness, and one whole month when for some unaccountable reason what little brain I have absolutely refused to work, I have been rather fortunate, I think; and I believe in counting one's blessings first of all.

I make no pretensions at being what is called a "literary man." I have never been fêted nor urged to give readings

from my own works; I am winned and dined only by my friends, who, I am sure; wine and dine me simply because they care for *me* and not for the inconsequential words I write.

I worked for a short time on a New York daily newspaper. Nothing—and I say this in all seriousness—not even a salary of \$100 a week—could have induced me to remain longer than I did. A famous magazine publisher to whom I once acted as private secretary, told me that a young man did the wisest thing in his life when he abandoned daily journalism. He held that a brief training on a large newspaper gives one a certain poise and alertness that serve one well in after years; but too long a grind at a reporter's desk saps a man's energy and heart and brain—yes, and his soul—and unfits him for good future work.

Nothing could be truer. My physical strength has never been my greatest asset, and that was the chief reason why I deserted my reportorial post and entered the ranks of the free lance.

I must say that I took the step with some misgivings. I was utterly unknown as a writer, though my newspaper output during my months of activity on the New York — had been enormous. That is one of the tragedies of journalism. Who knows, for instance, the names of the brilliant men who write the editorials in any of the big dailies that are forces in our land? When they die—and some of them die young—another brilliant confrère, if he is permitted to do so, writes a little editorial paragraph about the loss of his brother worker—and that is all. I have twelve large scrapbooks filled with my printed newspaper productions, for with the enthusiasm of youth I clipped everything I had published as soon as it appeared; but about a month before I left the paper, I had ceased to keep track of my articles simply because I wrote

so many of them! Heaven knows, I might have another scrapbook to my discredit now if I had kept on!

I had a certain confidence in my ability to get a hearing with the magazines, and I was ambitious to gain some recognition. In the little time that I was able to spare from my regular work, I made a careful study of the leading monthly and weekly periodicals, and I came to the conclusion that a man of ordinary intelligence, given a certain facility of expression—which I was vain enough to believe that I had—could eke out a fairly good living, *if he once could get a start*. He would be, in a sense, his own master; he would at least not be forced to keep long and heart-breaking hours; he could eat and sleep with some regularity; he would find time, perhaps, for those delightful social duties which up till then had been but a dream to me.

The prospect was alluring. I determined to try.

I had managed to save only a few hundred dollars; but I had no one dependent upon me; I was young, and I was unafraid. I felt that I was not ill equipped. I had had my knocks, and I figured that I would not starve. Moreover, and what is far more important, I felt the instinct within me to write fiction; though the fact that I had done interviews for my paper may cause those with a sense of humour to smile and say that I had already made a pretty good start on my chosen ground.

Before I handed in my resignation, however, I wished, if possible, to be the possessor of several acceptances from prominent magazines; and I employed a few "days off" in writing three special articles, for which I obtained the necessary photographs.

I had aimed these articles at three particular periodicals, without taking the precaution of interviewing any of the editors in advance to ascertain their immediate needs. I said to myself that as these periodicals had been publishing papers of a similar nature, they were, of course, in the market for more; and I did not wish to call on the editors because I wanted to land my MSS. on their merits alone. I believed,

as many a beginner does, that editors were predisposed in favour of contributors whom they met personally, and that if one took a magazine editor to luncheon his fortune was made! I have learned much since then.

I posted my MSS. at the same time, and I shall never forget my sensations as I dropped those precious documents into the letter-box. It seemed to me as if my whole future depended upon their fate. But it did not. In less than a week two of my articles came back, and four days later their brother returned, looking much the worse for his journey out of town.

Of course, I was glad that I had not resigned from the newspaper! I still had my spare money coming in, and I had told no living soul of my aspirations. There was no one to laugh at me, therefore, but I laughed at myself. I bundled those three MSS. to three different Sunday editors, and they were accepted at once. Three generous cheques followed.

But I had determined to get into the magazines. "My style is too journalistic," I said to myself. I began writing a short story, but I tore it up after I had finished one page. Perhaps I was nervous, but I couldn't for the life of me write dialogue that sounded a bit natural. I saw that my road was not destined to be an easy one; yet I kept

One day while I was reporting a sensational murder trial in New York, an incident in the court-room attracted my attention, and I at once saw its dramatic possibilities. That very night I turned it into fiction and sent it to a ten-cent magazine to which it seemed suited. A cheque for \$60 reached me. I was elated. If that was the kind of stories they wanted I could supply them rapidly, for such incidents were occurring and had occurred almost every day during my reportorial work.

I wrote several pieces of fiction based on events that had come to my notice, and although I placed four of them almost immediately, I had not sufficient confidence in myself to give up my regular work. So I held on, in the meantime writing diligently. Then

a day came when a magazine editor asked me to call upon him and talk over a series of stories of newspaper life. He had been impressed with one of my MSS. After he had made me a rather liberal offer, I felt justified in retiring from the newspaper game. I would have enough money to keep me comfortably for a year, at least.

It must be remembered, however, that eight or ten years ago the magazines were not paying such large prices for fiction, particularly from unknown writers. My plunge into the realm of the free lance was therefore all the more hazardous.

The series of stories which I wrote did not prove a brilliant success, and no more were ordered. But they did one thing for me: they had brought my name before the very public which I had been anxious to reach, and gave me with rival magazines a certain value. I had made a start, a little money, and a *succès d'estime*.

I had made up my mind that while under some conditions the writing of fiction might prove very profitable, it was the business of every free lance to acquire some specialty. For some reason stories dealing with newspaper life have never been wonderfully popular, either in books or upon the stage. I suppose it is because the general public cannot be forced to take an interest in the machinery that gets out a great daily; they care only about the finished product to read with their coffee and eggs in the morning. The smell of printers' ink is attractive to but a small proportion of people, after all, and the romance of the city editor's room is uninteresting to Fifth Avenue or the Bronx.

The magazines were beginning to specialise more and more. True, the muck-rakers had not yet come upon the scene, but the writer of good papers dealing with a vital and appealing theme was in demand. When such an article could be interestingly illustrated its value was greatly enhanced. I started a campaign of my own and worked assiduously for several months. I found talking over an article with an editor in advance was always good

policy and created an interest in the MS. before it was written. The cheques came in slowly, but they came in nevertheless.

In the meantime I did not abandon my idea of doing more fiction. But I felt that it would be necessary to make sufficient money through special articles so that I could have some leisure to devote to the short stories, which I never for a moment ceased to think of. Some one has said that the business of free lancing is intensely nerve-racking, because one never seems to get ahead far enough in one's bank account to plunge into that big American novel which we all have a mind to write. And what if one's health should break down? There are a hundred catastrophes that might occur; but I hold that the free lance is much better off than the bookkeeper toiling over dull accounts in a poorly ventilated office far downtown. He is meeting all the while people who interest him and who make the rough ways easier to travel.

One of the cheaper periodicals which cared nothing for names had seen my newspaper tales and wrote to me, asking if I would do a serial for them. They said they had been impressed by the action in each of my stories (so I had not written in vain, after all!), and while the compensation that they offered was not great, it was to be enough to warrant my thinking the matter over. I discovered to my joy that I could do the kind of work they required without seriously interfering with the more lucrative special articles. With my left hand, as it were, I turned out the exciting serial and a cheque helped toward my ultimate plan. I am still doing work for that magazine, and I do not believe that the fiction they demand affects my later and more serious output. Whenever I am pressed for funds, and, indeed, whenever I need a little mental relaxation, I sit down at my typewriter and do a serial that I know I can sell. I try not to hand them a story that is slovenly, and I actually enjoy writing those tales always.

I earned a considerable sum in one year—enough to pay for a little shack

near New York, where I retired to turn out the short stories I had in mind. Here the quiet and peace inspired me to verse also! After several of my poems had been printed I began to receive requests from composers for permission to set them to music. For this favour I asked a reasonable fee and in some cases a royalty. It was amazing how my income increased. Here was a new field, growing directly out of my contributions to the magazines, of which I had never dreamed. Verse is not profitable, I had always heard. But I discovered that its production aided me materially, besides proving a delightful diversion. And because of my verse, strange as it may seem, I have received dozens of charming and helpful letters from people whom I have never met; and the letters which hard-working authors get are not the least part of the recompense that comes to them.

The facility with which I turned out verse helped me very much in getting my name in the magazines. If a writer appears in five or six periodicals simultaneously for several consecutive months he is almost as well advertised as an actor! And he is thought to be a most industrious person. Editors began to ask me to write verses to accompany pictures, which they had in stock, and I found the occupation delightful, though on some occasions it proved rather arduous. And there was no little humour attached to such commissions. When the poem appeared my friends might say something like this to me:

"That little piece of yours (why do our friends invariably allude to our verses as 'little pieces'?) in the — Magazine was so good that I suppose they felt it ought to be illustrated. And how splendidly the artist caught the spirit of your lovely lines!" Whereas I had perspired to catch the artist's spirit!

On one occasion I was invited to contribute some verses to accompany the stupidest picture imaginable. The artist had drawn a man and a woman sitting on a bench staring at each other. I ventured to inquire why so foolish a

drawing had been purchased at all, and was told that a former editor (peace to his soul!) had bought it simply because it took his fancy, in the hope that some day a bit of fiction would turn up in connection with which it could be used. No such story came in, for although some of our magazine fiction is pretty dull, nothing could have been duller than that particular picture. The present editor had raked up the drawing and decided to have a poem written for it before the girl's sleeves went out of fashion!

Magazine writers are often commissioned to write many columns around a series of photographs—whether they be of Coney Island or Mrs. Astor's various palaces does not matter much. I once did such a paper around a set of beautiful pictures of China. It was one of the most difficult things I ever wrote, and when I delivered my MS. to a printer who was literally at my elbow for the copy all the time, I felt that the thing was wholly lacking in any grace or style, and deplored the fact that I had been induced to help that busy editor out of a difficulty. Yet when the magazine appeared, the *Review of Reviews* called particular attention to my paper, and spoke of the care with which it must have been done! So we never can tell. One's best and most conscientious work often—too often—falls by the wayside, and no one seems to see it or to care for it.

Dramatists are forever talking about the grief they experience when the plays into which they have thrown so much heart and soul are acted by mummers who have no conception of their rôles; but a magazine writer is everlastingly having his work mutilated "to fit a form" or to make room for something else. I once wrote a story and was dumbfounded when it appeared (I must admit, however, not in one of the better magazines) to see an illustration accompanying it, beneath which was printed the following words:

Mrs Comstock (my heroine) proved the life of the party.

The picture, which was not badly drawn, was of a yacht containing about a dozen persons (there had been only three characters in my story) all apparently in animated conversation. I had written no such scene and in reading my poor MS. in type discovered a column which had been introduced to lead up to the phrase beneath the illustration. I called up the editor and was laughingly informed that he had the picture on hand and didn't think I would mind in the least if he put a few paragraphs in my yarn which would permit of its use. I said I would not care at all provided my cheque included payment for the extra column of conversation. It did.

Perhaps I am betraying in a shameless way the confidence of many of those editors who have been uniformly kind to me; yet I do not think any of them will mind when they see these words in print. As every one knows, the modern magazine is of necessity made up sometimes in a terrific hurry, and matter is crowded in—or out—as the exigencies of a situation demand.

The story has been told in print of a certain writer of verse who puts himself within reach of a telephone at the time of the month when the editors he knows are "making up." Frequently, by so doing, he is commissioned to write "fillers" of an inch or more—quatrains, sonnets or rondeaux. I don't know how much truth there is in this; but I was once actually asked to supply "four stanzas of four lines each, wide measure"!

A certain magazine in New York admires very much what might be called the "Henry James type of

story." I suppose it feels that as long as it can secure fiction bearing all the ear-marks of the Master at two cents a word, why pay ten to Mr. James? I was anxious, for many reasons, to appear in that particular periodical, and I studied the editor's whims diligently. Then I sat down and saturated myself with "The Soft Side" and "The Ambassadors." I drank alphabet soup for ten days in succession, and turned out so complex a short story that I myself did not know what it meant. I sent it in, and lo! it met with a hearty reception and a call for more. But the strain was too great. I could not possibly repeat so difficult a feat. My experience gave me a greater veneration for Mr. James.

I hold this: that any one with an ordinary supply of brain matter, and a certain amount of energy and good health can, in these times of magazine competition, earn a comfortable income by his pen. I do not overwork; I consider six hours a day at my desk a good honest piece of toil; I have leisure to read and to travel a bit when the mood moves me. I come into contact with kind and courteous editors, not because I am particularly fortunate, for other writers tell me they invariably meet with similar courtesy. My only fears are that my great American novel—when I have written it—may not prove a success; and that sometime I shall get the playwriting bee in my bonnet! From the latter, kind Heaven deliver me. I am happy now. But then I stated at the beginning of this little confession that I realised my own limitations, and I shall never attempt to write a play.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton and Company:

Light-fingered Gentry. By David Graham Phillips.

A novel founded upon the scandals growing out of the looting and manipulation of the big insurance companies. The chief character has a hard struggle to keep from going the path those before him had followed, but the character of the woman who loves him finally turns him into the way of honour. At last he is compelled to resort to trickery in order to defeat the purpose of the pirates.

Who Killed Lady Poynder. By Richard Marsh.

Another story of mystery in which cupid also plays a part. The victim, Lady Poynder, is murdered in her London home and thereupon begins the pursuit of the criminal. One clew after another is followed, all proving false, until finally the reader is brought to the knowledge that the whole affair is the result of a nihilist plot and that Lady Poynder herself was once a power in the Russian anti-government circles.

Yoland of Idle Isle. By Charles van Nordan.

"Idle Isle" is supposedly one of the Bermudas, and "Yoland," the heroine, grows up here under her grandfather's supervision in total ignorance of the wicked world beyond those charmed limits, that is, until Mortimer Birchdale comes upon her one day as she is sitting on her own private beach soliloquising to herself. Then complications ensue. Others who people the book rejoice in the cognomens of "The Sage," "The Wellesley Graduate," and "The Belle of Baltimore."

Evolution and Animal Life. By Jordan and Kellogg.

It is intended to give here in as small a space as possible the complicated processes of evolution.

Youth, Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene. By G. Stanley Hall.

An epitomism of the large edition on Adolescence published in 1904. The en-

NOTE.—Owing to the vast number of books that are published at this time of the year and the demands upon our space many of those which have already been received will not be noticed until the December issue.

deavour is to place this volume at such a price that it will be within the reach of all.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Life of Japan. By Masuji Miyakawa.

In the preface the author states what forces are sure to draw Japan and the United States eventually into feelings of good fellowship and mutual respect.

A Man of Sark. By John Oxenham.

The scene of this novel is laid in Sark, the smallest of the Channel Isles, at the time when England was at war with France and Spain. It is a tale of smuggling and of privateers with a love story woven through. The hero does some fighting and planning, and in the end receives his reward not only in the form of a great money prize but in a marriage with the girl he loves.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Day by Day in the Primary Schools. By Alice Bridgham.

It is said that these lessons have been put to a practical test in the school room.

Memory Gems. Arranged by W. H. Williams.

A collection of well-known quotations.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Best Man. By Harold MacGrath.

Morning. James Whitcomb Riley.

A book of verse. Illustrated in colours with frontispiece portrait of Mr. Riley in photogravure.

The Century Company:

Abbie Ann. By George Madden Martin.

A new book by the author of the Emmy Lou stories. Abbie Ann is an attractive little girl, and while possessed with a troublesome temper is nevertheless loved by all; and in turn loves all with whom she comes in contact. The stories are full of humour, and the volume is well illustrated.

The Quest of the Colonial. By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton.

The two who write this book inherited a kettle, bought a pair of candlesticks, and were given a Shaker chair; and with this beginning they entered upon enthusiastic pursuit of the mahogany and the walnut, the brass and the china, of the olden time. The story is told of what they found and their experiences in the finding, of the quaint old houses which,

as circumstances permitted, they made home. In addition, the book is rich in information concerning Colonial furniture of every kind. See Chronicle and Comment.

The Betrothal of Elypholate. By Helen R. Martin, author of *Tillie; A Mennonite Maid*.

A collection of short tales of life and love among the young folk of the New Mennonite faith. The scenes are laid chiefly in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

The Cozy Lion. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The third of a series of fairy stories. Queen Silverbell, a creature of Mrs. Burnett's imagination, tells the stories, and this one is about the reformation of a lion from savagery to a state where he is fit to appear in polite society.

Island Stories.

Stories of Strange Sights.

Southern Stories.

Western Frontier Stories.

Sea Stories.

Stories from the Great Lakes.

A series of books of adventure, travel and description, covering different sections of the United States. Retold from *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

Captain June. By Alice Hegan Rice.

A book for children. It has the spirit of all this author's writings. Captain June is a little American lad who stays with his nurse in her home while his mother is far away caring for the soldier father who is ill with a fever. June, short for Robert Rogers Royston, Junior, has all kinds of unusual experiences.

T. Y. Crowell and Company:

Allee Samee. By Frances A. Mathews.

In the Deep of the Snow. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Good Night. By Eleanor Gates.

Schmidt. By Lloyd Osbourne.

Araminta and the Automobile. By Charles Battell Loomis.

Dawn. By Katherine Holland Brown.

The *Entre-Nous* Series of Short Stories by Popular Writers.

Signora. By Gustave Kobbe.

"Signora" is a little girl whose operatic career begins somewhat early in life. Being left at the stage door when a tiny baby she is adopted by the whole company of famous singers. The little "Signora" is the centre of attraction, and is finally the central figure of the romance.

Fables in Feathers. By S. Ten Eyck Bourke.

A group of fanciful stories dealing with birds. Such titles as "Why the Sparrow Wears a Forked Tail?" "Why the Woodpecker Goes a-Tapping?" and "Why the Peacock Wears Eyes on His Tail?" indicate the trend of the stories.

Life of the Fields. By Richard Jefferies.

In the Open Air. By Richard Jefferies.

Nature Near London. By Richard Jefferies.

Prose essays by the "Thoreau of America."

The Adventures of Merrywink. By Christina Gowans Whyte.

Juvenile. This book won the one hundred dollars prize offered by the London *Bookman* for the best illustrated story book for children.

The Idylls and the Age. By John F. Genung.

The author states that the primary object of this study is an appreciation of that great poem of Tennyson "The Idylls of the King."

The Russian Fairy Book. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

Seven stories from the folk-lore of Russia, of adventure, magic, and mystery. It is illustrated by sixteen full-page drawings by N. Bilibin.

The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature. By William L. Phelps.

An essay which is revised, rewritten, and enlarged from the original, which previously appeared in a periodical. The authors whom the writer deems the literary forces of the nineteenth century are treated here. Among others may be enumerated Keats, Byron, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray and Stevenson.

The Rivals. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

A de luxe edition of Sheridan's famous play with an introduction by Brander Matthews.

The Japanese Nation in Evolution. By William E. Griffis.

The author of this book was one of the first called to Japan in the cause of education, and it is stated, has been closely connected with the Mikado and other leaders of the present administration. From this viewpoint he has drawn the information which this book contains.

The Farmer's Boy. By Clifton Johnson.

The Country School. By Clifton Johnson.

Companion volumes dealing with the boy and girl life of fifty years ago.

Dorothy's Rabbit Stories. By Mary Calhoun.

The stories a little Southern girl, Dorothy, tells to her favourite pet, the

kitten named Kim. Some of them have to do with the adventures of General Bear, Major Possum, Colonel Coon, and other celebrities of that nature. Every story is illustrated.

Afield with the Seasons. By James Buckham.

An impression of Nature in all her varying moods. It takes the reader abroad into the sunlight, the shadow, and the storm; and shows the plant life and bird life of our fields and woods. The volume is well illustrated.

Herbart.

Herbert Spencer.

Pestalozzi.

Horace Mann.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

A new series, *Pioneers in Education*, by Gabriel Compayre. Translated from the French.

Famous Painters of America. By F. Walker McSpadden.

A series of life stories of certain men who have made American art and themselves famous. The first painter considered is Benjamin West, the little, untaught Quaker boy, who rose to be president of the Royal Academy. Chapters follow concerning Copley, Stuart, Inness, Vedder, Homer, La Farge, Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, and Chase. The volume contains many full-page portraits and reproductions of celebrated paintings.

The Battle of Life. Henry Van Dyke.

Glimpses of the Heavenly Life. By J. R. Miller.

The Spiritual Care of a Child. By Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay.

Growth without End. By Johanna Pirscher Call.

The Heart of Good Health. By Annie Payson Call.

The Good Old Way. Henry van Dyke.
The What is Worth While Series.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

Her Prairie Knight. By B. M. Bower.

A present day romance of the Western plains, dealing with the experiences of some Newport folks on a ranch. The Newport belle falls in love with the cowboy "Calahad," while the aristocratic Briton who coveted her hand is ingloriously defeated.

Another story, *Rowdy of the Cross L*, which also deals with life in the West, completes the volume.

Garrison's Finish. By W. B. M. Ferguson.
This romance centres about the race course and "Billy Garrison," a jockey, is the hero.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Those Queer Browns. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

A sequel to *The Singular Miss Smith*. In the closing chapters of the first book Annie Smith and William Brown married and in the sequel they continue their sociological studies in the New York slums. Agatha, William's young sister, helps them in rather an unconventional way, and finds her reward where she least expected it.

A Royal Tragedy. By Chedomille Mijatovich.

The story of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga, of Servia. The author of this book was for a time private secretary to King Milan, Alexander's father, and many times cabinet minister in the governments of both Milan and Alexander.

John Caldigate. By Anthony Trollope.
2 vols.

The fourth book issued in the series entitled *The Manor House Novels*. The last novel Trollope wrote and considered by many judges to be one of the best.

A History of English Literature. By W. Robertson Nicoll and Thomas Seacombe.

In this work the author aims to depict in an interesting way the writers who have made English literature, to represent their characters in a lifelike manner, to stimulate interest in their books. To this end the book is divided into chapters, each devoted to the lives of writers of a certain period and to criticism of their works, and illustrated with portraits of them where these are extant, facsimiles of first editions, their dwellings, etc. At the end of each chapter are very valuable bibliographies of editions, of books of commentary, of books of criticism, and extracts from the criticism of famous authors. The work consists of three volumes.

The Story of "The Ring." By S. H. Hamer.

A short analysis of the plot of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*, with the principal musical "motives."

Culture by Conversation. By Robert Waters.

An interesting book by a man of wide experience, showing not only the many advantages of conversation, but affording suggestions, by example and illustration, how to become a good converser.

Mother. By Owen Wister.

A love story with New York of the present day as a background. The author also tells of a disastrous speculation in Wall Street which the hero undertakes in order to get money enough to marry his fiancée. An unscrupulous broker induces him to buy as an investment certain stocks upon representations by the broker that he had bought the same stocks for "mother." He loses all. After trial and disappointment the lovers are finally happily united.

My Lady Caprice. B. Jeffery Farnol.

A love story, in which Reginald Augustus, otherwise known as "The Imp," is a healthy and very active small boy whose pranks are constantly bringing together the two young people whose romance has been interrupted by the intervention of the worldly Lady Warburton.

A Spring Fortnight in France. Josephine Tozier.

In this volume the author takes her readers among the cathedrals, chateaux, and villages of France. The book contains numerous illustrations from photographs and maps.

The Revelations of Inspector Morgan. By Oswald Crawford.

The actual experiences of a member of England's world-famous detective force which has its headquarters at Scotland Yard. See September BOOKMAN.

The Daughter of Anderson Crow. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Mr. McCutcheon's latest book is a story dealing with detectives, a mysteriously abandoned baby, a haunted house, kidnappers, a train robbery and other exciting incidents. "Rosalie" is as beset with adventure and danger as if she were a "Princess of Graustark" and she is in as great need of a lover who is loyal and brave. And he does come to her aid. The mistakes and disasters of the foolish, kind-hearted old Anderson Crow, the town marshal, afford amusement. The book is profusely illustrated, both in full-page drawings and many sketches inserted in the text.

Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Uprising of the Many. By Charles Edward Russell.

In this volume the author takes his readers round the world from England through France, Germany and Switzerland, to India, Japan, Australia and

New Zealand, contrasting the evils under which the people suffer where private greed dominates the government, with the benefits secured when the many take a hand for themselves and dominate greed.

Memoirs of an Arabian Princess. Translated by Lionel Strachey.

A romantic story of the career of a daughter of Sayyid Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, telling of her life in the royal harem, and her subsequent escape, and marriage to a German merchant. The book contains intimate revelations of Arab life in general.

The Overman. By Upton Sinclair.

The story of an English musician, who, wrecked upon a desert island in the South Seas, lives for twenty years alone, and during that time finds himself, while yet in the body, becoming cognisant of a spiritual world of people, activities, emotions—a life, the presence of which "is rapture and unutterable holiness."

To Him that Hath. By Leroy Scott.

Mr. Scott has told in this volume a story of sacrifice and undeserved suffering. The hero is a young man who by force of circumstances is led to sacrifice himself in order to save the reputation and influence for good of a clergyman, who in life had been dearer to him than a brother. The story deals with life in the East Side section of New York.

Alice in Blunderland. By John Kendrick Bangs.

With the sub-title of "An Iridescent Dream" this argument purposes to solve many of the controversies and doubts which are troubling the rulers of the Republic to-day.

Duffield and Company:

Painters and Sculptors. By Kenyon Cox.

A series of appreciations of individual masters, presenting as a whole a general view of painting since the sixteenth century.

Plays of Our Forefathers. By Charles Mills Gayley, Professor of English at the University of California.

An account of the origin and development of the earliest stage plays called Miracles or Moralities. Illustrated with reproductions of old wood-cuts.

A Child's Story of Hans Christian Andersen. By Paul Harboe.

A biography, told for young people, of the greatest of children's story-tellers. To be reviewed later.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration and First and Second Inaugural Addresses.

The Canticle of the Sun of St. Francis of Assisi.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

The Declaration of Independence.

The Constitution of the United States.

The Rubric Series. The publishers announce this series as being planned to give the readers various good things that are "established or settled by authority" in a handy form.

Houses for Town and Country. By William Herbert.

The typical town house, the typical country house and the house for all the year are discussed, and attractive ideas are set down for all the various rooms and also for the surrounding grounds.

Familiar Faces. By Harry Graham.

Skits on "The Baritone," "The Dentist," "The Waiter," "The Policeman," and others with whom the public is now familiar by means of the joke column. Illustrated.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Collected and edited, with a critical introduction and notes, by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry.

The text used in this edition is that of the Lorimer copy of 1845, revised by Poe with marginal corrections in his own hand.

A Book of American Humour.

These two small pocket volumes comprise a collection of the wit and humour of the best-known American writers.

House Health. By Norman Bridge.

Lectures on the common precautions to be taken in order to preserve health in the family.

The Happy Heart Family. By Virginia Gerson.

Juvenile. An illustrated book for small children.

Boys and Girls from Thackeray. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser.

A companion volume to *Boys and Girls from Dickens and George Eliot*. It takes up the characters of Henry Esmond, George Osbourne, Rawdon Crawley and others.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

William Blake. By Arthur Symons.

Sketches of the life and works of the poet.

Paul Elder:

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom. By Childe Harold.

Humorous skits every one of which is illustrated.

Eaton and Mains:

Illustrative Lesson Notes. By Ismar John Peritz, Frank Milton Bristol and Robert Remington Doherty.

A guide to the study of the International Sunday School Lessons for 1908. John T. McFarland, editor.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Evelyn van Courtland. By William Henry Carson.

The story relates the tragic consequences of an unhappy, mismatched life in its effects upon the future heroine of the story, whose father, to avenge his honour, has committed murder, though another is accused of and tried for his crime, but is acquitted. The accused man, Hugh Malcolm, later on, becomes the lover of Evelyn van Courtland and one of the most promising of the younger professional and public men of the day.

The Counterstroke. By Ambrose Pratt.

A dramatic story of an attempt to disband Nihilists and abolish Nihilism. The scene is laid in London at a meeting of anti-Nihilists, after an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Czar.

The Spotter. By William W. Canfield.

A tale of life in the oil regions of Pennsylvania at the time when the farmers discovered what wealth there was in the fields on which they had spent so much labour.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Stars of the Opera. By Mabel Wagnalls.

A revision of Miss Wagnalls's earlier work bearing the same name. The present edition contains descriptive sketches of the plots and music of *Semiramide*, *Faust*, *Werther*, *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, *Aida*, *The Huguenots*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Hamlet*, *Lakme*, *Pagliacci*, *Orpheus and Eurydice*; also interviews with Mmes. Melba, Calvé, and Geraldine Farrar.

Race Life of the Aryan People. By Joseph Widney.

In systematic order this is an attempt to tell of the life of the Aryan people beginning with the Asiatic period and going on in chronological order.

Ginn and Company:

Rhymes and Stories. Compiled and edited by Marion Florence Lansing. Illustrated by Charles Copeland.

The first volume of an intended series under the general title *The Open Road Library of Juvenile Literature*.

Harper and Brothers:

Ancestors. By Gertrude Atherton.

An American novel of the old San

Francisco. Mrs. Atherton has presented California with all its ancestral beauty and pride embodied in a high-bred young girl. The climax is attended by a description of the great earthquake as Mrs. Atherton witnessed it. To be reviewed later.

The Indians' Book. Reported and edited by Natalie Curtis. With an introductory note by President Roosevelt.

A revelation of the Indian—his customs, mind, character, and very soul. The Indians were persuaded that such a book would perpetuate the dignity of their race, and therefore told their poetic legends, and sang their strange songs, permitting their visitor to record these things exactly. The volume contains eight full-page illustrations in colour, twenty in sepia, and many drawings, made from original Indian designs; also many pages of Indian music, photographs, etc.

In Wildest Africa. By C. G. Schillings.

An account of the author's interesting observations and experiences in "The Dark Continent," with three hundred photographic studies from his negatives; also other illustrations.

Eben Holden's Last Day A-Fishing. By Irving Bacheller.

Where the reader renews his acquaintance with Eben Holden and still finds him, old as he is, a true lover of good sport. Time fails to change his gentle humour, wisdom and simple kindness.

Mam' Linda. By Will N. Harben.

The theme of this novel is a plea for law and order and the observance of Christian principles in treating the most difficult phases of the race problem. The scenes are laid in Georgia.

Wee Winkles and Her Friends. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Another volume added to the children's library of "Wee Winkles" stories. This book deals with Wee Winkles's dolls and their school-room, the little kittens, Jerry, the fire-engine horse, and how it helped Wide-awake. Love and care for animals is incidentally inculcated in the story.

Discoveries in Every-Day Europe. By Don C. Seitz.

Illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches, this is said to really be a new kind of a book about Europe, describing what an ordinary tourist would see on his travels.

Sunnyside Tad. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

The story of two outcasts, one human and the other mute, the boy Tad and his dog Diogenes.

The Chemistry of Commerce. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.

The publishers state that this book was compiled by a man who was sent to visit the most important laboratories and the most prominent chemists France, Germany and England have produced. The book is intended to make an appeal to the many people who in these days are interested in the science of chemistry.

Henry Holt and Company:

Darwinism To-day. By Vernon L. Kellogg.

A discussion of present-day scientific criticism of the Darwinian selection theories, together with a brief account of the principal other proposed auxiliary and alternative theories of species-forming.

The Youngsters of Centerville. By Etta Anthony Baker.

A story of child life in a rural American village, with its ball games, its prize contests, its parties, its exhibitions, etc.

Wage-Earners' Budgets. By Louise Bolard More.

A study of standards and cost of living in New York City.

Harps Hung up in Babylon. By Arthur Colton.

A volume of short poems.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt. By John Burroughs.

An interesting view of the outdoor life of the President. The book is in two parts, the first of which tells the story of Mr. Burroughs's trip with the President to the Yellowstone Park in the spring of 1903, while the second gives an account of a visit to Oyster Bay, treating of Roosevelt more specifically as a nature lover and observer. The author gives an interesting account of the President, his manner of meeting people along the route of travel, his chats with old acquaintances of his ranching days, his rides and walks in the wilderness, his camp-fire conversation and story-telling.

Mother Goose, in Silhouettes, cut by Katharine G. Buffum.

A selection of the most popular of the Mother Goose rhymes, illustrated with quaint and amusing silhouettes.

The Camp Fires of Mad Anthony. By Everett Tomlinson.

A book for young readers. This story of the adventures of "Mad Anthony" Wayne covers the period between 1774 and 1776. Many historical incidents are described, including the burning of a cargo of Tory tea at Greenwich, New

Jersey, the tarring of a Tory, the kidnapping of the hero, and a description of one of Wayne's battles.

Familiar Letters of James Howell. With an introduction by Agnes Repplier.

A new edition of Howell's letters, in two volumes, beautifully printed and bound in terra-cotta boards with leather back and label.

Faithless Nelly Gray. By Thomas Hood.

A reprint of that famous ballad with seventeen humorous cuts by Robert Seaver.

B. W. Huebsch.

Religion and Historic Faiths. By Otto Pfeleiderer, D.D. Translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch.

A course of lectures throwing light upon the changing attitude of different religions towards the others.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Real Australia. By Alfred Buchanan.

In this volume the author discusses phases of life on the continent—society, politics, women, theatres, imperialism, and also writes of men and women most prominent in literature and politics. He gives a description of the Australian's hospitality, open-heartedness and generosity.

Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays. By Hon. A. S. G. Canning.

Of the studies here published, four are revised and the other two, *Othello* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, are entirely new. The preface states that they are intended more for the general reader than the Shakespearian scholar.

John Lane Company:

The Mauleverer Murders. By A. C. Fox-Davies.

A story of mystery—the successive murders of four brothers. Suspicion fastens upon a woman who is really innocent. The murderer finally appears from a totally unexpected quarter.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Home Life in All Lands. By Charles Morris.

A volume of interest to young students. It deals with the interesting details of every-day life in various parts of the world. Mr. Morris writes of the queer foods eaten by foreign peoples, of the strange clothing worn in far-away quarters of the world, of the curious customs practised in many countries, and on numerous other topics.

When Kings Go Forth to Battle. By William Wallace Whitelock.

A story of love and adventure, the

scene of which is laid in the small German principality of "Westrum."

Beau Brocade. By Baroness Orczy.

A romance of "Beau Brocade," a young army officer of high birth, who, dismissed from the service through the treachery of a superior officer, takes to the road and becomes a master of chivalrous highwaymanry.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace H. Furness. The Tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra.

The first book of a very important series.

Recollections of an Ill-fated Expedition. By Neville B. Craig.

Concerning the expedition to the headwaters of the Madeira River in Brazil, giving the origin of the enterprise, the organisation of the American part and in fact all through in minute detail to the unfortunate end.

Little, Brown and Company:

Lord Cammarleigh's Secret. By Roy Horniman.

Anthony Brooke, a London actor in hard luck, so manages that he persuades Lord Cammarleigh that he has detected a secret which he is afraid will become known. On the strength of this supposed knowledge Anthony lives well, becomes private secretary and admirably fills the post. A rumour that he is the son of Lord Cammarleigh greatly advances his interests, and when he marries the charming Sybil his fortune is assured. But the secret remains a secret.

Judy. By Temple Bailey.

A story for young girls. Two of the characters are Anne and Judy, the former gentle and self-controlled and the latter tempestuous but fine in the possibilities for her future womanhood. The third important character is Lancelot, a manly and masterful fellow, who helps Judy work out her life problems.

Day: Her Year in New York. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The third volume of the "Sidney Books," in which Phyllis, Sidney's younger sister, develops from a well-meaning blunderer into an affectionate, tactful character.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Enlightenment of Olivia. By L. B. Walford.

A story of English suburban life, centring in Olivia, comfort-loving Willie, her husband, and self-satisfied Philip Ambrose. Olivia is a woman with literary tastes whose contempt for her neighbours, and indifference to public opin-

ion, create an interest in her actions and make her a somebody in her surroundings. Through her companionship with lionised Professor Ambrose she is shown her mistaken idea of self-importance, and is awakened to her true position with the world and her husband.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

A Little Prospector. By Edith M. H. Baylor.

In this volume Miss Baylor tells of a little fellow who goes with his parents from Boston out to the mining region of Nevada. Here he learns a good deal about gold mining and pioneer life. An example of young patriotism is shown in the making of a flag by the little hero from scraps of red, white and blue cloth. Numerous illustrations lend much interest to the book.

Ruth Erskine's Son. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden).

Ruth Erskine was one of the famous *Four Girls at Chautauqua* and also the heroine of *Ruth Erskine's Crosses*. This book finds her the widow of Judge Burnham, with one fine son, Erskine, to the making of whose life she devotes her own in fullest measure.

Defending His Flag. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A story of rebellion, heroism and adventure for boy readers. There are two heroes, one in the army of the North and the other in the cavalry of the South, friends personally, yet bitter foes on the battlefields. Both enlist at the opening of the Civil War. The author tells of forced marches, skirmishes, life in camp and in prison.

The Great Year. By A. T. Dudley.

The three heroes of Mr. Dudley's new college story are the captains of the football, baseball and track and field teams, their purpose being, for the honour of the school, to achieve a "Great Year." The story tells how they develop their material, rise superior to discouragements, and finally attain their ambitions. It also relates many jolly incidents of real school life.

Marion's Vacation. By Nina Rhoades.

Marion is a girl of thirteen, who, after having lived for ten years in a luxurious home in New York, is sent on a visit to some poor relatives in a little Vermont village. Her summer proved to be a most important one to her in all its lessons that come only through mingling in a life quite different from what she had known exclusively for so long.

Gayle Langford. By Harold Morton Kramer.

A romance of a Tory belle, "Gayle Langford," and a captain in the Conti-

nental Army. The time is that of the Declaration of Independence, with most of the events in Philadelphia and Trenton.

Love is the Sum of it All. By George Cary Eggleston.

A plantation romance, the scene of which is laid in Virginia shortly after the reconstruction period.

The Macmillan Company:

The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre. By Zona Gale.

Pelleas and Ettarre have been in love for fifty years and have found their own wedded happiness so rich that they become matchmakers of the most guileless, lovable kind. The book tells of their adventures in the effort to further some romance or other among the young folk with whom they come in contact.

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Two volumes.

Translated by E. M. Waller with an introduction by Andrew Lang. See *Chronicle and Comment*.

Love of Life. By Jack London.

Under this title the author has grouped eight short stories. The tale which gives the book its name is a description of a man dying in the wilds of the Northwest by slow starvation. The concluding story, "Negore, the Coward," relates to the old days of the Russian occupancy of Alaska, and shows what a man will do to retain a woman's love and wipe from his name an undeserved affix.

First Book in Latin. By Alexander James Inglis, A.B., and Virgil Prettyman, A.M., Ph.D.

The book comprises sixty-five lessons which the author considers an adequate preparation for the reading of Cæsar.

Public Ownership and the Telephone in Great Britain. By Hugo Richard Meyer.

A history of the telephone policy of Great Britain, and a discussion of the part taken by the government in its administration.

Life in the Homeric Age. By Professor Thomas Day Seymour.

A reconstruction of the earliest known Greek society and deals with the family and personal life as well as with political organisation.

Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker. By Richard G. Moulton

Supplementary to *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, previously published abroad and in use among schools and colleges. This book appeared about four years ago under the title of *The Moral System of Shakespeare*.

The McClure Company:

Helena's Path. By Anthony Hope. Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

The Car of Destiny. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A love-story, full of incidents encountered on a motor chase across Spain. The time of the story is just before the recent royal marriage, and King Alfonso is one of the characters. Lady Monica, in the Princess Ena's suite, a Spanish girl of rank, a marquis and a young American are the principal characters. Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Pinafore Palace. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

A book of rhymes and jingles for the nursery; selected from various sources for the amusement of very young readers and those who like to be read to.

The Wagner Stories. By Filson Young.

Stories of the Wagner Operas—the *Ring*, the other music dramas and the master's earlier works.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Great Plains. By Randall Parrish.

A history of the discovery and settlement of that part of the West known as "The Great Plains." Mr. Parrish has divided his work into three parts: I, Exploration; II, The Struggle for Possession, and III, Occupation.

For Maisie. By Katharine Tynan.

A romance, the scene of which is laid in an English country town. Maisie and her mother are found one stormy night by a rough, uneducated, eccentric fellow, who becomes so attached to the child that he marries the dying mother in order that he may keep the little girl. After the mother dies he puts Maisie in a school and goes away to make a fortune for her. He succeeds and buys an estate next to that of a certain earl, whose son falls in love with Maisie. The supposed father's efforts to make a social place for the girl, the secret of her birth, and the difficulties of her love affair with the earl's son, Humphrey Stanhope, are all told.

Beth Norvell. By Randall Parrish.

A story of Western mining camps and one-night stands. Beth Norvell is an attractive and talented young actress, and the hero is a daring young mining engineer. Winston, the mining engineer and a millionaire's son, having time to indulge a caprice and having seen Miss Norvell, decides to become for a time a barnstorming "supe." Tragedy, misunderstanding and years of waiting precede the satisfactory outcome.

Old Oak Furniture. By Fred Roe.

Containing chapters on the various styles of old oak furniture—Gothic, Norman, Renaissance—with a chapter devoted to "Forgeries in Old Oak." The text is supplemented by a coloured frontispiece and numerous line drawings by the author as aids in identifying the different styles and in understanding the development of designs from one period to another.

How to Identify Old Chinese Porcelain.

The author describes the valuable examples of porcelains in London and America, and gives a brief history of porcelain, its growth and evolution.

Thomas Gainsborough. By William Boulton.

A story of the life of Thomas Gainsborough, his work, friends and sitters. The author gives an account of the artist's parents, his birth, and early boyhood, and also writes of his life at Suffolk and Bath, and of his career in London. The volume contains many half-tone engravings illustrating the artist's most noted portraits and landscapes.

Hermann and Thunelda. Translated from the German by George Upton.

The Swiss Heroes. Translated from the German by George Upton.

Frithiof Saga. Translated from the German by George Upton.

Joseph Haydn. Translated from the German by George Upton.

Four books of the series of Life Stories for Young People.

The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba. By Herbert H. Sargent.

Presenting the recent war history of Cuba in three volumes. It is stated that the author, who is a colonel in the army, has had access to official records both Spanish and American, and therefore the book ought to be both entertaining and instructive.

The Charles E. Merrill Company:

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A new series of the masterpieces of English literature has been projected, its first volume being devoted to Coleridge and containing his "Ancient Mariner," his "Christabel" and other poems. There is also an introduction, prepared by Dr. Julian W. Abernethy of the Berkeley Institute in Brooklyn, giving a summary of the poet's life.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Ted in Mythland. By Hermine Schwed.

This takes a small boy into the land of myths, and the old tales of Greece and Rome, of the great god and god-

desses of Olympia, are told in a simple style, both in verse and prose, for the benefit of young children.

Wild Animal Celebrities. By Ellen Velvin.

Life stories of many celebrated animals now living and on exhibition in various zoological gardens and menageries throughout the world.

Rainy Day Diversions. By Carolyn Wells.

A book of games, puzzles, plays and recreations for days in the house.

The Blue Ocean's Daughter. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A sea story of romance and adventure during the Revolution, with a fascinating heroine, who controls the destinies of the American merchantmen.

The House of the Vampire. By George Sylvester Viereck.

"The Vampire is a psychological study of a man whose genius is absorbed from his talented associates. He drains the souls of each in succession, and then throws them aside as they cease to be of value to him.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Way of a Man. Emerson Hough.

The scene of this romance is laid in the West during the time of the great Western movement previous to the Civil War.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Red Feathers. By Theodore Roberts.

A story of adventure in Newfoundland when the world was young and when men made prayers to the sun, the winds, the frost, and the stars. The people who live in this book are of the Beothic race and the hero, "Run-All-Day," gained his name on account of his fleetness of foot and tireless endurance.

A Woman's Journey through the Philippines. By Florence Kimball Russell.

Parts of the chapters on Sulu, Zamboanga, and Bangoa have already appeared in the *Criterion* and *Everybody's*. The rest of the matter has never before been published.

Turkey and the Turks. By W. S. Monroe.

This is an attempt to furnish a general account of the people, lands, and institutions of the Ottoman Empire.

The Umbrian Cities of Italy. By J. W. and A. M. Cruikshank.

Two volumes which are classed among the *Travel Lovers' Library*. These are not to be taken as guide books like those of Baedeker and Murray, but they propose to treat the various objects of interest according to their magnitude.

Pearson Brothers:

The Psychology of Public Speaking. Walter Dill Scott.

The result of scientific investigations into the art of elocution and public speaking, with descriptions of experiments by eminent psychologists.

James Pott and Company:

Sunny Days in Italy. By Elise Lathrop.

A description of Italian days, manners and customs.

Scotland of To-day. By T. F. Henderson and F. Watt.

The authors take up the religion, the art, the literature, the games, the institutions, the food and drink, the education, and the wit and humour of the Scotland of to-day. There are also descriptions of towns and scenery to be found in this volume.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Law: Its Origin, Growth and Function. James Coolidge Carter, LL.D.

A comprehensive study of the origin and development of law as a science, and of its influence and function as a powerful force in the civilisation of mankind.

The Fleming H. Revell Company:

Polly Pat's Parish.

Polly is a girl of sixteen with four younger brothers and sisters, "the four-in-hand," as she calls them. She helps her father, the rector of the parish, to bring the different classes of people under his care into Christian fellowship.

Ungava Bob. By Dillon Wallace.

A tale of a young trapper, who, wishing to earn money with which to send his crippled sister to the hospital for medical treatment, gets permission to hunt and trap on a trail in the heart of the Labrador wilderness.

The Mediator. By Edward A. Steiner.

The story of a boy from Russian Poland, who receives his education in a Roman Catholic monastery. He comes to America, and in the New World he fights his own way manfully, and meets the romance of his life.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The France of To-day. By Barrett Wendell, Professor of English at Harvard College.

An account of the intimate social life of the French people to-day.

Inquiries and Opinions. By Brander Matthews.

A volume of essays: "Poe and the Detective Story," "Mark Twain," "A

Note on Maupassant," "Ibsen the Playwright," and others.

The Harrison Fisher Book.

A collection of the drawings of this well-known illustrator. More than one hundred illustrations in pen and ink, wash and charcoal, are included and nine full-page sketches reproduced in full colour. There is also an article by James B. Carrington on "Mr. Fisher's Place in American Illustration."

The Domestic Adventurers. By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

Three "young" women, one forty, decide to give up their apartment in the city for the joys of suburban life. The visitations of their four successive maids throw a side light on the momentous servant question.

The Crested Seas. By James Brendan Connolly.

A collection of Mr. Connolly's famous sea stories, dealing with the adventurous life of the fishermen.

Nursery Rhymes from Mother Goose. Illustrated by G. G. Wiederseim.

A new and humorous interpretation of Mother Goose, with nine full-page drawings reproduced in full colours and many other pages in tint and black and white.

Court Life of the Second French Empire, 1852-1870. By Le Petit Homme Rouge.

Its organisation, chief personages, splendour, frivolity, and downfall.

Bonaparte in Egypt and the Egyptians of To-day. By Haji A. Browne.

An account of Egypt during the last hundred years and of present conditions in that country. A valuable book for all who are interested in Egypt and the Egyptians of to-day.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Quips and Quiddits. By John B. Tabb.

"Ques for the Quirious" is the sub-title of this little book of quaint and humorous verse. It has numerous funny drawings by Charles Copeland.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Naples Riviera. By Herbert M. Vaughan.

The author describes in this volume the many places of beauty and interest lying upon the Bay of Naples and Salerno, including the islands of Ischia and Capri, and gives their historical and literary associations. He also deals with the habits of the peasants, their songs and folk-lore.

The Young Traders. By Harold Bindloss.

The struggles and adventures of two boys in Western Africa in the service

of a trading company. The author draws upon his own experiences for his plot and incidents.

Jack the Young Trapper. By George Bird Grinnell.

The story of "Jack" and his fifth summer in the West, which he spent in the parks of Colorado, following the streams and trapping beaver. "Hugh," the experienced guide, gives some interesting accounts of the intelligence and industry of the beaver and the methods used to trap them.

The Angels of Messer Ercole. By Duffield Osbourne.

The scenes of this romance are laid in ancient Perugia and the principal characters are Ercole da Passigno and the Princess Ottavia Baglioni, whom Ercole loves. It is a dainty little holiday edition bound in lavender silk cloth, with an inset in sepia and design in deep purple and gold.

Winston of the Prairie. By Harold Bindloss.

The author tells the story of a young man of upright character, but defeated in the battle of life, who consents as a last resort to impersonate for a time a man of his own age, though of a different type—rash, cruel, and, in fact, a scoundrel, though coming from an aristocratic family. After making the exchange of names the better man finds himself barred from resuming his old name because the other has stained it with murder. The story goes on to tell how he comes into the other man's possessions, lives down this reputation, and how he finally wins the respect of all men and the love of a fastidious and delicately nurtured girl.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand as sold between September 1st and October 1st.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glynn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. John Bull's Other Island. Shaw. (Brentano's.) \$1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Man Who Rose Again. Horking. (Jennings and Graham.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracey. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. To Him that Hath. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Bed Time Book. Whitney. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Devota. Evans. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Empire Builders. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Doniphan Expedition. Connelly. (Bryant and Douglas.) \$2.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
5. Worry. Saleeby. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Brunhilde's Paying Guest. Fuller. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

4. Alice-for-short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Country House. Galsworthy. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
5. Needles and Pins. McCarthy. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Shadow of a Great Rock. Lighton (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Empire Builders. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) \$1.50.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glynn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Lost Leader. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. Fräulein Schmidt. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Duncan. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. Three Weeks. Glynn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (Musson.) \$1.25.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (McLeod and Allen.) \$1.25.
4. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (Musson.) 50c.
5. The Mystery. White. (Musson.) \$1.50.
6. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Froude.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D C.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10				
" " 2d " " "	8				
" " 3d " " "	7				
" " 4th " " "	6				
" " 5th " " "	5				
" " 6th " " "	4				

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50	330	
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	205	
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50	194	
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00	168	
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50	150	
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50	116	



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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

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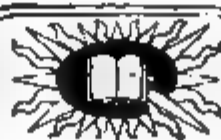
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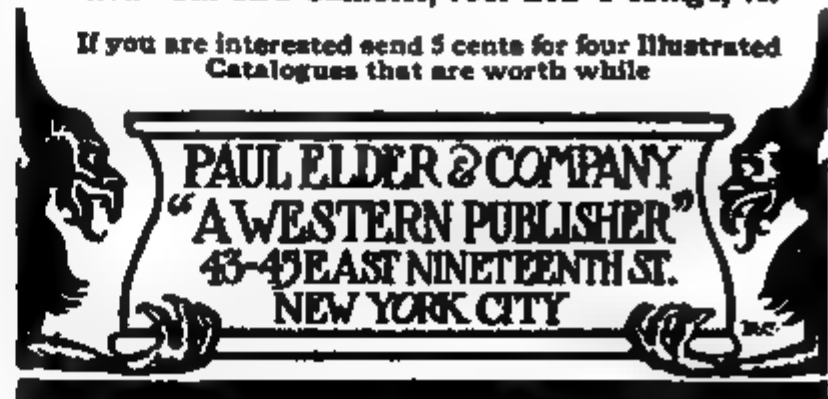


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The Bookman

for 1908

To quote the Walrus of Lewis Carroll's rhyme, the time has come to talk of many things. Of chief importance to our mind is the new, the broader and more vital BOOKMAN which we are planning to give to our readers during the months of 1908. THE BOOKMAN will maintain its conceded place as the foremost literary magazine of America. But we are not content with that. It is to have a wider appeal and meaning. More and more are we determined that it shall be not merely a magazine of literature, but also a magazine of Life.

A Few of the Good Things for 1908

The New Baedeker *Being the Casual Notes of an Irresponsible Traveller*

In our September number we printed the first paper of this very unusual series, which is to be one of our features during next year. It dealt very unconventionally with the experiences of "The Irresponsible Traveller" in the too little known Belgian city of Malines. Concerning this paper we have received many personal inquiries as to the subsequent fate of the genial John Tom and La Belle Rose. In the second paper of the series the writer has found his inspiration in the apparently prosaic city of Utica, New York. It is the idea of the writer to alternate in this manner between places at home and places abroad. After an invasion of what Charles Yellowplush called "Foring Parts," he turns his observation and amiable humour to the summing up of some place nearer at hand.

Americans in France's Legion of Honour

Despite the scandals that were aired during the administration of President Grevy, the French Legion of Honour remains the most vital and democratic order in the world. Founded by the great Napoleon, it attained at once a significance absolutely unique in history. After the Restoration the Bourbons tried in vain to discredit it. Apart from what it means to Frenchmen, it has a genuinely international significance. For example, there are to-day about two hundred Americans possessing the right to wear in their button-holes the thin strip of red ribbon of the Order. Who these Americans are, and what particular service in art, or literature, or engineering, or finance, or war won them this right will be the basis of an article in a forthcoming number.

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The Greatest Women's Club in the World

Mr. Bernard Shaw in *The Philanderer* railed at the English club woman. In this attitude he was far from being alone. Yet even the most hardened of masculine scoffers must be a little appalled in contemplation of the Lyceum, which may properly be termed the Greatest Women's Club in the World. This organisation of professional women has been in existence only five years. It has to-day a membership in London of several thousand and a club house that in many respects is probably unequalled anywhere. Branches of the club are to be founded in Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Holland and probably in the United States. Thus the Lyceum is rapidly becoming an international institution, and its members all over the world will soon be enjoying the privileges of a club house in every capital in Europe. An elaborately illustrated article on this organisation will appear in a forthcoming number of THE BOOKMAN.

The American Nobel in England *Its Readers and Its Critics*

What do the English readers really think of the present-day American novel? Formerly the British attitude toward American fiction was largely the attitude that one adopts toward the romances of the late Jules Verne. The Englishman acknowledged reality and verisimilitude only in American novels of the utmost extravagance. To him a book true to American life meant a book whose pages were filled with Redskins, bowie-knives and border massacres. We have changed all that; American novels of a soberer nature have found their way to England, and their titles appear from time to time among the English lists of "Best Sellers." But what is the really critical English attitude? What do cultivated Englishmen and women think, for example, of Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Wister, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Davis, their stories and their heroes and heroines?

The Most Celebrated Case in History *Ten Years Later*

A year ago the cables brought us the brief announcement that the portfolio of the French Ministry of War had been given to a certain General Picquart. It was not thought worth while in most places to say anything about the antecedents of this person or to hint that his history contained anything of particular interest. Yet ten years ago this man was the most reviled and the most lauded, not merely in France, but throughout the civilised world. He was the very incarnation of one side of "The Most Celebrated Case in History." And his personal obscurity to-day, despite his high office, is wonderfully typical of that case—Ten Years Later. Of the present lives of those men, now apparently forgotten, but whose names so short a time ago were ringing through Europe and America—the unfortunate Dreyfus, Paty de Clam, Scheurer-Kestner, Démanges, Mercier, Boisdeffre and Labori—"The Most Celebrated Case in History, Ten Years Later," will tell.

England's Royal Academy

There are many organisations in the interest of American art of serious importance. But dissensions and jealousies have probably been largely responsible for the absence of any body of dominant force such as is exemplified in England's Royal Academy. As an institution the Royal Academy is distinctively British. Its aim has been the elevation of English art on a broad scale, and whatever differences of opinion there may be among the academicians and associates are always subordinated to the loyalty of the body as a whole. Founded by George III. in 1768, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the Academy's first president. Others who have filled this office are Benjamin West, Lawrence, Eastlake, Leighton, Millais and Poynter. The article will discuss the Royal Academy, not historically, but as the organisation is and works to-day.

Monarchs in Exile

The modern world offers no figures more pathetic than the king and queen without a throne. In a corner of England there is living in obscurity the woman who was once Empress of the French. Paris is the home of a former Queen of Spain and of countless banished grand dukes and serene highnesses. Some have yielded to the inevitable; others still cling to tradition, and even in exile and comparative poverty try to surround themselves with the atmosphere of a court. Twenty years ago Alphonse Daudet drew a wonderful picture of this life in *Les Rois in Exile*. These articles will tell of the Monarchs in Exile of to-day.

Serial Stories

During the past year THE BOOKMAN readers have had the privilege of reading *The Stooping Lady*, by Maurice Hewlett, and *The Mother of the Man*, by Eden Phillpotts, in serial form.

At the conclusion of the latter story, which is still running, another story worthy to follow two such strong and entertaining stories as have appeared in 1907 will be published in THE BOOKMAN.

Short Stories

As heretofore, there will be published several short stories during the year, and a high standard of merit for this important feature of THE BOOKMAN will be maintained.

The Letter Box

Perhaps no department of THE BOOKMAN has had as secure a hold upon the interest and even affections of its readers as the Letter Box. This has appeared intermittently of late, but it will be resumed during 1908 under the same presiding genius as before.

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While Shepherds Watch'd

2.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Nahum Tate

"THE NATIVITY"

From the painting by Gustave Doré

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

DECEMBER, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The recent death of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes at the age of seventy-six has called out a good deal of comment, largely from those who have always looked down from superior heights upon the many novels which this writer composed during her long life. It was as far back as 1854 that she wrote her first book, *Tempest and Sunshine*, and since then she did a novel nearly every year, their net circulation being reported as more than two million copies. Here is a concrete fact which is very interesting. More sophisticated writers have had their brief seasons of popularity—often meteoric—and they then have passed out of recollection; but the public to which Mrs. Holmes appealed was faithful to her until the very end. Mrs. Holmes as a young woman taught a district-school, and hers was the point of view of many millions whose education and experience are limited to the country village and the small town. She thought as they thought and she wrote the sort of thing which they could best appreciate. She gave as much pleasure to her particular readers as Thackeray and Meredith ever gave to theirs. Her art was simple and her ethical code was not complicated by sophistry. She rewarded virtue and punished vice in the good old-fashioned way, which the majority of human beings thoroughly approve. Slightly didactic, her teaching was, after all, the sort of teaching which endures; and with her, no

less than with Aristotle, art was linked with fundamental morality. There is always some writer of this sort, usually a woman, who may be neglected by the critics or even mocked at by the supercilious, but who, nevertheless, goes straight to the hearts and consciences of the average untutored man and woman. The literary school of Mrs. Holmes was earlier represented by Miss Susan Warner, who was born in 1819 and who wrote *The Wide, Wide World* in 1851. This is one of the novels which publishers long rejected, but which, when it appeared, swept over the reading public irresistibly. Perhaps no one reads it now, for it is even more old-fashioned than the books of Mrs. Holmes; yet in its day it was translated into French, German and Swedish and is said to have been the most widely circulated American book next to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Miss Warner's second novel, *Queechy*, which appeared in 1852, was almost as popular; and she continued writing until 1868.



To be grouped with these two is Miss Maria Susanna Cummins, who in her own field—the same field which belonged to Mrs. Holmes and Miss Warner—was a brilliant light. The name perhaps means little now; but in 1854 *The Lamp-lighter* was the most talked-of novel of its time throughout the United States. Of it more than 100,000 copies were sold, and this at a period when a sale of 5,000 copies was considered a remarkable success. The subsequent books of Miss

MRS. DAVIS

FRED, THE CHAUFFEUR

MR. DAVIS

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

V. Richard Harding Davis and his Cadillac on the road from Mt. Kisco to Marion, Massachusetts

Cummins, however, did not meet with the same favour; and after a short time she fell into obscurity,—in this respect failing to sustain the parallel which has just been drawn. Now that Mrs. Holmes has died, the torch is kept alight by Miss Laura Jean Libbey (since 1898, Mrs. Van Meter Stilwell), of whom much the same thing may be said as of Mrs. Holmes. Miss Libbey has been more prolific as a writer than any other feminine representative of her school. She has already published some fifty books and has contributed voluminously to story-papers. Cheap editions of her novels are to be found on almost every news-stand, and there are no signs that her vogue is lessening. In truth, these four writers sufficiently illustrate the fact that while the highly cultivated public is one of varied tastes, the far greater public which critics do not recognise holds fast to certain primitive ideals, both ethical and literary, which are unchanged amid the clash of Romantics and Realists, of Naturalists and Symbolists. These last may rage together and imagine a vain thing; but the boy or the

girl who is trained in a district school and who lives the simple life holds fast always to certain fixed ideas which, from generation to generation, remain immutable.

✻

Englishmen are fond of ascribing our alleged anti-British feeling to the text-books which are used in American schools. It is believed, at any rate, that these books foster and keep alive many old-time prejudices inherited from the Revolution and the War of 1812. American boys are supposed to be fed on the horrors of British prison-ships, and on massacres like that of the Wyoming Valley, and to think of the burning of the Capitol at Washington with undying resentment. In all this there is some little truth, but much more nonsense. Were the same thing to be said of the relations of Northerners to Southerners, based on text-book influences, the assertion might be viewed more seriously. The North and the South have come together very close-

Put Yourself
in Their
Place

THE LATE MARY J. HOLMES

ly during the past twenty years. Common interests, commercial relations and personal friendships have banished much of the old-time mistrust. Any one who in the North should to-day talk about "rebel brigadiers" would be laughed at. There are not many inhabitants of the South, we fancy, who still feel that they are living in a foreign land and that all other Americans are aliens and outsiders. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Southerners read about the Civil War too exclusively in books of Southern origin and that Northerners seldom even see the literature which the South produces on the subject of that

great crisis in our history. Of late something has been done by historians to correct this one-sided tendency. Mr. J. F. Rhodes in his remarkable *History of the United States*, has drawn very freely upon Southern sources of information and has used them impartially and with a desire to be absolutely just. On the other hand, the history written by Professor J. P. Gordy—a native of Maryland—is read throughout the North. But these books are far too expensive and, indeed, too exhaustive for general circulation. What is needed is a series of brief historical works that may be interchanged, so that Southerners shall come

ALEXANDER HUNTER
Author of *Johnny Reb* and *Billy Yank*

JOHN H. ALEXANDER
Author of *Mosby's Men*

EDWARD A. MOORE
*Author of The Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall
Jackson*

CAPTAIN JOHN W. HEADLEY
*Author of Confederate Operations in Canada
and New York*

to understand just how the men of the North felt in the days of blood and flame, and so that Northerners may have an intelligent sympathy with Southern sentiment. When the power of literature

shall have been invoked to unite both sections in a perfect understanding with each other, then, indeed, will Americans become a unified and harmonious people.

The subject of cryptography and the deciphering of codes is always more or less fascinating, and perhaps the most interesting chapter in David Homer Bates's *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office* is that which treats of the intercepted Confederate despatches during the war. Lincoln, Mr. Bates tells us, took a strong personal interest in the ciphers brought to the War Department for translation. On the whole the codes used by the South seem to have been much easier to read than those employed on the North-

At other times the Confederates did not use the alphabet square with a key word, but adopted the still simpler method of going ahead or back in the regular alphabet a certain number of

letters, as prearranged. In December, 1863, a letter was picked up in the New York post office and forwarded to the cipher operators of the War Department. When translated it was found to be intended for Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State. This cipher was wholly different from any that had before appeared in the War Department and it was hours before it was successfully translated. We reproduce the message as it appeared in cipher. The following is the translation:

Willis is here. The two steamers will leave here about Christmas. Lamar and Bowers left here via Bermuda two weeks

ago. 12,000 rifled muskets came duly to hand and were shipped to Halifax as instructed.

We will be able to seize the other two steamers as per programme. Trowbridge has followed the President's orders. We will have Briggs under arrest before this reaches you. Cost \$2,000. We want more money. How shall we draw? Bills all forwarded to Slidell and recta recd. Write as before.

J. H. C.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has lately been very much in what has come to be styled "the public eye,"

Conan Doyle partly by his ingenious
in detective work in the
America case of the young Anglo-Syrian, George Edalji,

and partly because of his recent marriage. His successful detective work is especially interesting for reasons which it may be worth while to recall. After Sherlock Holmes had become so famous, many persons were ready to believe that the creator of Sherlock could himself do things quite as remarkable. When Dr. Doyle (as he was then) visited South Africa during the Boer War, he was a good deal annoyed because people would persist in sending him envelopes and pieces of writing and other things, with the request that he would examine them closely and deduce from them all sorts of facts. Of course, this kind of thing was a nuisance, and Dr. Doyle took refuge in a vast stolidity, declaring that he could make nothing of all this material, and that he was unable to deduce from them any facts whatever. Then public opinion changed, and it was said: "Oh, it's easy enough to write detective stories, because you simply commence at the end and work backward to the beginning. No matter how ingenious the puzzle may be, the man who contrives it could not himself work out a puzzle which someone else contrived." And so Dr. Doyle no longer got any credit for being himself a real Sherlockian. But the Edalji case has shown that Conan Doyle is not only a Sherlock but also a Mycroft. Roused by the injustice done to an innocent man, he set himself to work, exposed the incompetence and prejudice of the local Lestrades, proved that their deductions were entirely false, and showed

that the evidence upon which the court had convicted Edalji was absolutely worthless. It was a brilliant demonstration, and the Home Secretary was fairly forced to release Edalji from imprisonment.

■

This triumph of Conan Doyle's ingenuity came just at about the time when he was married. Some sensational correspondent cabled the news of his engagement and coupled it with a statement to the effect that Sir Arthur had been one of the three most inveterate bachelors in England and that no one had supposed that he would ever marry. We have already pointed out in these pages that, so far from having been a life-long bachelor, he had, in fact, been married many years and that his first wife had died not very long before. Indeed, those who remember his visit to America in 1894 will also remember that he cut short a highly successful course of public reading, so that he might go back to England to spend Christmas with his wife, who was an invalid. As this seems to have been generally forgotten, it may be of interest to recall some of the facts connected with Conan Doyle's only visit to the United States. He came here in October, 1894, and gave forty public readings under the direction of Major Pond. He was immensely successful. A certain frank heartiness, curiously tinged with timidity, greatly took the fancy of his audiences; and he might have continued here indefinitely had he cared to do so. He was pleased with everything, prowled about in all sorts of unusual places, and took a sort of boyish delight in his adventures. The only thing which seemed to trouble him was our over-heated railway cars, hotels and houses. He was himself an exceedingly warm-blooded person, wearing no overcoat even in the coldest weather, and preferring to lecture in a frock-coat so that he might dispense with his waistcoat, the absence of which he concealed by buttoning up his "Prince Albert." Dr. Doyle's popularity was a source of great embarrassment to him; for his audiences always remained in the hope of meeting one whose personality had so charmed them. As a rule, at the moment when he stopped reading, he would rush for the wings and

escape through the stage-entrance to a cab. On one occasion, just before a lecture, his manager, Major Pond, told him that a number of very well-known and very fashionable ladies had especially requested that they might meet him after his reading. The Doctor was flurried to an extent that was almost painful. He begged to be let off, saying piteously: "Oh, I cannot, I cannot. What do they want of me? Do let me get away! I haven't the courage to look anybody in the face." This was not so much bashfulness as it was a settled conviction that he was an utter failure as a public entertainer. Nevertheless he did, at one time or another, meet a good many Americans and was immensely liked, especially by newspaper men. He was showered with invitations from clubs and all sorts of societies and associations, not one-tenth of which was he able to accept. Not long before his departure for England, the Aldine Club in New York gave him a farewell dinner where he made an off-hand speech, a part of which is worth repeating here. He began by telling how, on his arrival in Boston, the cabman who drove him from the station refused to accept any fare but politely asked for a ticket to the reading. Dr. Doyle expressed surprise that the cabman should have recognised him, and asked: "Tell me how you found out who I am, and you shall have tickets for your whole family and such cigars as you smoke here in America, besides." Whereupon, according to Dr. Doyle, the cabman answered:

"If you will excuse personal remarks, your coat lapels are badly twisted downward, where they have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the Quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber, and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it, in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Buffalo mud just under the instep; the odour of a Utica cigar hangs about your clothing; and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the through sleepers from Albany. The crumbs of doughnut on the top of your bag—pardon me, your luggage—could only have come

there in Springfield; and stencilled upon the very end of the 'Wellington,' in fairly plain lettering, is the name, 'Conan Doyle.'"

¶

Somewhat more veracious than this anecdote is the story which Conan Doyle tells of an experience which he had when leaving school. His teacher must have been one of those noble old Romans such as Thackeray describes as roaring at young Pendennis when the Major, his uncle, called to take the boy away. When Conan Doyle had finished his course in school, the head-master called him aside and, after eyeing him with ominous disfavour, spoke to him in measured tones as follows: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something which you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

¶

We sympathise very cordially with the spirit which led our contemporary,

The Fleshly School

the *London Bookman*, to print in its October issue the article on "The Fleshly School of Fiction," although on one

or two points we consider the article rather extreme. Heine once said somewhere that he found a praying Englishman a spectacle more repulsive than a blaspheming Frenchman. While we do not endorse this view we can understand perfectly what he meant. Certainly there is nothing very edifying in the idea of the number of English women who, during the past four or five years, have been turning out books of particular nastiness. The author of "The Fleshly School of Fiction" examines twelve novels of to-day and finds generally disordered sex relationships, with cruelty, cynicism, and blasphemy. He bewails the popularity of the tainted novel:

The great stories that shine in literature have kept their place by the faith, hope, justice, purity, strength of conviction shadowed forth in them. No supreme book preaches moral anarchy. The alternative to be decided by readers—chiefly women—who make the fortune of English fiction, is whether we shall continue the splendidly wise and tender-hearted tradition of Scott,

Dickens, Thackeray, or fall upon the garbage spread out in the sun by imitators of the erotic, absinthe-drenched, nerve-racked decadents who swarm about Paris cafés. Do we choose the latter? Then our novel is doomed. It will be a thing illicit and unmentionable, to be shunned by the self-respecting; a bad habit which lowers vitality, clouds the brain, and clamours for increase of poison till nothing remains but an appetite, *le soif de la mort*. Literature will have sunk to pathology; and the physician may be compelled to treat the modern story as if it were a shameful disease.

■

Candour so extreme that at times it might be called eccentricity is the keynote of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's *Memories of My Life*, which appeared in England under the rather unusual title of *My Double Life*. The first impression that one derives from these pages is that they have been written with the most absolute sincerity; the second is of a vivid and erratic personality that somehow explains if it does not justify all the ridiculous stories that have been launched at the expense of the "Divine Sarah" during the past half century. She herself says that she is quite different from other persons. We believe it readily. The portrait that she gives of herself is astonishing in its frankness. She narrates her outbursts of temper without the slightest thought of apology. If on a certain occasion she boxed another actress' ears she says so. She paints all the moods of her petulance, her unhappiness, her disappointment and does not in the least try to obscure the story of her early failures. In a word the text of the book makes us comprehend thoroughly its many and unusual portraits. After reading we regard without surprise such a picture as that which shows the great actress sleeping in her coffin.

■

The story of a life such as Madame Bernhardt's is inevitably rich in incident. Perhaps there is in the book nothing more unconsciously humorous than the description of her first visit to Amer-

ica in the autumn of 1880. Americans who have had experience with the New York custom house will grin at the mere thought of Madame Bernhardt's rage as her trunks were unceremoniously emptied on the docks. Almost as irritating she found the importunities of the American reporter. But her exasperation was roused to its highest pitch by the whale of Boston harbour which followed her with the same persistence that Tartarin's camel showed in following Tartarin back to Tarascon after his disastrous experiences with the African lions and the Montenegrin prince. A fishing boat had captured an enormous whale. Madame Bernhardt was inveigled into the indiscretion of going to see it and was pushed down a flight of steps until for a moment she stood on the whale's back. The ingenious and not over-scrupulous showman who had purchased the whale saw to it that everywhere that Sarah went the whale was sure to go. She was not long left in ignorance. No sooner had she reached New Haven after leaving Boston than her attention was attracted by the most infernal noise of blaring instruments.

I saw an immense carriage surrounded by an escort of negroes dressed as minstrels. On this carriage was an abominable, monstrous, coloured advertisement representing me standing on the whale, tearing away its blade while it struggled to defend itself. Some sandwich men followed with posters on which were written the following words: "Come and see the enormous cetacea which Sarah Bernhardt killed by tearing out its whalebone for her corsets. These are made by Mde. Lily Noe, who lives, etc." Still other sandwich men carried posters with these words: "The whale is just as flourishing (sic) as when it was alive. It has five hundred dollars' worth of salt in its stomach, and every day the ice upon which it was resting is renewed at a cost of one hundred dollars."

My face turned more livid than that of a corpse and my teeth chattered with fury on seeing this. Henry Smith advanced toward me and I struck him in my anger, and then rushed away to my room, where I sobbed with vexation, disgust, and utter weariness. I wanted to start back to Eu-

rope at once, but Jarrett showed me my contract. I then wanted to take steps to have this odious exhibition stopped, and in order to calm me, I was promised that this should be done, but in reality nothing was done at all. Two days later I was at Hartford and the same whale was there. It continued its tour as I continued mine. They gave it more salt, and renewed its ice, and it went on its way, so that I came across it everywhere. I took proceedings about it, but in every State I was obliged to begin all over again, as the law varied in the different States. And every time I arrived at a fresh hotel I found there an

immense bouquet awaiting me with the horrible card of the showman of the whale. I threw his flowers on the ground and trampled on them, and much as I love flowers, I had a horror of these. Jarrett went to see the man and begged him not to send me any more bouquets, but it was all of no use, as it was the man's way of avenging the box on the ears I had given him. Then, too, he could not understand my anger. He was making any amount of money and had even proposed that I should accept a percentage of the receipts. Ah! I would willingly have killed that execrable Smith, for he was poisoning my life.

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

VI. Lloyd Osbourne and his Maxwell "Baby Beautiful." Mr. Osbourne's five cars have been named respectively "Baby Bullet," "Hell-Hound," "Dandy Dick," "Baby Beautiful," and "Chug"

There are those who profess to find Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new Christmas story, *The Little City of Hope*, a strong suggestion of Robert Louis Stevenson. *A propos* of this, there has recently come to light the following hitherto unpublished letter of Stevenson to Crawford in the spring of 1890. It was about this time that Stevenson was making himself a permanent home among the people of Samoa. The letter was sent from Sydney, New South Wales, and the only way of fixing the date of sending was the postmark, on the envelope, which read April 15th, 1890. One word near the end is illegible and is here indicated by a blank space. All that part following P. S. is written diagonally across the reverse of the single half sheet in a very small hand:

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.
(Postmark, April 15th, 1890.)

DEAR SIR: I sail in some forty hours back

among the islands, which are now more homelike in my eyes than the world to which I once belonged; I have a thousand calls upon my time; I do not know you, it is likely we shall never meet, and I think it not improbable that my literature may be abominable in your eyes. For all that I sacrifice some of my last moments to send you my salutations and thanks. Years ago I read *Mr. Isaacs*; I did not like it—I suppose I was a fool; and read no more of you, till the other day, when I fell a prey to *Greifenstein*; and I am now surrounded by your works, and in the middle of *With the Immortals*. It is reviving to me to know I have a contemporary of your strength; though I suppose you are younger, as I hope you will soar higher and farther than

Your admirer,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S.—I trust you will not think I expect an answer; it is my weakness to rush in with encumbering gratitude when I am pleased; but the act suffices. And indeed I cannot now be said to possess such a thing

HERBERT QUICK
Author of *The Broken Lance*

DAVID HOMER BATES
Author of *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office*

WARREN CHENEY
Author of *His Wife*

HENRY C. SHELLEY
Author of *John Harvard and his Times*

GUNSTON HALL

as an address; the ship in which I leave sails with sealed orders, and I myself am ignorant whither I am bound or where I may bring up. Some of your books—poor waifs!—are to make the same blindfold launch; they will be read in a better climate and in lovelier places than their author dreams of, Italy not being forgotten. R. L. S.

No pure translations in music? A symphony rendered on the piano, an air from the Queen of Night played on the piccolo. And you forget there are *foreign tongues* even in music: Indian music, with its innumerable scales. Chinese music, of which you speak very lightly, but have you ever heard it? even my Polynesian music in which I delight, but most Europeans declare to have no sense or loveliness whatever. I think there is nothing so parochial as music, where all* with its little patrimony of twelve sounds, chosen, heaven knows how or why, out of the millions possible. But it is just the narrowness of its patrimony that enables it to be so great.

*One word illegible

"The scene of the first part of Vaughan Kester's *John o' Jamestown*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is laid in Westmoreland County, England, where Mr. Kester lived two summers ago at Augill Castle. The little village of Brough is the village mentioned in the book, and stands very near to what was once a Roman camp. The lead seals of the Roman soldiers are still dug up there, and on the place was an old Roman well, while a road built in the time of the Cæsars crossed before the house. But while the idea of the book suggested itself in England, it was written at "Ben Venue," on the banks of the Potomac, which John Smith was the first man to discover and map. The book really follows the chronicles very clearly, on from the point where the ships of the London Company sail for Virginia."

From "Ben Venue," where *John o' Jamestown* was written, Mr. Kester is

now moving into Gunston Hall, Gunston, Fairfax County, Virginia, one of the oldest and most historic places on upper tide-water. It was the home of George Mason, author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, and first senator from Virginia; and it is a tradition that Jefferson there made his first rough draft of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Kester, by the way, is a cousin of William Dean Howells and a brother of Paul Kester, the playwright.

The McClure Company are publishing this autumn a translation, by Mme. Charles Bigot, of Jules Lemaitre's *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. The chapters of this work were originally written as lectures and were delivered last winter before the Société de Géographie of Paris, where they formed one of the principal social and intellectual events of the Paris season. It is even intimated that

Jean
Jacques

VAUGHAN KESTER

Whose *John o' Jamestown* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

JULES LEMAITRE IN HIS STUDY

the veteran critic whose return to literature they marked after a long political divagation, was much irritated by the numbers of fashionable women who thronged the hall and did their best to turn the event into what it was as far as possible from the determination of the lecture to make it, a *cours aux dames*. M. Lemaître has been preceded in previous years by a succession of distinguished lecturers, among whom two or three years ago was the late M. Brunetière.

❧

Among the books of the season which may be regarded in the light of literary curiosities, individual mention should be made of *The Queen of Sheba*, which after being turned into French by the eminent critic Hugues Le Roux has been translated into English by Mrs. John Van Vorst. *Magda, Queen of Sheba* is the ancient chronicle upon which Menelik II., Emperor of Abyssinia, bases his royal lineage and his claim to be the only living descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. In his introduction to

the book *Messieur Le Roux* tells the story of the manuscript and how it came to his attention in 1904. This manuscript, which relates the history of the Queen of Sheba, the ancestress of Menelik, her journey to the court of Solomon, the birth of her son, and the visit which this son later made to Jerusalem, was captured by the English soldiers in 1868 after the battle of Magdala and four years later returned to the King of Ethiopia by the trustees of the British Museum.

❧

While it was not until two or three years ago with the publication of *Pam* that the Baroness von Hutten took her place in the first flight of popular novelists, her name had for some years been a very familiar one. For example, *Our Lady of the Beeches* had been a very genuine success. Perhaps a good deal of the versatility which her books have shown has been due to her cosmopolitanism. Born in America, where she passed her childhood, she went, while still in her teens, to travel

in Europe with her parents, and to study singing and music in Rome and Florence. It was in the latter city that she formed a friendship with the late Hubert Crackanthorpe, who inspired her with the desire to write. It was also there that she met the young Bavarian baron who wooed her in French because he knew little English, and she knew less German. She is described as doing her work in her husband's ancestral Castle of Steinbach with grey stone turrets and time-worn walls. Once started on a novel, she writes for hours every day

in a white heat of enthusiasm, never allowing herself to be disturbed until her allotted task is finished.

■

For what might with justice be termed a reprint, *The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling* has a very unusual significance. It represents Mr. Kipling's attitude to-day towards all his verse, and consequently every Kipling admirer is likely to have an opinion of his own on the

Kipling's
Choice

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN

Whose new novel, *The Halo*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

GELETT BURGESS
Author of *The Heart Line*

HARRY LEON WILSON
Author of *Ewing's Lady*, reviewed elsewhere in
this issue

LIEUTENANT TADAYOSHI SAKURAI
Whose *Human Bullets* is reviewed elsewhere
in this issue

PAUL HARBOE
Whose *Hans Christian Andersen* is reviewed
elsewhere in this issue

matter of the selections. For our part, since he has seen fit to discard some of his verses, we wonder why he did not omit a great many more. For example, we are surprised at the exclusion of "The Vampire" from a volume in which will be found "The Sergeant's Wedding." Then again we wish that Mr. Kipling did not take quite so seriously some of those Service Songs of the South African War. The volume contains one new poem, "The Fires," which runs as follows:

Men make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smokes to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
And my heart is well-nigh broke;
For thinking on old memories
That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind
The homesick memories come,
From every quarter of mankind
Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold
And a roof against the rain—
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
The Four Winds bring again!

How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.

■

Recent discussion of Henry James's later style had all its familiar qualities.

Whether the same people wrote about it as Current Criticism of Henry James have been writing about it any time these past ten years we cannot say, but there was wonderful identity both in the thought and in the language. The facetious person who cannot understand had his usual say. It is supposed to be vastly amusing to the public that certain

persons find Henry James altogether incomprehensible. No doubt newspaper men know their business and very likely their readers have formed the habit of expecting a Henry James joke at regular intervals. But surely it must change some time. The early joke about Wagner's music passed away and so did the joke about the obscurity of Browning and of Meredith, and we are sanguine enough to predict that in the course of another decade the mere failure to understand Mr. James's writings will cease to give any man a humorous opportunity. We are equally sanguine as to the fate of those thick and thin Jacobites who write articles every little while to assure us they are of the inner circle. We read a paper of that kind the other day, which from beginning to end was a sheer assertion of literary prestige. Not to understand every word of *The Sacred Fount* was proof of a low stage of development. The complexity of the style responds precisely to the complexity of the thought, and in no other way could James achieve the "subtleties," the "nuances," and the "delicate shadings" of his later books. Coarse minds will naturally fail to follow him in all his windings. To a fine mind, on the other hand, it is all as easy as a rabbit-trail to a well-bred beagle. The writer of the article would have you know that he, personally, has no difficulties; so you draw your inference as to the quality of his mind. This of course is merely what M. Jules Lemaitre has described so admirably in his little paper on *le Snobisme Littéraire*. It is the lot of every author who addresses himself to a limited class. On the fringe of his genuine admirers there is always a little group of imitative, iterative persons who boast of his acquaintance. No honest readers of Henry James, for example, believe that the convolutions of his sentences correspond so nicely to the twinings of his thought. They know him for the most uneven of writers, now groping and fumbling among the parts of speech, now conveying a complex and elusive state of mind with the most wonderful accuracy. He hems and haws in print as he hems and haws in private conversation. He puts down on paper all his mind's processes, including its false

starts. He gives you not only the thought but all the pangs of its parturition. It is a dragnet method whereby many strange and delightful things are brought to the surface along with a great quantity of mud. It is a style that has divided literary paragraphers into two classes: hooligans and hypocrites. No one, in fact, has written discriminatingly of Henry James since Mr. Brownell published his paper in the *Atlantic* several years ago, and we wish he would reprint it with additions.

■

There appears to be a falling off in the quality of literary rebuke. In com-

Literary Indignation

mon with many other readers we always turn eagerly to anything in a magazine that promises to be at all pugnacious, for writers, like many of the lower animals, are often seen at their best when indignant. We have a right to expect a certain degree of animation at such a time, if at no other. It was, therefore, disappointing to read Mr. A. C. Benson's spiritless retort to a London critic who complained of his verbosity some weeks ago. Mr. Benson merely asked why the critic boxed his ears in public, and added that such conduct would be out of place in a drawing-room. Rather a sickly attenuation of the old-time sturdy "reply to my critics." If the galled jade merely winces, if an author cannot fight better on so good an argument as his own self-love—that most literary part of him—there will soon be an end to all sport for us spectators in these affairs. And they are bound to consider us, since they print the things. The rule of literary wrath is that it shall bring forth fruit meet for publication. Another instance was that of a hater of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who said in the *Chicago Dial*, that Shaw was a "pygmy soul" and a "mountebank" (Zounds, sirrah!), and finally, with the air of crushing him completely, remarked that if Emerson had ever met Shaw, Emerson would have been very much surprised. Surprise, indeed, is often employed in these gingerly contests as if it were the deadliest of weapons. "We are surprised that a

writer of Mr. B.'s attainments should say," etc., and B. then expresses amazement at this surprise. Time and again what promises to be a good fight ends in a mere skirmish of astonishments. These are fair specimens of current literary warfare. No spirit in either attack or defence; a flounce, a swish of skirts, the banging of a distant door, and so the battle ends, without interest to the onlooker, pain to the victim, or relief to the assailant's feelings. Not that there is any less bad blood than formerly. There is always a small battle going on in some corner of a literary magazine. But hatred is touched with verbal impotence. Readers are cheated and the skins of minor authors are growing very thin. What with criticism in its amiable dotage, advertising in its lusty prime, praise gushing like a geyser, literary mutual aid—is there not, taking it altogether, too much cotton-batting in the "literary life"?

■

The Grafton Historical Series, edited by Henry R. Stiles, and published by the Grafton Press of

A New Historical Series

New York and Boston, attempts to present the results of original research in early Ameri-

can history in a form that shall be convenient and attractive to the general public. The scheme differs from that of other series in not aiming at a continuous history of the country as a whole by periods. It is purposely made so elastic as to include volumes on special historical episodes, old towns of historic interest, biographies, genealogies, and reprints of old books and documents. Five volumes have already appeared: *In Olde Connecticut*, by Charles Burr Todd; *Historic Hadley*, by Alice Morehouse Walker; *Mattapoissett and Olde Rochester*, by Mary Hall Leonard and others; *King Philip's War*, by Ellis and Morris, and *In Olde Massachusetts*, by Charles Burr Todd. The minutiae of American local histories are naturally of little interest to readers who have not some close ties with the localities treated or whose hobbies are not vigorous enough to withstand some very dull writing. But these volumes bear evi-

dence not only of careful research, but of a skilful selection of facts and a manner of presentation which should carry them to a wider circle of readers. Further volumes in the series soon to be issued are, *Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River*; *The Cherokee Indians*; *In Olde New York*; *Historic Graves of Maryland*, and *The Diary of Reverend Enos Hitchcock*. We hope to review the series in a future number of this magazine.

¶

The recent dedication of a bronze statue to Gustave Flaubert in Rouen, which was his native city and in which he laid so many of the scenes of his immortal *Madame Bovary*, has been responsible for bringing to light considerable hitherto unpublished material. One letter contributed by Madame Alphonse Daudet bears witness to Flaubert's enthusiastic appreciation of Daudet's *Tartarin de Tarascon* at the time of that book's first appearance. It must be remembered that *Tartarin* at the beginning was not conceded the high place it afterwards attained. As a serial it was so flat a failure that it was discontinued in the middle of the narrative. And this despite the fact that Daudet was already a distinguished personage in the realm of letters. In Flaubert's mind, however, there were no doubts whatever as to the merits of the book. "It is simply a masterpiece," he wrote; "I utter the word and I will maintain it. I began *Tartarin* Sunday at midnight. It was finished in two and a half hours. Everything, absolutely everything, delighted me, several

times I burst into great roars of laughter. The invention of the camel is a marvel, it is well developed and crowns the work. Tartarin on the minaret blackguarding the Orient is sublime."

¶

While a certain amount of ingenuity must be conceded, *The Exploits of Arsène Lupin*, by Maurice Leblanc, is on the whole exceedingly disappointing. There are four standards by which stories of this nature are to be judged to-day. First there is the story in the manner of Gaboriau, of which there are occasional happy examples in modern Continental fiction; for instance *The Crippled Hand*, by the Austrian writer Gröner. Secondly there are the stories in imitation of Sherlock Holmes. Thirdly there are the tales which have obviously been suggested by the success of Mr. Hornung's *Raffles*. And then there is that school of detective story of American origin, of which Anna Katherine Green and Burton Egbert Stevenson are at present the most conspicuous practitioners. In writing *The Exploits of Arsène Lupin*, M. Leblanc has, in a measure, combined the devices of the *Raffles* story with those of the Sherlock Holmes story, but not with complete success. The reader is asked to take for granted too much of Arsène Lupin's cleverness. For sheer ingenuity the escape of Lupin from prison does not begin to compare with a similar feat on the part of a character spoken of as the Thinking Machine in another recent volume of stories.

Arsène
Lupin

The Virgin's Cradle Hymn

¶

Dormi, Jesu! mater ridet
Quae tam dulcem somnum videt
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, mater plorat
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

MAURICE HEWLETT—AN APPRECIATION

EWLETT'S story is a world in illuminated scripts, with rich and gorgeously and vignettes. They are a little in common convenience of type as with the bare and crude tale of commercial venture as it is often told, or with the novel of nervous intrigue as it is written by able and merciless novelists who perceive that a certain type of American woman falls into sin, not from the pressure of elemental forces in her nature, but from sheer restlessness and curiosity. Mr. Hewlett's work is of a closely woven texture, shot through with colour which is of its substance and not skilfully laid over the thought; and this colour has the effect of having been softened by age to the unobtrusive but splendid richness which one sees in old tapestries. Until the appearance of *The Stooping Lady* the material of his stories had passed through the refining process of time and brought a capital of poetic association to Mr. Hewlett's hand. In *The Forest Lovers* he started with a great reserve of romantic interest; in *Richard Yea-and-Nay* he was well on the way to his reader's imagination in the first chapter; in *The Queen's Quair* the material he handled was iridescent; in *The Fool Errant* the colour was less brilliant but the period and place brought with them picturesque and dramatic interest of a fascinating kind; in the *Little Novels of Italy*, in which Mr. Hewlett touches high-water mark as an artist, he fairly revelled in the plenitude of effects inherent in his themes and background.

It is, therefore, with a good deal of interest and not a little anxiety that one opens *The Stooping Lady*, the scene of which is the London of a century ago. On the first page the heroine appears in an attitude full of character, in an incident described with the air of a report of fact; the precise location is indicated,

and in a footnote a long inscription from a vanished statue is quoted in full. A romanticist of the most daring temper, Mr. Hewlett loves a historical background and knows how to create one when it is not at hand. In *The Queen's Quair* he failed to give his material the perfect unity of a great piece of fiction, but he made a kind of chronicle novel of extraordinary brilliancy and interest; in his latest story he secures the reinforcement of history by bringing in a group of figures familiar to all students of early nineteenth century affairs.

The story, told like a transcription from some private record of the time, is bold in conception and handling. In a period when novelists of Mr. Hewlett's rank are painfully exact and painstaking in matters of detail, and employ with the skill of long practice all the resources of subtle and complex expression, the author of *The Stooping Lady* is as conspicuous for what he leaves to the reader's imagination as for what he conveys to his eye, and writes with as free a use of ellipsis and parenthesis as his forebears of the sixteenth century. It may be suspected that his deep and sympathetic study of Mediæval and Renaissance life and art has not only furnished him with rich material but has had its influence on his style. In an age of delicate miniature painting in fiction he draws with a free and daring hand, and secures a brilliancy of effect, a vividness of portraiture, beyond the reach of his contemporaries. He is not, and he probably never will be, a perfect story-teller; but with what audacious skill he sets his figures on the canvas! He gets the effect of sharp definition of outline without drawing a line. Inward vitality and not exactness of outward delineation is the secret of the vividness of *The Stooping Lady*. She is, like all her predecessors in Mr. Hewlett's stories, an elemental woman of the kind who will always rekindle the flame of romance; she is all purity and all passion; impulse and action are one with her; she gives with

royal generosity, and having given she never takes back. The story is not firmly knit together; the political background is not always clearly drawn; the hero is not entirely convincing; but in point of brilliancy and vitality the novel belongs

in the front rank of recent fiction. No other writer of the day could have given *Hermia Chambre* such radiancy of temperament and such simplicity of nature.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

MAURICE HEWLETT, MEREDITHIAN



IN the first page of *The Stooping Lady* stands the date 1809, and before the bottom of the page is reached we are introduced to an incident that has much to do with the course of the story. The date is significant, inasmuch as it brings Mr. Hewlett, for the first time, fairly within hailing distance of our own day. And the incident, too, is not without its ulterior meaning, for to the reader who is quick at the game of literary comparisons it furnishes good material. It is a stirring affair, such as an author can afford to treat with some affectation of scorn—"a vulgar brawl and scuffle," happening at the very gates of Caryll House; "a rout of satyrs, a boors' comedy, in which an incensed young giant of the lower classes was hero and two tipsy gentlemen the sport of his heroics; in which Jacob Jacobs, elderly, gold-laced guardian of the gates, was choragus; in which footmen in canary yellow and powder, a groom of the chambers, a butler hovering for the carriage, took their cues from him, and wailed, lifting their eyes to Heaven, wagged their polls, called for constables, as he guided them with agitated hands." It is not merely the phrasing of this description that has its suggestion, though even that brings a rich remembrance; the incident itself is the kind which we have been taught to look for in the work of the man who stands at the head of living English novelists.

The resemblance is in this particular case, to be sure, comparatively trivial. I am not certain that it would occur to

any one on a first reading. But the flavour of Mr. Hewlett's latest book* is so thoroughly Meredithian that when one lays it down, saturated with its spirit, the resemblance stares out from every page. While the spell of the story is strong, it does not seem fanciful to imagine Meredith himself writing that description of an encounter between a young butcher, "a flushed young Saxon, bareheaded and fairheaded," and two tipsy sprigs of nobility whom he has caught in the act of maltreating his horse. Assuredly it is sober truth that the scene is one in which Meredith would delight: the colour and movement of the crowd, the downright lust of the personal encounter, heightened by an ironical consciousness of the relations between the combatants, and above all the thoroughly English spirit of it and the joy in that spirit.

Mr. Hewlett has, to be sure, always shown himself fond of the shock of combat; his pages are not bloodless. But never before has he seemed to exploit a theme so full of an essentially English spirit. English insularity, English worship of fair play and serious determination to play the game according to the rules, English consciousness of class, are intensely present. His fine historical sense has led him to place the tale in a period when national consciousness and class consciousness were both at their strongest. It is the time of the Napoleonic scare, the franchise struggle and the ardent advocacy of the Rights of Man. A typical product of the time and place is young David Vernour, the

**The Stooping Lady*. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company

butcher with ideas and ambitions above his station, whose manhood compels the Lady Hermia Mary to stoop to him with her love. Vernour the politician, the defender of the rights of the people, with his single-minded devotion to duty and his sense of responsibility undisturbed by doubts, sends one back irresistibly to Meredith's Beauchamp, gravely taking on himself the defence of England's honour. A still more obvious comparison is compelled by Vernour's relations to his lady. The situation is identical with that of *Evan Harrington*, the sole difference being that Mr. Hewlett has chosen to present the woman's side, while Meredith rather fastened his eye on the man—celebrating the Aspiring Tailor rather than the Stooping Lady. It is no more than a slight difference in the angle of vision. English class is at the bottom of both stories, and the efforts of a man of brains and power to free himself from the trammels of his station in life form the theme of both.

More striking even than these similarities of plot is the distinct family resemblance between Mr. Hewlett's characters and those of Meredith. Every reader of the elder novelist has recognised the recurrence in his books of certain types—groups of characters bound together by plain resemblances, in spite of all differences of pronounced individuality. Of one of the most notable of these groups—the “egotist” type, represented by Sir Willoughby Patterne, Roy Richmond and Victor Radnor—*The Stooping Lady* affords no example; but its principal characters fall naturally into other Meredithian classifications. Vernour has his momentary likenesses to Matey Weyburn, as well as to Beauchamp and Evan Harrington. If Lady Morfa, the “beaked great lady,” is unlike any of Meredith's women that one can recall, she at least owns kinship to more than one of his men—to Baron Feverel, Everard Romfrey, even to Harry Richmond's sturdy grandfather. As for the Stooping Lady herself, Hermia Mary Chambre, her very name is a tribute of homage to Mere-

dith. Diana Warwick's Irish beauty and wit, Aminta's free outdoors spirit, Rhoda Fleming's strong sense of duty, Carinthia's passionate devotion to her love—all have their part in her. If her speech doth not betray her, then her letters certainly do—for Mr. Hewlett, like his master, knows how to indite a letter that drips with the writer's personality. Recall the letters that close four of Meredith's novels—that from Evan Harrington's sister, Lady Blandish's (in *Richard Feverel*), Lady Charlotte's last message to Weyburn and Aminta, and Emilia's farewell to England and Merthyr Powys (in *Sandra Belloni*); and compare with them Hermia Mary's correspondence with her friend Mary Fox.

And yet the book is no mere imitation. Whatever faults may have been disclosed in Mr. Hewlett's earlier works, no one has ever denied him individuality; and the individual note has never been more strongly marked than in *The Stooping Lady*. Conceived in the Meredithian spirit, dealing with a subject such as Meredith has frequently chosen, it is written in Mr. Hewlett's own idiom. It is as distinctive as *The Forest Lovers* or *The Queen's Quair*, and it possesses the added interest over those remarkable romances of proving that its author is not dependent for colour on the mere distance of his backgrounds. Mr. Hewlett is still the historical novelist; he does not, and never will, neglect the setting of his drama. But by placing the story so much nearer our own time, he has enabled us to see more clearly than ever before that his primary concern is with men and women, not with archaeological refinements. The Stooping Lady and her lover and old Lady Morfa and Lord Rodono and Captain Ranald are authentic, vital persons, and the story in which their characters are unfolded is one that does credit to the originality of their creator. The book seems to me to mark clearly a forward stride in the career of one of the most interesting living writers of fiction.

Edward Clark Marsh.

ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

II. LONDON—ITS MODERN GRUB STREET

BY ARTHUR RANSOME



LITTLE time ago there was a great outcry against what was called "literary ghosting," a fraudulent passing off of the work of unknown writers under more famous names. There was a correspondence in a literary paper that betrayed how novels were written in the rough by inexperienced hands under the guidance of hardened manufacturers of serials; and, indeed, when we consider only how many prominent athletes of no particular literary ability are able to publish books on their profession, it is obvious that a good deal of this kind of business must be done. Indeed, in one form or another, ghosting is one of the usual ways by which the unfortunate young writer sustains himself in Grub Street, or Bohemia, or whatever else you like to call that indefinite country where big longings and high hopes are matched by short purses and present discomforts.

Many a man has been saved from what seemed a descent into the drudgeries of clerkship by the different drudgery of writing, say, the reminiscences of an admiral, the history of a parish, or innumerable short reviews, for which other people got the credit. And Richard Savage, in his witty pamphlet called "An Author to Be Let," betrays that the abuse is not only of our day. Iscariot Hackney of that book confesses that:

"Many a time I wrote obscenity and profaneness, under the names of Pope or Swift. Sometimes I was Mr. Joseph Gay, and at others Theory Burnet, or Addison. I abridged histories and travels, translated from the French what they never wrote, and was expert at finding out new titles for old books. When a notorious thief was hanged, I was the Plutarch to preserve his memory; and when a great man died, mine were his Remains, and mine the account of his

last will and testament." That is the whole trade put in a paragraph.

Nowadays the matter has been reduced to system. There are men who are paid to write all the reviews in a paper, and farm out the work piecemeal, or even get ambitious boys and girls to do it for them, by way of apprenticeship, paying them a meagre wage. There are agents who make a living by supplying ghost-written books to publishers who keep up for appearance sake the pretence of not being in the know. They get their twenty, forty, fifty pounds a volume, and have them written by impecunious Bohemians to whom they pay the weekly salary of a junior clerk. Here is a true account of a youthful ghost.

He was a poet, and in those days a bad one. He carried more poor verses than good money in his pocket. And one day, when he had little more than a few coppers and some penny stamps, he happened to see an advertisement for "a young and experienced writer with a thorough knowledge of athletics." He kept the appointment suggested by the newspaper, and found a mean house in one of the southern suburbs. A herd of lean fellows were waiting in a dirty passage, and presently a cheerful, business-like little man came out, and chose him with one companion as the likeliest-looking of the lot. They were set to write, at tables in the corners of an undusted, cat-haunted room, specimen chapters of a book on croquet. They were both appointed, and the other man, an old hand, borrowed five shillings in advance. Next day, when the young fellow arrived in the morning, he found that his colleague was there before him, drunk, holding the garden railings, and shouting blasphemies at a bedraggled cat that slunk about the waste scrap of ground behind them. The agent held up the drunkard to him as a warning, told him that sobriety was the spirit of success, and

that, as he had the job to himself, he would be allowed to gain extra experience by doing the other man's work as well as his own. He was young, enthusiastic, glad to have an opportunity of working at all. In two months he had finished six books, that still annoy him by showing their bright-lettered covers on the railway bookstalls. He wrote on an average between two and four thousand words a day. At last one day when he was working in an upper room of the agent's house, the little creature came upstairs and saw fit to congratulate him. "You are doing very well indeed," he said, "for one so unaccustomed to lit-

erary labour." That brought an end to the engagement. He left immediately, lest he should be unable to refrain from throwing an inkpot at the agent's head. It is in its way rather fun to be suddenly an authority on subjects of which you knew nothing till you sat down to write about them. And it is very good practice in journalism—though it is always easier to write when you are ignorant than when you know too much; you have a freer hand. But for a poet to hear such work called literary labour! That was too much. He never returned, and the agent was left sorrowing for the loss of an industrious hack.

WORK

Of course, the young man, you will say, should never have stooped to such work. He ought to have borrowed, or persuaded his landlady to let him live until his good luck should bring the settlement of her bills. But he could not borrow. There are some unfortunates who cannot; I hate borrowing myself. And it is an awful thing to be without money and miserably afraid of tiding over evil straits on somebody else's. Some there are, brave, high-souled fellows, who could borrow the world to play at ball and never feel the responsibility, whereas others are uneasy and not themselves with a single shilling that does not belong to them. Some seem to live on credit as naturally as they breathe, and I remember the surprise of one of these: "What! You don't owe anybody anything! Good Lord! man, lend me half a sovereign!"

People who by some misfortune of nature are unable to risk dishonesty by borrowing without having certain means of repayment are reduced to all kinds of unhappy expedients, and sometimes even to dying, like poor Chatterton, in order to make both ends meet. Of him Johnson could say, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such

things," and yet, after three months' fight among the papers, living on almost nothing, and writing home to his people brave, proud letters about his success, to keep them from anxiety, he spent three days without food, and then killed himself with arsenic, rather than accept from a landlady the food for which he doubted his ability to repay her. The most terrible detail in the tragedy was the memorandum that lay near him when he died, and showed that over ten pounds were owed him by his publishers. Ah, me! in the days when I read that story ten pounds seemed opulence for a lifetime. It seemed a cruel and impossible thing, as all cruelty seems when we are young, that one who was owed so much should yet starve into suicide.

This is one of the worst hardships of painter or writer. His money, even when earned, is as intangible as the dawn. It is gold, but he may not handle it; real, but a dream. He must live, while he

THE WILD BOHEMIAN

does his work, on air, and then, when the picture hangs in the drawing-room of the purchaser, and the article has been printed, published, and forgotten, he must wait, perhaps for months, perhaps for years, and sometimes, indeed, until he is passed into another world where he can have no opportunity of spending it, for the money that is his. It is not until he is a success, or at least no longer an anonymous Bohemian, that his money is paid in advance, or upon the completion of his labour. Little wonder that when at last it comes, it comes as a surprise, and sends him gaily into bright extravagance that leaves him with a purse as empty as before.

I have heard people say that all the wild, irregular struggle for existence that was known by Goldsmith, by Johnson, by old Roberto Greene, has faded away from the literary life. They say that now, young men, top-hatted, frock-coated, enter the offices of newspapers, earn comfortable salaries, write their novels or whatever they may be in their spare hours, and arrive, neat, unruffled as Civil Servants, by mere process of time at their success. It is not so. "Once a sub-editor always a sub-editor," said a very successful one, who had given up hope of succeeding at anything else. He

was well known, his books had sold better than better books, and his portrait had been often in the papers; but that was not the success he had wanted, nor a success that was worth having, and he was honest enough to admit it to himself. The men who really care for their art, who wish above all things to do the best that is in them, do not take the way of the world and the regular salaries of the newspaper offices. They stay outside, reading, writing, painting for themselves, and snatching such golden crumbs as fall within their reach from the tables of publishers, editors, and picture-buyers. They make a living, as it were, by accident. It is a hard life and a risky; it is deliciously exciting at first, to leap from crag to crag, wherever a slight handhold will preserve you from the abyss, but the time soon comes when you are tired, and wonder, with dulled heart and clouded brain, is it worth while or no? Those who are strong enough to continue are given their own souls to carry in their hands, and those who admit defeat, surrender them, and, knowing in their hearts that they have sold themselves, hide their sorrow in a louder clamour after an easier quest.

The jolliest of the irregulars, in spite of the anxiety of their life, are those who

THE COFFEE STALL

carry on a guerilla warfare for fame and a long struggle for improvement, never having been caught or maimed by the newspaper routine, or by the drudgery of commercial art work. (For artists as well as writers have an easy way to a livelihood, which they also must have strength to resist.) Some men live as free lances by selling their articles to such papers as are willing to admit their transcendent worth, and ready to pay some small nominal rate, a guinea a thousand words perhaps, for the privilege of printing them. Many live by reviewing, getting half a dozen books a week from different papers, reading or skimming them, and writing as long a paragraph as the editor will allow on each volume. The artists coax dealers into buying small pictures at a cheap rate, satisfying their pride by contemplation of the vastly larger price at which their purchasers seem to value them as soon as they appear in the glamour of the window. Others again, artists and writers, too—these, perhaps, the most sincere and admirable of the lot—refuse any degradation of their art, and live

hand to mouth by any sort of work that offers. There was one man who wrote poems in the intervals of stage carpentry, and another who made dolls while compiling a history of philosophy. Some, indeed, seem able to live on nothing at all, and these are more cheerful than the rest whose stomachs are less accommodating.

There are compensations to poverty, and one of them is extravagance. Goldsmith would not so have enjoyed the pomp of his bloom-coloured suits and his gorgeous Brick Court chambers if he had not known an earlier and different life:

"Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black
Champagne
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury
Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug;
A window, patched with paper, lent a ray
That dimly showed the state in which he
lay;

The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread;
 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
 The royal game of goose was there in view,
 And the twelve rules the Royal Martyr drew;
 The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
 And brave Prince William showed his lamp-black face;
 The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:

With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
 And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board;
 A night-cap decked his brows instead of bay,
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day!"

Johnson enjoyed his pension and all that it meant the more for having known a time when he spent the night hours with Richard Savage walking round and round St. James's Square, for want of a lodging, inveighing cheerfully against



A SOHO RESTAURANT

THE RIVER FROM BATTERSEA BRIDGE

the Ministry, and "resolving they would stand by their country."

The moments of opulence when they come are the brighter gold for the grey anxiety that has gone before. They make extravagance a joy in itself, and even change the distresses of the past into a charming memory.

I had lived once for over a week on a diet of cheese and apples—cheap yellow cheese and apples at twopence or a penny halfpenny a pound. A friend, also impoverished, was sharing my expenses and my diet, and slept in a small room in the same house. Our two sleeping boxes, for they were no more, were on the ground floor, and a large, fat postman, our landlord, slept in the basement underneath. On the Wednesday of the second week, by the three o'clock post, came a letter for my friend, from a literary agent, containing a cheque for twenty-five pounds — TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS! It is an amazing fact, but I do believe the tears came into our eyes at the sight of that little slip of magenta-coloured paper. We shook hands hysterically, and then—remembering that the bank closed at four—unshaved as we were, without collars, with baggy trousers, we took a hansom for the town. The cheque was cashed, and that somehow seemed a marvel, as the five-pound notes and the gold were slid over the counter in a way most astonishingly matter of

fact. We went out of the bank doors with a new dignity, paid the cabby, and walked the Strand like giants. It became quite a question what place was best worthy of the honour of entertaining us to tea. Wherever it was—I fancy a small café—it did its duty, and we sat, refreshed and smoking (new opened packets of the best tobacco) while we planned our evening.

At half-past six we went up to Soho, and crossed Leicester Square with solemnity, as befitted men with an aim in life, and that so philanthropic as to dine better that night than ever in their lives before. There was no undignified hurry about our walk, but there was no lingering. I was rebuked for glancing at the window of a print shop, and in my turn remonstrated equally gravely with him for dallying over some pretty editions at a bookseller's in Shaftesbury Avenue.

We dined at one of our favourite little restaurants: we dined excellently, drank several bottles of wine, and had liqueur glasses of rum emptied into our coffees. We smoked, paid the bill, and went out into the narrow Soho street. Just opposite, at the other side, where we could not help seeing it as we hesitated on the pavement, was another of our favourite feeding places. The light was merry through the windows, the evening was young, and—without speaking a

word, we looked at each other, and looked at each other again, and then, still without speaking, walked across the street, went in at the inviting door, and had dinner over again—an excellent dinner, good wine, and rum in coffee, as before.

Remember the week's diet of apples and cheese before you condemn us. We argued it out as we smoked over our second coffees, and convinced ourselves clearly that if our two dinners had been spread evenly and with taste over our last ten most ill-nourished days, we should not yet have had the food that honest men deserve. That being so, we stood upon our rights, and gave clear consciences to our grateful stomachs.

On our way home we met an old acquaintance, whose hospitality a few days

before would have been as manna from heaven, but whose port, good though it was, was now almost superfluous. We reached our lodgings at three in the morning, and my last memory of the festival is that of my friend, usually a rather melancholy man, sitting on my bed drumming with his feet upon the floor, and singing Gaelic songs at the top of his voice, to a zealous accompaniment on my penny whistle. From below came a regular grunting monotone—the landlord snoring in bed. Presently there was a deep thud that startled us for a moment into quiet. We listened, and almost at once the snoring boomed again, as the postman slumbered on the floor where he had fallen. Then we continued our minstrelsy.

It is an up-and-down life, my friends—it is indeed.

THE CONFESSIONS OF "A LITERARY JOURNALIST"

I HAVE been a reporter for seven years; and now I am trying to "break over into the magazine game," as we say on Park Row. I have resigned my position, giving up the certainty of a regular weekly income for the uncertain favours of magazine editors. I enter the magazine field with no delusive belief that my name is destined to live in letters; I recovered from that obsession shortly after I left college. But I have, I think, a certain easy style, not a little industry, and a wide, if superficial, knowledge of the world and its affairs. I intend to turn these qualities and advantages to account in the present prosperous state of the magazine business. And it has occurred to me to make sundry confessions—not so much my experience in reporting as my view on the reporter's craft in the light of my experience.

In college I was a prize essayist and an

amateur editor. I wrote poetry, of course; I dabbled crudely in fiction; and I left the campus full of conceit in my own powers. I should have liked to begin writing books and poems at once; but I had a living to make and I knew that I could not live from pure letters alone. The daily newspaper, they told me, was the pathway to letters if one escaped the "cynicism" of journalism. I enlisted in the ranks, therefore, as a cub reporter at \$10 a week. I have smiled since to remember how the undertaking frightened me in my first week as a journalist. I was full of Jesse Lynch Williams and Richard Harding Davis; in my imagination, a reporter was a person of preternatural acumen, combining the resource of a detective with the fortitude of a soldier. I had not been on that newspaper a month when I learned that straight, human intelligence and the ability to write good, common English will serve at least to keep a man his place on a newspaper. I galloped through the

early period of fine writing common to all college-bred "cubs"; I had the discouragement of seeing my stories come out, if they came at all, stripped of my adjectives and my felicitous expressions. From the first I was plunged to the neck into life. Within a week I had interviewed a poor family just after their only son had committed suicide. I returned to my desk, I remember, with an overwhelming, sickening feeling of the sin and cruelty in this world. I sat in an old-fashioned back parlour and listened, with the tears behind my lids, to the confused story of an old gentlewoman, a mild lunatic, who refused to believe that her husband was dead, and who was trying to find him through the police. Dickens himself never imagined a thing so bizarre and yet so touching. We had a trolley disaster in that first month, and I made the round of darkened, anxious houses where priests, physicians and friends waited the issue of life and death. I sat in court with thieves, in and out of office; I saw the working of the city government from behind the scenes; I spent an afternoon ranging the cabins of deep-sea craft trying to find why a gang of Swede sailors stabbed their Yankee mate before they deserted. In that month, I believe, I had more experience in life than comes to the ordinary citizen in a year.

THE FIRST SUCCESS

Blind luck brought me an early success. The star reporter had been assigned to a charity masquerade ball. The Society Editor was going to do the costumes and the list of guests; he was to write the introduction—in newspaper slang, the "guff." Early in the evening, and when I was the only reporter about the office, the star telephoned in that he was sick. This meant, as I afterward learned, that he was drunk. "Do you think that you could do us a little picturesque flim-flam about that ball?" asked the city editor, putting his command in the form of a request. I took the assignment with fear and trembling; I spent the evening taking notes and pondering Addisonian periods. In my anxiety lest I should miss anything, I overstayed; when I returned it lacked only a little more than an hour to press time. The city editor growled out some-

thing about running the story without introduction. Desperate, feeling that I had missed my chance, I sat down nevertheless and wrote as fast as I could make my pencil go. I realised that I had no time to do a distinguished piece of work. All my fine periods vanished out of my mind; I simply put down what happened, as I saw it. The head copy reader was taking away my manuscript sheet by sheet. When he got near the end he bent over and said, "Great story, cub." I thought then that he meant to be sarcastic. The next morning I felt ashamed to come to the office. I had read my story over before I looked at anything else in the paper, as all reporters do to the end of their days; and it seemed to me pitifully bare and inadequate. But the city editor smiled upon me and gave me a really important assignment, and the very star reporter whose dereliction had given me a chance told me that I had beaten anything that he could have done. Indeed, that one story brought me fame in the local newspaper offices. Pleased as I was, I was also puzzled. I had yet to learn that the art of writing well for a newspaper is the art of the plain tale. I believe now that the best purely journalistic writing is closely akin to the art of conversation. The newspaper is a gossip which comes every morning to tell the reader about what happened yesterday. In the more formal kinds of composition, such as the essay and fiction, writing as one talks would be fatal. I believe that Robert Louis Stevenson, supreme artist with both pen and tongue, kept the two arts separate in his mind; that a stenographic report of his most brilliant conversation would differ vastly in style from his formal writings. I was a long time learning this principle. When, as in the story of that charity ball, I wrote in a great hurry, just telling the story as it appealed to me, I usually scored with the desk. When I came in early and wrote at my leisure, trying to do a distinguished piece of work, I found that conversion into type had somehow changed it; that I had failed.

THE STAR REPORTER

Within a year I was recognised as a star reporter. Nothing is so fascinating about journalism, the profession of youth,

as this chance for quick advancement. One finds his place early. The wittiest reporter writing for the New York papers to-day, a man who has already place and standing in the big city, took off his coat to write his first newspaper story only a year ago last May. The most brilliant men who entered law or medicine in the year when I left college were still struggling along, playing with uncertain futures, while I was already a recognised figure in my profession. When the "big story" came, it was understood that I was to have it; on dull days, when an era of peace and virtue brought only routine tasks, I was assigned to write for the Sunday supplement. There, indeed, I had the chance to "sling English" a little. I have a collection of those early "Sunday stories" among my papers. As a journalist I have since blushed for them; they were so formal and stilted that they had no place in a daily newspaper, which should be nothing if not spontaneous. Yet I realise that they kept alive the purely literary faculty in me.

I was what some reporters call in contempt a "writing reporter." That is, my specialty, my faculty which made me valuable to the paper, was not getting the news, but writing it. This early recognition of my proper niche saved me from a great deal that is unpleasant in daily newspaper work. The "beat man," "who can make two pieces of news grow where but one grew before, has sometimes to do things which appeal to a man of decent instincts as dirty and disagreeable. To do justice to the craft, let me say that such men never like this feature of their work. The sense of professional duty, as strong in newspaper men as in soldiers, keeps them to it. I shall never cease from wondering at that intense, almost heroic devotion to his work which is in every good newspaper man. I have yet to know of a reporter who flinched from an assignment; I have yet to know of one who has made his personal safety a consideration. For a case in point, let me cite an experience of my own. In the beginning, let me say that I do not advertise myself as a brave man; I think that I have about the ordinary complement of courage. One day, later in my experi-

ence, I was assigned to a shipwreck on a remote stretch of coast. It was the dead of winter, and the ice-pack was setting in. I tried for hours to find a skipper who would risk the passage to that island reef where the ship was pounding herself to pieces. "It is taking your life into your hands," they all said. Finally one venturesome captain of a catboat offered to do it for \$100. I was not sure that the paper would stand the expense. I got the city editor on the long-distance telephone, and explained the situation to him. "Better not try it," said he; "I don't want you to take risks with your life." Right there it occurred to me for the first time that my own life would be in danger if I tried that passage; in my eagerness to get at the news I had forgotten it. Again, I have always had the greatest horror of that pitiful and grotesque mockery of justice, an execution. As it happened, I was never assigned to an execution; but for years the fear of it was upon me whenever I read that a murderer had been sentenced to the gallows or the chair. Yet as I think it over now, I find that I never entertained the slightest thought of refusing the story should it come my way. I once heard two desk men growling over a certain reporter who had risked his life in a Pennsylvania coal strike. "It ain't horse sense," said one. "A man should remember that he can't deliver the story if he is dead or crippled."

This is the admirable side of that *esprit de corps*; on the reverse is that willingness of the news reporter to do things which violate the ordinary codes of personal honour. Yet the very men who will lie, break covenants and steal to get news are as clean as a whistle in their relations to the paper.

In my early days of insecure position I myself did things which I do not like to remember now. Fortunately, the time came soon when I could afford to be honourable. This is a brutal statement of it; yet I incline to the belief that absolutely straight personal honour is commonly a luxury in this modern world. As I have said, I became recognised as a writing reporter; and seldom did I have to put forth any extraordinary effort to get the kind of news that I was supposed to handle.

LIFE AND DEATH

In the lively city of my beginnings I worked for four years. It was a period of great expansion for me; I recall it as a splendid pageantry of youth and life. I ranged the tide rifts with life-saving crews, searching for bodies in that wavy line of wreckage which showed where a steamer had gone down; I talked through prison bars with murderers, still blazing with the exaltation engendered by the thing which they had done; I smoked long evenings with detectives, sea captains, thieves, adventurers, priests, soldiers, submerged poets; I passed a Sunday afternoon on the deck of a burning coal ship, helping the crew shift hose; I saw conventions hammered by the power of a personality into pulps of mob mind; I talked, sometimes in singular, sudden intimacy, with such of the great of earth as visited my city in my time; I saw prize-fight audiences transformed from law-loving, decent American men into troglodites howling for the sight of blood; I witnessed and set forth incredible heroisms, unthinkable degradations. I remember that I have stood as a disinterested, observing outsider and seen two men die. One was a soldier in a military hospital, a wreck of our little war. Happening into the ward in search of a certain hero, I peeped behind the white screen which they had set about the dying man to shield his passing from the eyes of the next to go. The other died after a train wreck. I had arrived early—a rare piece of luck for a reporter. They had laid him out in the caboose of the work train, which had smashed the passenger train; and a travelling evangelist, whispering prayers, held him in his arms. Strangely enough, the sight of these two deaths, which I viewed as a pure spectator, produced in me a curious revolt against my old belief in immortality. In each case I had a feeling, as the dying man gave that deep heave of breath which precedes dissolution, that this was all—that there could be nothing more. Although I retain my belief in a future life, it remained weak for a long time. I had my share of adventures. Once a gasoline launch in which I was rushing to report a marine disaster broke down

suddenly, was caught by an outgoing current, and drifted helplessly to sea, since we had no oars. A tug found us and towed us in. Once I just escaped a falling wall at a fire. Again there was a night ride over mountain and forest in search of an escaped balloon. As I think it over now, I never had any of those adventures which Williams and Davis have set forth in their newspaper stories. I was two years in the business before I scored what is technically known as a "beat." But I was a writing reporter, and naturally the colour in my life came not so much from what I experienced as from what I saw.

While they were four dazzling years, I cannot call them a happy period. When a reporter really loves the craft, takes it seriously as I did, his life goes by the extremes of exaltation and depression. The stimulation of a big story, the period of feverish excitement when it seems that he can go on forever and ever—once I wrote fourteen columns at a sitting—must necessarily be followed by periods of low nervous vitality. Life becomes a series of mental intoxications, for which one pays by mental katzenjammer. In those periods, sometimes a week long, in which nothing happened, in which the work brought only routine jobs, I experienced always a sense of failure, of apprehension, which was nothing but reaction after an action. This craving for excitement is one danger of newspaper work. It is the reason why so many brilliant reporters take to drink. They try to tide over the period between excitement and excitement by artificial means.

INVADING THE MAGAZINE FIELD

For a time I tried a "desk." I resigned after a few weeks. Reporting was for me the only thing in the newspaper game. I had the thirst for writing, although I seemed condemned to write my words on water for a newspaper. I still cherished the hope of fighting my way over into "literature"; and I was always going to begin a grand fiction campaign next week. I did, indeed, force myself to write some short stories and articles for the magazines; part of them were accepted; part I have yet. That kind of

writing came hard. My newspaper composition, if it had no other virtue, was spontaneous. Indeed, three of my stories were honoured by being copied in periodicals. I could not conceal from myself that those newspaper stories were a great deal better than the things which I had sold to the magazines.

Why this constant yearning of mine for book and magazine covers I cannot exactly tell. A newspaper man gets the habit of looking at things objectively; at this very moment the effort to be subjective is like pulling myself up by the boot straps. When I worked for the newspapers I made more money than I am likely to make for years in magazine work. I had no cheap and superior contempt for the daily paper. On the contrary, I believed in it as a career. A good reporter on a daily paper has it in his power to influence public thought more profoundly than nine-tenths of the magazine writers. When I look it squarely in the face, I suppose that my driving motive in leaving a profession which I loved so well and of which I was so proud was the not wholly noble desire for fame. Even if a newspaper writer is allowed to sign his name, the transitory nature of his product makes against public regard. There is more fame for the mediocre among magazine writers than for the most brilliant reporter. No, I suppose that the motive which kept me doing newspaper work and looking with longing across the fence was nothing more admirable at bottom than the madness which made Steve Brodie jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. This is the most humiliating of my confessions.

When I sought and found a place in New York my strongest motive was the desire to get near to the publishing centre. In New York I found conditions much more pleasant for the kind of a reporter that I was. I made more money from the very start than I could have hoped to make in my home city. I found the "writing reporter" at a premium. Getting the news counts for less in New York than in any other city of the country; writing it when got, for a great deal more. The City News Bureau supplies the city editors with the substantial facts in all important news stories which "break"

throughout the day; it is for the reporter to elaborate these stories, to decorate them, to make them pleasing to the public. Then, too, one cannot ferret out facts for himself as he can in a smaller city. The New York police, with that cohesion for good or evil which is their strongest and most venerable tradition, never let a reporter get first hand to the evidence. In my metropolitan experience I reported at least twenty murders. In no case did I see the room where the crime was committed, the body, or any other of those "properties" of crime which are raw material for the detective. In maintaining this system, the detective bureau of the New York police department hides much of its own incompetence and really hampers justice; for one reporter, give him an even chance, can beat four detectives in getting the vital evidence; and in every other city the great criminals are usually run down by the newspapers, assisted by the police.

THE NEW YORK WAY

Coming to New York from a city where it was war to the knife between the newspapers, I was surprised beyond measure when the city editor said to me, upon handing out my first assignment:

"Of course, you are new to this city and don't know your way about. Just throw yourself on the mercy of the other fellows on the other papers." It was my first glimpse of the New York system. As a matter of fact, the reporters on any given story always "stand in" on matters of news, each giving to all the others whatever he has picked up. For example: as soon as the City News Bureau sends in the skeleton of a murder story a man from every paper starts for the police station. They meet before the captain's door. Probably he is out or busy. They make an appointment to see him, talk it over, divide up any work that may be done apart from the police and scatter, each to a different "end" of the story. After their interview with the captain they hold a short session for the trading of notes and go back to their desks. It follows that the man who has the most skill in newspaper writing is the one who comes off best. Viewed as an

ethical question, this system has its advantages and its disadvantages. Those disagreeable compromises with honour which I have mentioned before are hardly ever useful in New York journalism. It happened that I was working for a conservative newspaper, a publication proud of its men and of their conduct. "Key-hole" tactics were strongly disapproved. But even had my paper condoned unethical methods, I do not see where they would have brought me any special advantage under the conditions which I found in New York. On the other hand, this impossibility of getting at details first hand gives rise to a constant temptation to "fake" the small incidents. Not one newspaper in New York is wholly free from this kind of lying. Take a murder story again. The first-class New York reporter on a first-class newspaper will stick to the main facts with perfect conscientiousness. But when it comes to the little things which add vividness—what Casey said when he met the burglar, what the mother of the murdered man said as she bent over him—he is likely to enrich from his imagination. I myself, although I have never exaggerated the essential facts in order to make a story, have been a miserable sinner in imagining details. In this connection let me say that a historic epigram made by a famous American on a dramatic occasion was never made at all. This "famous saying of a famous man" is already in the school histories. It simply happened that a clever New York reporter was present, and this epigram occurred to him as a good thing for the famous American to say. Therefore he said it—in print. The famous American, being a man of discretion, did not kick fame away from his door by a denial.

For a time I worked with enthusiasm in New York. The conditions just suited me. It was infinitely pleasant to pass my days close to adventure, and to set down at the end of each day the thing as I saw it. I liked the anonymous power that my position gave me; liked above all the encouragement of my fellow-workers. It was pleasant to have my associates come to me when I reached the office of a morning and say, "A bully story you wrote yesterday." I found myself wait-

ing for that, as one waits for laurels; I found myself disappointed when a piece of work which I felt to be good failed of this recognition. It fed that unworthy bridge-jumper desire for fame in me. But the appetite grew; after two years Park Row laurels withered. Down there I was something of a figure. But who outside of the newspaper offices knew of me, and who that read my best stories regarded them except as things of the day? When I came to New York I had cherished a dim hope of writing for the magazines "on the side." I did write—two short stories in two years. Even that took Titanic labour. In pure imaginative work I found no stimulus of present excitement, of immediate, future recognition. And when I sat down to write fiction, alone with my imagination and white paper, the power seemed to ooze out of my finger-tips. I felt as De Quincey must have felt when he tried to write without the stimulation of opium. Excitement, the dazzling mental picture of the thing which had just happened—that was my opium.

SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY

Unexpectedly my chance came. A periodical offered me a contract to do a series of articles. I resigned my position and took the jump. I am not so happy now as I used to be on the newspaper. My income is smaller and far more uncertain. I miss the excitement, the adventure, above all, the constant association with newspaper men, who, take them as a class, are the most companionable people alive. But something within me has driven me to it; and I know in the bottom of my heart that the something is not that burning necessity for creation which drew Barrie and Kipling from journalism into letters, but only the bridge-jumper in me. On days when the writing goes slowly and the incoming mail is bulky, I wonder if I did not wait too long, after all.

That, let me say, is the kernel of the practical relation between journalism and that which we call literature because we see it between magazine and book covers—one must wait long enough, but not too long. In the producer of "literary journalism" two tendencies are constantly

at war. The reporter is always close to life; he is in the greatest school for the study of human nature—objectively. He knows how men act in passion, in stress, in joy, in hate. He gathers the lore of every craft. He is a Decameron of those stories which never get into print, and which are far more useful for the novelist and the essayist than those which do. But his view is always objective; and in time this objectivity of thought becomes a habit. Not from wide experience, but from much meditation and fulness of the life within, comes that subjective imagination which makes a writer understand not how the murderer acts when he pulls the trigger, but how he feels; not what the lover says when love is fulfilled, but what he thinks. That wealth of detail, then, is a constructive force; that habit of objective observation a destructive one.

That newspaper work is the ruin of a good style is an axiom among writers. In spite of this article turning state's evidence to confuse me, I am inclined to

quarrel with that opinion. While it makes against the habit of care, against the long search for the one word created for that very place in that one sentence since time began, it makes also for vividness, for facility, and for nervous force—in those born with any sense of style to develop or destroy. Those who, wanting this faculty, have been taught certain imitative rules in school or college, it does ruin; such people fall at once into the habit of putting down stock phrases; but of such are the failures in both literary journalism and that which Goldsmith called "Polite Letters."

The art of "breaking away," then, lies in choosing that moment when one is at the top of the curve; when, being full of detail and the sense of life, one has not yet lost the power of inner imagination. And I confess that the inner imagination, which I had to a degree when I left college, seems a little tarnished as I sit day after day looking at a Turkish rug and trying to put into words what vision is left within me.

"ON THE HEIGHTS"

WELL-CHOSEN title mean element of a successful novel. In too many cases the title is only a cunning advertisement and in only the best has it a significance to lead the reader to think upon it with satisfaction after finishing the book. In Berthold Auerbach's masterpiece, at the very close, the reconciled king and queen holding each other by the hand look up through tears to where Irma—the heroine—lies buried *Auf der Höhe*. Until this moment the reader has probably not thought of the significance of the title. But then it comes over him that *On the Heights* is not made the title because of this closing phrase; rather, that it describes the social grade in which the action of the

novel goes on and in some measure also the tone of the intellectual life of the personages. Life "on the heights" has a peculiar fascination in whatever sense the phrase is taken. No feature of Auerbach's literary mastership is more admirable than the delicacy and ingenuity with which he has woven the fortunes of the royal house of Bavaria into the fabric of his great novel *Auf der Höhe*. The untangling of this complicated web adds zest to both history and fiction.

Probably the number of those who have been aware that Otto I. has been King of Bavaria for the past twenty-one years is small. Perhaps Otto himself has not been aware of it for the greater part of the time, since he has spent most of his reign in restraint, an incurable madman. And yet, who can say that Otto has been less fortunate than the majority

CASTLE NEW SCHWANSTEIN

A construction of Ludwig II. Here he was declared insane and incapable of ruling

of his colleagues? For are they not all under restraint, and are we not all a little mad?

Otto I. was an attractive youth, and as Prince Otto, accompanied the Prussian forces in the Franco-Prussian War, but long before the tragic death of his brother, Ludwig II., brought him to a theoretical throne, he had been consigned to the guardianship of attendants who surround him with the persistent watchfulness, if not the pomp and flattery, that belong to royalty. With Otto dies a line of interesting princes and the Bavarian succession goes over to his uncle, Luitpold, the youngest son of Ludwig I. It is with his father, Maximilian II., and his grandfather, Ludwig I., as well as his brother, much less than with himself, that we are concerned.

Otto was born in 1848, that year of stormy sailing for monarchical craft, which forced his talented grandfather to resign the helm to Maximilian II. and

seek a refuge on the shores of private life. His brother Ludwig was three years older. If Queen Marie was not kept in entire ignorance of what was going on around her, it would not be altogether unwarranted to seek in those circumstances the source of the insanity of King Otto. For it was indeed a mad Munich into which little Otto was ushered on the 27th of April. Two months before his royal grandfather had been insulted by a mob in the streets of his capital, and after vain attempts to mollify the public resentment at his scandalous subjection to the whims of a courtesan, he had put off his crown in favour of his son and stolen away from the city which he had made the art capital of Germany.

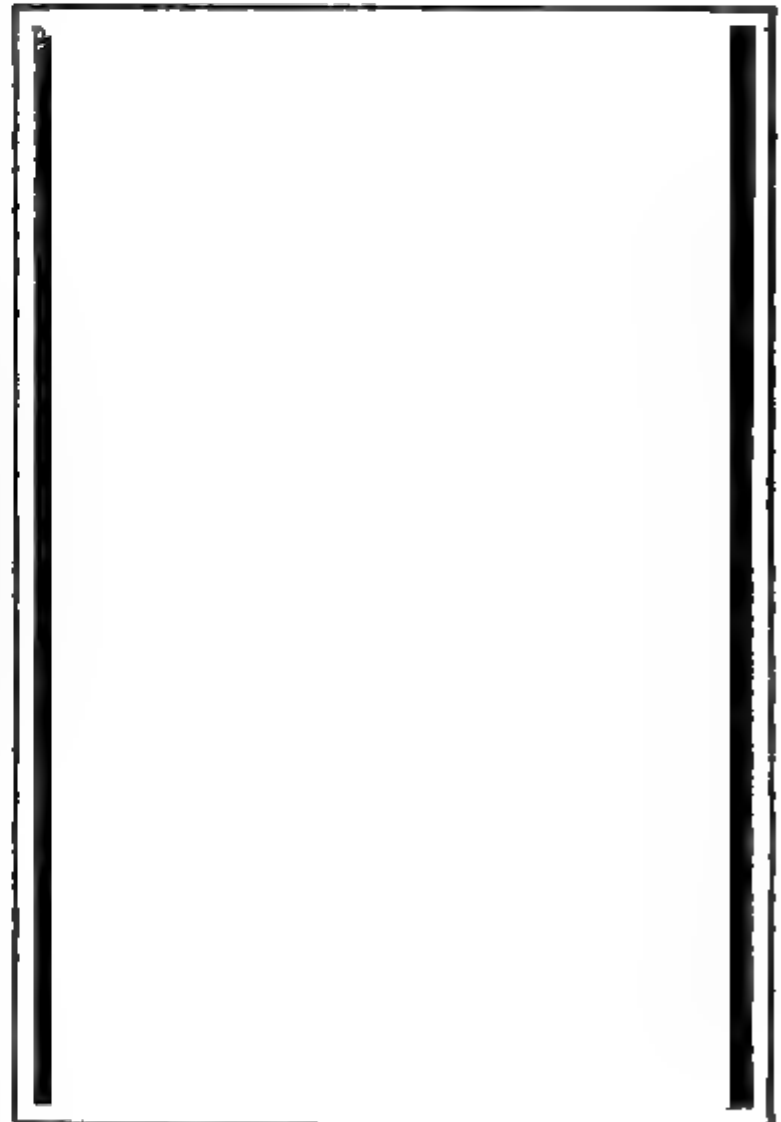
Maximilian was not of an heroic mould, but a Hamlet, who found the times sadly out of joint, though he laboured conscientiously to set them right. Perhaps Hamlet suffered from head-

with treasures. He was a strong and talented nature. But he had the traditional weakness of royalty and wealth, a practical hostility to monogamy. He was a modern Paris and filled a gallery with the beauties of his kingdom, painted by Stieler. One of these beauties, the court dancer Lola Montez, cost him his throne. It is the old story of dotage. Ludwig was sixty when Lola came to Munich—old enough to have known better. But opportunity makes the thief and—the rake. The Celto-Spanish adventuress danced herself into the old man's heart, and from this stronghold domineered the court. Lola tells us that she was a sincere republican and had the public good at heart. Why deny her this claim to virtue? During her domination, at any rate, the long-standing Jesuit ministry was overthrown, a liberal programme was introduced into the universities, greater freedom was promised the press. Her influence was distinctly recognised by the opposition, who called the new government the "Lola ministry." She was

LUITPOLD, PRINCE REGENT OF BAVARIA

aches. Maximilian tells his friend and teacher, the philosopher Schelling, that he had suffered from headaches for thirteen years before the birth of Otto. Doubtless the modern physician would consider this an important datum in the diagnosis of the case of both Ludwig and Otto. Schelling's influence upon Maximilian is probably the strongest factor in his character aside from his heredity. The two carried on a luminous and voluminous correspondence from several years before the king's coronation until the death of the philosopher in 1854. Maximilian was a man of sincere conscience. He took his duties as sovereign seriously. Despite the light tone of the court during the latter years of his father, Maximilian was a model husband and a devoted father and ruler. He was a father to his people only in the proper sense. With Ludwig it had been otherwise.

The devotees of art owe much to Ludwig I. of Bavaria. He built the Glyptothek and the two Pinakotheks, the Odeon, the Wittelsbacher palace, and a number of other structures, called painters to his capital and filled the museums



KING OTTO I. OF BAVARIA

Now for many years insane

made Countess of Landsfeld, and became the idol of the radical students. But liberalism must have blameless prophets. Mud stuck to Lola too easily. The Catholic and reactionary forces conquered, and the Countess of Landsfeld was escorted out of Bavaria, to finish her career in America.

What a situation for a romance! It did not escape the keen eye of Berthold Auerbach, who made it the scaffolding of his most famous novel, *On the Heights*. While *Auf der Höhe* can scarcely be classified as a historical novel, it contains many elements of history, elements which lend, when understood, a double interest to the descendants of Ludwig I. The hero of Auerbach's novel is a composite of Ludwig and Maximilian II., with a decided preponderance of the latter, while the situation is that

of the last year of Ludwig's reign. Kurt, the king of the novel, is married to a North German princess. Marie, the wife of Maximilian, was the daughter of Prince William of Prussia. Kurt, like Maximilian, is divided between autocratic and democratic tendencies. He wants to support constitutional government, but he doesn't like to be constrained

to do so. Like Maximilian, he finally decides to sacrifice his personal inclinations and live for his people. Like Maximilian, he is, on the whole, a clean and high-minded idealist. His relations with the heroine, Irma, are his single, deeply

repented sin, though she exercises over him the same powerful influence as did Lola Montez over his father, Ludwig.

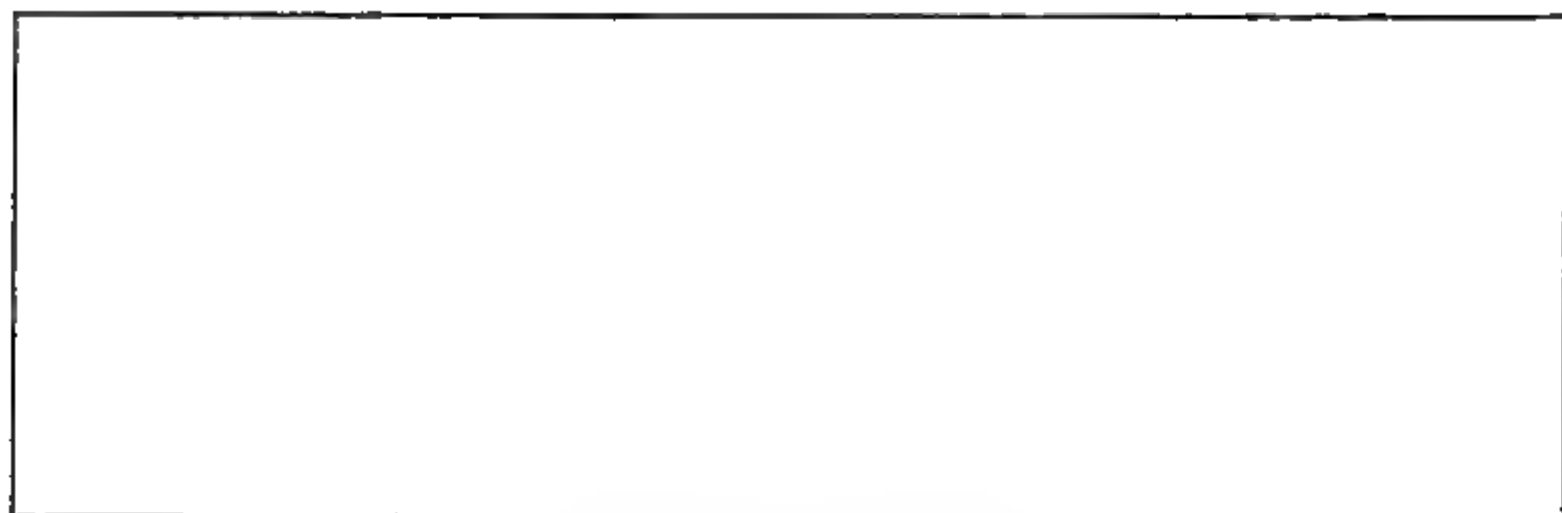
Kurt, of the novel, has the more positive character of Maximilian's father. Maximilian meditated going over from Catholicism to Protestantism and discussed with Schelling the possibilities of bringing the two great families of Christendom nearer together. In the novel, it is the queen, Mathilde, who considers the surrender of her native faith in favour of that of her husband, a disposition traditionally more suited to the feminine

character. But the discussion is the same, only that Schelling's arguments against the step are put into the mouth of the king in the novel.

Auerbach is always an idealist. In *Auf der Höhe* he idealises most of all the favourite, the mistress of the king. Indeed, it is scarcely more than the situation which would identify Irma,

LOLA MONTEZ

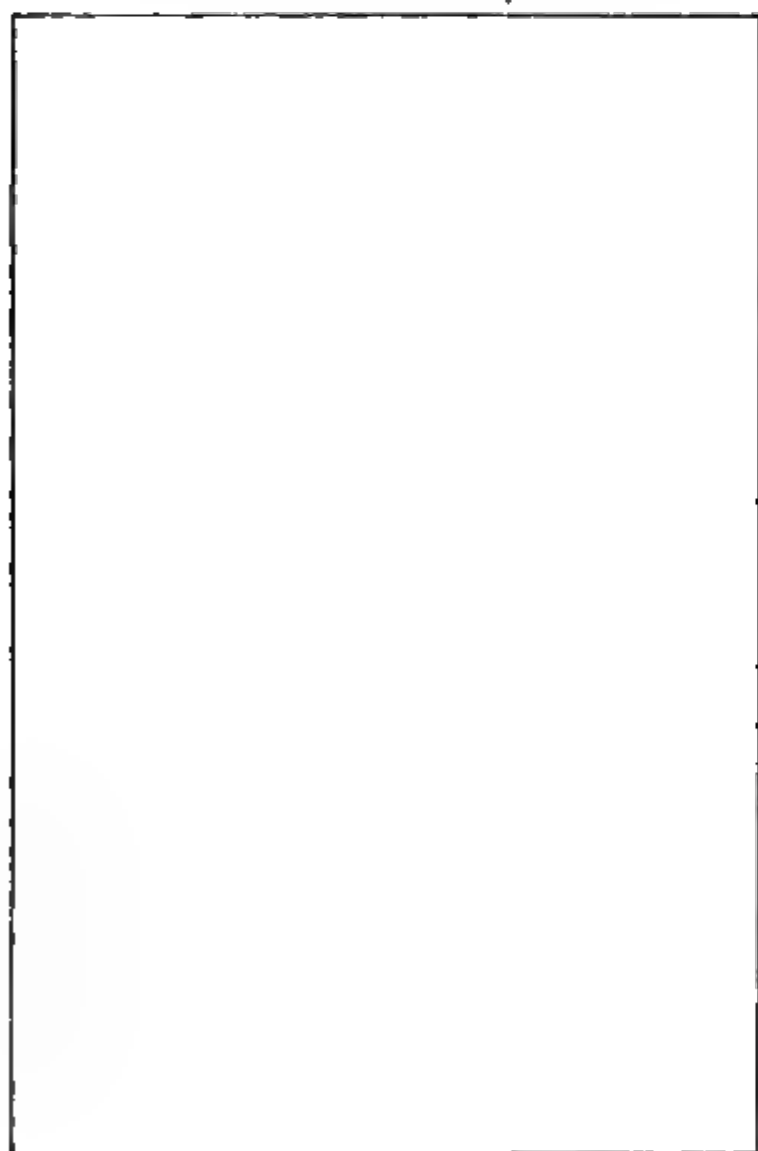
Baronin Steigengock in *Auf der Höhe*



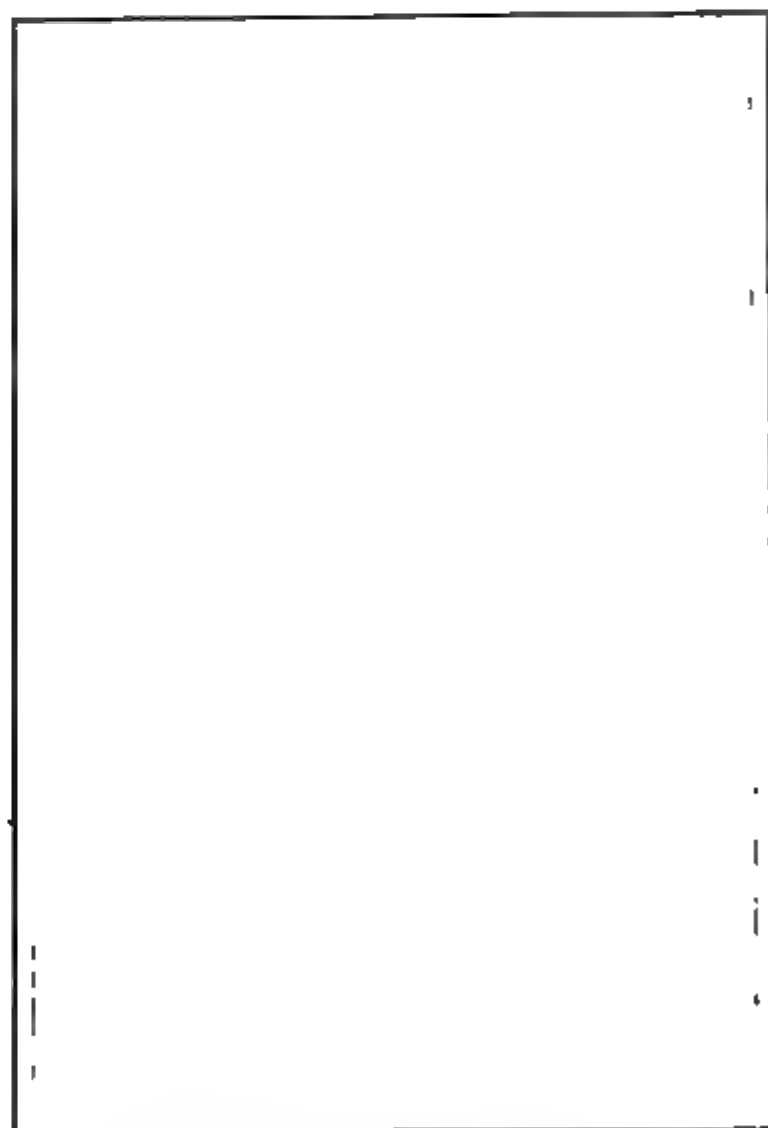
GENERAL VIEW OF MUNICH
The Propylæum in the foreground

the talented Gräfin von Wildenort, with Lola Montez. He seems to wish to preclude the possibility of such an identification, for he refers to "the mistress of the old king," called in the novel Baroness Steigeneck—the name a whimsical half-translation of Montez—a foreign dancer, whose relations to the king had been a public scan-

dal. Irma's brother, Bruno, is married to the daughter of the old favourite, and in more than one way Irma's relation is compared and contrasted with that of the Steigeneck. While Lola Montez intrigued against the Jesuit régime and prompted the proscription of the Redemptorists, Irma, through pity for a friend, procures the restoration of the

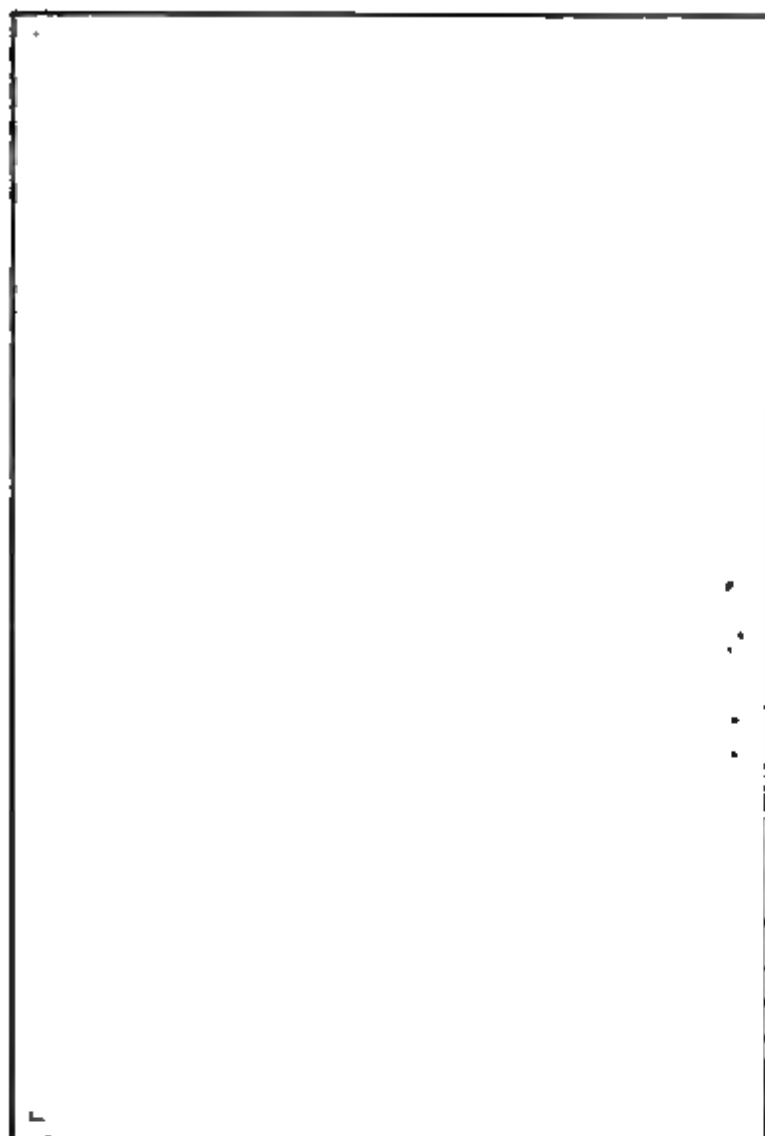


LUDWIG I. OF BAVARIA



THE PHILOSOPHER SCHELLING

Friend and adviser of Maximilian II. The original of Gunther in *Auf der Höhe*



QUEEN MARIE OF BAVARIA
The Queen in *Auf der Höhe*

cloister system. Yet both Lola and Irma were radicals, impatient of restraints, and if we could trust Lola's own account of herself in her *Autobiography*, prefixed to her *Lectures*, she was no less highstrung and idealistic than was Gräfin Irma. Lola's various books, *Anecdotes of Love*, *The Arts of Beauty*, and the *Lectures*, were all published seven years before the appearance of *Auf der Höhe*, and may have been known to Auerbach.

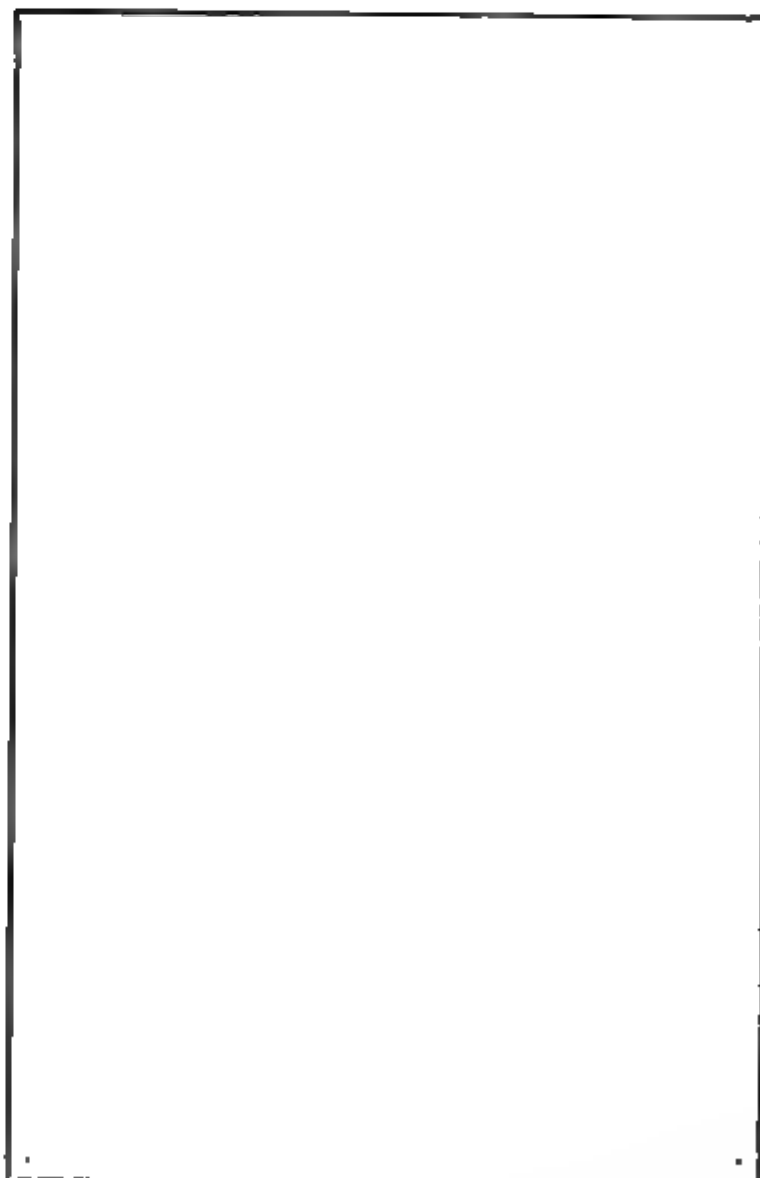
While the Kurt of the novel is an idealisation of Maximilian II., it is easy to understand why Auerbach should have waited with its publication until after the king's death. He had certainly begun it before the year 1864. And although the other sitter for his composite hero, King Ludwig I., was still alive, the circumstances were so cunningly mingled and the persons so fairly disguised that the Bavarian censors did not attempt to interfere with the circulation of *Auf der Höhe*. Prudence may have dictated their indulgence, for to have attacked the book on the score of *Majestatsbeleidigung*

would have been more like a confession and public advertisement of the frailties of their royal family.

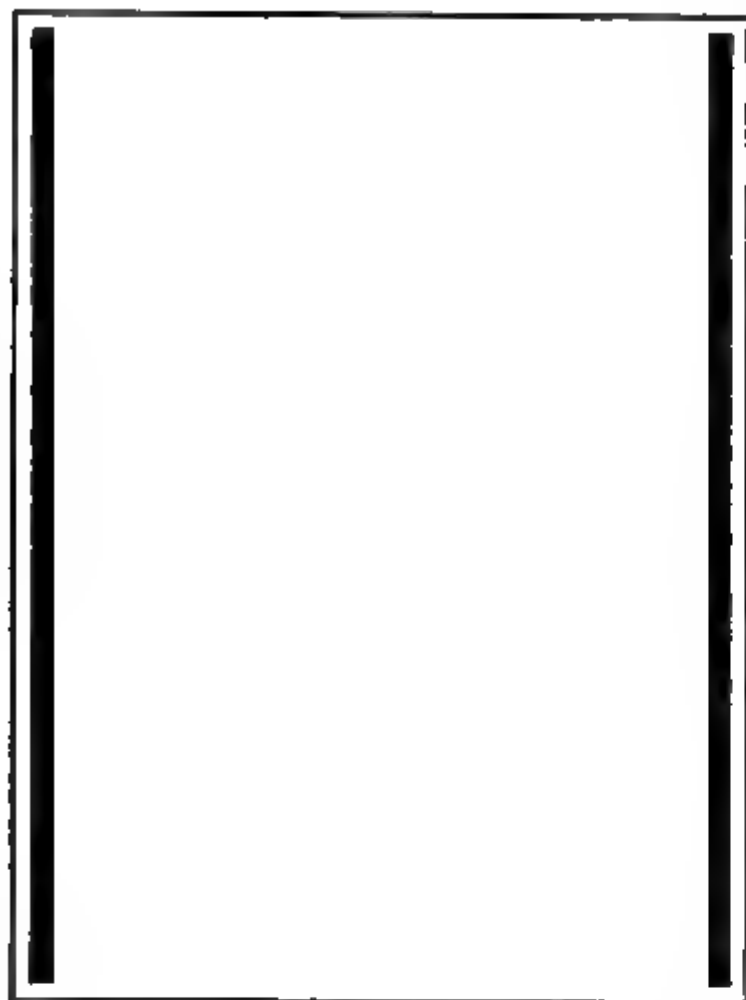
What Ludwig I. accomplished for the representative arts Maximilian hoped to do for poetry. Both kings indulged themselves in the belief that they were poets—perhaps this is one of the privileges of kings.

"You have a new hat, *lieber Hofrath*," said Ludwig one morning to a leading literary man of the court, to whom he had showed his poems. "Quite right, your Majesty," replied the poet. "And what sort of a one?" "One I could recommend to your Majesty," was the reply, "*wasserdichter*, your Majesty." A good German pun (*wasserdichter*, adjective = *watertight*; *Wasserdichter*, noun = *watery poet*) which, however, cost the punster his position at court.

However, Maximilian had better critics and advisers than his father, or better judgment, hence he did not publish



MAXIMILIAN II. OF BAVARIA
The King in *Auf der Höhe*



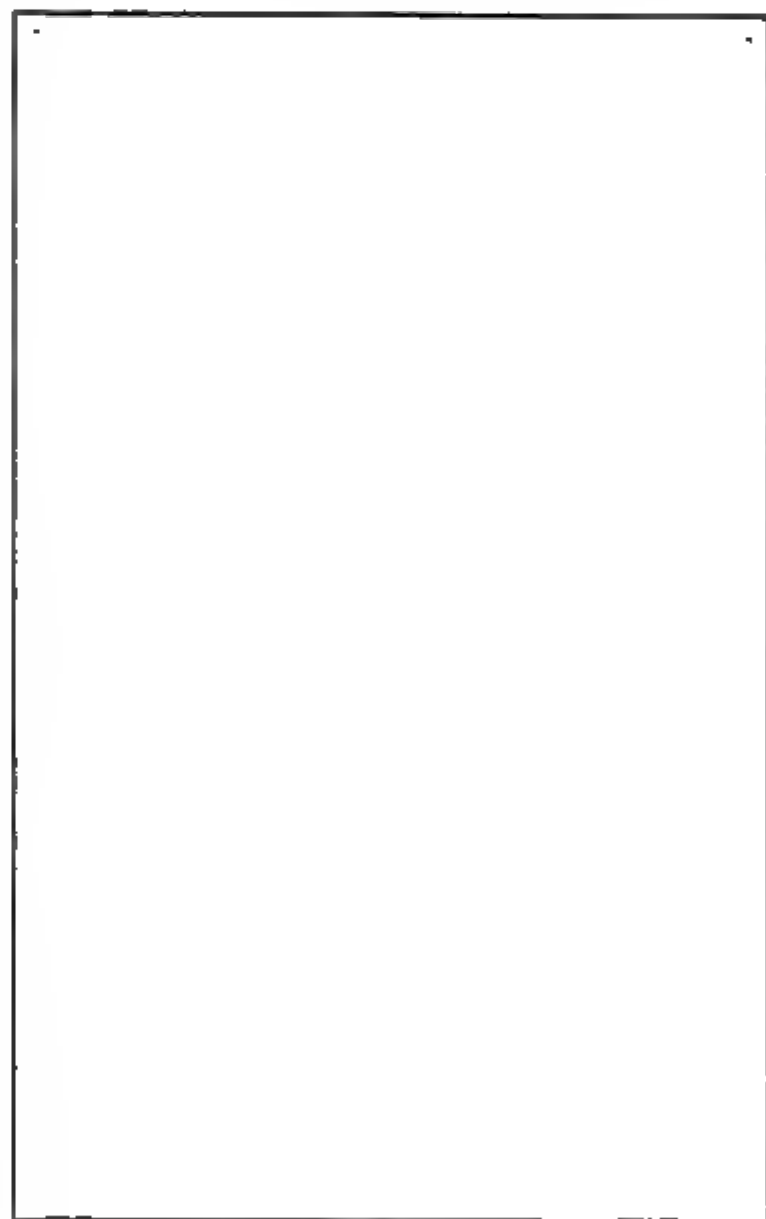
FRANZ DINGELSTEDT

his verses. But he encouraged in every way possible the pursuit of the tuneful art, especially by calling young writers to his court and granting them pensions. Thus at one time or another he entertained and aided Geibel, Heyse, Lingg, Bodenstedt, Dingelstedt, Hermann Schmid, Wilhelm Hertz, Riehl, Dahn, Scheffel and other lesser geniuses. Many of these were in Munich at the same time and joined with the king in the informal discussions and entertainments. Among themselves these genial spirits formed a circle which they called *Der heilige Teich* (The Sacred Pool), and also *Das Krokodil*. The members assumed such names as Ichthyosaurus, Ibis, Scarabæus, and other Egyptological titles. Scheffel's comic poem "The Ichthyosaurus" sprang from this association, also an entire book of contributions by various members, *Das Münchener Dichterbuch*. The king himself sometimes took part in the sessions of *Das Krokodil*.

It was one of Maximilian's dearest ambitions to be loved by his people. He was sincerely simple in his tastes and loved the simple ways of the common

people, whom he sought in their rural surroundings. This trait Auerbach has reflected in *Auf der Höhe* by the introduction of the peasant nurse into the court life, which at the same time gave him the opportunity to employ his most decided talent, the ideal portrayal of country folk, such as the world knows best in his *Black Forest Tales*. Much of Maximilian's statecraft was dominated by this desire to satisfy his people, which he once expressed in a great emergency in the oft-quoted saying, "*Ich will Frieden haben mit meinem Volke.*" His motto, announced in assuming the crown, *Freiheit und Gesetzmässigkeit*, is paraphrased in the novel with the simpler and more poetic "*Frei und treu,*" or, in another passage, "*Frei und Eins mit dem Gesetze.*"

This and a score of other touches put it beyond all question that the Kurt of *Auf der Höhe* is studied from Maximilian II. Several of the leading persons



EMANUEL GEIBEL, THE POET

THE COURT THEATRE IN MUNICH

The scene of the Emilia Galotti episode in *Auf der Höhe*

in the environment of the king may be recognised as the shadows of those who surrounded the real Maximilian. Gunther, the court physician, who exercises so great an influence over both the queen and the king, speaks quite clearly the philosophy of Schelling, although something of this may also be found in the words of Irma's father Eberhard, and the sayings of both are founded upon the principles of Auerbach's great mas-

derful story and its relation to the life of his father should have escaped the keen intelligence of King Ludwig II. In the close of the latter king's career there is either a strange coincidence with an episode in the novel or a tragedy which was suggested in some subtle, subliminal fashion by the king's familiarity with the situation of the novel.

On the shore of one of the picturesque Bavarian lakes, plausibly the

CASTLE BERG ON THE STARNBERGER SEE

In which Ludwig II. was incarcerated and near which he was drowned (conjectured as scene of the death of Irma in *Auf der Höhe*)

ter, Spinoza. In Bronnen, who becomes president of the ministry, in the novel, it is possible to see Dönniges, Maximilian's chief adviser in the first years of his reign, with a touch of Von der Pfordten, in Baron Schöning the poet Geibel, and perhaps in Schnabelsdorf Dingelstedt, the dilettante author, mingled with the political actions of Thon-Dittmer, president of the Bavarian cabinet.

It is difficult to believe that this won-

Starnberger See, Irma, the king's favourite, whose relation to him had alienated the royal couple and had become a scandal so public that the reproach of it brought on the death of her father, attempts to take her life by drowning and is restrained, only after a struggle, by her friend Walpurga, whom she had known as the nurse of the little crown prince. For several years it was believed by the court that she had succeeded in

LUDWIG II.

QUEEN MARIE

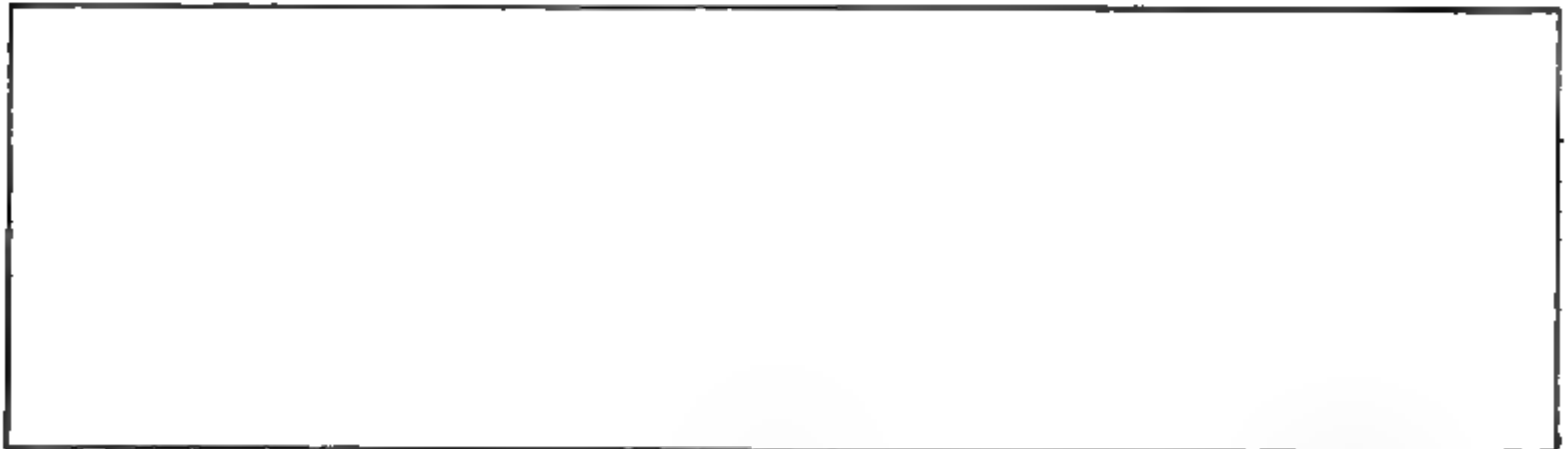
OTTO I.

About 1864

her attempt, and on the spot was erected a cross with a brief commemorative inscription. Irma repents of her wrong in the solitude of the "Alm," the mountain dairy farm, while the king lives down his trespass in the midst of his official duties. Finally time and the discovery of the penitent Irma as she is about to pass away reconcile the royal pair.

The present generation has not forgotten Ludwig II. He too had an ambition to glorify his country. His grandfather had made Munich an art centre; his father had made it the home of poetry and history and science. What was left for him but music? A noble ambition, worthy of a dreamer and pos-

sible only to a royal dreamer. All the world knows of his relation to Wagner. If ever a patron deserved credit for the achievements of his protégé, it is Ludwig II. None but a mad king could have had faith in the plans of so revolutionary a genius as Wagner. Because his *Münchener* did not appreciate him he built the famous opera-house at Bayreuth. But Bavaria contains both cities. No king since Barbarossa has become so nearly a mythical character as Ludwig II. He was a handsome man of colossal stature. His whimsical and nocturnal habits and in later years his almost entire seclusion from public view made it easily possible to multiply and exaggerate the many incidents of actual occurrence, so



PALACE CHIEMSEE

A costly construction of Ludwig II

KING LUDWIG II., LATE KING OF BAVARIA
The baby prince in *Auf der Höhe*

that it is already quite impossible to separate fact and fancy. What a delightful story, whether true or not, that of the king's playing *Lohengrin* in an artificial lakelet on the roof of the royal palace. To make the sea more realistically blue a quantity of vitriol had been added to the water, and when the machinery that served for Boreas and Euros was all too successful in its effects, the swan-boat upset and the royal actor was drenched in fortunately somewhat diluted vitriol. Or how like Peter the Great, the story of his leaving the splendid court orchestra to play through a long opera before his valet in the otherwise empty auditorium because some of the members had come a minute after the punctual king himself.

Once only did the king take an efficient part in the political history of his day, when, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, he promptly offered his forces for the support of King William and soon after took the lead in proposing the restoration of the German Empire under the headship of Prussia. However, he did not act wholly on his own initiative in the premises, but was guided by the hand of Bismarck.

After the war he withdrew more and more into his realm of dreams, avoiding the capital, frequenting the romantic lakes of the Bavarian highlands, and living only for his musical and architectural ideals. For in him as in his predecessors the *Baulust* was rampant. And since Munich was distasteful to him, he undertook a series of splendid palaces on the shores of his favourite lakes: Neuschwanstein, Berg and Herren-Chiemsee. When the debts for these structures began to approach the second million of dollars, the creditors called a halt, and the king demanded that the *Landtag* should assume the obligations. The refusal of the *Landtag* to make this grant threw the king into a fury and accelerated his disease.

Such was the situation when early in June, 1886, it was determined to appoint a lunacy commission. After some perilous experiences with the king, who was surrounded by officials dependent on his whims and, therefore, disposed to humour them, the commission reported that Ludwig was hopelessly insane. Thereupon Prince Luitpold issued a proclamation to this effect and assumed the regency. At the same time Dr. von Gudden was despatched to Neuschwanstein to take charge of the royal patient. After some parrying and diplomacy Ludwig consented to remove to Castle Berg on the Starnberger See, where there were better facilities for treatment. He pretended to be reconciled and pacific, and in the evening of June 13th proposed a promenade with his physician on the shore of the lake. To pacify him other attendants were dismissed; the king and Von Gudden were not seen again until, several hours later, their bodies were found floating in the water off the shore. It was evident that a struggle had taken place, Von Gudden's face showing the marks of the king's fingers. But whether Von Gudden was drawn under and drowned by the king, or whether he died of heart failure, or whether he took his own life in desperation over the loss of his patient, is not known, or at least has not been published.

Thus the king died in exactly the same manner as the beautiful heroine whom Auerbach had associated with his royal

CASTLE HOHENSCHWANGAN, WITH NEW SCHWANSTEIN ABOVE

father, and perhaps at the same point—it was low and marshy—of the same lake which the novelist describes as the scene of the tragedy in his story. It is not incredible that Ludwig may have mingled that scene with his mad imaginings, may have brooded on the wrong his father had done the beautiful countess—in the story—and have planned his own death as a romantic atonement for that wrong. He was all his life a bitter misogynist.

The excitement in the country was intense. The peasantry, especially the mountaineers, with whom the king was a favourite, were unwilling to believe the story of his death, and suspected that he had been incarcerated or made way with as the victim of a plot. They came in great numbers to see the body as it lay in state in the royal residence, as much to be convinced that the king was really dead as from conventional curiosity.

To this day there are not wanting intelligent men among the subjects of King Otto who half suspect that Ludwig was harassed into insanity, if not actually hunted into the madhouse and the lake, by political and perhaps religious envy and ambition. These suspicions found voice in some radical journals at the time in black-faced editorials headed,

PRINCE LUDWIG, HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE
OF BAVARIA

Vollständiges Verzeichnis

der in der Stadt München, im Jahre 1886, erschienenen
Bücher, Zeitschriften, etc., nach dem Verzeichnisse
des k. k. bayerischen Ministeriums der öffentlichen
Angelegenheiten, und des k. k. bayerischen
Ministeriums des Innern, etc., etc.

Neueste Nachrichten

Alpine- und Sport-Zeitung

Die Alpen- und Sport-Zeitung ist eine der
besten und interessantesten Zeitschriften
für die Alpen- und Sport-Liebhaber.
Sie enthält die neuesten Nachrichten
über die Alpen- und Sport-Veranstaltungen,
die neuesten Reisebeschreibungen,
die neuesten Sport-Ergebnisse, etc., etc.

München, Montag 14. Juni.

Münchener Anzeiger. Nr. 165.

39. Jahrgang. 1886.

Nachdem Seine Majestät der König seit der Ankunft in Schloß Berg den ärztlichen Rathschlägen ruhige Folge geleistet hatten, machten Allerhöchstdieselben gestern Abends 6^u Uhr in Begleitung des Obermedizinalrathes Dr. von Gudden einen Spaziergang in den Park, von dem Allerhöchstdieselben und Dr. von Gudden längere Zeit nicht zurückgekehrt sind. Nach Durchsuchung des Parkes und des Seesufers wurden Seine Majestät mit dem Obermedizinalrath Dr. von Gudden im See gefunden. — Seine Majestät gaben gleichwie Dr. von Gudden anfangs noch schwache Lebenszeichen. Die von Dr. Müller vorgenommenen Wiederbelebungsversuche waren jedoch vergeblich. Um 12 Uhr Nachts wurde der Tod Seiner Majestät konstatiert. Gleiches war bei Dr. von Gudden der Fall.

München, den 14. Juni 1886.

königlicher polizeibehörde.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE SUCCESSION BY PRINZ LUITPOLD

"The people demand the truth!" which were promptly confiscated.

And so the recluse who had so long shunned his own capital came back at last to be gazed at by all men's eyes in broad sunlight. For two long days he lay extended on his simple bier, while his subjects gazed upon the face that many of them had never seen in life, and then came the impressive funeral procession, the hearse attended by twelve totally draped figures with only slits for the eyes in their black hoods—the *Gugelmänner* of Bavarian custom—and followed by a notable line of princes on foot, among them two representatives of the greatest German states, Prussia and Austria, Crown Prince Friedrich, the much loved and lamented Friedrich II., Emperor of Germany, and Crown Prince Rudolph, who ended his life in a base

intrigue at the hands of the man whom he had wronged.

Since the constitution of Bavaria makes no provision for the deposition of a king on account of insanity, the succession passed nominally to Ludwig's brother Otto, and his accession was formally announced by the Prince-Regent Luitpold together with the news of the death of Ludwig. But Otto has been in truth an uncrowned king. Few of his subjects have seen his face except as it appears on current Bavarian coins. In *On the Heights* the second child of the royal couple is stillborn. The fate of Otto has been yet sadder, both for him and for his mother, who lived through the insane years of both her sons. Luitpold is eighty-seven and the next king of Bavaria will probably be Ludwig III., his oldest son. *W. H. Carruth.*

GENESEE STREET—THE "GRAND BOULEVARD" OF UTICA

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

II. UTICA, N. Y.

le but sophist-
ler may express
that I should
Utica, New
hy Utica, New
he place is one
dred undistin-
ames of which
are usually learned from railway time-
tables. It has played no part in history.
It is too young to possess colonial associ-
ations. It is too old to stir that sort of
imagination which is fired by many Jack-
and-the-Beanstalk cities of the West. No
one visits it for pleasure or to see its
sights. It is only a dot upon the map.

Quite true. Yet these are just the
reasons why I wish to write of Utica,
New York. There are perhaps a hun-
dred towns in our great country of which
the same things might be said. Ask the

average American to tell you the geo-
graphical situation of Utica and he will
say: "Oh, it's somewhere up in the
middle of New York State." That is
all he knows about it. But so, if you
ask even a highly educated foreigner
about some of our greatest cities, his
answers will be still more vague. Name
to an Englishman six American towns
that are larger than Leeds or Sheffield
or Edinburgh or Newcastle or Ports-
mouth—not to say York or Plymouth or
Southampton or Dover or Yarmouth—
and it is long odds that he will never
even have heard of them. And as for
Germans and Frenchmen, most of them
could not enumerate five American cities
to save their lives; and if they tried it,
they would surely include Rio de Janeiro,
Buenos Ayres or Mexico.

I shall never forget the faint look of

incredulous surprise which flickered across the face of a distinguished British visitor ten years ago, when I told him that there existed a place called Brooklyn within whose limits there dwelt very nearly a million human beings. He had heard of Yankee brag, and he suspected me of drawing the long bow for his astonishment. A day or two later he crossed the Bridge and plunged into the welter of unrelated streets which make up the maze of Brooklyn. I feared lest he might not return, since even a New Yorker is quickly lost in that appalling labyrinth. For my part, when I visit Brooklyn (which is seldom) I never lose my grasp on Fulton Street, but wander up and down its noisy way, venturing only to gaze timidly into its purlieus and adjacent lanes. Yet my accomplished guest returned safely at nightfall, convinced, I think, of the immensity of Brooklyn, though he said nothing, and wore an air of profound depression, the reason for which the psychologists of Brooklyn may explain.

Of course, foreigners will say: "Why *should* we know the names of your big cities? Their bigness is their only claim to notice. They have no attractions, no meaning, no background. They are simply great human hives, and might just as well be designated by numbers as by names." Yes, but is not the same thing true of many foreign cities? Liverpool is no more significant than Brooklyn. Birmingham and Manchester are modern growths almost as truly as are Kansas City and St. Joseph and Buffalo and Newark. Yet the Englishman who has never heard of these American cities would rightly hold us very ignorant if we knew naught of Liverpool and Manchester.

Now, what I am coming to is this: Our attitude toward our own smaller cities represents exactly the foreign attitude toward our larger ones. The superciliousness of a Londoner when you speak to him of Denver or St. Paul is matched by the superciliousness of the Philadelphian, for instance, when you speak to him of Utica. And so when you ask, "Why write of Utica?" I answer in the immortal words of Alice—or was it the Carpenter?—"Why not?"

Indeed, one ought to turn away from our big, overgrown, amorphous capitals, to the smaller cities, which are far more truly representative of America—the real America. Cosmopolitan New York, jammed full of Jews and Irishmen and Germans and Italians, and with the architecture of a dozen countries copied and vulgarised and caricatured; Chicago, where Poles and Huns and Swedes sweat in its reeking stock-yards and make the place a gruesome Babel; San Francisco, half Chinese; and Boston, sterile and preserving little of the past except its querulous colonial conceit—why tell of these and other cities which already every one has seen and read of to satiety? How much more fresh the interest of the smaller towns, which may be only names, yet which are really very individual—compact and prosperous and undeniably American. We go whirling through them in a "flyer," and we never think that each of them is the abode of sixty or seventy thousand of our fellow-countrymen, forming a microcosm which deserves our study. These people are not ciphers in the sum of national existence. They live and love. They work and play. They have their triumphs and their tragedies. Their churches, theatres and clubs diversify their lives. They thrill with local pride. They set themselves with earnestness to work out their own problems, both social and municipal. They are not half so hopelessly "provincial" as are the persons who apply to them that sneering adjective.

The truth is that I am innocently proud of knowing Utica, New York. If I had explored the sources of the Nile, or prowled around Uganda, or entered the Forbidden Palace at Peking, or sneaked up into Thibet, I should never mention it. Other persons have done these things and they have written books about them, which you can procure at any library. But so far as I can find, no one has ever written anything about Utica, New York, from the standpoint of an appreciative wanderer. And, therefore, as I take you with me up the slope of Genesee Street and past the Busy Corner, and initiate you into Utica, I feel naively vain, somewhat as Bartley Hubbard did when he showed

the blushing Marcia how well he knew his Boston. "Wait till I show you Washington Street to-morrow. There's the Museum. Here we are in Scollay Square. There's Hanover Street. Court crooks down that way. There's Pemberton Square."

I shall not expect you to be so much impressed as Marcia was; nor, on the other hand, shall I give you a Catalogue of Streets in the manner of Homer and of Mr. Howells. In fact, I am discoursing of Utica purely for my own esoteric pleasure, and you are not bound to listen, though I hope you will. Even the most trivial knowledge has its value; and Utica is really worth your while. It gives you a clue to the mysteries of Central New York, upon which no one, before or since the time of Mr. Harold Frederic, has cast a single glimmer of interpretative light.

And you are not to imagine that there is anything at all usual or tame or commonplace in journeying to Utica. If you have sporting blood, let me tell you that it involves the piquancy of peril. In going thither you shall experience the delightful inconveniences of barbarous travel. You shall be afflicted with uncertainty and apprehension. You shall feel the need of fortitude as fully as did Miss Méné Muriel Dowie when she explored Ruthenia and the Carpathians, wearing knickerbockers, and—so far as I can gather from her narrative—carrying no luggage except a silver cigarette case and a box of insect-powder. It is not for every one to go to Utica any more than it used to be for every one to go to Corinth. Utica lies in that vast and fully subjugated province which pays tribute to the New York Central Railroad. To reach it you must travel on the New York Central Railroad's trains; and I assure you that if you went in palanquins or on the humps of dromedaries you would experience no such vicissitudes or be so grievously uncertain as to when you would arrive.

The New York Central Railroad was once the model railway of the United States. But that was when its chiefs were men who knew their business. In these days, judging from a large array of concrete facts, it has been given over—I

cannot tell by whom—to a lot of merry boys, who think it fun to play at railroad-ing. It may be fun for them, but it is far from fun to the poor passenger who lets himself become a subject for their cheerful irresponsibility. Take your ticket for the Empire State Express, but at the same time make your peace with Heaven and get a policy of accident insurance. It may be that only freight trains will be smashed that day, and that you will escape unscathed; but you will probably be several hours late; you will not make connections; your luggage will be dumped off at any station other than the one you checked it to. If you ever find that luggage after days of telegraphing and complaining, you will be asked to pay the Company for having stored it for you at the place to which you didn't want it sent. *Experto crede Roberto.*

But after all, here is where the romance of a voyage to Utica begins. Utica itself is loyal to the New York Central Railroad. It received long ago a railway station, which is now dilapidated to the last degree; but Utica is loyal. It hugs its chains and deeply reverences the satraps of the "Central." And perhaps one wouldn't wish this sentiment to disappear, since from it springs a curious cult which I shall presently explain. This is the cult of Mileage. You can buy a little pasteboard book in which is furled a yard or so of flimsy paper marked off by lines, each tiny section representing a mile of transportation on the "Central" and its tributary roads. This seems like a simple, every-day arrangement; but in Utica, New York, it isn't simple—not a bit. As I said, it is the subject of a cult, and the basis of a sort of sporadic aristocracy. These pasteboard covers, enclosing the yard or so of flimsy paper, are precisely the same thing as a patent of nobility. Originally, the combination was called "a mileage book"; but by a process of linguistic attrition, the dialect of Utica describes it as "a Mileage." Now if you possess a Mileage you are no longer a common person, one of the *plebecula*, a *terræ filius*. A halo of distinction shimmers around your head. You exhale the odour of a special sanctity. Trainmen who before have grunted at you, now lout

low. All doors are open to you. Conductors will stop trains for you at stations where no stoppage is permitted to the common or garden variety of traveller. "Nice customs curtesy to great kings" said Henry V. In Utica and its vicinity they curtesy to the person who owns a Mileage.

And you do not even have to show your Mileage. Just look at the varlet whom you would command and say "Mileage!" It is quite enough. He is brought to heel at once, and bows obsequiously. I have often wondered why unscrupulous men who really have no Mileage, do not use the magic word and thus unlawfully secure its benefits. But I have evolved a theory that only the actual possession of a Mileage can bestow the true patrician air which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere in Utica, New York. If you tried to act as though you had a Mileage when you hadn't one, something in your manner would betray you. Such is the psychology of the Mileage. I once heard two natives of Utica arguing earnestly over some controverted topic. One of them finally exclaimed:

"I'll bet you a Mileage that I'm right!"

But the other, eyeing him with elaborate disdain, replied:

"Huh! You look as though you had a Mileage, don't you!"

So, you see, a Mileage is like an amulet or the Hapsburg lip. If you have it, why then you have it; but if you haven't it, pretence will not avail. The lowliest trainman will throw you off the back platform without turning a hair.

It is worth noting, in order to give a scientifically complete account of this very interesting matter, that there is a Greater and also a Lesser Mileage. The former costs \$20 and will entitle you to a thousand miles of danger, while the Lesser Mileage costs but \$10 and will permit you to risk your life for only five hundred miles. These two Mileages represent, as it were, two different grades or titles in the Central's peerage, corresponding, let us say, respectively, to a Marquisate and an Earldom. I wish that there were even loftier Mileages; for then I should save up my money and buy a Mileage of fifty thousand miles. It

would make me at the very least a Duke of Utica; while a Mileage of a hundred thousand miles would be equivalent to a strain of the blood royal.

And there is still another cult—a very different one—which thrives in Utica, New York, and, indeed, along the whole line of the Central. It is not aristocratic in its nature, but gastronomic; and I am delighted to publish here the results of my investigations.

The object of this cult is what is called the fried-cake. In writing down the word, be sure to hyphenate it; and, in pronouncing it, remember that it is an irrational spondee to be uttered with the trochaic beat and time—thus, "*fried-cake*." Now the fried-cake is not an indigenous product, peculiar to Utica. Roughly speaking, the fried-cake belt extends from the Hudson River westward to Lake Erie, and the excellence of the fried-cake itself increases in a sort of geometrical ratio with every hundred miles. Thus, at Albany it is possible to procure and eat a fried-cake; but if you are wise, you will not do so. At Utica, the fried-cake attains a degree of deliciousness which is supposed to justify the cult. At Syracuse it ravishes the palate. At Buffalo it is a gastronomic dream—a Lucullan climax—an epicurean ecstasy. At least I have been told so. I once knew a girl who used up an immensely long strip out of a Mileage, in travelling all the way from Boonville to Syracuse, just to eat some fried-cakes after an abstinence of several years.

My *commentariolum* must prove rather unsatisfactory as an explanation of just what a fried-cake really is. I may imperfectly describe it as a cruller that is trying to lead the simple life. It looks like a cruller; only its golden brownish circle is more plump and puffy, and the hole in the middle is smaller. The fried-cake is never greasy, and the interior is of a beautifully homogeneous texture—light and firm and fine. I am obliged to confess that I have never eaten one. In the railway station at Utica, I have walked cautiously around a glass cylinder which was full of them; and once, near Utica, I bought one and broke it open to see what it looked like inside. But I am a timid soul when it

comes to fooling with new kinds of food. I will secure all the evidence that can be had, and will most minutely question those who really know; but eating is too serious a matter to be made an adjunct to sociology. Thus in France, I have sojourned in Caen without touching any of its famous tripe. I have escaped from Marseilles quite conscious-stricken and yet secretly relieved because its huge snails had never tempted me. In sundry picturesque and bacilliferous towns of Italy, I have turned away from some very remarkable concoctions of oil and garlic which I knew were necessary to make me genuinely *Weltreisig*; and in Stuttgart I have stubbornly refused to do even so much as taste of a certain dark-blue soup which smelled as though a poodle had been washed in it. These things I confess with shame; but we all have our limitations, and this is one of mine. Therefore, let me simply note the fact that in Utica, the fried-cake is locally regarded with delight and reverence, and that it probably is good to eat—or, at least, that it is good for Uticans.

And what sort of human beings are these Uticans? When you stroll around the corner whereon Bagg's Hotel has stood for generations—and where even in the eighteenth century Bagg's Tavern furnished accommodations for man and beast—you will feel that here is one American city which is not cursed with our national unrest. The hackmen do not raise a noisy clamour at your coming. They are all asleep within their hacks, from whose open doors protrude quiescent legs. As you turn into Genesee Street—the Grand Boulevard of Utica—there is a refreshing absence of all noise or stir or bustle. The shopmen lounge before their shops and ruminate throughout the day. The small boys do not run or yell or scuffle, but are statue-like in their apparent immobility. The men and women whom you see upon the street stroll leisurely along as though to them Time had become Eternity. Even the trolley-cars move up and down with little noise and with the minimum of speed. They will stop for you as long as you desire. You never have to dash at them, and then hear the sharp clang

of the bell and feel the jerk of the starting car as it throws you off your feet. It is not thus in Utica, New York. That blessed town has never heard the irritating formula, "Step lively!"

Its atmosphere of deep repose does not connote vacuity or sluggishness or crass stolidity. You are not entering Bœotia nor are you in *crasso aëre*, when you saunter up the slope of Genesee Street. Go into any shop and you will find a friendly interest displayed in your requirements. Accost any person in the street and ask a question, and he will be entirely at your disposal. These people have not merely time to give you, but good will. In certain portions of New England, you may observe precisely the same touch of "neighbourliness"; but in New England it is always united with a rabid curiosity as to who you are and where you come from. When you accept a casual favour, you have to pay for it by gratifying this sharp-edged inquisitiveness. Again, in many Western towns and cities, there is the same American friendliness, but there you have to pay by listening to what men tell you of themselves. In Utica, there seems to prevail a natural good breeding which neither intrudes upon your personal concerns nor makes insistent raids upon your patience. And this is why I like so much the men and women and even the small children of Utica, New York. They all possess what is one of the most essential elements of true gentility,—a happy combination of reticence about themselves, and in turn a willingness to respect your reticence. The gimlet-minded Yankee and the bragging Westerner might both, to their advantage, learn useful lessons from the citizens of Utica. I believe that in Syracuse, they speak scornfully of Utica as a "dead" city. Rather it is a city where every one has time to live and to enjoy life with a hedonistic philosophy, about which there is something Horatian if not positively Cyrenaic. You can see nothing English in the external aspect of the place; yet its atmosphere is like that which gives mellowness to many good old English towns such as Coventry and Canterbury.

Those persons who are fond of search-

ing deeply into the origin of things may find an explanation of Utica's tranquillity in the fact that its real importance came to it when the Erie Canal was first constructed. That famous waterway cuts Genesee Street at right angles and is spanned by a long bridge. I love to lean over the railing and look down into the unstirred water, observing now and then a broad canal-boat lazily gliding on its way. The sight is restful in these days of frantic locomotion; and perhaps when Utica was young, the calm spirit of the canal infused itself into the nature of the inhabitants. However this may be, all things are quite in keeping. There was a time when canal-boats connoted something ludicrous when I heard of them; but now they typify repose and peace. They are the gondolas of Utica and they still remain with her; whereas Venice—queen of the Adriatic and steeped in a rich inheritance of romantic memories—has crazily torn off her chaplet and has yielded up her beautiful lagoons to panting, pluttering, impertinent little launches in which lovers can no longer dream by moonlight in each others' arms, with the ripple of the water making an accompaniment so exquisite as to seem almost divine—the very soul of poetry and music, in perfect harmony with that purest phase of passion whose throb is subtly stilled by a tenderness even more irresistible and overpowering.

After you pass the canal, Genesee Street begins to rise sharply and to take on a different character. No more small bakeries, tiny cigar shops, microscopic marts for the sale of hardware, marked-down "gents' furnishing goods," and sausages. The street broadens and, while still commercial, it has the air of a large and lucrative commerce. More than fifty years ago, an English traveller wrote of Utica that it was redolent of "a fat prosperity." You begin to feel this as you ascend the incline. Everything looks well-to-do. It is perhaps significant that the handsomest building in the place is a savings-bank, with the proud appearance of a Doge's palace. Comfortable folk are these Uticans. And as to the shops, one feels that he would have no objection to owing several thousand dollars to any of

them. Here, too, you begin to perceive traces of other than commercial influences. I note in the window of a colossal "emporium," a sign in black and white that arrests my wandering steps.

"WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE
OF STATUARY.
HAVE YOU SEEN IT?
COME IN."

Now never have I yet seen what may be truthfully called a complete line of statuary. The Vatican has a wealth of plastic treasures, and in the Museo Capitolino one can find much to interest him. The same thing is true of the Louvre and of the British Museum. But still, none of these collections, however wonderful, carries a complete line of statuary. To think that the Muses should have kindly guided me to the only place in the world where they do carry a complete line, and that this place should be Utica, New York!

I enter with all the eagerness of one who humbly waits on Art. A floor-walker with a tightly buttoned frock-coat and umbrageous whiskers receives me. Why does one feel an instinctive aversion to a floor-walker? But that question involves a whole treatise by itself. This floor-walker is a real one. I accost him:

"I believe that you carry a complete line of statuary?"

"Sure! This way, please. Two aisles to the right, and then the door at the end."

He even follows me thither, it being summer, and no one having anything in particular to do. I reach the *salon* which is draped with crimson plush. In it is certainly a line of statuary. I am convinced that the Italo-American or Crosby Street School of Sculpture is well represented. Before me is a semi-translucent figure of a Venus—the Venus Uticensis, no doubt. She is undraped. Now the Venus di Milo is very slightly draped, but she is superbly unconscious of it. The Venus de' Medici is utterly undraped, but she is anxious that you shall notice it. The Venus Uticensis, however, is undraped and very much perturbed about it. She may have been unconventionally bathing in Oneida

Lake, and some one may have stolen all her clothes. The result is that she feels inwardly horrified, but is trying to conceal the fact by an air of brazen indifference which deceives no one. Really she is going to cry in about half a minute, and call somebody a mean, horrid thing! As I don't want to be the person whom she will denounce, I turn hastily away. But I will write it down here for record, that I believe the Venus Uticensis to be a perfectly respectable young woman, and I know that she makes an honest living by working six days every week in a knitting-factory.

A girl with her hair much roughed and ratted is showing two stout ladies and a thin straw-coloured gentleman around. They are much impressed by the complete line of statuary. The floor-walker looks on with an Olympian air of condescension. Somehow, that floor-walker gets upon my nerves.

"Excuse me," I say to the ratted one, "may I ask where you keep your collection of *dokana*?"

"I dunno," she replies. "I guess Mr. Higgs can tell you."

Mr. Higgs is evidently the floor-walker. He comes forward with an air of absolute sufficiency. I repeat my question.

"Those er-objects," he remarks condescendingly, "are not included in our art collection. They—they ain't statuary I guess."

"They are primitive statuary," I answer. "And I don't see anything Mycenæan."

The floor-walker stares with a dawning insolence.

"Say!" he ejaculates. "What are you giving us, anyhow?"

"And there doesn't seem to be any piece of statuary which shows the archaic grin," I return placidly. "Now you know I am rather fond of the archaic grin. And couldn't you bring out something that was done by Scopas?"

The floor-walker drops his floor-walkian manner.

"Look here," says he, "if you think that you can come in here and guy this place, you're in for a jolt, that's all."

"Pardon me," say I in a carrying voice. "You advertise that you carry a

complete line of statuary; yet, so far as I can judge, it is very incomplete. Are you trying to impose upon the public?"

The two stout ladies and the straw-coloured gentleman are now listening intently. Up to this time they have examined the various works of art with admiration. But now a doubtful sort of expression steals over their faces. The floor-walker notices this with dismay and so does the ratted one. Probably these visitors are persons of high degree. The floor-walker drops his voice to a sort of abject whine.

"Now look here," says he aside, "you don't want to queer our business, do you? Of course we ain't got them things you mention. But please don't talk about them so loud."

There is a look of appeal also in the eyes of the ratted one; and so I hold my peace and stroll out into the sunshine and continue on my way to the higher levels of Genesee Street. After passing the principal hotel, which is delicately tinted to the hue of scrambled eggs, one finds the Faubourg St. Germain of Utica. Great trees cast a pleasant shadow from above; and on either side are well-built and extremely comfortable-looking mansions covered with ivy and surrounded by great stretches of green lawn. Here dwells the real patriciate of Utica—families, I suppose, of which every member always owns a Mileage. Scarcely any one is visible on the verandas, though now and then a girl in white may be discovered engaged in reading. Some one—I think that it was Mr. Henry James—said, as much as twenty years ago, that the appearance of American women changes gradually as one goes West, and that the dainty type which one notices on Manhattan Island becomes blunter and shows features less delicately chiselled. I should not like to commit myself upon so controversial a question. I am willing to say, however, that whatever differences may exist between the girls of Utica and those of the metropolis, the former look as though they were very certain to get married. What pleases me is the fact that they still retain the true American self-possession and absence of self-consciousness. They are frank and wholesome, and they have

never heard of chaperons; and that is why, perhaps, the men respect them all the more. If you are simply passing through the town, just spend a little time in the beautiful Public Library and watch the gentle-mannered and very courteous young ladies who preside over the different departments of that useful institution. You will not find a more winsome-looking or more amiable and good-humoured bevy, no matter where you go.

The women are much more attractive than the men in Utica, though the latter are just as much deserving of your good opinion; for they are kindly and genuine and honest. One could wish that they would bestow a little more attention on their clothes and on matters which have reference to good form. Down by the shore of Oneida Lake there is a place called Sylvan Beach, which in its primitive condition must have been extremely beautiful, with woods and water and a strip of strand. It has been turned into a rather awful congeries of shoot-the-chutes, and merry-go-rounds, and soda-water stands; and the earth is disfigured by empty paper-bags and peanut-shells, and the remainder of half-eaten lunches.

It is entirely respectable though depressing; and the advertisements which tell of it describe it as "The Coney Island of Central New York." One imaginative journalist of Utica even writes of it by night as "The Great White Way."

Could anything be more pathetic? Here are dancing pavilions, where any one may dance with anybody else; and it touches you to see the palpitating gratitude with which rather pretty and gentle-looking girls accept the attention of unshaven men, who waltz in their shirt-sleeves and often while holding a half-burnt "stogy" between their yellow teeth. Here again, however, is another subject that I cannot now pursue—the over-valuation which women set on men. But, as I said, it is all decorous to the last degree; and somehow the whole thing harmonises. This is America as it used to be, with something of its crudity, with a great deal of its homeliness, but with its fine simplicity and goodness and unspoiled faith in what is right. And so, please follow me and learn a lesson while you receive some pleasure as I have done in studying the *quinta essentia* of Utica, New York.



King Arthur's Table on Christmas Day

"

They served up salmon, venison and wild boars
By hundreds and by dozens and by scores.
Hogsheads of honey, hilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beefs, and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and custard,
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch and negus were not known.

"Whistlecraft"

(John Hookam Frere.)



HOUSE WHERE HAWTHORNE WAS BORN, SALEM

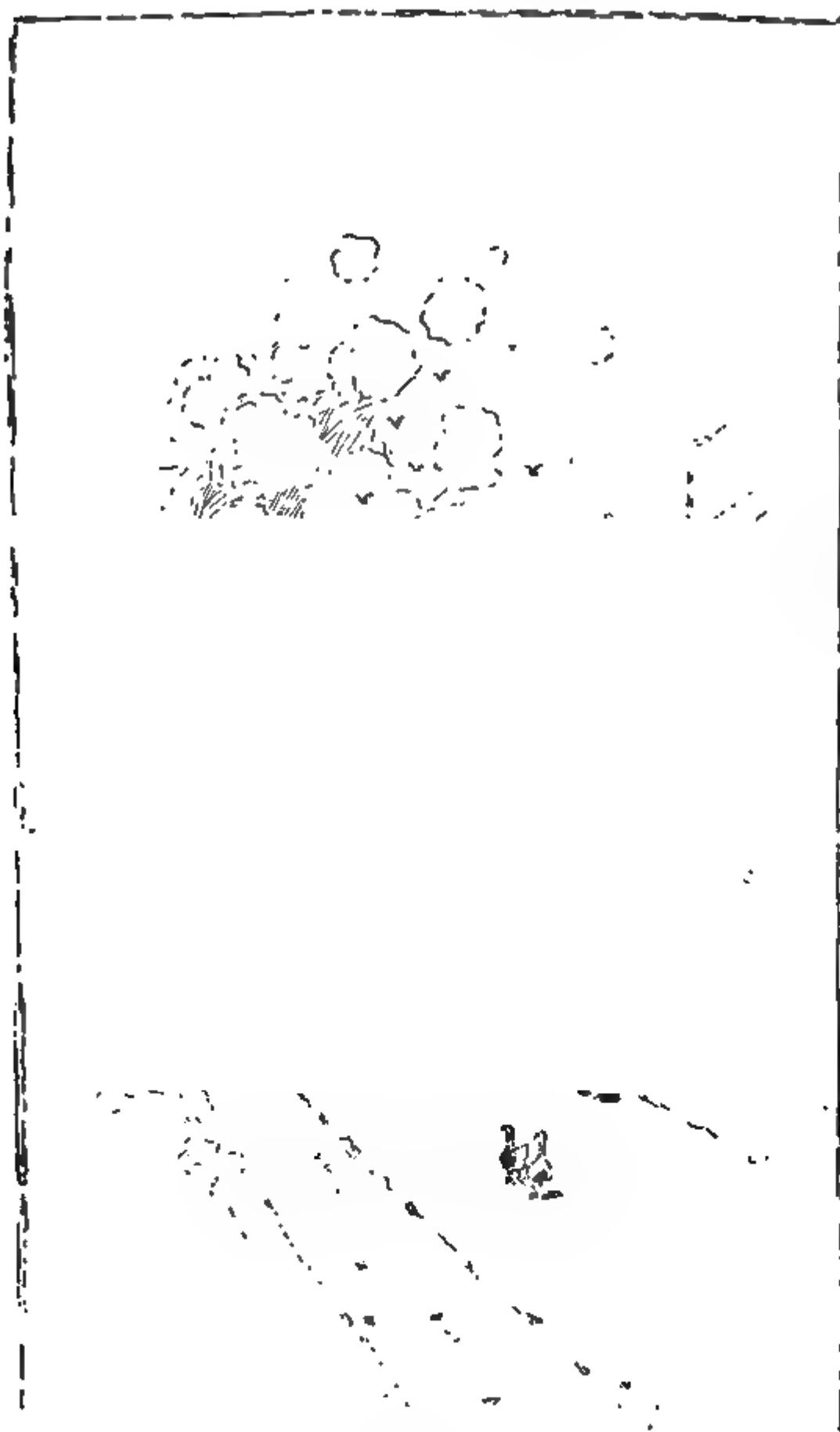
OLD SALEM AND "THE SCARLET LETTER"

HAWTHORNE himself as very modest about it; he wrote to his publisher, when there was a question of his undertaking another novel, that what had given the *Scarlet Letter* its 'vogue' was simply the introductory chapter." So says Henry James in his biographical sketch of Hawthorne; and to us, who, in this generation, have been taught to look upon the story as a masterpiece of fiction and who have found in it for ourselves a charm, a beauty in spite of its grimness and its tragic soul-problem, such depreciation seems little short of absurd.

But the introductory chapter is, more than most introductions, an excellent

piece of work, and is in itself a story—a collection of stories, one might say—in its delicate suggestiveness and its sympathetic touches of delineation. More, it is honestly, albeit modestly, autobiographical; and in giving us a glimpse of Hawthorne's life during his three years as Surveyor of the Port of Salem, gives us a glimpse, too, of Salem itself as it was in those years—not so long ago but that most of the buildings mentioned are still standing, but long enough ago, in America at least, for a distinct historic interest to attach itself.

In this fast-growing country of ours with what easy rapidity the present becomes the past; our past of a century ago is as grey with the dust of history as would be that of five centuries ago in



OLD DARBY WHARF, WITH THE CUSTOM HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE

England or France. Our land is still in its childhood; and can you not remember how, as a child, you had utterly outgrown in one brief year your thoughts, your acts—as well as your clothes and your playthings—of the previous year? A maturer country, slower-moving and more settled in life, cannot be so acutely conscious of the changes wrought by an

indifferently accounted time. "These things are always relative," as some one has remarked, "and in appreciating them everything depends upon the point of view."

On the other hand, as a noted Englishman lately pointed out in a public speech, our past precisely because of its brief existence belongs more thoroughly,



HOUSE WHERE "THE SCARLET LETTER" WAS WRITTEN

more personally to us than to a subject of Great Britain, for instance, can possibly belong the past of his country, handed down to him, as it were, ready-made by ancestors too dimly remote to thrill him with that individual sense of proprietorship that every American may feel.

So with the ancient town of Salem. The wind of destiny that carried to its port in days gone by the traffic of foreign lands has shifted to another quarter, and Salem, at the beginning of the last century "the residence of enterprising shipowners who despatched their vessels to Indian and Chinese

seas," even in Hawthorne's time had come to be "scorned by her own merchants and shipowners, who permit her wharves to crumble to ruin, while their ventures go to swell, needlessly, imperceptibly, the mighty flood of commerce at New York or Boston." That was fifty years ago. To-day the old Darby Wharf, once the scene of bustling activity, the hand stretched out to greet returning mariners, home-coming from distant lands, is, more than then, a place of decayed warehouses, the dreary, tumbled-down, forsaken habitation of memories and shadows.

Yet those very memories and shadows



ST. PETER'S CHURCH

make it a place of interest. For Hawthorne there were the shades of his predecessors in the old Custom House, whose windows looked out on the old wharf; of his own ancestors, too—seamen and citizens—who had helped to make Salem. For us there is the added shade of Hawthorne himself, and the memory—almost as if we had seen him there—of the poet-head bent over the huge account books, in the cobwebbed light of the Custom House office—"the

writer of story-books" sitting on a three-legged stool before an old pine desk! For it was here, "one idle and rainy day, —poking and burrowing into the heaped-up rubbish in the corner," that he found "a small package, carefully done up in a piece of ancient yellow parchment." And this same small package was the seed which later grew into the immortal romance of *The Scarlet Letter*.

Immortal we call it, and that it certainly is; yet, unlike most immortal writ-



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, SALEM

ings, its fame was coincident with its entrance into the world. Would it have so happened, one questions, had the book run the gauntlet of the publishing houses of our day? Its publisher, James T. Fields, was, as he himself tells us, "all aglow with admiration of the marvellous

story" when he first read the manuscript, and eagerly arranged for its publication, without the shadow of a doubt that it would be as enthusiastically received by his own public. Hawthorne says that when he read the conclusion to his wife, "it broke her heart and sent her to bed

with a grievous headache—which I look upon as a triumphant success."

A triumphant success it was; but I doubt if it would prove so to-day, if offered fresh to the readers of this generation. The new generation has new needs. We are avid, it is true, of the presentation of life-problems, and this *The Scarlet Letter* surely is; but we demand a more vivid, a more realistic touch than the keenly imaginative Hawthorne ever gave to his characters or even to their environs. "More vital," our publishers would say; and they speak for their public. Hawthorne's genius was not one to portray actualities. "My native propensities," he says, "were turned toward Fairyland." He had not even what a certain French critic has termed a "sense of history—the gift bestowed upon few, of living over again in imagination the emotions of a century long gone to dust." He places his story back in the early days of New England, yet his characters, at least in the essentials of the story, by no means exclusively belong there. The historical flavour is of the slightest. Thus he lacked precisely those qualities that this age of realism cries out for—the ability to portray in all its complexity, its intricacy, its heat and fervour, the actual present life about us; or, if the author must have it so, the *counterpart* of this in the life of a bygone century.

Henry James, in the same account of Hawthorne from which I have quoted above, makes an excellent comparison between *The Scarlet Letter* and the story of *Adam Blair* by Lockhart, which so aptly illustrates this point that I would like to quote at length:

Adam Blair (he says) is the history of the passion, and *The Scarlet Letter* the history of its sequel; but nevertheless, if one has read the two books at a short interval, it is impossible to avoid confronting them. . . . It [*Adam Blair*] threw into relief the passionless quality of Hawthorne's novel, its element of cold and ingenious fantasy, its elaborate imaginative delicacy. These things do not precisely constitute a weakness in *The Scarlet Letter*; indeed, in a cer-

tain way they constitute a great strength; but the absence of a certain something warm and straightforward, a trifle more grossly human and vulgarly natural, which one finds in *Adam Blair*, will always make Hawthorne's tale less touching to a large number of even very intelligent readers, than a love-story told with the robust, synthetic pathos which served Lockhart so well. . . . Lockhart was struck with the warmth of the subject that offered itself to him, and Hawthorne with its coldness; the one with its glow, its sentimental interest, the other with its shadow, its moral interest. Lockhart's story is as decent, as severely draped, as *The Scarlet Letter*; but the other has a more vivid sense than appears to have imposed itself upon Hawthorne, of some of the incidents of the situation he describes; his tempted man and tempting woman are more actual and personal.

"Actual and personal"—these are the qualities we demand in our literature to-day. We are not unwilling that our writers shall discuss the great, ever-baffling problems of existence; rather we welcome such discussion; but they must make us feel, through it all, the strong throb and verve of life, the pulse of actual passion; not merely the coldly aloof reasonings of the brain or the frost-like tracteries of the imagination on the warmly human subject.

Yet may it not be that the qualities which "constitute not a weakness but a great strength" in *The Scarlet Letter* are (setting aside the undeniable charm of its purely literary quality) precisely what have made it live for us to-day as a classic? They make of it a universal story, a story for all time of human nature, its moments of frailty and its weary after-years of agony and endurance. Our publishers would not risk it, perhaps, or if they did our public would not heartily welcome it, yet it is well for us that it was written when it was and that it remains to us an integral part of our hereditary literature, and of the immortal literature of the whole world.

Lucy Leffingwell Cable.

THE ECONOMIES OF STRUCTURE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



IN every art and craft it is far easier to lay down rules for the guidance of others than it is to practise them; and there is nothing of which this is more inherently true than the writing of novels. A fundamental axiom of all narrative writing, diligently drilled into every sophomore in every college in the land, is that which has to do with unity of structure and economy of means, that which strictly prohibits the use of any more characters or any more incidents than the structural exigencies of the narrative require. This all sounds so simple and helpful, until you examine its meaning a little closer, and begin to ask yourself what criterion there is for the number of actors and of scenes in any given story. Who is to decide whether *Vanity Fair* has in it no single scene or character, without which it might have been more perfect? Who dares to say that the plot of any of the recognised masterpieces of fiction might not, in other hands, have been handled with equal power and with far greater economy of people or of incidents? Take any story that is held up as a perfect example of its type, a novel by Flaubert or Henry James, a short story by Maupassant or Poe. You feel as you read, that there is really nothing to be added and nothing to be taken away; you do not realise that the ability to convey this impression is part of the writer's art—that if another character or another incident had been added, it would have conveyed much the same sense of the inevitable, the same feeling that the author could not have done otherwise than he did.

And to a certain extent there is a logical foundation for this feeling which just a few novels give us of strict economy of structure. When a story has, let us say, five characters, two women and three men, that may not be the only number of characters through whom that particular story could be told—

Hawthorne might have succeeded with four, Dickens might have felt the need of nine—but it may be equally true that for the purposes of the author who used five characters five was the only possible number, the only number with which he personally would be able to produce the precise effects for which he was striving. Take, for instance, the theme of revenge; a man bitterly wronged, a long, slow, subtle planning to pay back the debt, to make the punishment fit the crime; and then finally the grim, relentless, secret achievement of the vengeance. Well, this was the theme that Poe saw as a story with two characters and a single scene; so he wrote *The Cask of Amontillado*. As you read it, you feel that he did it in the one inevitable and perfect way—and for a man whose mind worked in the channels in which Poe's mind worked, it was the inevitable and perfect way. Dumas saw the theme as a story with a hundred scenes and more characters than can be readily counted: so he wrote *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and although most of us will not be quite so ready to apply such adjectives as "perfect" and "inevitable" to Dumas as to Poe, nevertheless we would hesitate to point out the scenes that could advantageously be cut or the characters that could be omitted.

Now of course this whole question of the economies of structure starts with a recognition of the truth that all happenings in life are an endless sequence of cause and effect. In the real world we cannot always trace the cause or foretell the effect; nothing short of omniscience can grasp the far-reaching consequences of every idle word and careless act in the daily routine. But when it comes to the making of fiction, the novelist is usually assumed to possess that omniscience, to fill the rôle of an interpreter of life, to introduce no character, no scene, no single word or deed which he cannot justify by showing its structural necessity, its importance as a link in chain of cause and result. It is only in

this way, the text-books tell you, that unity of structure can be achieved, only in this way that you can turn faulty nature into perfect art. The flaw in this widely recognised and on the whole reasonable theory, lies just here: we know that in real life the elimination of all extraneous facts is impossible; that we cannot escape for a single day from the interruption of irrelevant happenings, the intrusion of unimportant people, the annoyance of banal remarks. The man with a new-found joy that shows the world in a glory of new colour, the woman with a sudden grief that has dimmed the light of the sun, would gladly withdraw for a time from the jarring discords of trivial things, to some solitude where no unwelcome stranger will intrude between themselves and their thoughts. But this is precisely what the big, noisy practical world will rarely let them do. It spreads the pageant of its rushing crowds before their averted eyes; it flings the clamour of its noises into their unwilling ears; it says to them, "A fig for the laws of cause and effect! I want to interrupt you, and I am going to!"

Now, when a novelist eliminates every vestige of extraneous, irrelevant happenings, which we never can eliminate from the real, work-a-day world—eliminates them as carefully as a photographer removes the wrinkles from the portrait of a lady no longer young, he secures of course an admirable effect of concentration, a focusing of the limelight directly where he wants it; but he sacrifices something of the reality of life. In the short story, of course, one is not so apt to feel the absence of outside interference, the careful dovetailing of every incident, the direct pertinence of every conversation. But in a long novel, too strict an economy of structure inevitably robs the story of some part of its vitality; you miss the presence of unimportant people, the interruption of insignificant small-talk, the occurrence of the countless inconsequential happenings which are nevertheless an essential factor of life in the crowded, bustling, intrusive world as we know it. For this reason it is foolish to lay down too rigid a rule about limiting the characters and the incidents of

any story to such as have a definite and obvious structural purpose. It is all a question of the author's personal taste, his methods of narration, his attitude towards life. If his interest centres mainly in the inner workings of the human heart, the analysis of hidden motives, he will naturally spend more time in letting you hear his men and women think, than in showing you the hundred perfunctory, mechanical things they do, that probably have no connection with their thoughts; if a crucial letter arrives, he will be more concerned in telling you the contents than in giving you a glimpse of the postman or the messenger boy. And an author of that type would be right in omitting these things, because so long as he himself regards them as mere surplusage, it would be impossible for him to give the reader a sense of their importance. But if, on the other hand, a novelist believes that the best way to tell you what men and women think is to show you what they do; if he has a keen sense of the importance of environment; if he is alive to the magnetic influence of proximity, the contagious enthusiasm of crowds; then he will show you not only the postman, but the butcher and baker and grocer, on their daily rounds; the strangers who pass by on the other side of the street; the whole motley surge and throb of city life. And he also will be following a true instinct, because to him all these things have a significance, a structural importance, and accordingly he can impress this importance upon the reader. And the chances are that the man who thinks and works along these broader, freer lines will produce a bigger, worthier book than the man who allows himself to be trammelled by the economies of structure.

A sterling example of the bigger, worthier sort of book is furnished quite *à propos* by Elizabeth Robins's new novel, *The Convert*. Although her earlier work has led us to expect a certain degree of strength, both in technique and in theme, this latest volume has about it an altogether unexpected grasp of the significance of life,—not merely of two

"The
Convert"

or three, or half a dozen individual lives, but of humanity in the mass—and an almost Zola-like power of making us see jostling, surging throngs, and feel the pent-up forces of popular unrest. The theme of *The Convert* is the old question of woman's right to the ballot, under the new form given it by the recent so-called "Suffragette" movement in England. To what extent the book should be recognised as a purpose novel is a question which in this particular case has no bearing upon its merits as a work of art. The fact that it embodies in its pages all there is to say in favour of woman's suffrage, down to the very last argument, does not in itself prove a partisanship on the part of the author, although it does prove her an admirably conscientious and clear-sighted artist who, having undertaken to picture a certain phase of life, allows nothing bearing upon that phase to escape her. In plot, the story is quite simple and elemental, as the bigger sort of stories are apt to be. It sets before us a woman, still quite young and full of charm, whose life has been embittered because of the wrong she once suffered at the hands of a man now high in political circles. It shows us how this woman, carefully hiding her past, holds her place proudly in the social world of London, and how, at the same time, she loathes it all, feeling its emptiness, its insincerity, its careless cruelty. And then it takes us out one day, to follow this woman, when idle curiosity leads her to attend an open-air meeting of the "Suffragettes," to find herself for the first time in her life rubbing elbows with the riff-raff of London streets, to shrink fastidiously from the contact of grimy coats, the reek of cheap tobacco, to scoff at her own folly in coming to hear a riotous mob yelling derisively at the proclaimers of the new doctrine—but nevertheless to stay and listen, and for the first time in many years to feel the kindlings of a new emotion, a sense that life still held opportunities for usefulness. Vida Levering's conversion to a belief in woman's right to take a part in the world's political battles is not a matter of a single hour or day or week; it is the outcome of a long struggle, of many secret inner conflicts, many afternoons

spent in the thick of hostile, disorderly crowds, listening, when the tumult permitted her to listen, to the earnest arguments of women pleading for political equality. What we personally think of the arguments advanced, and for that matter what the author wishes us to think, neither adds nor detracts anything from the great merit of her success in making us understand and sympathise with Vida Levering's gradual conversion. We feel that a woman with her history, her temperament, her environment, would inevitably have felt and acted as she feels and acts; and furthermore, in watching its effect upon a personality so strong as Vida Levering's, we gain a sense of the strength and the vitality which for a time animated the Suffragette movement. Now, if Miss Robins had chosen to restrict herself to a small canvas, she might have told essentially the same plot, with half a dozen characters and few shifts of scene; her heroine's conversion might have been the work of a single Suffragette, accomplished through arguments heard in the privacy of her own apartment. Instead, she has chosen a canvas as long and as broad as the city of London itself, and has flung upon it scores of figures, drawn from all the varying strata of English life. They flash upon the scene, linger a moment and disappear, exactly as strangers in real life emerge from the crowd, touch elbows with us for a moment, and then vanish again whence they came. There are dozens of characters in the book, whose appearance is so brief, whose spoken words are so few, that it is difficult to say in what way they individually further the action of the story. And yet they are, one and all, a structural necessity in a picture of life as Elizabeth Robins sees it. For without all this motley throng of characters, without the constant intrusion of their vociferous clamours, she could never have given us that sense of the swirling undercurrent of city life, the contagious restlessness of a street crowd, the lurking danger of mob violence, all of which she has done in *The Convert*, and done supremely well.

Another novelist who does not believe

in parsimony of character or of incident is Bettina von Hutten, who gives us in *The Halo* much the same wide range of life and variety of type that contributed to the popularity of *Pam* and its sequel. She has a faculty, which other authors of higher reputation might well envy her, of endowing her men and her women with such very human weaknesses, that we find ourselves loving them not merely in spite of their shortcomings, but almost on account of them. There was much that was reprehensible in the lives of the men and women who played a part in *Pam*. And yet it is not an exaggeration to say that the final impression of the book, on some readers at least, was that of a rather subtle moral lesson, a lesson in tolerance, a suggestion that there are in this world occasional exceptional cases which cannot in equity be judged according to narrow conventional standards. There is less to censure in the lives of

"The
Halo"

the principal actors in *The Halo*, and yet one leaves the book with an impression that the characters as a whole are on

a lower plain, with less of that rather rare courage to be true to their standards of honour, even though the world holds their standards to be mistaken ones. Brigit Mead and Victor Joyzelle are not wicked; they are not mistaken; they are simply weak. Knowing with perfect clearness the path of duty, they waver and drift, struggling feebly; and only the shock of an unforeseen death saves them from the irreparable. Brigit Mead, when the story opens, is a beautiful, sulky, embittered girl of five-and-twenty, tired of living in poverty, still more tired of her mother's efforts to marry her to any one of a dozen red-faced, bald-headed, broken-down old rakes who would bid high enough. As her only means of escape, she engages herself to a mere boy, Théo Joyzelle, who happens to have some money in his own right, and is the son of one of the world's few great violinists. Until after her engagement to Théo, Brigit has never seen Victor Joyzelle, the father, the hero of countless fugitive amours, and the idol of his stout, placid, Norman peasant of a wife.

Just when and how and why Brigit Mead and the dark, magnetic, silver-haired man whom she is teaching herself to call "Beau-papa" awaken to the knowledge that they love each other, is not so much a matter of incident as of subtle character drawing; because, when you once understand the temperaments of the man and the girl, you see how inevitably the whole tragedy follows. There is of course only one honourable course to be taken, by a man already married, and a girl affianced to that man's son—and that is to trump up an excuse, no matter what, that will place them beyond the possible temptation of seeing each other again. But this is precisely what neither Brigit Mead nor Victor Joyzelle has the courage to do, because in the girl's case Victor is the one love of her life; while as for Victor, all of the many fugitive loves of a long career have, each in turn, been for the time being intensely, almost tragically in earnest. The Norman peasant who, in her placid middle age, shrewdly watches the dawning of this new passion, wisely smiles to herself, believing that, like all the others, this one also will burn itself out and die, harming no one. But Brigit and Joyzelle believe that it will know no end, not even if, defying law and custom, they put themselves beyond the pale, regardless of the sorrow they would bring to the wife and the son. It is not until the hand of death intervenes, to shock them into a realisation of the step they would have taken, that the patient, forgiving old peasant woman is proved to have been right in believing that she alone of all the women he has known was truly loved by Joyzelle; yet when the proof is shown, she is beyond the reach of the knowledge.

One of the many well-deserved forms of praise that may be offered to Mrs.

Cutting, author of *Little Stories of Married Life*, is that her instinct for economy of structure is almost flawless. The

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Suburban
Whirl"

surprising amount of dramatic significance that she extracts from every-day situations of the home routine is very largely due to her keen and subtle sense of proportion, the way in which she makes each character and each incident

count for their whole value. Her new volume, *The Suburban Whirl*, includes besides the novelette of that title several shorter sketches, one of which, "Mrs. Tremley," very nearly says the last word upon that much vexed subject, "The Mother-in-Law." But for the purpose of the present discussion, "The Suburban Whirl" is by far the most important. Mrs. Cutting shows us a young couple who, until the advent of the first child, have really known no home life, the first year having been spent in a round of gaiety, and prolonged visits among relatives. Facing the problem of providing for three on a narrow income, they decide to try suburban life, as a matter of economy; but being really very charming young people, and socially quite worth while, they find themselves speedily caught in the small local maelstrom of clubs and dinners and subscription dances, obliged to buy tickets to church festivals and charitable entertainments, and double their expenditures on personal effects, in order to live up to their new standards. Everything costs more in the suburbs than they had expected, from the coal bill to the butcher and baker. Consequently, at the end of the year, they are well-nigh snowed under with unpaid bills. Now, to give the effect of a feverish round of gaiety, in a small suburban town, among a set of people who are fundamentally uncongenial and come together less from mutual affection than to escape the boredom of their own homes, is no easy task; and Mrs. Cutting's admirable achievement is due in the first instance to knowing just how many characters will best produce the illusion. She makes us meet a round dozen altogether, and not only meet them but know them well, so that we should recognise them if we suddenly encountered them on the cars or ferryboat. A larger number would have spoiled the illusion of a small suburban town; a smaller number would not have conveyed a sense of a social whirl in the suburbs or anywhere else. In short, she has struck the golden mean, which makes this little story as admirable for its symmetry as it is for the simple philosophy of its culmination.

In the case of the historical novel, it makes no difference which of the two types you are attempting, the flamboyant, impressionistic canvas of the Dumas school, or the careful, steel-engraving method of Henry Esmond,—in either case you cannot get your effects if you are too economical of characters and setting; you need a crowded stage, and plenty of lime-light, and an impression of much movement and many voices. No one understands this better than Mr. Rider Haggard; and that is why he can take quite incredible plots and make you receive them with a simple, child-like faith, until you reach the final page and close the volume, and wake up to the preposterousness of it all. His new

story, *Margaret*, is a case in point. The time is that of Ferdinand and Isabella and the Spanish Inquisition; the scene alternately England and Spain. The lady of the title is daughter of one John Castell, a London merchant, but in origin a Marano, or Spanish Jew who has turned Christian. To put in briefest form a long and complicated plot, the story opens with the arrival in London of a special embassy from Spain, come to make a treaty with Henry VII., regarding the extradition of all Jews who have fled from England to escape the Inquisition. The leader of this embassy meets Margaret, loves her, and determines to snatch her away from her stalwart English lover, Peter Brome. So he lures her on board his vessel, conveys her successfully to Granada, imprisons her in his castle; and when John Castell and Peter come to rescue her, trumps up charges against them, throws them into prison and reveals to the Inquisition the damaging fact that John Castell is not a true Marano after all, but continues to practise secretly the faith of his fathers. In incompetent hands, a plot for a dime novel, and nothing more; but Mr. Haggard has the craft of a born stage manager, and thanks to his gorgeous scenery, his thronging troops of soldiers, sailors, courtiers, black-robed inquisitors, and languishing Spanish maids, he brings his story to a triumphant and happy solution, and sends us away with the feeling

that we have witnessed a big, spectacular show that was eminently worth while.

A historical novel of quite a different calibre is *John o' Jamestown*, by Vaughan

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Jamestown"

Kester. It is a piece of careful workmanship, of much the same quality as the volumes of Winston Churchill and others

who seek to follow in the path of Thackeray's *Virginians*. *John o' Jamestown* stands near the border-line between fiction and biography. It chronicles the career of Captain John Smith, his rescue at the hands of Pocahontas, his brave services on behalf of the Jamestown colony, in the face of jealous opposition and treachery, the injuries which forced him to return to England, and the ghastly winter of bloodshed and famine which followed, costing the lives of all but sixty out of the five hundred settlers whom he left behind. Yet all this, stirring history though it be, is not in itself material for a novel, save of the looser *picaresco* type. Even a much more experienced artist than Mr. Kester would have difficulty in giving it adequate structural form. That the author was conscious of his difficulties is apparent to a critical eye. He has attempted to give his volume the needful unity and cohesion by placing his narrative in the mouth of one Richard Farraday, who reverts in the naive, old-fashioned way to the memories of his childhood, records his dim impressions on a certain tragic night that witnessed the birth of a female child of unguessed but surely noble parentage, and follows down the train of events which kept this child an inmate of the Farraday household, threw her closely into Richard's companionship, taught them to love each other, and then, when she is in the first bloom of womanhood, snatches her away from her foster home, leads Richard into an ambush, and sends him unconscious from a broken head and very near to death, on board the first ship that sails for the Jamestown colony. And this is the last we see, and almost the last we hear of the lady whom Richard Farraday loves until down to the concluding chapter. Save for a difference in magnitude, the effect is analogous to that of, let us say, Shake-

speare's *Henry VIII.* sandwiched in between two acts of *Romeo and Juliet*. And that is really the only serious defect of the book,—a weakness of structure. And since the great majority of the reading public care little for structure so long as a book is readable, there is no question that the vivid portraiture, the stirring incident, the manifest sincerity of purpose of *John o' Jamestown* will give abundant pleasure to a large number of readers.

The best economy that Mr. Harrison Rhodes could have practised in regard

"The Flight
Into Eden"

to the structure of his first novel, *The Flight Into Eden*, would have been to cut it ruthlessly in two in the middle and

make two stories of it. One is apt at the first reading to think the book rather better than it really is. There is a grim tensivity about the initial tragedy that grips the attention at once; and the transition to the lighter mood that dominates the subsequent chapters, and the idyllic charm of the Florida episode, come as such a distinct relief that you are not apt to realise at once that the second section of the book is, in Mr. Kipling's stereotyped phrase, another story. Basil Forrester, with a beautiful young wife far too good for him, continues his lifelong habit of making love to every pretty woman who will let him; until suddenly one of his foolish, fugitive infidelities comes to the wife's knowledge and kills her, just as surely and as brutally as though he had stabbed her through the heart. What reason she could have had for wishing to die, whether indeed she died by accident or by design, forms a matter of ten days' wonder in the social circle which once knew her. But only the dead woman's mother, to whom she left a farewell letter, is in possession of the truth; and she in her bitterness vows that she will proclaim the truth abroad, hold Forrester's infidelities up to the world's scorn, make his life an intolerable shame,—excepting on condition that he will buy her silence by going into exile, and placing himself so far from his old home that no other English woman will ever be in danger of suffering through him. And here of course is the logical end of the story, unless the author

had designed to bring his exile home again, determined to face exposure and live it down. As a matter of fact, Basil Forrester does not come home. In the wilds of Southern Florida he starts life afresh, enters upon a new romance, and eventually marries and settles down to a life-long idyl. There is no question that Mr. Rhodes knows how to portray people and incidents in a way that forces you to see them. But he has something still to learn about the unities of construction.

A word should be said in behalf of Stanley Weyman's volume of short stories, *Done up in Lavender*, the contents of which represents, for the most part, some of his earliest work. Mr. Wey-

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Lavender"

man is one of the authors of whom we are not apt to think as an author of short stories; yet both the technique and the development of almost all the stories in this volume are of a quality that make us realise how far he might have gone, had he chosen, in this branch of his art. They are stories of present-day English life, in social, ecclesiastical, and governmental circles. There is, for instance, a story of the distress of a zealous young minister, whose drunken reprobate of a

father makes an untimely visit to his parish and sadly interferes with his ministrations. And there is an admirably subtle tale of a secret treaty, the untimely appearance of which in the newspapers costs the prime minister his office, and causes the downfall of his party. Now the prime minister has a young wife, who, after the manner of young wives, is jealous of her husband's devotion to his serious business of life; and circumstantial evidence points strongly to her as the guilty party, who in order to withdraw him from public life, betrayed his secret to the papers. As it turns out, however, the wife is quite unconscious of her share in the betrayal. It is quite true that she is the cause, but only indirectly, because the prime minister himself was the one who sent the treaty to the editor, in a moment of absent-mindedness, his thoughts being so full of his young wife that he did not notice which of two envelopes he was directing. Slight as they are, these early sketches leave the impression that Mr. Weyman understood contemporary life so well that a very promising disciple of Trollope was lost when he turned aside to don the sword and buskin.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

A MODERN VIEW OF WORRY*

The author of the *Cycle of Life* and *Evolution the Master-Key* here presents a new volume of double usefulness: from the practical side offering serviceable hints for what he considers the disease of the age, and from the theoretical setting in their proper light the current notions as to the healthful relations of mind and body. But the book is more than a compilation of the discoveries

*Worry: The Disease of the Age. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1907. Pp. xi + 311.

of modern physicians and psychologists; it presents a novel point of view and abounds in paradoxical contradictions of popular beliefs. Thus it is to be proved that worry is the disease of the age and that the adult is much more gravely injured by worry than by disease. As to the first point it has been argued that observers in the past were not acute and skilful enough to detect nervous disease; but this is on the face of it incredible; men of the stamp of Sydenham had trained powers of clinical observation which probably no physician of the present day can rival; hence the only reasonable explanation of these new nervous

diseases is that they *are* new. Again, there is the popular fallacy that mental overwork is the cause of premature decay and even of insanity. But the case is simply not so. Brain-work, as such, never killed or harmed anybody. Brain-work in a stuffy room will kill you of tuberculosis; brain-work plus worry has killed thousands; brain-work plus worry plus insomnia many thousands more; but if the brain-work had been omitted the impure air or the worry and the consequent loss of sleep would have had just the same result.

Lest these general statements appear too dogmatic, recourse is now had to particular facts and corroborative details. To show how the psychical type is undergoing a modification in the direction of increased self-consciousness and nervousness, keen observers reason that civilisation is well named—it means city-fication—and the kind of mind that is produced by civilisation can only be contented in cities. As the result of this, the nervous wear and tear of “streaming London’s central roar,” is the fact that only a small percentage of the population of any city can be regarded as well; here chief importance attaches to disorder of any part of the digestive tract, for, as Professor Chittenden has lately proved, the great majority of well-to-do persons eat too much, and this is an explanation of much meaningless and unnecessary worry. Hence arises the importance of worry, not so much in the melancholic, nor in persons having vast responsibilities, nor at the great crises of life, but rather its importance as a common, constant, commonplace fact, influencing body and mind, in greater or less degree, throughout the lives of the ordinary people with ordinary affairs, who constitute the overwhelming bulk of humanity. Further proof that worry is pre-eminently the disease of this age and of this civilisation and perhaps of the English-speaking race in particular, is to be found in the fact that year by year men and women show their need for psychic help by the invention of new religions and new cults, from Christian Science and the Higher Thought to Psycho-Therapeutics and Occultism. And so the relations of religion with worry are most singular and

striking. The true religion and the truths perceived by present and past religion are cures of worry and preventives of its consequences. On the other hand, many religions have been causes of worry, laying stress upon the sinfulness of sin, and the doctrine of future punishment, and immeasurably increasing the fear of death. The latter is especially seen in the worries of childhood, where, as Professor Stanley Hall has shown in his book on *Adolescence*, each individual “climbs its own ancestral tree,” recapitulates those prehistoric days when the primitive mind, placed in contact with nature, with darkness, light and shadow, sound and silence, generated the fear of the invisible.

As in his chapters on Religious Worry and Worry as the Maker of Religions the author is evidently stirred by recollections of those harsh Scottish dogmas against which Robert Louis Stevenson rebelled, so in his invectives against alcohol as a cause of worry he evidently has in mind the equally depressing world of Scotch drink against which Matthew Arnold uttered his strictures. To demolish the grave and stupid fallacy in the common conception of alcohol he upholds a recent scientific contention that it is a substance of paradoxes; called a stimulant, as it was a half century ago, the public uses it as a sedative, uses it because it is able to calm the worrying mind, to banish care, and to bring peace. Hence the habitual use of sedatives, from alcohol to cocaine, is to be condemned without qualification as false in principle and fatal in result. But with coffee and tea, the man who is worried because his work is too much for him finds his work facilitated and its accomplishment accelerated under the influence of caffeine. If these negations be discounted as mere echoes of that temperance agitation which has been raging with such intemperance among British scientists, it is not so with the more positive sections of Dr. Saleeby’s book where he attempts to define worry as a disease by contrast with a plain statement as to what constitutes real health. In this connection he draws an attractive picture of the model man; not the valetudinarian who pays conscious attention to

his digestion and turns the festive board into a chewing contest, but the robustious male who sleeps without dreaming, eats without thinking, and works without worrying. The man without worry, he says, may have felt bored, perhaps, but never weary. He has had no pains of any kind, neither headache nor backache, nor any other. Throughout the entire day he has been totally unconscious of his own person and of all its parts, save incidentally, as when washing and dressing. He has never once thought about his digestion, and all the information that he can afford on that score would amount simply to this: that at certain intervals during the day he deposited certain pleasant materials in the largest aperture of his face, but that of their subsequent history he has no record whatever.

The reader will freely grant that if this be health, there be many who know it not. And yet this is not an impossible ideal, nothing that requires a unique brain, or Herculean muscles, or even exceptional inherited vigour. The question arises for every individual how much work he is capable of doing, whilst at the same time conforming to this standard. One may be able to do only four hours' work without defect somewhere in sleep or digestion or internal sensations. The point is to find out what are one's limitations and to consider the physical cures of worry. Minor ill-health as one of the most important causes may be removed, for worry acts not in any mystical fashion, but merely in its effect upon general vitality. One may not inherit a constant sense of well-being, that organic or gastric optimism which is the possession of the envied few, but he may gain some happy optimism, some determination to recover and finish his work, some "will to be well" which will serve the same purpose. His is that rational optimism which even in the cases of such chronic dyspeptics as Spencer and Darwin enabled them by reason to defy those internal sensations such as in ordinary men would have inevitably led to pessimism. How such health of mind is to be gained is instanced in two familiar examples—holidays and hobbies. To holiday is to be free from worry; its essence is to be absolutely careless. Of course there are

extremists here, from the man who takes his vacation in walking his legs off to the idler who lies all day in a hammock with an unread book slipping from his fingers. But for the general average of city-bred workers a real vacation is a change of occupation rather than a period of intellectual vacuity. A man with a competent and active mind is in no more need of resting that mind than a batsman who has already made ninety-nine runs and finds himself master of the bowling is in need of resting his muscles. On the contrary, it is good for the body and the mind alike to exercise those functions of which they are capable; in short, the man who is capable of exercising without strain any function whatever does well in general to do so. In contravention of the common views on the subject may be noticed the very common cases of men, active, vigorous and eager in mind, who have done abundance of hard work for years and thrived on it, and who then, retiring from business, become a nuisance to themselves and their families, begin to overeat themselves, fret, fuss and worry about trifles, and deteriorate in body and in mind—all in consequence of a holiday which was premature and was therefore not wanted. The true holiday of the brain-worker must not consist in replacing something by nothing, for nature abhors a vacuum, and will fill it with worry. It means the provision of a novel mental occupation in sufficient quantity, the essential character of that occupation being not its novelty, but the fact that there is no worry associated with it—it is done for fun.

And so, in conclusion, one should include, as part of the hygienic or health-preserving process which we now understand holidaying to be, the habit of hobby-hunting, since natural selection acts nowadays not so much upon the plane of muscle as upon that of mind. More and more, therefore, the normal or average mental type departs from what we may call the bucolic or rustic standard and approximates to the civic standard. The man who is happy doing nothing becomes scarcer, whilst the man of curious, busy and active mind becomes more common. Now, such a man is more and not less prone to worry, and is more, not less,

in need of freedom from worry; but that need is to be met by a positive rather than a negative process. The moral is that the wise man, just as he lays a little money by, in provision for the material wants of old age, will also lay a little mental riches by, for the mental wants of old age. Do not let him be caught saying, "I have no time for music nowadays," or for any of a thousand other things. It is an imperative necessity for the average modern man, and is of the nature of an investment for coming years, that he shall persistently cultivate some other mental interest than that with which the worry of the struggle for existence is associated. Such a mental interest, though apparently not utilitarian, and though not cultivated for any utilitarian purpose, will yet prove to be a valuable weapon in the struggle for existence itself.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

II

JOHN HARVARD*

John Harvard should be famous not only as the founder of the greatest American university, but also because he has remained about the most obscure Harvard man that ever lived. There is not a portrait of him extant, nor one of his letters, nor so much as a line of description by a contemporary. Although the historical spirit flourishes at Harvard, and New England genealogists are famous, it was not many years ago that a reward of five hundred dollars for five lines of information about John Harvard could be offered and remain unclaimed.

Even in the light of the latest researches, our actual information about John Harvard is supplied by a few brief entries in parish registers, wills and other records. We know, from the parish register of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and from his father's will, that he was born in November, 1607, the son of a well-to-do London butcher. We know that twenty years later he entered Emmanuel

College, Cambridge, and remained there seven years, graduating with the degrees of B.A. and M.A. A year after his graduation the record of his marriage appears in a parish register. Again, a year later, the records of the first church at Charlestown, Massachusetts, show that he was for a few months assistant minister there. The next year, 1638, when he was only thirty-one years old, he died. But by his will, in which he left his library and a sum, estimated at eight hundred pounds, to the college which the Massachusetts Bay Colony had started, he rescued his name from oblivion so effectually that to-day it is more widely known and more frequently spoken than that of any Englishman of his time.

From such scraps of actual information about John Harvard as might be contained in a few lines, Mr. Shelley has written a book of over three hundred pages. It is an extremely interesting book, not only from the skilful way in which the author uses contemporary writers to give a lifelike picture of John Harvard's environment, but from his fearless use of theories when the scanty supply of facts runs dry. The theory that John Harvard's parents were introduced to each other by William Shakespeare is a case in point. The theory is builded as follows: that John Harvard's father lived in Southwark; that his mother lived in Stratford-on-Avon; that as people travelled little in those days they would probably have remained unacquainted unless brought together by some one who had lived in both places; that Shakespeare had lived in both places. Consequently Shakespeare. Such theorising might lead to heated discussion, if taken too seriously. By a skilful use of contemporary writers, and a clear and interesting manner of handling his material, Mr. Shelley describes graphically the well-to-do tradesman's family into which John Harvard was born; the London in the time of James I. where he grew up; the Puritan college Emmanuel, at Cambridge, where he spent almost one-fourth of his brief life; and of the controversial, back-biting colony of Massachusetts Bay where he died. Unfortunately, the author cannot tell us what sort of man John Harvard was. But he

*John Harvard and His Times. By Henry C. Shelley. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

tells very cleverly the kind of man John Harvard might have been.

Arthur M. Chase.

III

MR. SAKURAI'S "HUMAN BULLETS"*

A curious study in race psychology is afforded by this "soldier's story of Port Arthur." Translated by one Japanese and introduced by another, with an American editor, it professes to relate the actual experiences of the author, a lieutenant in the Japanese army. Certain references raise a doubt as to the fidelity of the translator to the original, which is said to be already a popular book in Japan; but there is no reason for doubting that in the main it is an authentic document. As such it is an illuminating exposition of the Japanese mind, in war and in peace. The outcome of the Russian-Japanese War was, in the last analysis, a matter of psychology—a matter of *morale*, to use a favourite word of Mr. Sakurai's; and the difference in this respect between the two armies is lucidly set forth. One sees in these pages the determination, the devotion to duty, the adaptability which won for the Japanese soldier such general sympathy and admiration in this country; but even more interesting is the unconscious revelation of certain other qualities which should be pondered by those whose sympathy has reached the maudlin stage. Certain broad differences have existed between Oriental and Occidental nations ever since history has known an Orient and an Occident; and it is well to remember that the Japanese, whatever their origin and whatever their momentary position in the affairs of the world, are essentially an Oriental nation.

It may be doubted whether the book was intended to show this difference so plainly as it actually does. In some respects the author seems to be aping the Western point of view. The book is full of allusions to European literature and history, while the Japanese observance of the modern "humane" rules of warfare is insisted on. It would be unfair to

*Human Bullets. By Tadayoshi Sakurai. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

brand as superstition the strong religious sense that survives in the average Japanese, even though it be for the most part ancestor-worship. But it may be noted that this religious fervour is not inconsistent with Oriental self-glorification (including that mock humility which is the highest form of egoism), cruelty and treachery. It is a question how much of the Japanese soldier's bravery is an intense longing for applause—for the approval both of the living and the dead. "We would wish that the curtain might be raised at once," says Mr. Sakurai, "so that we could show off our skill on the real stage of the battlefield, not only to astonish the enemy, but to elicit the applause of the world-wide audience." This sentiment is characteristic, while there is simply no suppressing the self-gratulation. "All of us attacked and pressed upward with strength and courage as of the gods." Neither are the cruelty and the sheer lust of killing to be hidden. "Our hearts involuntarily hated our opponents, who we wished had yielded to us more easily, but who resisted us to their utmost." Doubtless this is true to the psychology of the fighting man the world over, but what would we think of an American officer who should give voice in cold retrospect to this sentiment: "It is a delightful business to pursue a flying enemy, when they are shot from behind and fall like leaves in the autumnal wind"?

Such frank avowals do not indeed lessen the interest of Mr. Sakurai's story. The book furnishes a striking picture of what war actually is, even under its most humane aspects. And at a time when the eyes of the whole world are on Japan, it is worth while to be told so authoritatively just what manner of fighting man the Japanese soldier is.

Ward Clark.

IV

MR. VAN NORMAN'S "POLAND."*

Mr. Van Norman has started his story of Poland with so felicitous an introduction by Madame Modjeska, that one is

*Poland, the Knight of the Nations. By Louis E. Van Norman. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

bound to read it. We are fairly cozened into attention by a pleasant little sop to national vanity, when she declares that of all people, the American are the most unprejudiced and therefore the best calculated to consider Poland and her picturesque difficulties with a just and sympathetic mind.

If Madame Modjeska has briefly prepared the reader for much, Mr. Van Norman has made himself admirably accessory after the fact, by telling the whole story in a vivid, impressive and scholarly manner. The book is not a reportorial presentation of politics, extravagances of temperament, geographical transformations of a nation; but a calmly told tale of much editorial value. Mr. Van Norman frankly admits in his dedication of the book to his wife, that the inspiration of his work was that of sentiment and affection. However that may be, sentiment has not induced him falsely to represent his facts, while it may well have lent to the telling of them that style which makes the book of true literary value. He has treated Poland as the "knight among nations," yet often as an ill-conditioned knight, subject to aberrations. Among other things, he orients Copernicus for us—and who has ever done that since his "theory" swallowed up time and the hour? Genius in science and art is so soon laid hands on by the universal mind, that after a generation or two the proper geographical location of its birth has become news once more.

The author tells of Poland's unique militarism, the secret of which is a gallant contempt for the engines of war, and a gay glory in personal conflict. He tells of a nation composed of nobles and serfs, without the middle class housekeeper; and all the nobles were kings, and Poland had then as many laws as nobles: each being a law unto himself and law, as such, applying to nobody! The very idea of a country unruled by sixty thousand kings is a shock to the mental system. But Mr. Van Norman mentions by way of news interest, that Poland's latest king went as a salaried functionary to St. Petersburg: a detail which does not modify our delighted amazement, but only adds to the charm-

ing confusion of a country whose erraticisms have been tenderly revealed in this book. Kosciuszko himself would have smiled had he read thus about it.

In the very midst of everything, Mr. Van Norman has written a fine story of the unique Kosciuszko victory; and after reading one does not doubt that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell!"—if it didn't it should have. Those of us who do not know are told, and those who know are reminded, that when a death occurs in a Polish town, a black notice telling the name of the dead is tacked to the church door. The book is full of such detail that lends verity and by-way interest to it, while the large matter of European political relations is treated with dignity and a clear understanding. The book is the story of Poland, her people, their erraticisms, their customs, their legends; the pathos of its struggles, the glory of its endurance, and finally the new day that is bound to come with a slow growing commercialism which seems likely to be tempered advantageously to Poland, by the real nobility of her people. The book has added much of value to the meagre opportunities for research on the subject of Polish history, and is to be welcomed for its usefulness as well as for its decided charm.

Dolores Bacon.

V

MR. WILSON'S "EWING'S LADY"*

It is something of a triumph for Mr. Wilson, or at least a proof of his aptitude for the novelist's trade, that it is possible to read well into his latest book before the inevitable label presents itself to the mind. The story opens delightfully on a Western ranch. The lady of the title is discovered at once—a young widow, rich and beautiful, a New Yorker, and therefore open to the romance of the free country in which she finds herself. The first glimpses one has of Ewing, the shy, talented boy whose whole life has been lived in the mountains, and who has struggled alone to follow his father's career of painter, give promise of a fresh

**Ewing's Lady.* By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

and individual character, if not of a story of marked originality. The author's evident liking for the mountain and ranch life is backed by knowledge. Like his hero, he has the trick of drawing the cowboy and the scenes of his life as they really are, and his picture, though rapidly sketched as something subordinate to his main purpose, is lifelike and interesting.

But in half a hundred pages the scene shifts to New York, and once you are fairly in the swing of the story you can no longer doubt whither Mr. Wilson is travelling. Once more the great American melodrama! I know the label has of late been overworked, and it has been made to fit so many and so different objects that it leaves something of definiteness to be desired. But for once its appropriateness is unquestionable. All possible definitions of melodrama meet on common ground in *Ewing's Lady*—except, of course, the wholly out-moded definition that carries with it a certain sting of reproach. Whatever else it may be, melodrama, whether literary or theatrical, has at last attained to complete respectability. We all know nowadays that Shakespeare was the greatest of melodramatists, and those of our contemporaries who follow his lead have no cause for shame in their efforts. The practice of the art is not incompatible with the exercise of all the literary refinements. Mr. Wilson belongs to the Shakespearian school.

Here is the skeleton of the story: Ewing is the son of a painter who had gone to the West for his health and died there. His mother, too, is dead, and the boy has come to the age of twenty-four knowing practically nothing of the parental history. His inheritance consists of a portrait of his mother and a talent for painting. Mrs. Laithe, on a visit to a nearby ranch, discovers both the talent and the identity of the boy. His mother had been the wife of Randy Teevan, an intimate of her family, and had left him without the formality of a divorce for Ewing's father. In spite of the evident danger of complications, Mrs. Laithe brings the youth to New York to develop his talent. He falls in with Teevan, the most polished and gentlemanly villain imaginable, who plans a diabolical, vicari-

ous revenge against this "nameless whelp" of the woman who was once his wife. Under pretence of guiding Ewing in his artistic development, he leads him to fritter away his time and strength on all sorts of useless endeavours. Once the boy's ambition is thoroughly crushed the final stroke is to be given by imparting to him the truth concerning his mother. Incidentally, Ewing is given to understand that Mrs. Laithe, whom he loves, has long cherished a hopeless passion for the gallant Teevan. By a remarkably ingenious chain of circumstances it is contrived that Ewing shall believe Mrs. Laithe wishes Teevan dead. He writes her that by the time she has received his letter the deed will have been done, and then proceeds to make good his promise. In the nick of time he is interrupted by Teevan's son, his own half-brother, who tells him the truth. In the meantime Mrs. Laithe, receiving the letter, assumes that the murder must have been committed, and rides away from the ranch at night bent on making away with herself in some retired spot. But her faithful pony turns around in the dark and brings her back to the cabin at dawn, just as Ewing arrives, having rushed across the continent to see her and explain. Curtain.

The tale is more wonderful than this outline indicates, for there are many minor complications and coincidences. A generation ago such a story would have been branded as the rankest and frankest of shockers. But Mr. Wilson keeps a strong literary grip on his plot. Granted his impossible concatenation of circumstances—no less interesting for being impossible—his characters are admirably drawn, consistent and lifelike. There is plenty of real humour in the book, and some excellent pictures of manners, Eastern and Western. Mr. Wilson even attempts a photographic description of a night at a "bohemian" artists' club, and comes out of it rather more creditably than most of the rash authors who have essayed this feat. For one thing at least he deserves undying gratitude. He has at last enshrined imperishably in literature that purest gem of modern balladry, the song with which Mr. Booth Tarkington has delighted how many gatherings of artists, writers and college students, "Nothing but Mother."

It is a fitting return for this privilege that the book is dedicated to "N. B. T." The inclusion of this lyric treasure would insure a place for *Ewing's Lady* in the libraries of the Players Club and some thousands of Princeton graduates, even if it were not a cleverly written and entertaining story—which it is.

Burton Blass.

VI

MR. GARLAND'S "MONEY MAGIC."*

While Mr. Garland can hardly be said to break new ground in his latest novel, he certainly sounds in it a new note. As ever, he holds the balance between East and West, between a form of daily existence, a code of social and moral ethics and practice that in its uncompromising, simple directness and frankness, its conviction of equality, its unhesitating acceptance of the principle that "a man's a man for all that" remains fundamentally American, and a society that is becoming more and more sophisticated and Europeanised. The American scene of Hamlin Garland is the antithesis of Mrs. Wharton's.

"It is all a question of latitudes," said Numa Roumestan; with us it is a question of longitudes, of awakening consciousness of their existence, and of the outlook they offer. Many, travelling East, come under their influence, and never return. Others, seeking their opportunity among us, never cease to regret the life they have left behind. Still others come, see, are disappointed, disillusioned, or confirmed in a preconceived dislike, and return. There is a provincialism of the West as well as of the East, of Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco—not to speak of mountain and plain—as well as of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Some there be, finally, who take the best of the older culture in the spirit of the newer, or *vice versa*.

To the point, however. Mr. Garland tells us in his new story of a Colorado gambler and occasional bad man, sheriff, and mine-owner, a heroic figure of a familiar type, who yet is fresh, interest-

ing, and lifelike. This mature man, falling in love with the young daughter of a Colorado boarding-house keeper, an untutored child of nature and the mining region, a girl of New England parentage, with what the law calls the *vis rivertendi* faintly traceable in her mind: reversion to the older civilisation slumbers in her as a possibility. But for the present she is of the West, and, like the "square" gambler, a stock character of Western fiction, but, also like him, decidedly lifelike in the drawing. For her sake the gambler gives up his profitable trade, is accepted by her in reward, and is shot by a ruined gamester. She marries him on what is supposed to be his deathbed, but he recovers, and is restored to existence, an almost helpless invalid.

Now begins the Eastward pilgrimage of this strangely assorted rich couple, whose relations are those of adoring invalid and conscientious nurse. Colorado Springs is the first station. Here they buy a palatial "home," here the woman has her first view of Eastern social differentiations and conventions, of "manners," some culture, and a great deal of malicious gossip. To the charms of manner and culture she takes readily; she remains unconscious for a long time of the class distinctions, and indifferent to them. Here, also, she meets the young man who is to awaken her soul. He has come to Colorado with his fiancée, to marry her and settle down as soon as her health will permit.

Husband and wife continue their voyage of discovery. First Chicago, where they have a glimpse of the true Bohemia—of artistic society—and then New York, which effaces the impression made by the mid-Western city, even though they do not soar above the Fifth Avenue hotel stage. Their experience here is on the surface only; they are lost in the mass, welcomed only by waiters and tradespeople. So the West calls them again, but in the woman's case it is the call of the young man left behind, much more than of the longitude.

Mr. Garland handles the triangular situation, with its complication of the second woman, with excellent taste, and entirely in the spirit of the moral cleanliness of the West. It is a romance

*Money Magic. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

pure and simple. The conventional ending is justified by the splendid spirit of the dying gambler, entirely in keeping with his character and his career.

Money Magic is far and away the best and most significant novel that Mr. Garland has written in many years. It has perspective, it is firm of plot, rich in colour, full of movement, unflaggingly interesting, its characters are deftly and understandingly individualised—it has the semblance of life.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VII

MR. HARBOE'S "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"*

The poet whose words reach the child-heart is the poet of the universal appeal. For the happiest of us remain children at heart always. But the poet of the children is the most impersonal of poets, is the writer who most of all must sink his individuality in his work. The Eternal Child in us, old or young, does not ask for the personal equation; it asks for the beautiful tale, the sweet and noble thought, the wonder, the picture. Hans Christian Andersen has become a beloved name wherever children read, or sit in the twilight to listen to tales of wonder. Apart from personal memories in his own country, and the friends who met him in his travels, his own personality has been lost. To the myriads of children who hang upon his words he is not a certain man born in Denmark, living there and elsewhere for a certain number of years. He is The Steadfast, Tin Soldier; he is The Ice Maiden; he is Little Karen; Little Claus and Big Claus; he is any one of the many wonderful friends he has created for the children of all lands and all times.

Yet it was not a bad idea to bring the man himself, his life and struggles, his lovable nature, his remarkable career into more personal ken for the many children

who love his stories. This little book, appearing after its author's death, is a simple and sincere attempt to tell the children who Hans Christian Andersen was; to tell them of the circumstances under which these marvellous tales grew into being; to tell children elsewhere the personal relations of the poet with the children whom he knew. We see his home of early poverty, and his momentous first journey to Copenhagen. We hear of the boy's wonderful faith in his star, of his touching trust in mankind and his hope of success. We follow his early struggles, a story in themselves as strange and fairy-like as any of his tales. Then we see him in his years of success and first happiness, travelling amid foreign scenes on a government stipend. Then home again in Denmark, the friend of monarchs, and the friend of the children. It is interesting to learn that in his youth Andersen did not seem to be fond of children, and did not appeal to them. Later in life his most charming hours were his twilight visits to homes where he was a welcomed guest. Without warning he would appear, gather the children of the household about his knees, and read or tell them his stories until the bed-time hour. His early disappointment in finding himself unfitted for the stage career for which he had longed, seems to have been fully compensated for in the joy he experienced when surrounded by the youthful audiences that clung to him and listened in open-eyed delight. It is a lovable personality we learn to know here, a nature sweet, simple and pure, the sort of nature from which the lasting strength and beauty of his wonder-tales would flow as its natural expression. There is not much attempt at coherent construction in the little book. Anecdotes are given sometimes without much point or much connection. And the style reminds us frequently that the author is writing in a language other than the one to which he was born. But the little volume will serve its purpose, and will tell many a child something of the man to whom it owes so many happy hours.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

*A Child's Story of Hans Christian Andersen. By Paul Harboe. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.50.

VIII

JACK LONDON'S "LOVE OF LIFE."*

When a writer does what is apparently expected of him by the reading public, he makes the reviewer's task more difficult. We know now that we may expect virile, vivid stories of the North, stories of struggle with the elements, of struggle with savage men and savage beasts, when we take up a book signed by Jack London. Having said several times what there is to be said about them, it is not easy to find new phrases. Most of the stories in this volume have appeared in the magazines, but they are pretty generally worth preserving in book form. They are stories of the Alaskan North and of California; stories of the horrors of the Trail; stories of dogs that are more than human in their loyalty and affection, and of humans worse than brutes in their cruelty. All just what we have learned to expect from Jack London. But when we weary even of the well-told tales of man's struggle with the primal forces of nature, when we long for the greater conflict of man's struggle with his own nature, and the primal emotions, the talented author has prepared a little surprise for us in the story entitled "A Day's Lodging." Simply told, sketched in with a few pen-strokes, we

have a tale of strong human interest, a happening remarkable in itself and yet sufficiently possible to hold our imagination. The closing scene of it, the man deliberately lowering himself in the eyes of the woman he once loved, that he might save himself from loving her again, is admirable as a bit of strong and simple writing, and still more admirable as a bit of soul-painting. It is bigger in some ways than anything else in the book. The little preface the author has given it leads us to expect something else, however, something less good. And might lead some cruder readers to expect something else also, and to be disappointed. But the story of itself is good, both in theme and construction, and excellent in the writing of it. The title-tale is a study of hunger, strongly written, and had its meed of praise when it appeared in a popular magazine. "The Way of the White Man" is a good bit of irony, and "The Unexpected" a thoroughly characteristic Jack London tale. "The Sun-Dog Trail" is an acknowledged "stunt," the author telling you in the beginning of the story just what he intends to do. It would be better were it more condensed in form. Taken altogether, these stories have all the good points of their author's work—strength, aliveness, vividness of colouring. They give us no new side of his talent, but they give us what we have learned to expect of him.

J. Marchand.

**Love of Life and Other Stories.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE PHARMACY
OF HOMAIS

THE CHURCH OF RY

THE BOVARY HOUSE FROM THE
STREET AND GARDEN

THE GENESIS OF A MASTERPIECE

It was in Ry (thinly disguised as "Y"), a village in the neighbourhood of Rouen, that Gustave Flaubert laid most of the scenes of his immortal *Madame Bovary*, and many of the names to be found in the pages of the romance still have a familiar ring to the people of the town and surrounding country. The present writer had, one day, occasion to go to Ry, and occasion is needed to make the trip, for to this day the village remains without direct communication with the outside world. From the moment of arrival one is impressed with the marvellous resemblance to the straggling community (*la bourgade*) so vividly described by Flaubert. There are the church, surrounded by the little cemetery; the market, "consisting of a tile roof supported by twenty posts"; the *Mairie*, constructed "on the plans of an architect of Paris"; the house of the chemist and the inn opposite. Everything corresponds to the letter. There is also the street (the only one in Ry), "long as a gun barrel," to use Flaubert's phrase.

The present writer had the good fortune of knowing the chemist of the place, who always maintained that Flaubert had described his father; under the name of Homais. Certainly the letters which

the son showed bore out the contention. It was the same style, the same emphasis. Continuing our pilgrimage, we come to the site of the first home of Charles Bovary. The house no longer exists; it was torn down about a quarter of a century ago. There remain, however, part of the garden, and the tunnel and little staircase of stone leading to the brook crossed by Emma on her journeys to *la Huchette*. A little farther along, on the other side of the street, may be seen the house later occupied by the Bovary family, and the scene of the heroine's death. Unfortunately successive restorations have taken from the structure all its character, and little remains that recalls the novel.

One of the most interesting features of the trip was the visit to Père Thérain, the former driver of the Rouen diligence. In the book he appears as Hivert, and it may be remarked that this name is formed of nearly the same letters as Thérain. Suppressing the "a," we have Hinert, which Flaubert changed to Hivert for the sake of euphony. As to the name of Bovary, it was suggested by the name of a French hotel keeper whom Flaubert met in Cairo, at the time of his famous voyage to the East. This man's name was really Bouveret, but Flaubert altered it by giving the ending Ry, the name of the town with which the novel deals.

Émile Deshays.

OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S LETTER-BOX

HOW A NEW YORK EDITOR WAS ACCUSTOMED TO GIVE OUT ADVICE



THE modern status of the author has in recent weeks been so thoroughly ventilated that there may be a timeliness in digging up the history of his treatment in this city seventy-five years ago. There was at that time a weekly review, the *New York Mirror*, that possessed a wonderful amount of snap and virility. In its columns were to be found the names of the best writers of that time. Bryant and Whittier appeared, N. P. Willis was a constant contributor, and others—some of them now forgotten—were Thomas Haynes Bayley, Theodore Fay, a novelist of the time; Fitz-Greene Halleck, William Jay, Park Benjamin, Mrs. Sigourney and William Dunlop.

In his dealings with the amateur author the editor of this periodical adopted a drastic and painfully sarcastic method, which he defined as the "Procrustean process." Beside it the polite printed profession of regret of the editor of to-day is like a feather duster compared with the Russian knout.

In each issue, at the head of his editorial column, the editor of the *Mirror* printed in italics his impression of the material submitted to him for acceptance. It saved postage, and also, in the absence of the modern newspaper humourist, supplied the material for a laugh—at the expense of the contributor. We shall see that the latter did not always accept it in the spirit of mirth.

We find an early application of the "Procrustean process" in an issue of July 9, 1836. This is an uncommonly gentle treatment, but in his closing words may be found a sample of the fine edge and point of the editorial stiletto:

"The Poetical Sketch," by "R.," requires a little correction and alteration; some of the lines are incomplete, and lack the requisite number

of feet and harmony. We will subject it to the Procrustean process, after which it shall appear.—"A Woman as She Should Be" is filed for insertion. We shall not be able to make use of the three pieces forwarded to us by "H. A. G." We are, notwithstanding, much indebted to him for his attention.—We should like much to publish "Our Saturday Night," but are apprehensive that it is too metaphysical for the majority of our readers. It is well written, and a thing may be unsuitable without any demerit to the writer.—"A Vision" is too long for our "Sunday Evening Reading," and is not adapted to any other part of our pages.—The lines sent us by "A. B." are respectfully declined. We cannot say that they are not good; we are only conscious that we do not like them.—"Medora," by "C. S.," is in the same category, and it is really unpleasant to veto so much readable poetry.—We agree with "X." that the situation has its charms; but the incident is not interesting enough to blazon it. "St. John's Park" is certainly a pretty place, and children are pretty objects; but they are both too trite and commonplace to poetise about.—"R. S. C.," who sends us three quatrains, entitled "Anacreontick Song," has evidently but a small acquaintance with the bard of Teos; the characteristics of whose poems are exquisite rhythm, sweetness of sentiment, and simplicity of imagery; in all of which this piece is deficient, for there is a difference between silliness and naivete.

Two months later the editor shows signs of being overworked, and his free expression of his feelings is likely to find many sympathisers. The ambitious author of that time was also looking for a pull. Probably the modern summer vacation had not reached its present perfection:

We would do much for "Crito," but hereafter we will not publish an article that we do not like, to oblige any friend breathing. We have made the vow, and it is registered. If "Crito" is generous, he will excuse us; we

acknowledge our indebtedness to him, but we, and he also, owe more to the subscribers of the *Mirror*. "Come what come may," we are fixed in our purpose.—During the past week, we have read a novel, two tragedies, and one epick poem! (as requested by their respective authors), and appended to them such remarks as happened to occur to us at the moment. The writers may obtain them on application at our office. Notwithstanding our earnest desire to further the views of all our fellow-labourers in the literary vineyard, we implore them to have some pity upon us; we are not made of iron, and our nerves are as other men's. Let them remember that the bow that is always bent loses its elasticity in time, and that we are almost worn to the bone with a thousand cares necessarily attendant upon a publication like the *Mirror*. Have some compassion, my masters, and read once more the poet's description of his troubles in this respect, which were marvellously like our own; although, happy man! he did not conduct, and was not responsible for, the contents of a weekly periodical.

"Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said;

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out.
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden through the land.

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross;
All fly to Twitnam, and in humble strain,
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain."

It may be inferred that on the day during which the copy found below was prepared the last straw had fallen on the editor's back. It is selected as one of the finest specimens of his art. The date of the issue in which it appeared was some time in August:

Belinda complains that she is still a spinster. We don't see how we can help it. She would never get married if we published her lines, and she were known as their author.—A "Young Man about the Country" had better be about his business, than taxing us with double postage for his ineffable nonsense.—All that is good in the "Ode to the Army of

Texas" is borrowed from Burns's "Lyrick of Bannockburn"; the original portion is worthless.

The context does not supply us with the information whether any of the persons referred to in the following paragraph was one of these; but it only shows how tender even in those days was the skin of literary ambition:

A rejected correspondent has sent us a cartel, and dared us to mortal combat! Our avocations will not permit us to go to Montreal to meet our pugnacious friend, and it is against the law of the land to arrange these little affairs within the limits of the State; besides, we see no sufficient cause of quarrel in so simple a thing. If our querulous antagonist wishes a fight, we dare him to the contest with the only weapon we use—the pen. If he does not write good English, we can't help it, and it is certainly no fault of ours that his periods are clumsily rounded, as we did not superintend, and are, consequently, not responsible for, his education. Fight a duel, forsooth! and in the warm weather! and break the law to boot, merely to gratify a coxcomb's wounded vanity! things have come to a pretty pass, my masters.

The following excerpts, which are gathered from many of similar character, show the existence then of a species of author who, unfortunately, unlike the dodo, has not yet become extinct. The rising horde of editors of three generations has failed to diminish the multitude:

"The First Avowal of Returned Love" is a very pleasant thing to lovers, but a large portion of our readers having probably survived the shock of a declaration, would sicken at this souvenir of transport.

Censor Morum is thanked, but his communication is inadmissible. The creature he reprobates is not worth the powder and shot which would be wasted in his annihilation. We sometimes fire at eagles, but never at wrens.

The "Flirtation of a Country Coquette" appears to be written by a discarded swain, and we apprehend his complaints would find little sympathy were we to publish them to the world.—The unpublished anecdotes of General Washington have been told of every great man since the flood.

"John Hoertreep, Bachelor," shall have his opinions upon kissing made publick in our next. We shall be glad to hear often from John.

We are afraid that we cannot lend the columns of the *Mirror* to the tender communications of the "love-lorn youth, J. B.," by inserting his piece addressed to Julia. It appears to us, moreover, that a proficiency in spelling is indispensable in the spinning of verses, although there are certainly some illustrious instances of great poets who did not pay much attention to these trifling details; it is essential, however, in the present day, as our compositors always follow copy.

The following is a bit of advice which is much needed in the editorial office to-day. The grain of gold referred to is seized with eagerness, for it may be the symptom of a real mine in the vicinity rich enough to encourage a painstaking "milling" to enable the editor to produce the refined metal of genius on his magazine. How many infant geniuses this literary Herod must have strangled!

It is with unfeigned regret that we feel so often compelled to reject articles of writers in many respects capable, but either careless or inexperienced. A man may have a fair portion of poetick talent, and yet be wanting in "the accomplishment of verse"; and the misery of it is that many such seem wholly unaware of the deficiency. It is the same with some prose writers. They think tolerably well, but are not able to put their thoughts together in a proper form. If they find a grain of gold among the various strata of their cogitations, they are apt to beat it and platify it till its weight is unperceived in "its widespread tenuity." We are obliged, therefore, to reject "Ellen Reeves," though the author is evidently possessed of considerable talent. It is not according to good taste to make inferior persons speak contrary to the rules of grammar. Very good English is hardly ever spoken by superiors; yet we never affect to make them speak as they are commonly accustomed to speak.

This gentleman was undoubtedly a little fussy. Did he not know that legibility of chirography and genius never moved in the same class? It enables us to reflect, however, that the typewriter

has certainly been a great preserver of editorial nerves:

One word to all our correspondents. It is gross affectation to write a bad hand when one can write legibly. The object of writing is, that it may be read. To take up an hour's time in deciphering an article that might, if properly written, be read in five minutes, and to occupy a compositor's time in the same way, is monstrous. Time is money. If our contributors feel no pity for us, they must have some consideration for the printers. We shall, therefore, reject every article, henceforth, the chirography of which is not tolerably clear.

One more selection will be a gratifying proof of the improved manners among editors, or perhaps the true status of the law of copyright had not been fully developed by the decisions of the courts:

We are once more under the necessity of stating that Mr. Willis does not write for any other journal. The productions enclosed by "Shepherd Lee" are not new to us, as he supposes. They have all appeared in the *Mirror*, years ago, from whence they have been transferred into most of the papers throughout the country. Had the editors given us credit for them, as they should have done, Shepherd Lee would not have fallen into the mistake of supposing that Mr. Willis was writing for "several publick gazettes besides the New York *Mirror*." Will such of the conductors of the press as do us the honour to copy our editorial matter be kind enough, in future, to affix the credit to which we are so fairly entitled? Pray, gentlemen, "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

The editor of the New York *Mirror*, as far as is known, escaped a violent death. His frankness deserves a monument, and tapers made of rejected manuscripts should burn before his effigy! The author of to-day who has been indulging in so many complaints needs chastisement. He does not know when he is well off. Let him thank his stars that he lives in a safer, less cruel time, and although there is a world of falsehood afloat in the form of euphemistic printed slips of rejectment, there is also a more enlightened audience listening for the voice of genuine talent.

Stanley Johnson.

day



645 the Dutch West
a Company sent over
their recently acquired
ony of Manhattes in
New Netherlands
er Stuyvesant as gov-
or. It had not been
leinrich Hudson had
sailed over in the *Half Moon*, weighed
anchor in the Narrows, landed on the
island just above, and a month later, after
exploring the beautiful river on the other
side, went back to Holland to describe it
all.

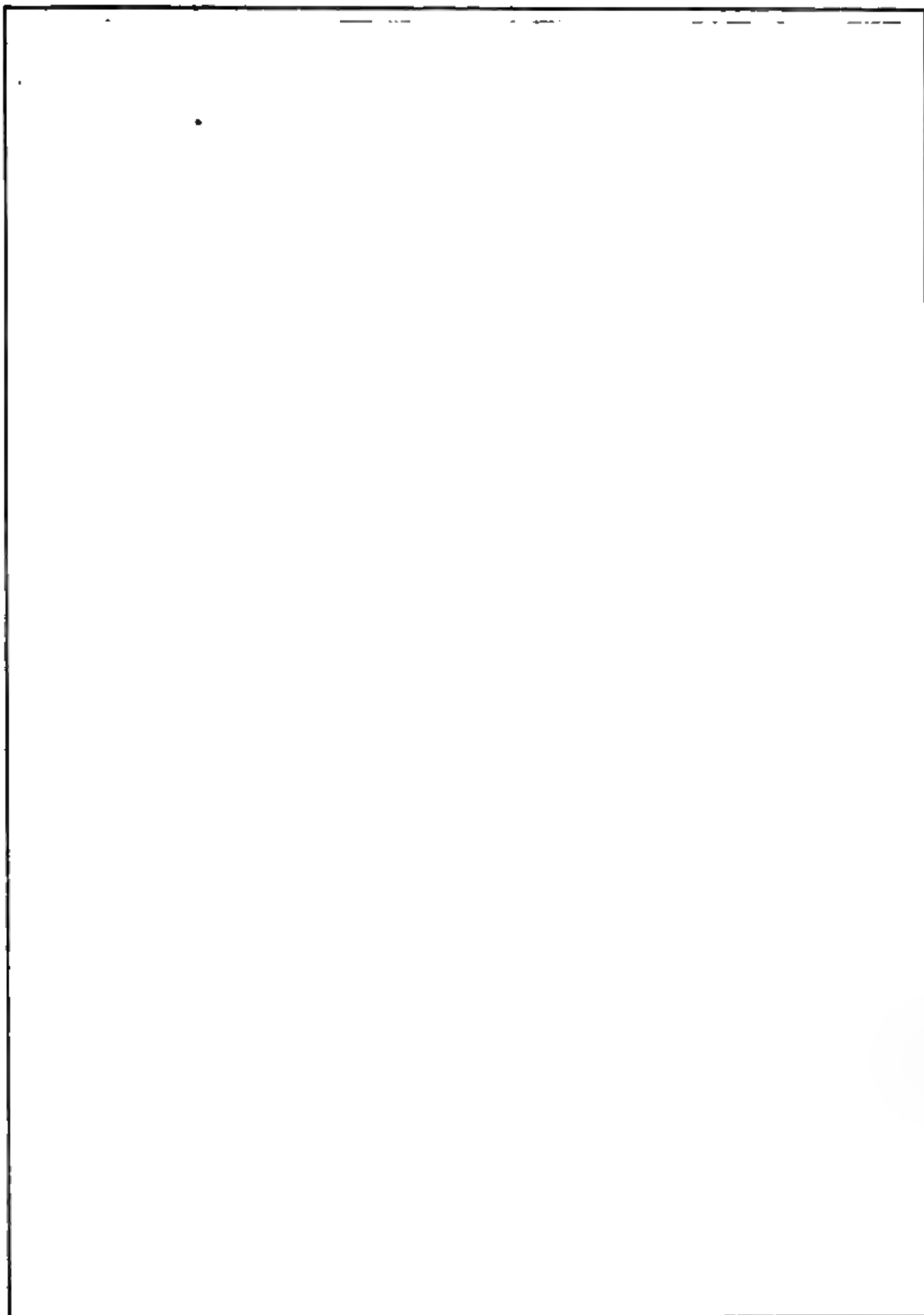
In 1623 the Dutch East India Com-
pany, sailing under its blue and yellow
flag, established a colony there and put in
charge successively Peter Minuit, Wou-
ter van Twiller and Jacob Keift.

Wouter van Twiller partitioned the
island back of the water front into six
great farms (Bouwerie was the Dutch
word). Two of them he is said to have
kept for himself, and he built a Dutch
house and called his confrères around
him.

In the meantime the English said that
as John Cabot, in the service of their

government, had discovered the whole
continent, no trading company had a
right to make private bargains and that
the West India Company had no right
to the revenues accruing to it. Then a
little later, when Jacob Keift took charge,
the Indians asserted themselves, the
Weckquaesgechs showed a barbarity
worthy of their name, so at this critical
point the company found they needed a
man of great force to grapple with all
the troubles and sent out Peter Stuy-
vesant. Stuyvesant hastened to give the
colony better defences, putting up a
stockade just where the great Bouweries
began, so that the colonists could take
refuge within. He superintended the
building himself. It was a strong pali-
sade and there were two gates, which
were closed and opened night and morn-
ing. The gate by the water was called
T' Water Poort and had a half moon for
defence; at the other end was T' Land
Poort, where those that lived on the great
Bouweries could enter the town—this
small town of New Amsterdam as it
was called then.

All the land within the wall which had



THE BUILDING OF THE WALL.

THE WATER GATE OF THE WALL. TO-DAY THE JUNCTION OF WALL AND PEARL STREETS
THE LAND GATE OF THE WALL. TO-DAY THE JUNCTION OF WALL STREET AND BROADWAY

THE SLAVE MARKET IN WALL STREET
PUNCHEONS OF RUM

THE FIRST INAUGURATION

not been granted was put in a big sheep pasture called T' Schaape Waytie. This ran down to the vlie (valley) market along the river on the south, on the north it touched the wall—the Cingel it was often called—for Cingel meant ramparts—De Cingel or Tingel after Stadt Waal.

Peter, or Petrus, lived out on his own great Bouwerie, farther to the north than the six of Wouter von Twiller's time, with Judith his wife—probably she suffered somewhat from his obstinacy. He had a strong religious nature and built a church on his Bouwerie, where Domine Slevin read the simple Dutch service and would ride daily along the narrow lane—the Bouwerie Lane—in the little town of New Amsterdam, enter by the Land Poort of the Stadt Waal and settle with spirit and firmness the disputes of the people.

All this, however, availed nothing against the English, they wanted the colony and they sailed into the harbour in overwhelming force one morning, tore down the Dutch West India Company's flag and hoisted their own. It was a great blow to Peter Stuyvesant, but he loved so much the great Bouwerie that after going back to Holland for a short time he returned and was buried in his own little church, on the site of which to-day is St. Mark's.

In 1673 the Dutch made another effort to get back their New Netherlands and were successful. They sailed up the harbour just as the English had done and took repossession of the town. They carefully repaired the fortifications of the Stadt Waal, Dutch sentries were placed up and down its length and T' Land Poort and T' Water Poort were opened and closed every night and morning.

This lasted only till the next year, when by the treaty of Westminster the New Netherlands were ceded to the English.

One of the best governors was Thomas Dongan, the son of John Dongan, Bart., of County Kildare in Ireland. He had a pleasing address and a steadfast integrity. He was a Catholic, but even Domine Slevin said he was "a gentleman of knowledge, politeness and friendliness." He made an official survey of the forti-

fications, narrowed the space in front of the wall to the thirty-six feet of to-day (one hundred feet had been left in front of it as a place for military evolutions) and sold the land to the north to Abraham de Peyster and Nicholas Byard. Abraham de Peyster laid his out in gardens, and we find on an old map "De Peyster's Gardens." These gardens must have been an advantage to the neighbourhood, for it is recorded that living "along the Waal" when the English took it were Dirck, the wool spinner, a shanty; Jan Jansen and Van Langendyck, a tap-room; Jan Videt, small building; Dirk Van Clyff, small building; Peter Jansen, a shanty; Jacob Jansen Moesman, a general store. In 1692 some bastions were added to the wall, for the people were afraid of attack during the French and Indian War. It was a task to keep these bastions and the wall in repair when the country relapsed into a peaceful condition and they gradually fell into a state of dilapidation, and in 1699 the people petitioned to have the wall entirely removed and to use the stones of the bastions for the foundations of the new City or Federal Hall. This was agreed to by Earl Billemont, the then English Governor, and the hall was built on land given by De Peyster from one of his gardens opposite the street called Broad because it had just been widened. In the middle had been a great ditch like a canal, which the Dutch called Gracht or Heeren Gracht, and had reminded them of their dear Holland, but it was now properly drained.

With the building of Federal Hall the whole character of the neighbourhood changed. It became the centre of the town. What had been only a space "along the Waal" made its first bow to the world as Wall Street! The street only went up a little way beyond the City Hall, for there was a hill on which a church (Trinity Church) had been built which blocked it. In front of the Hall was Broad Street and on the side a lane which had been known "as the street where the pie woman lived." Streets were now laid out from Wall Street as far as the Virgin's Path. This was the path along a little stream which the

women took daily to do their washing. The Dutch had called it T' Magde Paat, and we now call it Maiden Lane.

In the cellar of the City Hall was a prison for criminals and the upper floor rooms where debtors were confined. A fire engine was kept on the first floor and the first library in New York as well. It was a very useful building this Federal Hall! Just below it, on the way to the river, was built a sugar house to conduct the "mystery of sugar refining." This was put up in 1729. In 1769 it became a tobacco factory. At the foot of the street was the ferry to Long Island, where the Dutch farmers lived and brought their produce daily to town. Not so far from the river was a slave market, for men and women were bought and sold yesterday in Wall Street! Later it was called the Meal Market, for commodities of every kind as well were sold. In 1750 we read:

To be sold at Public Vendue at the Meal Market, on Tuesday 13 of April, Cordial Waters—viz., Clove Water, Caraway Water, Orange Water, Geneva Water, all in gallon pils. Also a negro boy. The sale to begin at 12 and continue till all is sold.

In 1762 it was petitioned that the market be removed, as "the said building greatly obstructs the agreeable prospect of the East River, which those that live on Wall Street would otherwise enjoy, and also occasions dirty streets, offensive to the inhabitants on either side. Wall Street had so grown in social importance since the days when Dirck, the wool spinner, lived "along the Waal," that the æsthetic tastes of its dwellers must be considered. Every year its prestige increased. In the Revolutionary days the British had headquarters in the Federal Hall and the young British officers would drop in to chat with the fair daughters of the loyalist families who lived there. General Morris wrote of the daughters of Henry White who had married Miss Van Courtlandt.

You must remember the Misses White, so gay and fashionable, so charming in conversation and with such elegant figures. I remember going to a party one night at

their house and to have walked a minuet with my friend Mrs. Verplank. Singularly enough I caught cold that night riding home in a sedan chair with one of the glasses broken.

Minuets were danced and sedan chairs in vogue yesterday in Wall Street! Among the houses there were several that were used as places for auctions, notably Nos. 20 and 22. We find many advertisements of all kinds of articles to be sold in these houses in the newspapers just after the Revolution, when trade was increasing in the delight of peace. We read:

Private Sale, No. 20 Wall Street. Chintez and Jaconet Muslins, striped and plain.

And again:

Just arrived from Dublin well-assorted Irish linen of all prices by Smith & Bradford, 22 Wall Street. Also on sale a few pipes of Madeira and arrack 15 years old, a few cases of the finest quality.

And at another time:

St. Croix rum, 70 puncheons of excellent quality. From on board the schooner *Peggy*.

These puncheons of rum were ever salable to the descendants of the early Dutch settlers.

Samuel Verplanck lived in a big yellow house just next to the City Hall. Richard Varick, the recorder of deeds, lived at 52 Wall Street; Alexander Hamilton at 58. Just round the corner, on Pearl Street, was Chancellor Livingston with his daughter Janet, the widow of General Richard Montgomery. At No. 13 was John Lawrence; at No. 15 was a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Mary Daubigny, for gentlemen lodgers only. To her house came in 1789 Lambert Cadwallader from New Jersey, Benjamin Porter and Michael Stone from Maryland, Richard Bland Lee from Virginia, Edmund Burke, Daniel Hager, Thomas Tudor Tucker from South Carolina, members of the Federal Congress who were to take part in the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States of America. The year before the Federal Hall had been thor-

oughly repaired and renovated under the direction of Major L'Enfant. The entire building was be devoted to the Federal Government.

The inauguration of the President was arranged for April 30th, the springtime, when the trees that then lined Wall Street would be putting out their fresh young leaves. John Adams, the Vice-President, arrived first. He had started as early as April 12th from his home in Braintree, Massachusetts, for he had to travel by stage coach, and he stopped *en route* in Hartford, where the American woollen manufacturers gave him a suit of clothes made of American black broadcloth. He went to a house on the Greenwich Road. General Washington arrived April 29th at the wharf at the foot of Wall Street, and there were thousands of citizens to meet him. Chancellor Livingston was there and Richard Varick. A procession was formed to escort him to No. 3 Cherry

Street, where he was to stop. They marched gayly down Wall Street. First a committee of Congress escorted him, then the officers of militia two and two, the artillery, the infantry, the German grenadiers and a troop of dragoons. Wall Street echoed to the tramp of their feet, but it was only the prelude to the great spectacle of the next day, April 30th. George Washington again entered Wall Street with ex-Governor Clinton, the Mayor and Aldermen of New York and the Rev. Clergy. Captain Scribe's German grenadiers came next, with their bear skins on their heads, and Captain Hawkins's New York grenadiers, composed of the best-looking young men of the city (they wore blue coats with red linings), then the Scotch Infantry with bagpipes. They marched to the Federal Hall and George Washington was solemnly inaugurated as President of the New Republic.

Mary Fay White.

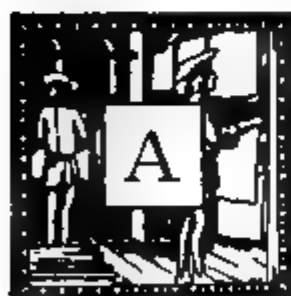
THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

BOOK III

CHAPTER XXIX

THE PROBLEM



MAN'S inheritance may be roughly appraised under three heads: his prehistoric heredity; his posterior heredity, or parentage; and the environment into which chance throws him. To the first belong those common qualities transmitted to all men from their remote ancestry in the palæolithic past; and, concerning Ives Pomeroy, it remained to be seen whether this anterior heritage was the "corpse in the cargo" destined to foul all and bring his life's history to ruin. Against it might be set the blood in his veins, and the companionship of

his mother, who for eight-and-twenty years had been the ægis of his existence and the moral stimulant of his environment. It must yet appear whether her part in him would prove antiseptic enough to conquer and subdue that primal endowment unthinking persons charged upon Ives himself and blamed him for—those qualities anti-social and even brutal which belonged in full measure to him. By thousands of years the child is nearer than the man to his first direct ancestors; and thus it happened that this man, still largely a child in many directions, revealed familiar qualities usually masked or subdued at his age. He represented a very abrupt variation from his stock and was the most original Pomeroy the recent race recorded. His originality indeed might

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end the race altogether, for such a variation was not calculated to advance his welfare or prosper his progeny.

The time had come when a single-handed life's struggle must seriously begin; and those who knew him best regarded his future with the least hope. Peter Toop voiced general opinion in a picturesque phrase:

"Only his mother's ghost would ever keep that man straight," he said.

Pomeroy's neighbours gravely doubted for him; only his mother herself had died without doubt. In his heart it sometimes shone for a steadfast beacon, that she had trusted him. He remembered the failing tones of her voice and the flicker of strength that came into them when she spoke of his future.

Ives Pomeroy belonged to the order of fighters and he manifested an acute and ill-regulated sense of justice, founded on instinct rather than intelligence. Avis had built her hopes upon it and upon her knowledge of her own young self; but whether now the man's environment and circumstances would breed new stuff of the soul and dull the better part in him, or serve to improve it, none could know. All foretold catastrophe and watched him with uneasy and unhopeful eyes as he still stood in spirit on the brink of his mother's grave.

Ives Pomeroy went through his mother's papers and found among them not a few evidences of her thought for the future. Everything was in order; she left all power to her son, and the knowledge that she had done so rejoiced him, because it spoke of her large trust. Among certain annuities was one for Emanuel Codd when he finally thought proper to stop work; but the amount had been left for Ives to determine, and while Emanuel took a black view of this circumstance, his master rejoiced at it.

"She understood me," he said. "You're safe enough in my hands. I know what she thought of you, Codd. You needn't put on that hang-dog look."

The old man growled and said something that Ives could not hear.

"I should like to know what the figure

is to be, if it's all the same to you," he added.

"Plenty of time, plenty of time," answered Pomeroy. "You're not going yet awhile."

But Emanuel had no intention to stop. There were changes in the air and, like the rest of the household, he found Vixen Tor Farm a naked, mournful and twilight place now that the mother's sun had set. Ruth Rendle for the present went back to her cousins, and Peter was very glad to receive her, and Joel was not. A servant had to be engaged at the farm, and for the rest, old Mrs. Pomeroy surprised herself and everybody else by a great access of energy. She ceased to be an invalid and strove with much courage to take the place of her daughter-in-law. She pleased herself and nobody else. Ives openly deplored this sudden display of energy and begged his grandmother to be more restful; but she grew excited at her own rejuvenescence and insisted on controlling the inner life and order of the farm.

Lizzie stopped with her brother for the time that Arthur Brown had promised. Then she returned home and spoke hopefully of Ives and his altered attitude to life. She declared that he had become more solemn and more thoughtful. He was much alone; he was easier to manage; his grief had aged him a great deal; but he was very helpless in many minor particulars.

"Does he allude in his conversation to Miss Rendle?" Arthur asked.

"No; she went, and he said 'good-bye' without anything much in his voice. He said it before me, as though it was nothing. All the same he saw her again the next day and took her dear mother's beautiful inlaid desk for a keepsake."

Mr. Brown was gently annoyed.

"You ought to have had that. You ought to have insisted, Lizzie."

"It was left in the will for Ruth."

"Then, of course, I say nothing; still——"

"Dear mother left me her watch and chain and—the money."

"Far be it from me to criticise the dead, Lizzie. You will remember that

when I heard what we—well, I said nothing."

"You were disappointed."

"I may have been; but all was just—from a woman's point of view. Justice is a condition of the mind very rarely to be met with in the female sex. However, we were talking about your brother. There is no doubt that Mrs. Pomeroy much wished to arrange a match between Ives and Miss Rendle. But these things never happen. In fact, with a man of the stamp of Ives, nothing ever happens but the unexpected."

"He was very grateful to her and I was wrong when I said he never spoke of her. I forgot he once told me that if I had as much brains in my head as Ruth had in her little finger, it would be a blessing. But that was before mother died. He's soft and kind now. I think if you was to ask him——"

"If I *were* to ask him, Lizzie."

"I think he'd come to us for Christmas, Arthur."

"We will see, my dear; we will see. The rites of hospitality——"

He proceeded, but her thoughts were with her brother, and Arthur was presently irritated to perceive that his wife had heard nothing concerning the rites of hospitality. She pictured Ives all day long and her heart ached for him. She prayed to God to send him to Ruth, and she longed, when his rare letters reached her, that they might contain the news of his engagement. Indeed, the man was thinking about Ruth and living over the last days of his mother's life with her. As he retraced them he perceived how large a part of the time Ruth had filled, and accurately guessed at her loyal labours and unceasing devotion of days and nights dedicated to the loved and fading presence. His heart warmed to her often, but he had in it no abiding place for love of woman at this moment. His mother's death grew daily into a thing more desolate and terrible. It submerged him abruptly at all times and in all places; it drowned his soul suddenly, like a seventh wave. Then he would battle up and out of his grief again and go on living and labouring; and he would forget altogether sometimes for an hour or so, when nature in

pity loosed her grip on memory and gave a respite.

He fought the bitter fight that all have fought, and he came very slowly to a rational survey of his future and its duties. For a time he planned to leave Vixen Tor; then he decided not to do so.

He knew no other world than this and felt no immediate heart or hunger to seek one.

A month after Avis's death old Mrs. Bolt came to see Jane Pomeroy, and she brought with her an item of news.

"If Peter Toop haven't over-mastered that girl Ruth and got her to go back in the bar!"

"I wish to God she'd come back here," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"The lady they'd got didn't suit 'em, so it all fitted in very suent and comfortable. And now that chap, Matthew Northmore, may win her yet. He's been after her these years and years, so Samuel's wife tells me."

"I wish 'twas our Ives was going to take her."

"He ought to be married, for certain—time and more than time. And a sensible, steady girl, and dear Avis thought a lot upon her. She told me once 'twould be, and that God had treated her like Moses and let her get a glimpse of the Promised Land—meaning Ives married to that maiden."

"She is a girl in a thousand. I only hope Northmore won't snap her up afore Ives gets sense and tries to have her. She'd take him, mind you; and 'twould be a great blessing as my daughter-in-law well knowed."

Mrs. Bolt sighed.

"'Tis a wisht house without her. God knows what you must have suffered. We ancient creatures be left lagging. Jane, and the useful ones are taken. 'Tis a strange way of Providence to leave us, that none wants and——"

But the other old woman interrupted sharply:

"Speak for yourself!" she said. "I ban't left lagging that I know about. I'm so busy and useful an old woman as you'll find in the kingdom, and my grandson could no more do without me than your boy could do without you. And all the eighty-four years what the

Lord's given me—I've never wasted an hour of 'em! And that's more than some of us ripe folk can say."

CHAPTER XXX

MR. CODD RECEIVES NOTICE

Night hid the land as Pomeroy returned home from Tavistock. A single lamp burned at the cross roads known as Moor Shop; and above it hung the stars. The man turned now into unfamiliar paths of reflection. He did not follow them far, for abstract thought was largely foreign to his bent; but a wider outlook dawned from experience and at fitful seasons, as now, when alone and cut off from the world by the accident of night, he used his brains and dimly glimpsed at hidden things and analogies; at unsuspected wrongs within him and without him; at the ways of the world and the profound certainty of all human affairs. His mother's death had aged him and advanced her life's work in his heart. He believed in the religious dogmas she had most steadfastly held, and they quickened for a short season upon her passing; then they abated their force, and now they were hibernating through the winter of his grief. Church-going wearied him for the moment. He seldom went nearer the porch than his mother's grave; and there he stopped and listened to the Sunday humming from within and set every grassblade in its place above the dust of her.

Ives looked at the little oil lamp and he looked at a bright star that flashed aloft above the distant shoulders of Dartmoor. The higher light marked his way; at the lesser a moth wheeled and worshipped after her manner. And the man, with his mind for a moment empty, considered the case and perceived how a lamp might be a world for one earth-born wanderer, and a world might be a lamp for another. He pitied the moth and he pitied himself more; because his lamp was out and he went in darkness. The stars were cold. He was trying to do his duty with a lively hope that his mother knew it. He clung to the conviction that she watched and was not in

reality so far off as he felt her to be; but life rolled dull and deadly. The soft moth tapped at the lamp and flashed hither and thither a while; then it vanished. Ives went on his way, climbed a great hill under Cock's Tor, hesitated about returning home immediately, and instead kept to the main road and presently descended into Merivale. He had been alone nearly all day and the mood was on him to see men and to see Ruth.

For the time she was back with her cousins and found Peter attentive and agreeable, Joel indifferent. Her position was altered and the distraction and steady work of the bar proved healthy to her.

Ives made fast his horse and entered the Jolly Huntsmen.

A man had preceded him by half a minute, and Moleskin was speaking to Mr. Peter Toop as Ives appeared.

"Just a hair of the dog that bit me, my dear. I was bosky-eyed last night up to Princetown, or, to put it honestly, a little drunk. All over an argument about a married woman! Of course I took her side, bless her, as I always do take the petticoat side in every argument; and I proved my case and showed she was as good as gold. But it took a power of words and made me uncommon thirsty."

Mr. Cawker was supplied as usual, and Ives, having bade the company "good evening," accosted his old friend.

"What's this about a threat to turn you out of your house?" he said.

"To be frank, it's true. As you know, I've stuck very close to the church now for pretty near on two years, and I've given work a fair chance and turned my hand to twenty honest trades; but for some high reason hidden from human eyes, matters have fallen out crisis-cross, and I can't deny it."

"Something will have to be done."

"So it will. Don't you suppose I'm not giving my mind to it. A forehanded man me, with all my faults. I've gived parson a last chance to mend the job and do his duty. If he fails me, 'tis the church that fails me. I shall be very sorry to leave it; but with a wife and darter depending on my usefulness——"

"How you do deceive yourself!"

cried Emanuel Codd from his corner. "All the same," he added, "I'm not blaming you. I've got a crow to pick with the Establishment myself, as all know. Every man's a right to justice, and since he don't get it in this world once in a generation, he must look to the next for it, and to Providence in general. But I, with my lifelong religion, ban't in any better case than you, as took it up at a whim and seem like to drop it again."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Peter.

"We've always reckoned you to be one of the lucky ones, Codd. Good work and good wages for over half a century, and good health and no relations—what more can a poor man expect from Providence? You've got a lot more than your share, if you ask me."

"As to good work—yes," said Mr. Codd. "Plenty of work; and the more I do the more I may do. A willing horse I've been all my life, and driven accordingly. But when you speak of good wages——"

He looked straight at his master and Ives was quite ready for the challenge. There had been half a dozen minor disturbances since the death of Mrs. Pomeroy, but her son, mindful of her methods, had exercised an unusual patience. To-night he felt not patient, and since others heard the indictment, he turned to Codd.

"Well, go on. What about wages?"

"Every man in this here bar knows what I get, I believe. You've always had money, and tons of it, Ives Pomeroy, so you can't tell what it is to be grey-headed and yet only scrape a few shillings a week like what I do. You can't live with money like you can with man, equal and friendly. It bosses you, or else you boss it. And it's bossed you more and more since your mother died. I will say that afore the nation. You're greedy of it, or you'd double my wages."

Moleskin spoke.

"You're a liar, Codd," he said. "This young man, whatever else he may be, don't care for money more than any other dirt. And I speak from my knowledge of him. The half-crowns——"

"Shut up, Cawker," interrupted Ives.

"Don't come between me and this fool. He's been courting trouble ever since my mother went, and now, by God, he shall have it. Look here"—and he turned to Codd—"when you gave notice a month ago and I treated you same as my mother would have done and took no heed, what did you do?"

"I stepped on out of respect to her memory, that's what I did."

"You went poking round to every farm this side of Tavistock to see who'd take you on. And you found not half a dozen that wanted you and not one—not one who'd give you the wages I do."

Mr. Codd looked as angry as an old man can.

"You hound!" he said, "you've been spying upon me and hearing lies or inventing 'em. Work, indeed! 'Tis a damned disgrace to you as I should be expected to work at my age. Any other master would pension me off with full wages, as your mother meant to do, and told me so with her own lips."

"Then why for did she leave your pension for me to decide?"

"Be that as 'twill, I give notice," answered Emanuel. "Here, afore these men, for the last time I give notice and won't call it back. I go this day month."

"No, you won't call it back," answered the other, who was quite as wrathful as Codd. "You'll go to-morrow, and if you and your box ban't outside my gate afore noon, I'll set the dogs on you. You crooked-minded, evil old snake! How I've suffered you all these years the Lord knows. But no more. You've done for yourself now. Take notice—that's what you've got to do. I'm tired of hearing you give it."

"Find a better man, that's all," said the veteran.

"And that's what I shall do. There's better'n you on every hedge."

Mr. Codd departed and Pomeroy, under the genial influence of the inn, soon recovered his temper. He rather enjoyed the respect paid to him as a man of some means. He found himself with three hundred a year from money saved by his immediate ancestors, and he believed that Vixen Tor Farm might be made to yield more than was at present the case. Finally to have done with

Codd was a relief to his mind, and those present were very ready to approve his definite action.

"A clever but a cranky man," declared Peter. "Looks at human nature in a very unkind, sour spirit, and always did. Nothing anybody does can have a good motive to it in his opinion. Why, he can't give a little child a smile—a sure sign of a bad heart that."

"And as for the female sex," declared Moleskin, "well, there's no doubt some dashing she must have used him shameful in his youth."

"And no doubt he deserved it," said the thin labourer.

"Certainly he did," continued Moleskin. "I've seen such men, though none with so much sloe in 'em as him. The world's a feast to the likes of him, because other people's misery and trouble be his food. A joke to him are his fellow-creatures; but he's no joke to them; and for my part, if I was set in justice, I'd knock such fellows on the head once for all and use 'em to manure turnips. Codd would be better in that shape than on two legs, running about to worry people."

None questioned these sentiments, and then Moleskin changed the subject. As for Ives, he soon returned to his horse and overtook Mr. Codd on the way home. He was passing without further speech when Emanuel spoke.

"Since I'm going after light to-morrow, I'll thank you to name my annuity. And I tell you man to man to be honest. Your mother and your father have gone, and I be left at your mercy, owing to your mother's weakness."

"Don't you say that."

"I do say it. She didn't know you, though she thought she did. What be you going to allow me for my natural life, that's what I ax you?"

"I'd give you the price of a rope if you'd promise to hang yourself."

"That would be to meet you t'other side the grave, and I've no wish to do it. I despise you and I defy you. I've done with you. I call on you for my lawful rights, and that's all."

"You can have more than that. You've no lawful rights, and if I let you go in the workhouse none could blame

me. I'll give you half a crown a week while you live—for my mother's sake."

"You wicked rogue!" burst out the old man, "you damned robber. Enough to make your mother's bones——"

The younger roared him down.

"Leave my mother alone! You to mangle her name on your poisonous tongue. My mother never knew the man you were, or she'd have turned you adrift twenty year ago. And don't you come in my sight again, or, old as you are, I'll skin you with my horsewhip. You've tormented my life ever since I could walk, and I'm thankful to be rid of you; and half a crown a week is half a crown a week more than you're worth, and money ill spent."

"The kingdom shall ring with this! And you, pretending as you cared for your poor mother and laughing at her wishes the moment she'm in the ground."

For answer Ives struck at the other with all his might, but it was dark and Codd stood out of range. The whip hissed through the air and Emanuel hastened from the footpath and crouched behind a furze-bush.

"Don't you see my face again," cried Ives; then he went on his way, and not until he had returned home, put up his horse and entered the house, did the old man creep back and get up silently to his attic.

Pomeroy found his grandmother waiting and a bowl of soup on the hob. Jane was asleep and her grandson awakened her. He did not perceive her weariness and began a long and furious tirade against the world in general and the monstrous things that happened in it.

He mentioned a case of cruel injustice at Tavistock; he swore at Arthur Brown, who had lately thought it desirable to send him some pamphlets upon the subject of chemical manures; he blamed Matthew Northmore because the farmer had refused to oblige him in the matter of a sale; he cried out that the world was a hotbed of gross injustice.

"Look where you will, you see the poor bullied by the rich, the weak ill-treated by the strong. It's a damned world, grandmother, and nobody be doing anything to make it better."

The ancient woman yawned and looked to the door.

"'Tis all in Higher Hands than ours," she said.

"Why don't the Higher Hands do something then? If God's a just God, why do these things happen?"

"Us'll know some day, Ives."

"Perhaps we shall; but that don't better it. Is it right for wrong things to happen? That's the big question. If we ban't allowed to do wrong, why can God Almighty?"

And up aloft Mr. Codd, out of the bitterness of a wounded and outraged heart, also arraigned his God on the subject of the annuity and this sequel to fifty years' hard work. He put his Sunday clothes into a wooden box that was covered with a spare piece of old wallpaper. The box was not large, but he owned hardly enough to fill it. There remained ample room for the old beaver hat that he wore on Sundays.

"If I ban't upsides again with that anointed scamp afore he'm a year older, may the Dowl forgive me!" he said to himself while he packed. "If I can't do it no other way, I'll burn his ricks come autumn. And damn his mother too! She ought to have had better sense; 'twas her womanly meanness done it. No saint, after all—just like all the rest of human creatures. She knowed well enough he'd do something like this."

At earliest dawn Mr. Codd took his box on his back and left Vixen Tor without ceremony. He went to the Jolly Huntsmen and had breakfast there; then he looked about to hire a room and to seek employment. The room he quickly secured in the house of a quarryman; but to find work was not so easy.

CHAPTER XXXI

NORTHMORE AND POMEROY

Ives Pomeroy had been endowed with such a wealth of parental sympathy as falls to the lot of few men, and the effect of this treasure became manifest in his relations with other people. He grew somewhat more considerate;

he showed more reserve in his attitude to women generally. His mother's memory raised his respect for her sex; but he was fond of women and did not live without them.

The man's chief interest began to be permanent marriage, and in this connection he thought often of Ruth Rendle. His increasing sense served as a mirror wherein outlines, formerly indistinct, at last displayed their true contours. When she left the Vixen he missed her presence; but such a minor deprivation was merely felt as a shadow swallowed by the greater eclipse of his mother's death. Now Ives thought upon her a great deal, and her virtues grew more considerable to him in the light of his own ripening understanding.

Lastly, Ives never forgot what his mother thought of Ruth and what his mother once had hoped with respect to her and him. The man's interest matured slowly; then an event served to quicken it. As he became more occupied with the affairs of Ruth Rendle's life, he grew to understand that much was hidden from him, and he set to work to find the truth of the matters concealed. She was not a happy woman and he did not know the reason. In course of time he came approximately to see it and guessed that Matthew Northmore was in some measure responsible for Ruth's darkness. He watched, and he noted not seldom in the bar of the Jolly Huntsmen that Matthew's advent checked the girl's spirits and reduced her to uneasiness. Ives soon convinced himself that Ruth suffered persecution, and that Northmore continued to be a nuisance.

Doubt turned to certainty when Ruth finally left Merivale and took a situation in a pastrycook's shop at Tavistock. He tried hard to make her confess that she had fled from Northmore, but she would not. She parried his attack until she annoyed him.

"There were more reasons than one for my going," she said steadfastly; "but they are personal. I'm better here, Ives. Mrs. Foster is kindness itself; the work's interesting to me, and I shall do well, though 'tis a slow, heavy air after the Moor."

"That man drove you away," he repeated, "and I've got a crow to pick with him for doing it."

He left her, and a day later, while still much concerned at Ruth's departure, Ives met Northmore beside the river. It was an encounter unfortunate in every respect, for here clashed two men who were moved by mutual secret resentment, and who both believed that the other was responsible for a personal disaster. To Northmore Ruth's departure meant tragedy; and he blamed Pomeroy for it; while from the standpoint of Ives, Matthew and only Matthew had caused the girl to depart. It was a bad day in the heart and temper of both.

Northmore on foot was passing Ives with an inarticulate grunt of recognition. They had never spoken since Mrs. Pomeroy's death until the present, but now Ives, in the vein to quarrel and much impressed with the justice of his cause, struck out into speech much as another man might have struck out into blows. He hungered to have a quarrel. His blood cried for it; and swiftly he got more than he bargained for.

"D'you know what you've done?" he began violently. "But I suppose you do, if you're not blind. I mean Ruth—why the hell couldn't you let her alone? Always after her in season and out, though you must have seen, if you had eyes in your head, that you was troubling her cruel. Why, cheerful though she might be in the bar, and merry even, for her, the minute you came in with your fiddle face she'd shrink up and her mouth would go tight and her eyes would go sorrowful, and she'd look at you out of the corner of 'em, as girls can without moving their heads an inch. Frightened her—that's what you did; and now you've frightened her away altogether, and be damned to you!"

Northmore gasped before this sudden and terrific attack; then he answered:

"Same as ever, I see. Always poking your nose into other people's affairs and reading everything wrong and trying to make mischief and hurt people's feelings. A bad day for you when your mother died, Pomeroy. She stood between you and many a well-deserved thrashing."

"Don't talk fool's talk about thrashing grown men. D'you think I don't know 'twas a bad day for me when my mother died? If I don't know it, who should? You can leave that and mind your own business; and the man who'd like to thrash me is quite welcome to try—you with the rest. What I say to you is you've ruined the girl's life with offering yourself to her when she don't want you; and if you were a decent man, instead of a selfish coward, you'd have kept away from her and let her bide in peace. Now she's gone and——"

"And—what? For the likes of you to talk! You—you, who know less about her than anybody living. You, who never cared for any mortal thing but your own selfish self and your own evil passions and amusements. Why, damn you, how do you dare to stop me and lecture me? You tell me to mind my own business, like your cursed cheek. And what about yours? Is the girl your business? Did you ever give a thought to her? Do you know what she is? She's an angel from heaven, too good to breathe the same air with such as you. And yet she did, and was under the same roof with you, and yet you couldn't see— But of course you couldn't, a vicious, low blackguard like you. How should a mind like yours understand the wonder of a woman like that?"

Ives was staggered at this answer, but he soon found words.

"Of course nobody but Matthew Northmore knows the good points in a woman. Such a clever chap at 'em as him! And so successful with 'em. Poor girl—no, I don't know how good she is—no man knows how good a woman can be—but I know she's got enough sense to give you a wide berth, and I hope you'll take the hint and keep away from her. And you'd better! She've got no chap to look after her and so I mean to—for my mother's sake."

Northmore, long convinced that Pomeroy had no scrap of affection for Ruth, was struck to absolute dumbness by this statement. The irony of it crushed him. Here was he ready to fight and shed every drop of his blood for the woman he worshipped, while

this man, who cared not a jot for Ruth, out of regard for his mother, now proposed to play the part of her protector.

He stood silent, then burst into rage.

"You brazen rascal, to stand there before your betters and teach them! Get out of my sight, you and your mean knowledge of bad women! What have I to do with you, you worthless straw? And what have she to do with you; poor woman, if she only knew it! I wish to God she understood the truth of you, as she knows the truth of me—then—That girl's a million times more to me than ever she was or could be to your mother; and her good is more to me than my own, or any good on earth. Therefore you keep from her also! Herd with your kind; go on with your own worthless life and let her see the sort of man she puts before——"

He broke off, dimly sensible even in his extremity of rage, that he was saying too much. He stopped, choked down the torrent of words at his lips and went his way, while Ives stood and stared after him. He too had been beside himself; but he apprehended something of the possible meaning in these last syllables, and he cried out no last word. He stood still, his physical and mental heat both cooled, until the east wind broke into his thoughts and struck a shiver through him. Then he proceeded about his business.

The men were destined to meet again before the day was done. They elbowed by chance at the inn after nightfall, and the smouldering fires burst forth again at another point. They wrangled concerning a third party at present under arrest for some suspicious dealings with a pony, and Northmore spoke to Peter Toop.

"I've had my suspicions of that man a good long time. In fact, I told one or two to keep their eye on him."

"Your way," suddenly retorted Ives, who smarted for a further thrust—"your way to suspect evil and then tell it where 'twill hurt a man most."

"You mustn't be rude, Pomeroy," said Mr. Toop. "You know my rule in this bar."

"Why don't you check that man then? What's he saying but hard things

against *one* who may be innocent? He's as bad and worse than that old black-guard I've just got rid of. 'Twas him, Northmore there, who got me put away back-along. I haven't forgot!"

"You pitiful liar!" cried the other. "All men know that's as far from the truth as can be. Yet, to make a case against me, you bring it up now. Clink! And where do the likes of you deserve to be—raving and ranting and misbehaving and bringing a whole district down into the dirt?"

"If I get clink again, 'twill be for you then," shouted Ives in a rage. "You're a low-minded, evil-thinking wretch, to goad a man this way. But I understand very well how 'tis; because a decent girl won't stand your slimy love-making——"

"Drop that, or I'll break your head in!" cried the other. He seized an empty pewter and lifted his arm to fling. Ives dashed forward and in a moment the men were rolling on the sawdust of the floor.

No immediate harm came of this meeting, however, for others were in the bar and Ives was pulled off Northmore, as one angry dog is pulled off another, by the scruff of the neck. He rose, cleaned himself and uttered deliberate threats.

"You'll rue this day, farmer, as long as you live; and let these who hear me, hear me. I've got to be even with you, and I will be. You wait and see, you that torment women and set the police on men! I'll punish you for to-day's work and the work of the past too. I'd have forgot it years and years ago, and I did let it go for my mother's sake. But now you shall be paid in full and God's my Judge!"

CHAPTER XXXII

MOLESKIN ON HIMSELF

After his mother's death Ives had eagerly sought for any recorded glimpses of her thoughts and opinions in the shape of letters. To every one of his relations and to many of his mother's friends, he had written on this theme; and he had been rewarded in several

cases by receiving old communications on various subjects. Some sent copies, but would not part with the originals. The receipt of any such thing made a feast day for Pomeroy, and still they came occasionally. All interested him deeply and one saved him from a foolish error.

Ives had nearly promised Moleskin to put fifty pounds into a little enterprise for quarrying granite. Greater affairs of like nature prospered in various parts of the Moor, and Mr. Cawker, fired by the agreeable prospect of making some money without working for it, endeavoured to collect a few sanguine spirits and start a company. It remained with Ives to take a share, and he intended to do so until chance words in his mother's writing changed his mind. It was a letter written many years before to one of her brothers long dead; and it strove to dissuade him from trusting his savings to a copper mine. Ives knew the sequel. His uncle had speculated and lost all his money.

Having decided against the quarry scheme, Ives went to Moleskin's home, knocked at the red door and entered.

An incident happened to ruffle him at Merivale bridge, for there by chance he met Matthew Northmore. They had not been in one another's company since the fight at the inn, and now Ives stepped forward and held out his hand.

"I want to say——" he began; but Northmore, who was alone, put his hands in his pockets, turned away and looked over the parapet of the bridge. Ives felt his blood in a flame, but he could do nothing and went on up the grassy short cut from the valley to the hill.

Mrs. Cawker happened to be alone when he arrived, but she told him that both Mary and her father would soon return.

"I hear," he said, "that my man, Rupert Johnson, is going to be married to your young woman. Wish 'em joy, I'm sure."

"Yes," she answered drearily. "A nice young chap. You'd wonder what he could have seen in her, wouldn't you?"

Pomeroy felt uneasy and the more so that he was here with bad news. But

when Moleskin and Mary arrived, the old man took his friend's decision with perfect good humour.

"You may be right," he said; "'tis always a doubtful speculation digging into Dartmoor. 'You scratch my face and I'll pick your pocket,' that's what the Moor says; and many an adventurer have found it so. Well, that ends it, for t'others won't go in without you. I must think of something else."

"I've just been saying how glad I am about Mary. Johnson is a very good fellow."

"I hope you'll see your way to raise his wages come presently," suggested Moleskin. "But I know you will—you're built in that large-minded plan, thank God. Poor maiden, she's a bit down-daunted to-day."

Mary was indeed somewhat tearful.

"'Tis like this," she explained. "Us can never have even a week of all good without trouble to spoil it; and now, just because Rupert have axed me to name the day, what should happen but his reverence meets me and says a good few hard things about father."

"I'm disappointed in the man," confessed Mr. Cawker. "He've not done his share of late—in fact, things be coming to a climax between us. 'You must give and take, Vicar,' I said to him when last we met, and he allowed himself to answer that I was the sort who did all the taking and none of the giving. And me at the man's door with three pounds of trout, all for love and friendship, at the time!"

Mrs. Cawker spoke.

"A pity ever you took up with him, as I said at the time. You'll never make honest money. The power isn't in you."

"You'm always right, my old martyr," he answered; "but I'm not going to have a good wife go hungry for twenty parsons. Now I'll ask this young chap to lend me five shillings till next Saturday, and then I'll meet him at the Jolly Huntsmen and return it."

Silence fell upon the company as Ives produced a couple of half-crowns.

A week later he met Moleskin by appointment at the inn, and Mr. Cawker elaborated his philosophy for the benefit of a full bar.

Moleskin was in a genial, expansive and egotistical mood. He preached his gospel and drank meantime, now with this admirer, now with that.

"A man's a fool to do any work he doesn't enjoy doing," he began; "but only enjoy it and then 'tisn't work at all, but play. In my opinion we was all put here to play, not to work. We'm all the Lord's children, and don't a parent like to see his little ones having a romp?"

"'Tis your grandfather's lazy gipsy blood in you, Cawker," said Mr. Toop.

"It may be, Joel. I won't say it isn't; but it's solid wisdom. Look at the high old life he led! Then they took the fine fellow, and shut him up, and broke his gallant heart. The Lord meant us to enjoy ourselves; 'twas His Almighty plan. We're the only creatures that like drinking when we're not thirsty; we're the only creatures that can make a joke, or see a joke; and we're the only creatures that understand the art of kissing our females. Think of all that! Be us to waste those great gifts? Let the beasts that perish work! We've got something better to do, I believe. Our first business is to be happy."

"A man ought to be useful before everything," declared Rupert Johnson. He handed his future father-in-law another glass of liquor as he spoke.

"Well, be useful, Rupert, if you feel called to it. Do what your nature craves for. The Lord who made you knows best. My experience is that the pleasantest companions ban't the useful men. They're apt to be puffed up with the work they do and give themselves the credit instead of their Maker. There's no credit in doing what you love to do. In my case, of course, I've got to work, but henceforth I'll do the work I like and combine business with pleasure so long as I can crawl about. Of course to do work that only makes money, spoils all and is a dirty waste of life. 'Tis only a makeshift and not real life. Well, nobody will come forward to me and say, 'Enjoy yourself your own way, Moleskin, and live out your days at my expense'; so I've got to make my pleasure my business and kill to live, like the varmints without souls. And that shows the order of things be wrong."

"You'll go back to poaching, in plain words," said Joel.

"I won't work. I've got no use for work, and not another stroke will I do. 'Tis only playing the hypocrite, and, to be plain, I should feel ashamed to meet the Lord come presently if I wasted any more of my time working."

"You'll meet somebody else more like," said the master of Stone Park, who had just entered.

"Not me, Matthew Northmore. I'm all right; but I shan't go to glory through the church door. That sort of thing makes all against my properer nature. I be going to be myself from this day forward."

Mr. Cawker drank and smoked and listened to various arguments against his philosophy.

"When I'm sober," he said, "I like to talk about sport and women, and when I'm drunk I turn to religion. And that brings me round to women again, because God's always on their side, as every married man knows, if bachelors don't."

"You've had a good one—in fact, a better one than you deserved," said Rupert Johnson. "I'm sure your poor lady be a wonder of sense and patience."

"When you speak of Mrs. Cawker in a mixed company, you go too far, Rupert," answered Moleskin. "Mrs. Cawker hasn't been a woman for the last five-and-twenty years. There's many a poor dear in the world you can't call a woman, but merely a fellow-creature, as have drawn a blank where us men be interested and clean missed love."

Moleskin was now becoming intoxicated, but nobody knew it yet excepting himself.

"And I'll say this also," he began again. "As a poor human man married to a saintly, bedridden ruin, I've suffered too. I may have looked round for consolation in a quiet way and not spurned the kindly hearts that rose up here and there by God's good grace. But be that as it may, nothing can atone for a wife like mine, and I'm only more sorry for her than I am for myself. And we shall both get our reward, and a rich one."

"You overlook the recording angel,

as easy as you overlook your score in this bar," said Mr. Joel Toop.

"Not a bit of it," answered the poacher. "He is an angel—that's the main thing about the chap with the Books—and he's got the large experience of an angel. Lord love you, Joel, after all that recorder have had to set down against the account of the world, my little lot won't look bigger than a grain of sand on the shore!"

"To hear a human worm on such good terms with his hereafter is a caution," cried Joel Toop; "and I hope none of you young men in this bar will give another thought to him."

"I hope you all will," said Moleskin. "If you don't grasp the difference between big and little now, you never will. And then you'll go through the world with wrong opinions and be a terror to your neighbours forever. Suppose I was to come out on the wrong side and be booked for the bad place, what can they do then to the Stonehouse murderer that swung last week at Exeter for poisoning three women? Poison 'em! Bless 'em! I'd rather cut my throat ten times over than poison anything in a petticoat! What becomes of him, then, or of that beauty, Saul Ash, that stole his wife's mother's money, then knocked her on the head and burned down her cottage?"

"Hell's hotter in one place than another belike," hazarded Samuel; and Joel Toop applauded the ingenious theory.

Moleskin's eyes were closing, but he pulled himself together, emptied his last glass and made an end.

"Fire be fire, and hell fire lasts for eternity; and I haven't earned it; and I shan't get it; and more won't anybody in this bar. And now I be drunk, so one of you pious blades had better put your charity to use and see me home."

CHAPTER XXXIII

SAMUEL FALLS

Returning from his work at Stone Park, Mr. Codd chanced to meet Jill Bolt also on her way to Merivale. She rather desired to speak with Emanuel and now bade him a gracious "good-evening," be-

cause she knew that he cherished a bitter grievance against Pomeroy, and she too had not forgiven Ives. Her own dreary lot served daily to remind her of the past, and she kept her aversion warm. He continued to interest her more than any living man, and she felt that he had not ceased to be the spice of her life, though they no longer knew each other.

"Must seem funny to you being anywhere else than at Vixen Tor," she said; and Mr. Codd admitted it.

"'Tis a mournful, barren place after t'other; and Northmore ban't an easy man; but he's straight and don't change. Very different from that rogue in t'other place."

"Pomeroy, you mean? Yes, he is a rogue."

"He'll swing yet, and I should like to turn him off."

"Words don't break no shins. Why, you'm little better than my man. He talks a lot, but he'd not harm a mouse. If a man had treated me like that man has treated you, I'd never rest till I'd paid the score."

Emanuel Codd looked at her. She made no attempt to hide her passion.

"Ah," he said, "that's from the heart! I dare say you've got a crow to pluck with him too. I've always thought——"

"You've thought wrong then. 'Tis not that. He's tried to have his way with me, but I was too strong for him. Not my sort at all. All the same he did try, and because he tried I hate the man. I'll pay him out some day, and I don't care who hears me say so."

He looked at her with admiration.

"It shows a very proper, self-respecting spirit in you," he said, "and I feel the same. Don't think I've done with the thief. To rob me of my pension—grasping scoundrel. I'll pay him yet, sure as my name's Codd. The people all hate him. No honest man can do with him. My master won't hear his name, and quite right too. He threatened Northmore in the face of the company. Such an awdashus rip didn't ought to be at large. But I'll make him smart to his marrow yet."

Jill considered. The thought of an intrigue at the expense of Pomeroy at-

tracted her; and here was a very ready weapon to her hand.

"It wants a brave man to stop him," she said.

He looked at her craftily.

"And maybe a cunning woman too—eh?"

"Two heads are better than one, of course. A woman can plan and a man can do."

"I'd ruin him to-morrow if 'twas in my power, and I'm only waiting to see how best to do it," declared Codd.

"Let me help you. Let him as ruined others be ruined himself. Anyway I'll help you if you like. I——"

The offer was not acknowledged and not renewed, for many things swept between Jill's proposal and Emanuel's answer. They had reached Merivale and marked a crowd at Samuel's door. The doctor's trap was standing there, and two of Mr. Bolt's fellow-workmen stood and talked to the people. Seeing her, the men pushed forward a woman. It was Mary Cawker who now, with a white face and trembling tongue, broke the news to Jill.

"Your husband, Mrs. Bolt. I'm cruel sorry to say it, but you must stand the shock. Something on the steam engine busted all of a sudden, and it took charge going down Tavistock hill, and he couldn't stop it, and it turned over, and he's—he's alive, but scalded cruel and broke his poor leg in the bargain. His mother's along with him and the doctor likewise."

Jill passed quickly and hastened to her husband.

Samuel was unconscious, and the doctor said that if his patient survived the shock he might recover. The burns were to be feared more than the broken leg. Yet though Samuel escaped sudden death by a miracle, a kinder fate had slain him instantly, for it was not destined that he should survive. He returned to consciousness in the evening and began to give his mother a detailed account of the catastrophe. His great anxiety was to explain that through no personal fault the thing had happened.

For a week he lived, and then his burns killed him.

Owing to the religious opinions of his

doctor, he suffered for six days longer than was necessary.

But medical science, with the skill of the Inquisition, fed him and fortified him. The doctor said afterwards that the whole College of Surgeons could not have kept Samuel Bolt alive an hour longer. He was proud of his achievement.

Jill's husband returned to the dust at last and all Merivale attended the funeral. His mother also went, and among the bearers were Ives Pomeroy and the brothers Toop. A very general sympathy reigned for Rachel Bolt, but little overflowed for the widow. People doubted not that she would soon marry again, and it was generally understood how Samuel had not been happy in his home.

Jill had honestly and terribly felt her husband's sufferings; but not because he was her husband. His death was a matter of indifference, and it rose in time to a satisfaction. She was left poor, but she was still young. She found herself free, and her world appeared to be full of men.

Not until Samuel had sunk into the earth did she begin to build castles in the air; and then many possibilities awoke in her mind. Especially Ives Pomeroy occupied her thoughts, and her new attitude to the man appeared when next Emanuel Codd returned to the old subject.

A fortnight after her husband's death he met her and considered that it was not too soon to remind her of the last words that she had spoken to him. But he began by a general expression of regret at her misfortunes.

"A terrible time for you; still, the right chap will come along in due season. You'll forget all about this after a year or two. The young can forget easier than us old people."

"I shall never forget. I've had my dose of marriage, anyway."

"I saw the man—Ives Pomeroy, I mean—with Ruth Rendle a bit back-along. He's after her now, I do believe. It might save one more unhappy woman if we—if we did what we want to do afore he has his way. His mother always desired for him to marry her; but

'twill be doing her a kindness if we can prevent it."

There was a great deal in the mind of Jill that she could not utter to Emanuel. He waited for her malignity to inspire his malevolence. He was ready to execute what she cared to plan. But the time was still far from ripe.

"It's a thought awkward for me to do anything for the moment, because the man was exceeding kind about Samuel. He called every day, and they great bunches of grapes he sent did comfort Sam's raging thirst without a doubt."

"Grapes! The fool always runned to grapes when anybody was stricken. He bothered his mother's life out of her about grapes at the end. However, that's neither here nor there."

"I couldn't do anything against him for the minute; I don't feel like it."

"He won't know 'tis you. This is all silly rummage you'm talking. You've got the same cruel grievance against the rogue as you always have had. But for him you'd never have married Bolt and had your baby die, and your husband die, and all the rest of the misery that's fallen to your lot. Can't you see as he is responsible for everything? And then to hold back for a bunch of grapes—bought, no doubt, to let the neighbours hear about it."

"I never saw him when he came to ask for Samuel, and he never saw me either. He couldn't at such a time. All the same——"

Codd sneered.

"I see which way the cat be going to jump. You think he'll come after Samuel's leavings—eh? You think you'll catch him again. Not you! He's going to ax Ruth, and she'll say 'yes,' poor fool. Mark me, afore you can look round they'll be tokened. Once he's after a girl, the grass don't grow under his feet. You'll sit and wait for him to come back till your fiery hair be white, but he'll not come."

She looked at Emanuel without speaking for a full minute. Then she answered slowly—

"Leave it a bit. You won't anger me, though you try to. I'll tell you more when I know more. It may pay you

better to be friends with me than quarrel with me."

"You females!" he exclaimed. "Vanity's the backbone of you all. You think, even after all this, that you'll win him back again, with your red hair, and eyes on the ground! Don't you believe it! He's after t'other, or was a fortnight ago."

"I wasn't a free woman then. Now 'tis different."

It was Mr. Codd's turn to reflect awhile.

"Of course the likes of him do nothing but what you don't expect," he said. "He might turn from Ruth to you again—just because 'tis the last thing on earth a sane man would do."

"He wants a woman, not a slip of a girl like that."

"He wants hell," answered Emanuel; "he's earned it and it shan't be my fault if he don't get it sooner or late."

"Bluster is only silliness," she answered. "Think a bit and don't make such a row. What would be most use to you, to have the man come round and mend your pension, or to have him—well, to do him an ill turn—burn his ricks or what not?"

"To burn his ricks be a very good thought," declared Codd. "And nobody would be better able to set onlight to 'em in the proper place than me."

"But if he was to double your pension—that would be better fun than putting a match to his goods."

"Perhaps it would be, but he'll not do that."

"Not single-handed; he might if there was anybody to put it in his head to do it."

"I was an old fool to come to you, or any woman. Don't I know 'em well enough but I must be going to them to help me?"

"You might do worse. I'll see the man, or let him see me. We've been strangers lately along of one thing and another. But now 'tis different. I'll get at his inner thoughts if I can. I'm the sort that treat men as they treat me. If he wants me, he can have me. I'm in the market again."

"You'm a hard-hearted, selfish bitch, like all the rest," he said.

Then he went off in great annoyance and disappointment. Anon, however, he reconciled his mind to the situation; because he felt assured that Ives Pomeroy could not be tempted any more by the widow of Samuel Bolt. He would decline her advances and then, without doubt, Jill must return to the former standpoint of enmity and prove the more

bitter for his indifference. Mr. Codd was getting good wages and doing easy work at Stone Park. At this time, therefore, he liked better the thought of striking his old master than receiving from him any increase of pension. He cherished his grand grievance and would have regretted its removal.

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Appreciation of Literature. By George E. Woodberry.

The fourth volume of the Appreciation Series. There are seven chapters, namely, First Principles, Lyrical Poetry, Narrative Poetry, Dramatic Poetry, Fiction, Other Prose Forms, and Practical Suggestions. The volume contains portraits of Keats, Byron, Milton, Goldsmith and Lamb.

Brentano's:

Letters from The Raven. Being the Correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn with Henry Watkin. With an Introduction and Critical Comment by the Editor, Milton Bronner.

This series of letters over the signature of "The Raven," a nom-de-plume of Hearn's, was written to Henry Watkin, the benefactor of Hearn's youth and his friend and adviser in later life.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Heroes and Heroism in Common Life. By N. McGee Waters.

A group of essays on the every-day things of life and giving glimpses of men who have lived greatly in their narrow spheres.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Bernard Shaw. By Holbrook Jackson.

The author presents Bernard Shaw as a serious man with a serious purpose. He undertakes the task of interpreting him as socialist, critic, dramatist and philosopher.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Poets' Country. Edited by Andrew Lang.

The contributors to this volume, besides Mr. Lang himself, are Prof. J. Churton Collins, W. J. Loftie, F.S.A., E. Hartley Coleridge, and Michael Macmillan. The publishers state that the purpose of this volume is to trace the relations of the poets with the aspects of "their ain countrie" or with the scenes where they built their homes, or pitched their transient camps.

The Macmillan Company:

Character and Comedy. By E. V. Lucas.

A volume of short essays which have been collected by permission from various periodicals.

The McClure Company:

Great Writers. By George Edward Woodberry.

A collection of essays on half a dozen of the most noted authors of various nations—Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne and Shakespeare. The striking features of their careers are given, as well as a discussion of their literary works and the chief characters therein.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

With Wordsworth in England. By Anna Benneson McMahan.

For this volume the author has gathered letters of Wordsworth and his sister in order to make a complete story of the great poet's love for his own country. She has also collected all of Wordsworth's poems that have to do with English history and English life.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Pleasures of Literature. By Robert Aris Willmott.

A volume containing advice to those

who would make writing a profession and suggestions to those who love literature and still have no thought of producing it themselves.

The Altar Fire. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

A volume of essays in the form of a diary. Their aim is to win men back to joys of peaceful work, simplicity, friendship and quiet helpfulness. They are also a protest against the rule or tyranny of convention, the appetite for luxury, power, excitement, and strong sensation.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

When America was New. By Tudor Jenks.

The author here presents a picture of the first colonists of our country at home and amid the round of their daily employments.

From Gretna Green to Land's End. By Katharine Lee Bates.

A literary journey in England. The author takes her readers to various historic places and shows their connection with tradition, song and story. Trips are made to Carlisle, the border city, the Lake Country and the heart of England.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Historic Landmarks of America. As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Collected and Edited by Esther Singleton.

The scenes described in this volume are such as have been made famous by decisive events in the development of this country. Miss Singleton describes such important landmarks as Plymouth, Jamestown, St. Augustine, Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling.

A new edition, complete in one volume, of the collected letters of travel written by Mr. Kipling at various times between 1889 and 1899.

Fiji and its Possibilities. By Beatrice Grimshaw.

Miss Grimshaw has penetrated into the interior of the Cannibal Islands and in this volume gives an account of her adventures. She tells of the conditions among the savages and sets forth the history, the government, the trades, and the customs of the more civilised parts. She also points out the possibilities of Fiji as a land of promise where living is cheap and riches abound.

Harper and Brothers:

Decisive Battles of the Law. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

The story of eight famous cases of trial and arbitration. The first case taken up is *The United States versus Callender*, "a fight for the freedom of the press." Then comes the Aaron Burr Trial, The Trial of John Brown, The Dred Scott Case, The Andrew Johnson Impeachment Episode, The Alabama Arbitration, The Hayes-Tilton Controversy and The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Spirit of Old West Point. By Morris Schaff.

The author was at West Point just at the outbreak of the Civil War. He has caught the spirit of the hour and his book breathes the spirit of patriotism that fired young American manhood in the days of the great national struggle. General Schaff gives anecdotes of student pranks and pen portraits of distinguished officers. The reproduction of photographs showing the appearance of West Point in the early days and at present is an interesting feature of the book.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

In Search of El Dorado. A Wanderer's Experiences. By Alexander Macdonald.

The author of these stories is one of a company of miners who have spent some years together in search of gold, silver and pearls. They have travelled to British New Guinea, Australia, the Klondike, and other remote regions in their quest for the precious metals and gems. And Mr. Macdonald in this volume has recorded their adventures and experiences.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Egyptian Sudan. Its History and Monuments. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A. 2 vols.

In Part I. the author describes the results of his missions to the Egyptian Sudan, on which he was sent by the British Museum, and gives an account of the temples and pyramids between Wadi Halfa and Khartum. He also tells the story of the excavations made by himself. In Part II. he gives the ancient and modern history of the Sudan.

The History of the Squares of London. By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A.

A history of the various squares with short accounts of past inhabitants and anecdotes bearing on them or the localities in which they lived. Among the squares included are Berkeley and Grosvenor, Cavendish and Hanover, St. James's, Westminster, etc. The volume contains illustrations showing early views of many of the squares.

Nooks and Corners of Old Paris. By Georges Cain.

An account of the old landmarks of Paris; with more than one hundred illustrations. There is also an introduction by Victorien Sardou, who gives his memories of Paris through many eras and administrations.

Little, Brown and Company:

Napoleon's Young Neighbour. By Helen Leah Reed.

A story of the warm friendship between the great general and Betsy, the little daughter of Mr. Balcombe, at whose house Napoleon spent ten weeks of his exile on the island of St. Helena. Interwoven with the story of their conversations and their frolics is much of Napoleon's military history. Later in life, when Betsy was known as Mrs. Abell, she wrote her "Recollections of Napoleon," which is the basis of Miss Reed's volume.

The American Indian. As a Product of Environment. By A. J. Fynn, Ph.D.

The author devotes special attention to the habits and development of the Pueblos. After describing the lands and homes, Mr. Fynn takes up such questions as food and clothing, government and social life, education, industries, arts and sciences, religion, dances and festivals.

The Macmillan Company:

Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa. By Edward Hutten.

The author is devoted to everything Tuscan and here describes the places he has seen and loved. The volume contains many full-page illustrations in colour.

The McClure Company:

Old Indian Days. By C. A. Eastman.

A collection of sketches relating to the American aborigines by one of their own descendants. The book is in two parts; the first deals with the feats of the warriors and the other relates to those of the Indian women.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Camp and Trail. By Stewart Edward White.

A book for the nature lover, summer camper, and the practical woodsman. The author tells just what is necessary and what is unnecessary for comfort and convenience in the camp and on the trail. Some of the topics on which Mr. White writes in this volume are Common Sense in the Wilderness, Personal Equipment, Camp Outfit, Camp Cookery and Horse Outfit. There is also a chapter devoted to canoes, in

which the author describes the different kinds of craft, tells of canoe packs, portaging, and many other things which the canoeist ought to know.

James Pott and Company:

Norway and its Fjords. By M. A. Wylie.

The author takes his readers on a cruise, as it were, from Christiania Fjord to the North Cape, and in and out of the beautiful inlets with which the coast of Norway is intersected. Many interesting subjects are discussed on the way.

Scott, Foreman and Company:

A Short History of Rome. By Frank Frost Abbott.

The author states that the primary purpose of this volume is to give the important facts of Roman history and to bring out clearly their connection with one another.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Narratives of Early Virginia, 1606-1625. Edited by Lyon Gardiner Tyler, LL.D.

A new volume in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History. It reprints the most important accounts of Virginian history from the formation of the colony to the dissolution of the Virginian Company.

Paris and Environs. By Karl Baedeker.

A handbook for travellers. With routes from London to Paris. A new and revised edition with maps and plans.

Holland Sketches. By Edward Penfield.

A book of travel in Holland, illustrated appropriately by sketches, reproduced in full colour, of the canals, windmills, streets and people.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Sadie: The Story of a Girl, some Men, and the Eternal Fitness of Things. By Karl Edwin Harriman.

It deals with the life and love of Sadie, a young girl who waits on a lunch counter, and who finds her luck in the far West.

The Medusa Emerald. By George Gibbs.

The Medusa Emerald is a carved gem owned by Wharton Alexander, a rich New Yorker, who regards it as a talisman. The hero of the story admits having a similar gem which he says is a replica. He is regarded as a thief by his sweetheart and others. A search for the hero and the gem is at once begun, in which private detectives, the New York police, the governor of the State, and even the President take part.

The Tents of Wickedness. By Miriam Coles Harris.

A picture of so-called "smart society" in New York as seen through the eyes of an American girl brought up in a French convent. Leonora reluctantly leaves the convent, where she has been for twelve years, and returns to America with her father to be "brought out." She has wealth and standing, but in her previous training she has not been prepared for the conditions she finds existing in her father's "set," and they pain and shock her. Her way would have been a thorny one had it not been for Paul Fairfax countenancing her rebellions, the priests counselling filial duty, and the Quaker cousins in Connecticut affording temporary respite in their own green pastures. In the end Paul and Leonora are happily united, with all their wrongs righted.

The Adventurer. By Lloyd Osbourne.

A tale of South American treasure-hunting. The hero goes into the enterprise a penniless vagrant and comes out richer by one splendid girl and \$437,000. He goes through mutinies, battles with the savages and other wild experiences.

The New Religion. By Maarten Maartens.

In this volume the author aims to show the present conditions of medical science and what slaves people are to medicine. The story deals with a young Englishwoman who is sent by her husband to a Swiss sanitarium. He later follows her, contracts tuberculosis, and dies. Her son and a noted specialist play an important part in the life of the widow.

The Radical. By I. K. Friedman.

A story dealing with the development and struggles of Bruce McAllister, an eager, high-minded young Chicago statesman, who finds political life in Washington a hard proposition. McAllister is honest and he works for needed reforms, such as the child-labour bill, with all his heart and spirit, refusing to compromise his ideals even when steadfastness means the bitter displeasing of Inez Hammersmith, with whom he falls in love.

Mortmain. By Arthur Train.

A collection of eight short stories. Most of these are well known, having been published in magazines and periodicals. The titles are "Mortmain," "The Rescue of Theophilus Newbegin," "The Vagabond," "The Man Hunt," "Not at Home," "A Study in Sociology," "The Little Feller" and "Randolph, '64."

A Gentleman of Fortune. By H. C. Bailey.

This gentleman of fortune never knew his surname, his father having

been killed in battle when he was a child. Raoul is carried off and held as a page for sixteen years. This was in the latter half of the sixteenth century, when the Dutch were fighting against Alva. When Taddeo, Raoul's captor, was killed, Raoul started out on his own account and called himself Raoul de Tout le Monde. After his last adventure, which landed him in England with a charming bride, he changed his name to Raoul Bonfortune.

Richard C. Badger:

A Prodigal. By Mary Wallace Brooks.

The "Prodigal," who has been for years an outcast from his home, is the son of a highly respected divine. The story tells of his changed feelings through the influence of a delightful girl who visits his home village for the summer, and of his suddenly awakened interest in the welfare of his younger sister, who is sought after by an undesirable acquaintance of his.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The World and the Woman. By Ruth Kimball Gardiner.

A story of modern life in Washington, D. C.

A Voyage with Captain Dynamite. By Charles Edward Rich.

A story of adventure just before the Spanish-American War.

Filippo, the Italian Boy. By Laura B. Starr.

A tale of Italian child life.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Lion's Share. By Octave Thanet.

A modern tale the scenes of which are laid chiefly in San Francisco. The principal character is Edwin Keatcham, the millionaire "Lion." Cary Mercer, a lamb in the stock market, is neatly shorn by Keatcham. He determines to "get even" with the financier in some way, and his cousin, Mrs. Rebecca Winter, elderly and rich, lends her aid. The result of their scheming is the kidnapping of Keatcham, who is kept a prisoner until Mercer has won his point and regained his fortune. The "Lion" finally comes to see his despicable career in the true light. He is fatally wounded in the San Francisco earthquake, which the author describes.

The Heart Line. By Gelett Burgess.

This is a romance of San Francisco before the fire and earthquake and deals with palmistry, the hero being proficient in the art until he meets and loves the heroine, Clytie Payson, when, through her influence, he gives up the business and devotes himself to the exposure of the cheats and driving them out of the city.

The Broken Lance. By Herbert Quick.

An American story based on the contention that it was Christ's purpose to establish an earthly kingdom and that his ideas if followed to-day would regenerate society.

The Best Man. By Harold MacGrath.

Stories of politics, ambition and love. In each of these stories, despite scheming rivals and ambitious parents, the "best man" gets the girl. While the three tales in this volume do not deal with weddings there is an immediate prospect of such a ceremony at the finish of each.

The Apple of Discord. By Earle Ashley Walcott.

A tale of old San Francisco during the beginning of the anti-Chinese anarchistic riots under the leadership of Denis Kearney and the "sand-lot" hoodlums. The "Apple of Discord" is Moon Ying, the Chinese girl.

The Century Company:**The Red Reign.** By Kellogg Durland.

Mr. Durland presents Russia to-day through American eyes. During the past year he has visited every section of European Russia, crossed the Caucasus with a group of fourteen Cossack officers, and penetrated Siberia. The sole aim during all these journeys, the author states, was to acquire as nearly as he could an accurate picture of Russia in revolution, and in this volume his purpose has been to present as nearly as possible an accurate and truthful picture of what he saw and learned.

A Fountain Sealed. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

The heroine in this story is a charming woman who has lived happily in England for several years. Upon the death of her husband, from whom she was separated, she returns to her daughter in America. But between mother and daughter there is a wide gulf which the mother's love strives in vain to bridge, for under the girl's beauty and surface sweetness she is really self-centred. There is a young lover in the story and an elderly English wooer. The scenes are laid in New York, Boston, and the Vermont hills.

G. W. Dillingham Company:**The Lure of the Dim Trails.** By B. M. Bower.

A lively story of the West, beyond the Mississippi, where the trails of men are dim and far apart. The volume contains three-colour drawings and pen-and-ink marginal pictures by Charles M. Russell (the cowboy artist).

Doubleday, Page and Company:**In High Places.** By Dolores Bacon.

The scenes are laid in New York

among the busy people of the financial district. One of the chief characters is an up-to-date business woman, Jean Meredith, who has become the right hand of a financier. She is let go because of the jealousy of his wife, but watches over his affairs and in a crisis comes to his rescue.

The Tracks We Tread. By C. B. Lancaster.

The scene is in New Zealand and most of the men whose "tracks" are laid bare are capable of big things and prove their capability. They are a rough and undisciplined lot to whom danger and excitement are the breath of life. Considerable romance is woven into the story.

Paul Elder and Company:**A Ball of Yarn; its Unwinding.** By Robert Rudd Whiting.

A book of ingenious yarns exchanged around the stove in the village hotel. Illustrated and decorated by Merle Johnson.

Empire Book Company:**The Powers and Maxine.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A story of mystery the scenes of which are laid in London and Paris. Maxine is a brilliant young actress and also a secret service agent for the British Government. She carries on a daring series of love affairs and political intrigues at the same time.

Dana Estes and Company:**Grandmother.** By Laura E. Richards.

The story of a young girl who is taken from harmful influences by an old man who makes her his wife. The old man's daughter, Rachel, being displeased when the girl is brought home nicknames her "Grandmother." The name sticks and she becomes familiarly known by it, but it grows to be a term of endearment rather than scorn.

What Robin did Then. By Marian Warner Wildman.

The story of the doings of three orphans—Robin (short for Roberta) and her two brothers—who were compelled by circumstances to seek a home among the mining camps in the mountains of northern California.

R. F. Fenno and Company:**The Knight of the Silver Star.** By Percy Brebner.

A love story the scenes of which are laid in an isolated kingdom. There is a beautiful Princess and a strong and valiant hero. The numerous perils they encounter are exciting and varied.

Harper and Brothers:**From Van Dweller to Commuter.** By Albert Bigelow Paine.

The story is told in the first person, the hero being a Western man who has gone to New York with his wife, whom he designates as the "Little Woman," and two children, the "Precious Ones." It tells of their trials and tribulations in househunting, moving and settling within the city and then the settlement in a near-by suburb. The landlords, janitors, movers, servant girls of all nations, carpenters, gardeners, etc., all have a part in the story.

An Encore. By Margaret Deland.

A story of the youthful love of Alfred Price and Letty Morris and how stern parents brought about their separation. Each married and almost forgot one another. Forty-eight years later they meet again as neighbours, one a widower and the other a widow, each with grown-up sons and daughters. The romance deals with the reawakening of love in the old people's minds and their efforts to overcome the objections of their children to the marriage, their subsequent elopement and the ceremony performed by Dr. Lavendar.

A Horse's Tale. By Mark Twain.

A story of the West, dealing with officers, soldiers, and a delightful little girl and a horse.

The Fair Lavinia and Others. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

A volume of eight short stories—sketches of country life and of old-fashioned modes of thought.

Walled In. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The hero, Professor Myrton Ferris, while standing high in his profession, is an adept at golfing, climbing, fencing, sailing, rowing, swimming and automobiling. Suddenly, through an automobile accident, he is stricken down and, while retaining all his faculties, is literally "walled in." The story tells of the professor's wife, a dainty, pleasure-loving woman, of her husband's love for her and how she gradually weakens and destroys it by her own selfishness. Also of Honora, the sister-in-law, a thoughtful, unselfish woman, who, as a trained nurse, greatly relieves Ferris's suffering. Honora wins the professor's love, but they are both true to the ties that separate them. Life swings back to strength and usefulness, and finally, in spite of tragic disaster, to happiness.

Emerald and Ermine. By the author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress*.

A story of mystery, love and passion, by an authoress who prefers to remain anonymous. The scene is laid in Brittany. A beautiful young woman has been left a widow by a middle-aged duke who was also an admiral. She believes if she marries again the old castle

and estate will pass into the hands of the profligate new head of the family. The interest centres about her struggle to protect the house and the manor folk—a struggle in which she has to put aside her own feelings.

The Secret Agent. By Joseph Conrad.

A psychological story of a group of anarchists in London. The principal character is a Mr. Verloc, the secret agent in London for a foreign government. He poses as one of the anarchists and worms himself into their confidence. In this way he is able to keep in touch with their plans and their plots. There are minute and lifelike descriptions of the lives of the anarchists and the inner workings of their associations.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Turnpike Lady. By Sarah N. Cleghorn.

A story dealing with the daily life of the people of Beartown, Vermont, just before the Revolutionary War.

The Luck of the Dudley Grahams. As related in extracts from Elizabeth Graham's Diary. By Alice Calhoun Haines.

The Grahams were poor people and kept a boarding-house. The little sister, Ernie, persisted in looking for a contract which had been lost. She eventually found it and then all their troubles were over.

Gunhild. A Norwegian-American Episode. By Dorothy Canfield.

The scene of the story is laid in Norway. It tells of the experiences of a small party of American tourists. Gunhild is a Norwegian girl whose early youth had been spent in Kansas. A rich American falls in love with her.

Poe's Raven in an Elevator and Other Tales. By Charles Battell Loomis.

The third edition of what was formerly known as "More Cheerful Americans." The title is taken from the tale that has proved most popular in Mr. Loomis's public readings. The volume also includes burlesques on novels and on popular music, with Miss Flutterly papers and numerous tales of Americans who were cheerful under trying circumstances.

On the Heights. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Simon Adler Stern.

A new one volume edition of the famous German novel. The story of a noblewoman and a peasant girl and their contrasted fates. It gives a vivid picture of German life in court and cottage about the middle of the last century.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Old Peabody Pew. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A Christmas romance dealing with

the courtship begun and ended, after many years, in the "Old Peabody Pew." The book opens with a meeting of the Dorcas Society in animated discussion of worn church carpets, leaky roofs and smoky chimneys, and how to repair them from the empty treasury before the Christmas festival.

Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces. By Helen Dawes Brown.

An old-fashioned love-story. The plot centres around a professor who, as a bachelor uncle of three orphaned girls, is suddenly called upon to act as guardian to them. The girls come to live with the professor in the East, and, according to his way of thinking, completely upset the quiet current of his life. Although the professor's fine old colonial house sees many unlooked-for happenings, the outcome is not as unwelcome as he had anticipated.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Code of Victor Jallot. By Edward Childs Carpenter.

A romance of old New Orleans at the beginning of the last century. The central figure is the chivalrous Victor Jallot. The story is told of his efforts to win his way through life and also a proud woman's love.

Little, Brown and Company:

Susan Clegg and a Man in the House. By Anne Warner.

The man in the house in which Susan Clegg lived for so long a time alone is a boarder, Elijah Doxey, nephew of the village grocer. The story is told of Elijah's novel ideas as to the conduct of a newspaper, the visit of Susan Clegg to a woman's convention, her views on the Democratic and Republican parties, a celebration of Independence Day, etc.

By Neva's Waters. By John R. Carling.

An historical romance dealing with an episode in the street history of Alexander I., Czar of Russia. The wife of Czar Alexander plays a prominent part in the love drama of the story.

The Cruise of the Make-Believes. By Tom Gallon.

A philanthropic young Englishman who has tired of the social life of his "set" goes into the poorer quarter of London, where he befriends a young girl, Bessie Meggison, who is endeavouring to make a living by taking lodgers. Gilbert Byfield offers the girl's father the means of a holiday for her. The irresponsible father takes advantage of this and decides that it will be necessary for him to accompany his daughter on the outing. The shiftless brother and other relatives, as well as some of Byfield's

fashionable London friends, join the party and go on "the cruise of the make-believes," which ends in a shipwreck on an island.

The McClure Company:

The New Missioner. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

The Missioner is a woman, Frances Barton, who leaves the city to carry the Gospel to the people of the Rocky Mountains. She finds most of the women sordid and insensible to the beauty around them, while others are touched with a gleam of the wild free beauty of their surroundings. The story is told of her work among these people and of her influence for good.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Immensee. Translated from the German of Theodore Storm by George P. Upton.

The picture presented here is that of a man far along in life who reviews, as in a dream, the episodes and progress of the love story of his youth. The volume is illustrated and decorated by Margaret and Helen Armstrong.

The Crimson Conquest. By Charles Bradford Hudson.

A romance in the days of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. The hero is a Spanish cavalier whose soul revolts at the cruelty and wickedness imposed upon the natives. He finally makes common cause with the natives and leads them in battle. He falls in love with the sister of the Inca.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Helen's Babies. By John Habberton.

The Author's Edition. With some account of their ways—innocent, crafty, angelic, impish, witching, and repulsive. Also a partial record of their actions during ten days of their existence.

A Bachelor's Baby, and some Grownups. By Thomas L. Masson.

A volume of short stories, the first of which is "A Bachelor's Baby." This tells of the adoption of a circus performer's baby by a wealthy bachelor.

L. C. Page and Company:

Clementina's Highwayman. By R. N. Stephens and G. H. Westley.

A romance of love and adventure. Clementina's lover, a gallant gentleman, leads her through adventures that endanger his life and her reputation. But he finds that her spirit matches his own.

The Young Train Dispatcher. By Burton E. Stevenson.

The story of the rise of an industrious youth. He enters the railroad service as a messenger, his duty being to deliver mail through the yards. As a

result of his carefulness he climbs to good fortune. He is a self-taught telegrapher and meets with unusual success.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Folk Afield. By Eden Phillpotts.

A collection of short stories of love and adventure on sea and land. Most of the scenes are laid in the south of France, in Italy and in North Africa.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

A Prophet in Babylon. By W. J. Dawson.

The story of a strong man of great courage, a man who has the brain to grasp and the boldness to execute, and who finally succeeds. The Rev. John Gaunt is minister of a New York church. He makes it a strong church where it had been a weak one, but again it gradually declines with the decline of the neighbourhood and the removal of the members to a more prosperous section of the city. Gaunt is criticised by his board of managers. Their meeting to "consider the situation" grows out of an independence of thought and an advanced intellectual effort in his sermons. Gaunt determines after another meeting, in which he is severely criticised, to take no fixed salary from the Church, desiring to be free in his teachings. He renounces his pulpit, sells his property, and launches a movement for a new Christian organisation. He rents Madison Square Garden, announces his purpose, and on the first night finds it filled to the doors. He forms a "League of Universal Service" whose emblem is the cross and whose creed is the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer. The tale involves interesting characters in various professions and its object is to teach the joy as well as pain of sacrifice for others.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Grandissimes. By George W. Cable.

The new edition of Mr. Cable's great novel is illustrated by Albert Herter in a number of full-page drawings and head and tail pieces reproduced in photogravure.

The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

A simple tale of an artist who, standing steadfastly by the ideals on which his own true love rests, is able to forward to a happy consummation the case of fresh young love that comes under his care.

Major Vigoureux. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

The scene of this story is on one of a little group of islands off the English coast. Major Vigoureux, its hero and an old-fashioned and soldierly gentleman, is in command of the island. His adventures and experiences together

with those of the other people on the island make an interesting tale.

Days Off, and Other Digressions. By Henry van Dyke.

A collection of short stories on out-of-door life, telling of days spent in fishing, hunting, etc.

A. Wessels Company:

Father Felix's Chronicles. By Nora Chesson.

Father Felix, of the Order of St. Benedict, the supposed writer of the narrative, is a scribe belonging to the priory house of Norwich. His chronicles include the period between 1400 and 1444.

JUVENILE

Richard G. Badger:

Comrades Courageous. By Russell Whitcomb.

A story for boys. The incidents which will hold the interest of the young readers are a shipwreck, a dynamite explosion and the San Francisco earthquake. The hero is a stowaway.

Brentano's:

School Days. A Memory Book. Arranged and Pictured by Josephine Bruce.

Each page is decorated with pictures of boys and girls engaged in the various occupations and amusements of school life. Blanks are left for the children to keep records of their work and play in the schoolroom. An appropriate and helpful quotation is to be found on each page.

The Century Company:

Father and Baby Plays. By Emile Poulsen. Illustrations by Florence E. Storer. Music by Theresa H. Garrison and Charles Cornish.

A book of music, pictures and rhymes teaching father, mother and the babies how to play together.

Tom, Dick, and Harriet. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

The scenes and many of the characters are the same as in the author's previous book, *The Crimson Sweater*. Roy and Harry continue to be leaders in the life at Ferry Hill, but there is a new boy, Dick, whom Harry persuades to leave Hammond for Ferry Hill and who stirs up things in a wholesome way at the school of his choice. The account of the game between Ferry Hill and Hammond, which wins Ferry Hill its much needed endowment, is interesting and exciting.

Dana Estes and Company:

Chatterbox for 1907. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.

Another volume of stories, articles, rhymes and pictures.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf.

A fairy story. Nils is a boy of fourteen, who, because of his abuse of an elf, is turned into one himself. Thus he understands all that the animals say about him, and his small size enables them to take revenge on him for the way he abused them when he was normal.

Duffield and Company:

Stories from the Old Testament. By Harriet S. B. Beale.

Told for children. With pictures in colour by Roscoe Shrader and Herbert Moore.

Harper Brothers:

Little Girl and Philip. By Gertrude Smith.

The story of two children who live next door to each other in houses exactly alike. Little Girl is quick and full of mischief and Philip is quiet and clever. They have some great times together.

Favourite Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Peter Newell.

The stories are those which won the love, as children, of some eminent American men and women of to-day. With each fairy tale is given the name of the one whose favourite it was.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Princess Pourquoi. By Margaret Sherwood.

A volume containing five stories—parables written in the form of old-fashioned fairy tales.

Harry's Runaway and What Came of It. By Olive Thorne Miller.

The experiences of a mischievous boy, who persuades one of his playmates to run away with him. It contains a moral for young readers. Besides this episode there are other stories all planned to give Harry a lesson, and each one deals with the adventures of a runaway.

John Lane Company:

Fairies I Have Met. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell.

Illustrated in colour by Edmund Dulac.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Next-Door Morelands. By Emily Westwood Lewis.

The story of how the Morelands, five merry children, befriended Corinne, an orphan who came from her home in France to grow up under the care of her American uncle.

The Diamond King and the Little Man in Gray. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft.

The author places her little heroine amid the elves, gnomes, and giants of a fairy kingdom, and tells of her queer adventures through the "Land of the Midday Moon" and the "Land of the Starlit Days" to the "Country of the Afterglow."

Betty Baird's Ventures. By Anna Hamlin Weikel.

The second volume in the Betty Baird Series. The first volume gave her experiences at boarding-school. In the new volume Betty's friends meet the same bright, wholesome girl. Her ventures are financial ones, because of a mortgage on the home. She also bends her efforts toward clearing up misunderstandings and bringing together young people who, having quarrelled, are not easily brought back to friendship.

Little Me-Too. By Julia Dalrymple.

A story for small children, describing Me-Too's nursery, his plays, his mischief and his fun.

Dorchester Days. By A. G. Plympton.

A story for young girls. The principal characters are young people living in Dorchester. At first they appear to be totally ignorant of the fact that there is good to be found anywhere outside of the community in which they live. A young doctor comes into their midst who believes that his duty does not lie entirely in healing the physical ills of his patients. He reaches some of the people of the village in a way that is of vast good to the poorer folk of a neighbouring village in which most of the residents are hands from a large factory. The possibilities and advantages of the simple life are illustrated in Thea Croft, the heroine of the story.

Theodora. By Katharine Pyle and Laura Spencer Porter.

An interesting story for young girls dealing with the experiences of the little heroine, Theodora Winthrop, in a boarding-school where she is sent while her father goes abroad. She meets in the school many other little girls of varying dispositions, including Susie, an unfortunate orphan. Theodora's dislike for Susie changes to love and devotion, and when it comes time for them to leave they have become inseparable.

Boys of the Border. By Mary P. Wells Smith.

A new volume in the Old Deerfield Series dealing with the struggles of the colonists of New England and telling the story of the French and Indian War as it affected the northwest border towns of Massachusetts.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Boys of Pigeon Camp. By Martha James.

The second volume of Pigeon Camp Series. The three friends who came together in the first volume, "Jimmie Suter," now camp for the summer in a tent on the shores of a lake and are caretakers of a vacant home. They are manly youngsters, whose characters are happily contrasted in taking care of pets, in building a houseboat, and in other ways calculated to make them better physically, morally and mentally.

Long Knives. By George Cary Eggleston.

A story of adventure dealing with the George Rogers Clark Expedition and the conquest of the great North West.

Four Boys in the Land of Cotton. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

The second volume of Our Own Land Series. Four young students spend their summer vacation in a southern tour which begins in Virginia and takes them through Tennessee to the Mississippi River and on through Arkansas to Indian Territory. They come to appreciate their own country by seeing it and learn history by visiting historic places. Incidentally they have a good time.

The Macmillan Company:

Nina's Career. By Christina Gowans Whyte.

Nina is the ward of three unmarried sisters who possess a very small income and out of it set apart regularly a share for the little girl in order that she may be educated for a "career." The story tells of the life and experiences of Nina, as well as her companions Maud and Gertrude.

Redcoat Captain: A Story of that Country. By Alfred Ollivant.

A story of the imagination. Redcoat is a captain in the army of "That Country," which is the land where, so long as you are good and loving, you never grow old. It is difficult to classify this book. It has been described as a book for "grown-up children."

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Improving Songs for Anxious Children. By John and Rue Carpenter.

A book of songs, music and illustrations.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

Ozma of Oz. By L. Frank Baum.

A book for children that tells about the adventures of Ozma with Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and with some new characters, such as the Hungry Tiger, the Nome King and Tiktok.

Policeman Bluejay. By Laura Bancroft.

A fairy tale for young children. The author writes in the preface that many of the traits of the feathered folk described in this volume are in strict accordance with the natural history teachings and will serve to acquaint her readers with the habits of birds in their wildwood homes.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

The Democratic Ideal. By Milton Reed.

A calm and rational survey of the democratic methods of government. The author indicates those respects in which the American people are not living up to their highest principles and points out the simple truths needing recognition to hold them true in their course of apparently triumphant democracy.

The Water-Star. By George H. Badger.

A volume of essays in which the author uses the ways of nature as parables to illustrate moral and spiritual lessons, and to impart courage and optimism.

The Human Harvest. By David Starr Jordan.

A study of the decay of races through the survival of the unfit.

The Soul of the Bible. By Ulysses G. B. Pierce. With an introduction by Edward Everett Hale.

The author has selected passages from the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha and arranged them as synthetic readings. Each reading is a literary unit, dealing with but one subject, and intended to make a definite religious impression.

David Libbey; Penobscot Woodsman and River-Driver. By Fannie H. Eckstorm.

The fourth volume of True American Types. The purpose of this series is to show "the sterling American manhood which travels along the by-paths of life rather than the highways of fame." This volume tells of the experience and career of one of Maine's expert lumbermen.

The Immortality of the Soul in the Poems of Tennyson and Browning. By Henry Jones, LL.D., D.Litt.

An analysis of the poems of Tennyson and Browning with reference to their evidence on immortality. The author is professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Moon. By Garrett P. Serviss.

This book contains a popular descrip-

tion of all the principal features, mountains, and landscapes of the moon, preceded by an account of its origin, its phenomena and its relations to the earth. The volume is illustrated with photographs taken at the Yerkes Observatory.

The Parables. By Lyman Abbott, D.D.

The scriptural text is given in these parables. There is an introduction which the author offers as a clue to be used in interpreting the message of the "veiled truth." The illustrations present the parables in modern scenes and costumes — the modern prodigal, the modern foolish virgin and the present-day house builded upon the sand.

David; Warrior-Poet-King. By the Rev. W. S. Richardson.

In this narrative, which is told by means of various scriptural passages, the author lays special stress upon the qualities of the man David, the frailties over which the might of character triumphed, the friendship for Jonathan, and the anguish over Absalom. His development in character is traced through the years of prosperity and adversity as king over Israel.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

The Teachings of Thomas Henry Huxley. By Irving Wilson Voorhees.

The book is in two parts, the first being devoted to the life of Huxley, and the second to his teachings—Biological, Theological, Educational, Moral, Psychological; also teachings concerning the Gospel of Work and Individual Rights.

Cambridge University Press:

Cambridge Bible—The Book of Esther.

For schools and colleges. With introduction and notes by Rev. A. W. Streane, D.D.

J. H. Furst Company:

The Aesthetic Doctrine of Montesquieu. By Edwin Preston Dargan.

Its application and his writings.

Harper Brothers:

From Sail to Steam: Recollection of a Naval Life. By Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N.

This volume contains personal reminiscences and also tells the important story of the change from sail to steam and the results of the change.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Temple of Virtue. By Paul Revere Frothingham.

A volume containing six sermons on "Virtue in General," "Self-Control,"

"Courage," "Prudence," "Magnanimity" and "Love." These cardinal virtues are set forth in their individual importance and in their relations to one another and to a virtuous life.

The Macmillan Company:

British Colonial Policy. By George Louis Beer.

A study of British policy during the "critical period of the old empire"—the transitional years in which, in North America, were generated the ideas which led to armed resistance and the formation of the separated United States of America.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication:

Studies in the Life of Christ. By J. B. Shearer, D.D., LL.D.

It is stated in the preface that the author's aim in this volume has been to make a wide and exhaustive induction of the facts, in the Gospel and elsewhere in the Scriptures, which throw light on the person, character and work of Christ.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Virgin Birth of Christ. By James Orr, M.A., D.D.

The publishers state that the lectures included in this book were delivered by Dr. Orr in New York during the month of April, 1907, and that their aim is to establish faith in the Incarnation, to meet objections, and to show the intimate connection of fact and doctrine in this transcendent mystery.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Art of Living in Good Health. By Daniel S. Sager, M.D.

A practical guide to well-being through proper eating, thinking, and living in the light of modern science.

The Vedanta Society:

Vedanta Philosophy. By Swami Abhedananda.

A new and enlarged edition. Five lectures on Reincarnation by a notable Hindoo religionist and lecturer.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

The Century Company:

Old Spanish Masters. Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole, with text by Charles H. Caffin, and notes by the engraver.

Each block has been cut by Mr. Cole in the presence of the original paintings. The critical and descriptive text is an interesting story of the work of the great masters of Spanish art. The notes of the engraver are also an interesting feature.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. By William Shakespeare. Edited, with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

Duffield and Company:

The Holy Grail, and Other Fragments. By Richard Hovey.

The uncompleted parts of the Arthurian Dramas of the author, to which are added an introduction and notes by Mrs. Richard Hovey and a preface by Bliss Carman. It contains Richard Hovey's outline of the entire nine volumes of the Launcelot and Guenevere Series as he had projected it; also perfected and beautiful parts of the unfinished plays.

Harper Brothers:

Stories of Symphonic Music. By Lawrence Gilman.

A guide to the meaning of important symphonies, overtures, and tone-poems from Beethoven to the present day.

John Lane Company:

The Wagnerian Romances. By Gertrude Hall.

The object of this book is to give a better and more complete knowledge of the original poems.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Stories from the Operas. By Gladys Davidson.

Tales of some of the popular grand operas — *Cavalleria*, *Pagliacci*, *Aida*, *Traviata*, *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, and others. There are also given brief biographical sketches of the composers whose operas are represented.

The Opera. By R. A. Streatfield.

A new edition—revised and enlarged. The work has been brought down to date and includes descriptions of the most recent operas.

Chats with Music Lovers. By Annie W. Patterson.

The author here discusses many subjects of interest to the music lover and the professional musician, including, "How to Enjoy Music," "How to Practise," "How to Sing," "How to Compose," "How to Become an Organist," "How to Appear in Public," "How to Organise Musical Entertainments," "How to Publish Music," etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Ibsen Secret. By Jeannette Lee.

A key to the prose dramas of Henrik Ibsen. The author here points out the symbolism that pervades each of his plays.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Light-fingered Gentry. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Love of Life. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Domestic Adventurers. Bacon. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.50.
2. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Crimson Conquest. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Man Who Rose Again. Hocking. (Jennings and Graham.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Light-fingered Gentry. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Lion's Share. Octave Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.50.
5. The Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.75.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Weavers. Parker. Harper. \$1.50.
2. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.
3. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. Stokes. \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. Harper. \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
5. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Alice-for-Short. DeMorgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (Musson.) \$1.25.
3. Arizona Nights. White. (Musson.) \$1.25.
4. Bar-20. Mulford. (Outing.) \$1.50.
5. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.
6. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Musson.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Crested Seag. Connolly. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Helena's Path. Hope. (McClure.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d	" " "	8
" " 3d	" " "	7
" " 4th	" " "	6
" " 5th	" " "	5
" " 6th	" " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.	366
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.	288
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.	177
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.	155
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.	128
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.	103

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JANUARY, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The late Moncure D. Conway was a man who somehow just fell short of real eminence. His name was a familiar one both here and in England. He knew almost everybody worth knowing in the two countries during his long life. He had his share in the so-called "liberal" religious movement by which conventional Unitarianism evaporated into a half-agnosticism. He left his native Virginia because of his abolitionist tendencies. He did a great deal of literary work, and preached successfully in a London chapel for many years. His life of Thomas Paine and his collection of that worthy's letters and other writings are excellent bits of work. He wrote some curious books on demonology and the Wandering Jew. Every one who knew him liked him. And yet, as we have said, he never seemed to amount to very much, lacking perhaps a certain capacity and force which are essential elements in every great career. Writing of himself, he once characterised his own nature as "aimless, morbid, passionately longing for it knew not what"; and though he delivered this judgment on his youth, it remained a true judgment to the very end. He should either have been more fanatical like Garrison and Phillips, whose associate he became, or else more normal. As it was, he halted between extremes and achieved only mediocrity. His opinions on men and things were always a little queer. Thus he declared in his autobiography that the masquerade

balls in Cincinnati in 1858 were as brilliant as anything in Europe. In 1861, he thought that Lincoln was a mere duplicate of Buchanan; and to his dying day he was convinced that the Emancipation Proclamation ought to have been issued immediately after the battle of Bull Run! Comment upon such a view is hardly necessary. He used to attend abolition meetings at which negro orators described George Washington as "a scoundrel"; and Mr. Conway saw nothing objectionable in these rantings. It is worth recalling, at the present time, that just forty-nine years ago, in Cincinnati, he started the movement on behalf of "equal pay for equal work" among women teachers. Perhaps on the whole this is about the best thing that he ever did. His autobiography is a rather pleasantly garrulous medley of trivialities, and of reminiscences which an abler man would have contrived to make extremely interesting, but most of which are nerveless and insipid as Mr. Conway tells them. This on the whole is about as much as it is necessary to say.

■

Changes, though in no sense striking changes, are taking place. For example, in writing the paragraphs on this subject three years ago we made a prediction, to which very little risk was attached, to the effect that the names of certain authors would be found in connection with the lists of best selling

The
Fiction
of 1907.

many of the girls were afraid of offending Candace that they agreed because there was nobody else's father & mother who would let us picnic in their barn & use their plough, harrow, ^{grindstone} sleigh, carryall, pump, sled & wheelbarrow, which we did & ~~was~~ injured hardly anything. If they ~~asked~~ asked me to ~~call~~ ^{tell} my besetting sin at the very first meeting & it nearly killed me to do it because it is such a common greedy one. It is that I can't bear to call the other girls when I have found a thick spot. When we are out berrying in the summer time. If after I confessed, which made me dreadfully ashamed, many one of the girls seemed surprised & said they had never noticed that one but had each thought of something very different that I would be sure to think was my besetting sin. Then Anna Jane said that rather than tell hers she would resign from the society & miss the picnic.

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *New Chronicles of Rebecca*

books of the following year. We mentioned John Fox, Jr., Booth Tarkington, Kate Douglas Wiggin, George Barr McCutcheon, Marion Crawford, Richard Harding Davis, Stewart Edward White, Mary Johnston, Gertrude Atherton, Ellen Glasgow, and Gilbert Parker. While these names have not to the least degree lost the ring of familiarity, there are others which now must be taken seriously into consideration. For the successful fiction of the year that has just passed the men and women of whom we have spoken have been only in a measure responsible. Perhaps two or three years hence some of them will have been relegated to the shelf of dignified obscurity, where we now turn to look for George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Henry James, and William Dean Howells. On this point we do not wish to be misunderstood. We are speaking of successful

fiction not as literature but purely in regard to its commercial side.

■

A striking feature of the fiction of 1907 was the number of entirely or comparatively new names that it brought to notice. In a way the most successful book of the year was that little volume *The Lady of the Decoration*, which although published in the spring of 1906 decidedly belonged to 1907. In its first month the sales amounted to only eight hundred copies. It moved very slowly for a time, and although steadily winning recognition, its popularity never reached its full swing until last summer. During the year *The Lady of the Decoration* had the unusual luck of appearing among the lists in seven consecutive numbers. Close behind *The Lady of the Decoration* was Mr. Meredith Nicholson's *The Port of Missing Men*, which

(30)

He rose, wheeled his chair to a window facing the street, and opened it. The cool fresh April air rushed in, clearing the room of its opalescent clouds, cleansing his brain of the fumes that heated it. He leaned with his elbows on the sill and breathed noisily, gratefully. Above, heaven had decked her broad brow with her flickering stars, and from the million lamps of the great city rose and floated a tarnished yellow haze. So many sounds so forth to make the voices of the night: somewhere a child was crying fretfully, across the way the faint tinkle of a piano, the bar-abb rattles of the elevated, a muffled laugh from a window below, the rat-tat of a cab-horn, the breeze in the ivy clinging to the walls of the church next door, its quarrelsome chirp of the sleepy sparrows; and then, ~~no~~ recurrence. Only the poet or the man in pain opens his ear to these sounds.

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of Harold McGrath's *Half a Rogue*

on the score of popularity has proved a worthy successor of that author's *The House of a Thousand Candles*. This book was mentioned in the lists five times, and for three consecutive months occupied first place. Like *The Lady of the Decoration*, *The Brass Bowl* marked the success of an absolutely new writer, Mr. Joseph Vance. In fourth place was *Half a Rogue*, and then followed Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable*, Ralph Connor's *The Doctor*, Miss Rives's *Satan Sanderson*, Kate Douglas Wiggin's *New Chronicles of Rebecca* and Anna Katharine Green's *The Mayor's Wife*.

■

The lists for December, 1906, showed Mr. Chambers's *The Fighting Chance* and Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable* in a close struggle for first place. With the first month of the new year Mr. Mc-

Cutcheon's book had taken a clear lead, while *The Fighting Chance* had dropped down to third position. *The Call of the Blood* was second and Mr. Churchill's long-lived *Coniston* fourth. Jack London's *White Fang* and Conan Doyle's *Sir Nigel*, while in the list, were a long distance below the leaders. In February Ralph Connor's *The Doctor* came with a rush, and led *Jane Cable*, the second book, by one hundred and six points. *Coniston* was third, but was closely pressed by Mr. MacGrath's newly published *Half a Rogue*. *The Doctor* led again in March, but had no great margin of superiority over *Half a Rogue*. Two new books, Mr. Oppenheim's *The Malefactor* and Lucas Malet's *The Far Horizon*, were in third and fourth positions, while the wavering *Jane Cable* had only five points advantage over *The Mystery*. *The Port of Missing Men* led in

Drum stood for a few moments in the
 bustling atmosphere, abstractedly gazing
 toward Longacre Square. The cheer in his
 manner was not from the blizzard that
 swept down upon him; the sunny grey
 look in his face was not that of hunger
 or want. There was fever in his brain
 and cheer in his heart. He had forgotten
 Jane's trivial tragedy; his one over-
 whelming thought was of James Bainson.

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of George Barr McCutcheon's *June Cable*

April with two hundred and eighty-two points, whereas its nearest competitors, *Half a Rogue* and *The Doctor*, had but one hundred and thirty-five and one hundred and twenty-eight points, respectively. *The Malefactor* was fourth, *The Far Horizon* fifth, and *The Second Generation* sixth. In May *The Port of Missing Men* not only held its advantage, but increased it, having a total of three hundred and twenty-eight points, which, despite the absolute figures, impresses us as being the best showing made by a book in any month of the year. In second place, but far behind, was Mr. Mason's *Running Water*, followed by Thomas Lawson's sensational but ephemeral *Friday the 13th*. The only new book the month brought forward was *Hilma*.

❧

The Port of Missing Men held its lead in June, but by a diminished margin, with *Running Water* second and the *New Chronicles of Rebecca* third. The year-old *The Lady of the Decoration* was in fourth place, with *The Brass Bowl* fifth and Mr. McCutcheon's *The Flyers*

sixth. Despite the fact that it had dropped to third place, the showing of *The Port of Missing Men* in the July lists was a good one. For the lead it was an exceedingly close fight between *The Brass Bowl* and *New Chronicles of Rebecca*, two points being all the advantage held by Mr. Vance's book. Number four was *The Lady of the Decoration*, while two new stories, *The Princess Virginia* and *The Mayor's Wife*, were fifth and sixth. The lead of *The Brass Bowl* was of but a single month's duration. In August it was in second place, twenty-five points behind *The Lady of the Decoration*. *The Mayor's Wife* was third and *The Port of Missing Men* fourth. *The Princess Virginia* and *New Chronicles of Rebecca* barely succeeded in qualifying for places among the six.

❧

In the September lists there was no change from the previous month in the first two books. Of the four others, three were newcomers, these being Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *The Scarlet Car*, William De Morgan's *Alice-for-*

*modified as
appearing between Livingston
and Chamberlain.
Clairborne in Clayton's*

Chapter I. "Events, Events"

Introducing Mr. John Advantage.

"The knowledge that you're a live gives me no pleasure," growled the grain old Austrian ^{promising} ~~manifestly~~.

"Thank you!" laughed John Advantage, to whom he had spoken. "You have lost none of your ^{old} ~~old~~ ^{advisability}, but for a renowned diplomat, you are ~~too~~ ^{surprisingly} frank. When I called on you in Paris, a year ago, I was able to render you — I think believe you admitted it — a slight service."

Flourish Ferdinand von ~~Wetter~~ Strobel bowed slightly, but did not take his eye off the young man who sat opposite him in his room at the ~~Hotel~~ ^{Hotel} ~~Alpine~~ ^{Alpine} ~~Rosa~~ ^{Rosa} in Geneva. ~~Heard~~ ^{On the table lay} ~~the~~ ^{about} ~~than~~ ^{it lay} ~~spread~~ ^{became} ~~on~~ ^{a number of} ~~the~~ ^{white} ~~papers ^{papers} ~~which~~ ^{the} ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~German~~ ^{German},~~

SUCCESSFUL FICTION OF 1907

Facsimile of the manuscript of Meredith Nicholson's *The Port of Missing Men*

Short, and *Beatrix of Clare*. Of the older stories, Anna Katharine Green's book retained fifth place. In October *The Lady of the Decoration* held the lead for the third consecutive month. Following closely was Mr. Thomas Dixon's *The Traitor*. Miss Rives's *Satan Sanderson* was third, followed by *The Brass Bowl*, *Alice-for-Short* and *Beatrix of Clare*. With November three new books of inevitable strength entered the field. These were Mr. Chambers's *The Younger Set*, Mr. McCutcheon's *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* and Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Weavers*. Mr. Chambers's book was in first place by a wide margin, with the surprising total

of three hundred and thirty points. *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* was third, eleven points behind *Satan Sanderson*. *The Lady of the Decoration* was fourth, *The Weavers* fifth and *The Traitor*, which had held the second position the previous month, sixth. In the list for the closing month of the year *The Weavers* was first, with the record total of three hundred and sixty-six points. Too much importance must not be attached to this showing, as the number of reports to THE BOOKMAN has been materially increased of late, and *The Weavers's* total has not the significance of that of *The Port of Missing Men* in last May, to say nothing of Coniston's

three hundred and sixty-three points in the lists for September, 1906. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle* was the second book for December, with two hundred and eighty-eight points, and Mr. McCutcheon's novel third. By taking sixth place *The Lady of the Decoration* made its seventh consecutive appearance in the list. Whether its career as one of the six best sellers be ended or not our readers may learn by referring to the lists at the end of the present issue.

JANUARY	POINTS
1. Jane Cable.....	152
2. The Call of the Blood....	132
3. The Fighting Chance.....	118
4. Coniston.....	111
5. White Fang.....	84
6. Sir Nigel.....	71

FEBRUARY	POINTS
1. The Doctor.....	241
2. Jane Cable.....	135
3. Coniston.....	121
4. Half a Rogue.....	115
5. The Fighting Chance.....	96
6. White Fang.....	74

MARCH	POINTS
1. The Doctor.....	244
2. Half a Rogue.....	196
3. The Malefactor.....	138
4. The Far Horizon.....	128
5. Jane Cable.....	107
6. The Mystery.....	102

APRIL	POINTS
1. The Port of Missing Men.....	282
2. Half a Rogue.....	135
3. The Doctor.....	128
4. The Malefactor.....	112
5. The Far Horizon.....	84
6. The Second Generation.....	76

MAY	POINTS
1. The Port of Missing Men.....	328
2. Running Water.....	165
3. Friday the 13th.....	144
4. The Doctor.....	108
5. Hilma.....	73
6. Half a Rogue.....	68

JUNE	POINTS
1. The Port of Missing Men.....	229
2. Running Water.....	133
3. New Chronicles of Rebecca.....	113
4. The Lady of the Decoration.....	100
5. The Brass Bowl.....	94
6. The Flyers.....	86

JULY	POINTS
1. The Brass Bowl.....	136
2. New Chronicles of Rebecca.....	134
3. The Port of Missing Men.....	108
4. The Lady of the Decoration.....	103
5. The Princess Virginia.....	88
6. The Mayor's Wife.....	66

AUGUST	POINTS
1. The Lady of the Decoration.....	152
2. The Brass Bowl.....	127
3. The Mayor's Wife.....	110
4. The Port of Missing Men.....	103
5. The Princess Virginia.....	99
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca.....	73

SEPTEMBER	POINTS
1. The Lady of the Decoration.....	152
2. The Brass Bowl.....	131
3. The Scarlet Car.....	104
4. Alice-for-Short.....	100
5. The Mayor's Wife.....	90
6. Beatrix of Clare.....	87

OCTOBER	POINTS
1. The Lady of the Decoration.....	248
2. The Traitor.....	236
3. Satan Sanderson.....	158
4. The Brass Bowl.....	121
5. Alice-for-Short.....	106
6. Beatrix of Clare.....	73

NOVEMBER	POINTS
1. The Younger Set.....	330
2. Satan Sanderson.....	205
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow.....	194
4. The Lady of the Decoration.....	168
5. The Weavers.....	150
6. The Traitor.....	116

DECEMBER	POINTS
1. The Weavers.....	366
2. The Shuttle.....	288
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow.....	177
4. The Younger Set.....	155
5. Satan Sanderson.....	128
6. The Lady of the Decoration.....	103

The following is the result of comparisons with the above tables:

Seven Times Mentioned

The Lady of the Decoration.

Five Times Mentioned

The Port of Missing Men, The Brass Bowl.

Four Times Mentioned

Half a Rogue.

Three Times Mentioned

Jane Cable, The Doctor, Satan Sanderson, New Chronicles of Rebecca, The Mayor's Wife.

Twice Mentioned

The Fighting Chance, Coniston, White Fang, The Malefactor, The Far Horizon, Running Water, The Princess Virginia, Alice-for-Short, The Traitor, Beatrix of Clare, The Daughter of Anderson Crow, The Younger Set, The Weavers.

Once Mentioned

The Call of the Blood, Sir Nigel, The Mystery, The Second Generation, Hilma, The Flyers, The Scarlet Car, The Shuttle.

One rather singular feature of these yearly compilations is the comparative absence of change in the number of books represented in the lists. There were thirty titles in 1907, and there were thirty titles in 1906. Going back year by year we find, respectively, twenty-nine, thirty-one, thirty-two, twenty-eight, and twenty-nine; or practically an average of thirty books a year for seven years. The question of sex in regard to the authorship of the best sellers, on the other hand, varies considerably. In 1906 it was almost an even break. In 1907 will be found the names of twenty-five men and seven women. In explanation it must be said that *The Mystery* was the result of a collaboration between two men and *The Princess Virginia* of the collaboration of a man and a woman. While American writers largely predominate, we are inclined to pass lightly over the question of nationality. It is better so. We are not entirely ready to concede Mrs. Burnett as an English author, nor can we expect Britons to relinquish all claims to Mrs. Williamson on account of her American birth. Then it is understood that the Canadian, while speaking of himself as a British subject, in his relations with his neighbours of the United States, is just as aggressive in proclaiming himself an American when on the other side of the Atlantic. So what should we say of Gilbert Parker and Ralph Connor?

We do not wish to discuss, from a religious standpoint, the attempt which has been rather unwisely made by certain Jewish residents of New York to exclude the name of Christ from all poems, carols and readings in the routine work of the

public schools. That there should be no sectarian teaching in these schools, pretty nearly every one is quite agreed. But we are inclined to think that some of the Jewish element are pushing this matter beyond the bounds of ordinary common sense, not to say of decorum and propriety. A certain amount of fame, such as it is, has been gained by one Jewish teacher, a Miss Hirschberg. When her class was reading Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and came to the line:

"Christ save us all from a death like this!"

Miss Hirschberg sat up straight and exclaimed, "Oh, cut that out!" Now let us see just what this sort of thing would mean if logically pushed. Miss Hirschberg objected to reading the name of Christ in a secular poem, because she herself is not a Christian. But suppose that Longfellow had been writing a poem about a Roman mariner and that the line had read:

Jove save us all from a death like this!

would it ever have occurred to her to say "Cut that out"? Will the Jewish teachers of the ancient classics desire to have the works of Homer and Vergil and Xenophon expurgated because they mention strange gods in whom none of them believe? If a class were reading a poem by Coleridge or some other poet in which a Mussulman should speak of Muhammad, would that also have to be "cut out"? Carry the thing a little further still. Do these Jewish objectors refrain from using the word "Christmas" and from speaking of the "Christmas" holidays? If they do not, then they are grossly inconsistent. Still another point. The Jewish children in the public schools are excused from attendance on all their very numerous holidays and fasts, and they are not required to make up the work which they have lost during these days. Is not this terribly "sectarian"? Ought these children not be compelled to work on Yom Kippur and Rosh Hoshannah, and the other times and seasons when they are now excused? And ought not the Jewish teachers to be forced to do the same? A

little more logic and a little less bigotry would seem to be in order among our Semitic population. Meanwhile, we should be very glad to have a photograph of Miss Hirschberg to reproduce in the columns of this magazine.

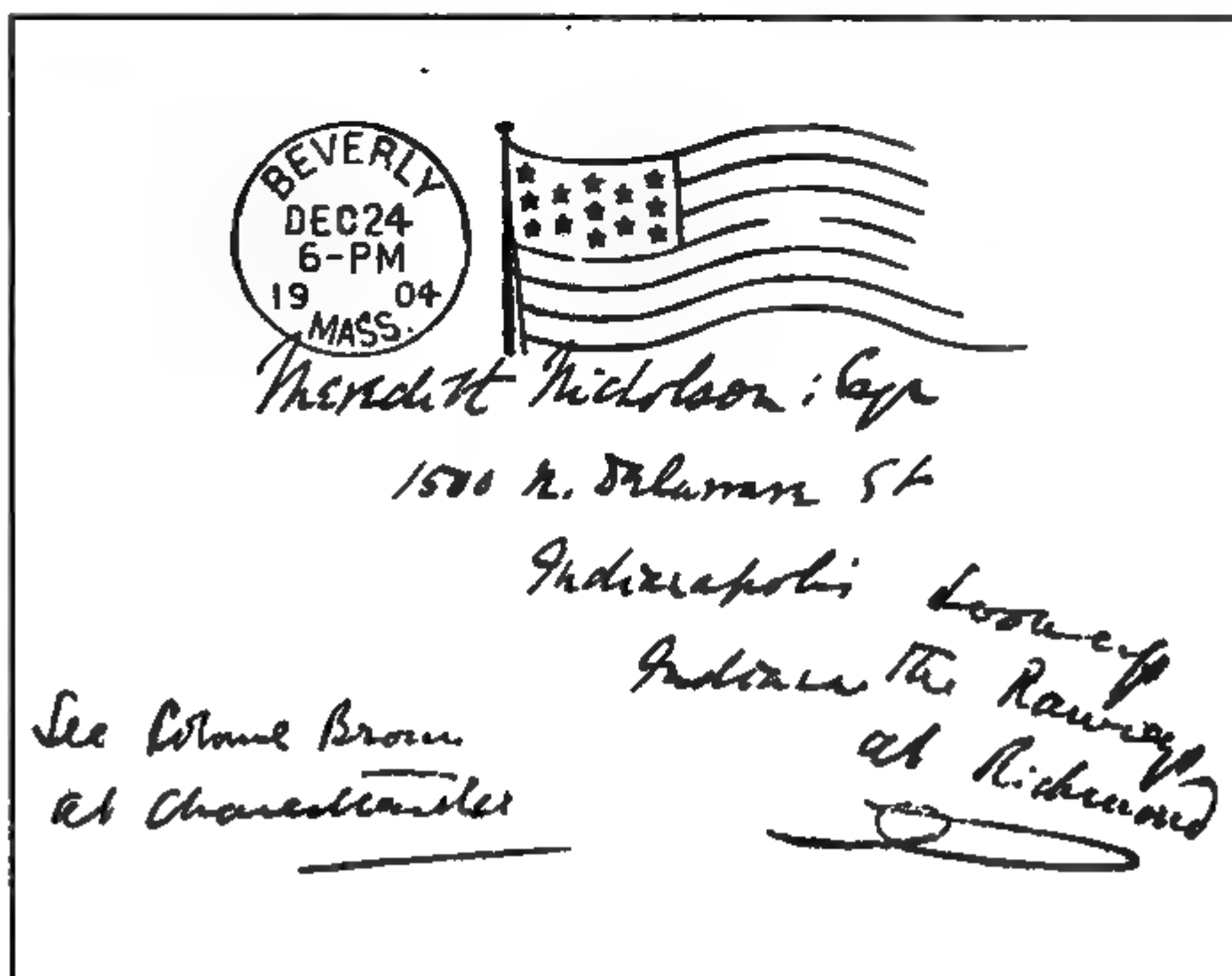
✱

Elsewhere in this department we are reproducing the first page of the original draft of *The Port of Missing Men*, which has proved one of the striking successes of the fiction of 1907. Here we present the reverse of this page, showing an envelope postmarked Beverly, Massachusetts, and addressed to Mr. Nicholson at Indianapolis. There is a little story in the manner in which the back of this envelope came into use. Mr. Nicholson has a number of superstitions in regard to writing. For example, he will never begin a story on a new, clean piece of paper, but takes the back of an envelope or a piece of wrapping paper. He feels that it is good luck to begin on the back of a letter from a friend; that he thus gains a certain moral support. In

beginning a story he will never sit down deliberately at his desk for the purpose. He fears that if he did so he would never finish the tale. This peculiar, haphazard method he continues till the end. Very often he will drop into the University Club in Indianapolis and write a page or two when the mood is on him. The first draft of his story is made entirely by hand. He then has it copied and makes a heroic revision, often discarding entire chapters. This process he repeats until he is satisfied with the result, frequently having the manuscript recopied three or four times.

✱

This first page of the manuscript of *The Port of Missing Men* was written in an abandoned log cabin in Virginia early in January, 1905. The upper part is an envelope, in which he had received a letter from Professor George E. Woodberry, of Beverly, Massachusetts. Mr. Nicholson had carried the scheme for this story in his head for a year, and had gone to Virginia to make notes for the landscape used in the story. The note in the left-hand corner is a memorandum made somewhat later on, reading, "The Recollections of



AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

VII. George Barr McCutcheon and his electric

Robert E. Lee," by his son, and shows the first use of the title given the book. The note in the right-hand corner reads, "Modify landscape as appears between Lexington and Charlottesville," and beneath is a note in regard to the spelling

BRITISH AUTHORS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

I. Mr. and Mrs. Max Pemberton in their six-cylinder Darracq

THE FIFTH DUKE OF PORTLAND

T. C. DRUCE

Henry Bentinck, who had two sons, William John and George, the latter of whom was for a time a conspicuous figure in politics and on the English turf. Between the brothers there seems never to have been any great amount of love. Their frequent disagreements were recalled and given an ugly interpretation when, in 1848, Lord George's body was found near Welbeck Abbey. The physicians ascribed his death to a spasm of the heart. Yet people claimed to know better. There was a circumstantial story that was vehemently affirmed and denied. The outline of this story was that the brothers loved the same woman, Annie May Berkeley, a natural daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, that there had been

a violent quarrel on her account, that Lord George had taunted his elder brother with being a leper, and that the death was directly brought about by blows struck in retaliation.

✽

Upon the death of his father, in 1854, William John Bentinck, who had before been known as the Marquis Titchfield, became the fifth Duke of Portland. Even before there were any whisperings of his alleged double life he was known as the eccentric duke, and certainly the English peerage during the nineteenth century presents no more extraordinary figure. He was as queer as the mad King of Bavaria. One form which his eccentricity took was the matter of his attire. He was in the habit of wearing a top hat fully two feet in height, and would put on seven or eight coats at a time. His life was that of a hermit; either on account of the skin disease with which he was known to be afflicted, or, as it was darkly suggested, because of his responsibility for the death of his brother, he lived below the ground. To gratify his taste in this respect, he constructed the immense subterranean chambers of Welbeck Abbey. This work was begun about 1864 and continued until his death, in 1879. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. As the Duke of Portland he had never married, and the greater part of the vast estates, which include not only Welbeck Abbey, but London property yielding a rent-roll of half a million sterling a year, came into possession of a cousin, the sixth and present duke.

AN UNDERGROUND ROOM AT WELBECK ABBEY

ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE AT
WELBECK ABBEY

From the early thirties until 1864 there was a furnishing bazaar in Baker Street, London, conducted by a man known as Thomas Charles Druce. As a boy of sixteen this Druce had married one Elizabeth Crickmer, but abandoned her and their children in 1824. This was the year in which the future duke succeeded his elder brother as the Marquis of Titchfield. For some years previously there is no record of the movements of Lord William John. From this time until 1835 Druce disappears; but the Marquis of Titchfield is much in evidence. In 1835 Druce reappears. He is found by his wife in the Baker Street bazaar. He refuses to live with her, but allows her a weekly sum for maintenance. From 1835 until 1864 Druce is almost in daily attendance at the Baker Street bazaar, and after the death of Elizabeth Crickmer marries the same Annie May Berkeley who was said to have been the cause of the disastrous quarrel between the Marquis of Titchfield and his brother. The contention of those who hold to the theory that the duke and Druce were one and the same person is that when Druce was in evidence the duke was always out of sight, and that when the duke occupied the stage there were never any traces of Druce. Ostensibly, the furnisher Druce died in 1864. At any rate, a burial was gone through with. Yet there is the significant fact that the death certificate is unsigned by a physician.

POINTS OF EVIDENCE

In 1898, thirty-four years after the alleged death of Thomas Charles Druce, and nineteen years after the death of the fifth Duke of Portland, Mrs. Anna Maria Druce, the widow of Walter Thomas Druce, a son of the Baker Street furnisher by his second wife, came forward as the claimant of the Portland estates for her son, on the ground that the duke and Druce were one and the same person. She petitioned to have the grave of Druce in Highgate Cemetery opened, contending that the coffin contained only lead and brass. The opening of the Highgate vault was for a time the great issue of the case. As in the Tichborne case, popular sympathy was with the claimant, and the failure of Mrs. Anna Druce's long fight for exhumation was ascribed to the alleged hostile influence of the House of Lords. The present case has grown out of charges of perjury made by the new claimant, George Hollamby Druce, a son of George Druce, who was in turn a son of Thomas Charles Druce by his first wife, Elizabeth Crickmer, against Herbert Druce, who, as the son of Druce and Annie May Berkeley, is the present owner of the Baker Street bazaar.

■

Ignoring entirely the more sensational statements which have been made in connection with the affair, such as the alleged knowledge of the secret on the part of Charles Dickens and the extravagant episode of the stolen diary of Mary Robinson, the strong points in favour of the theory that the duke and Druce were identical are substantially as follows:

1. The tunnel connecting the town house of the Dukes of Portland with the Baker Street bazaar. This fact considered in connection with the duke's passion for subterranean excavation.

2. The curious part which Annie May

EVA MADDEN
Author of Two Royal Foes

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE
VIII. Mrs. Fremont Older

PROFESSOR A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON
Whose *Persia, Past and Present* is reviewed in this
issue

THE SLAV TEMPERAMENT
[Maxim Gorky and the Russian basso Chaliapine]

THE LATE E. P. ROE

Berkeley is known to have played in the lives of the duke when he was the Marquis of Titchfield and of Thomas Charles Druce.

3. The discovery (unearthed by Anna Maria Druce) that Thomas Charles Druce had transferred enormous tracts of land to a member of the Bentinck family for the sum of ten shillings.

4. The vast amount of evidence going to show (and the comparative absence of evidence to the contrary) that the reappearances of Druce were always simultaneous with the disappearances of the duke, and *vice versa*.

5. The very extraordinary resemblance existing between the portraits of the fifth Duke of Portland and of Thomas Charles Druce. This resemblance is heightened

by eliminating those features, such as the beard, which serve to increase the possibility of disguise.

■

The recent death of Mary J. Holmes, recorded in our last issue, now leaves

<p>"Best Sellers" Yesterday and To-day</p>	<p>Augusta J. Evans Wilson the only remaining figure in the group of old-time popular authors.</p>
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We are fond in these days of talking about our "best sellers," yet few of the modern writers of fiction—indeed, perhaps none—can show records equal to Mrs. Holmes, E. P. Roe and Mrs. Wilson. The sales of each of these authors' novels were phenomenal, and still continue to astonish their pub-

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON
The last survivor of the "Best Sellers" of yesterday

MRS. ATHERTON

Whose new novel *Ancestors* is reviewed in this issue

lishers. At the time when these writers were enjoying the height of their fame, it must be remembered that they had few rivals, and the magazine field was decidedly limited. Everybody read one particular book, and talked of it incessantly.

Mrs. Wilson's first novel, *Inez*, met with little favour; but an interesting story is told of *Beulah*, her second novel. The author was a very young girl then, and she left her bulky manuscript with the Harpers one afternoon. Three or four days later, when she had been promised

ELISE LATHROP

Author of Sunny Days in Italy

LILIAN WHITING

Author of Italy, the Magic Land

HELEN ARCHIBALD CLARKE

Author of Browning's Italy

HARRISON RHODES

Whose novel *The Flight to Eden* is reviewed in this issue

a decision, she called to inquire about her fate, and was blandly told that the manuscript had been lost in the office. She explained that there was no other copy of it in existence and insisted that a thorough search be made for it, stating that if it was not restored to her on the following morning at her hotel she would take some action against the publishers. That very evening she found a large package in her room—the precious story had been recovered. She then took it to Mr. Carleton, who accepted it at once; and in a few months Mrs. Wilson (then Miss Evans) found herself famous. For her next novel, *Vashti*, Mr. Carleton paid her the enormous sum of \$25,000 before the manuscript was even read; and to-day, after so many years have elapsed, Mrs. Wilson's royalties amount to \$4,000. E. P. Roe is said to have earned \$25,000

from *The Opening of a Chestnut Burr* alone. Mrs. Holmes died a rich woman, and so did Mrs. Southworth. To-day an author is fortunate and "popular" if he makes \$10,000 a year—for two years!

✻

From time to time we have expressed our exasperation at the sloppy translator, who, for reasons of indolence or incompetence, renders some fine book of Continental origin in such a manner as completely to spoil its flavour and distort its meaning. Twenty or thirty years ago the hoof of this creature was to be found everywhere. It was not unusual for a publisher in the heat of competition to turn over some masterpiece from the French or German to fifteen or twenty

Monsieur
Claude

RENÉ BAZIN

The distinguished French man of letters whose novel *Le Bit Qui Lève* is reviewed in this issue

hacks of an evening, assigning to each a portion, and the next morning sending the amorphous English version to the printer. Happily there is very little of that sort of thing done nowadays. The business of translation has assumed a certain amount of dignity. There are men and women known only as translators, whose names inspire positive confidence. We have been told that the romances of Henry Sienkiewicz read much better in the original Polish. That may be; nevertheless, it does not seriously impair our faith

in Mr. Jeremiah Curtin. Then there is Katharine Prescott Wormeley. There are times when we do not agree with Miss Wormeley, but we have never had occasion to doubt her earnestness and her conscientiousness. These very qualities have at times carried her to amusing extremes. For example, in the case of Balzac. Miss Wormeley had so wrapped herself up in the work of translating the *Comédie Humaine* that she apparently came to look upon its author as a personal charge. When the late Vicomte de Lovenjoul a

Author of The Comet

Some weeks ago the newspapers made the very interesting announcement that Madame Alla Nazimova had decided to forsake, temporarily at least, the rôles of Ibsen, and was to present a work by a young American playwright. The play selected for this purpose was *The Comet*, by Mr. Owen Johnson, who has hitherto been known entirely as a novelist. The above unique drawing represents Mr. Frederick Dorr Steele's conception of Madame Nazimova in the title rôle

itself. Through Paris was spread a vast crowd of spies, both men and women, whose mission it was to discover the personal enemies of the Empire. There is an interesting picture of the *chambre noire*, which was installed in the palace as soon as Napoleon III. took possession of it. It was not unusual to find the emperor himself there. "The informers and plotters who came to get their pay in this secret room for services rendered had a

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

IX. Burton E. Stevenson in the Logan

few years ago expressed the opinion that the personal Balzac was very much of a man, with a man's frailties, Miss Wormeley, like a new Joan of Arc, dashed impetuously, and, shall we say a little hysterically, to the rescue. There was no doubt whatever of her opinion of the poor Belgian gentleman.



Miss Wormeley's latest translation is *The Memoirs of Monsieur Claude*, the famous chief of the French secret police during the second empire. This book originally appeared in French in 1881, five years after the resignation of Monsieur Claude from his office. In French it is ten volumes in length, and in her preface Miss Wormeley gives as an explanation for this condensation into a single volume the excuse that many parts of the original are out of date, such as, for instance, the chapters on police regulation and the prisons of peril. This is a point upon which we are not entirely in accord with the translator. Miss Wormeley seems to have taken entirely too much for granted. Those stringent police regulations were in a measure the very keystone of Napoleon III.'s throne for the eighteen years of his reign. As we are told in one chapter on the subject which has not been excluded, the police were everywhere—in the army, in the press, among the bourgeoisie, as well as among the lowest Parisian classes. They formed an invisible but unbroken chain, which led from the lowest dens to the Tuileries

WALTER TITTLE

The illustrator of *The First Nantucket Tea Party*

singular way of presenting an order for the sum due. They breathed on a glass of the door of the *chambre noire* and then wrote their names on the mist left there, together with the sum to be paid. Reading this novel cheque, the cashier of his Majesty paid the money, the creditor wiped off the mist with the sleeve of his coat, and no trace remained of the passage of the spy, who was never, at the Tuileries, a personage of low order."

Perhaps, in the course of years, a million or two Americans have noted with interest the unusual meeting of the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey Central Railroads in Elizabeth, New Jersey. At the present time the tracks of the former are elevated and pass diagonally those of the Central, thirty or forty feet above. The station of the Pennsylvania is an attractive one, and a brilliant imagination has written of it as "looming up like a Rhenish fortress." But in the days when Burton Egbert Stevenson was an undergraduate at Princeton, and used to pass through Elizabeth on his trips to New York, the tracks of the two railroads

crossed each other on the level. To a stranger, and sometimes to a native, the situation was often puzzling, and in moments of absent-mindedness many travellers have allowed themselves to be carried off on the wrong road. As Mr. Stevenson contends, the scene of *That Affair at Elizabeth* had to be laid in Elizabeth, because no other city in the vicinity of New York so strategically fitted the plot. Those puzzling, interesting tracks of the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey Central were absolutely necessary. *That Affair at Elizabeth*, by the way, possesses a heroine who, in one sense at least, is unique. From one end of the book to the other she does not speak a single word.

COURTING AN AUTHORESS

I worship at a cultured shrine,
My love has literary views,
And only such regard is mine
As is left over from the Muse;
For oft my patience she'll abuse,
And check my speech ere I begin it,
Pleading her rudeness to excuse,—
She's struck a thought with copy in it.

At times, amid some sylvan scene,
Her gaze with favour on me glows;
Then suddenly will supervene
That strange and absent-minded pose.
The symptoms I can diagnose
That mark the psychologic minute,—
The rapt, seraphic look that shows
She's struck a thought with copy in it.
Discomfiting it is to find,
When I have called into her eyes
A light quite personal and kind,
That swiftly her attention dies,—
I turn to see if there arise
Some rival song of lark or linnet,
But at a glance I recognise
She's struck a thought with copy in it.

L'ENVOI

Prince, when you pleadingly propose
For her consent and wait to win it,
May her expression not disclose
She's struck a thought with copy in it!
Katharine Perry.

HOW KIPLING DISCOVERED AMERICA



THAT "inglorious Columbus" of whom Mr. Vining wrote so convincingly discovered America while sailing over the blue Pacific from the Asiatic side of the world, and so did Rudyard Kipling. The maker of Mulvaney made his discovery of us in 1889, when he landed in San Francisco from the Pacific mail steamer *City of Peking*, and, like a true Britisher, walked all the way from the dock to the Palace Hotel.

Being the first American to welcome Mr. Kipling to this country, and to assist him in its discovery, I feel that these jottings of mine, made after seventeen years of his glorious upward progress, may possess some interest to those younglings who have run wild with Mowgli in the jungle, and to those oldlings who have sat on the throne with "The Man Who Would Be King." When I speak of "welcoming" Mr. Kipling, I do not use the word in any special sense; San Francisco welcomes everybody. None of us had ever heard of Kipling, but he, with a few other Anglo-Indians, had heard of himself, and, being a very young writer, he was wondering why the whole world was not ready to rise and hail him. I am afraid, therefore, that I, at that time what he would call a "pressman," did not approach him with becoming deference when, after seeing the entry, "Rudyard Kipling, Allahabad, India," on the hotel register one evening, and firing a random card up at him, I met and proceeded to exploit him in the smoking-room. As I bore in those days the burden of "covering" the hotels, this was all in the day's work, and the likelihood of getting anything worth while out of an obscure and doubtless barnacled Britisher was small; for, not being a Simla barrack-room man, to whom this local oracle had spoken through his *Plane Tales*, how was I to know that the dark little moustached man with the eyeglasses and the Anglican air of indifference to everything was going to

all the trouble of living the life of a distinguished literary personage? As I look back upon that first meeting of Kipling with a Californian who presumably knew how to read and yet had not read *him*, I can understand his prompt impatience for all things American, and his vast disappointment in the dozen or so lines which I wrote for my paper in celebration of his arrival.

Conceive me, then, all unknowing, in the presence of the great, asking the author of *Without Benefit of Clergy* what they ate for breakfast in Allahabad, the kind of tricks the fakirs played, or some such simple questions, when I should have been breathlessly seeking information about his habits of literary composition and whether he wrote best before or after luncheon. It must have been about the time he had given me up as a hopeless case in a literary way, and had accepted San Francisco as the City Ignorant because it was not aware of him, that he fared forth into conversational fields of his own seeking, and began to talk of the native press of India—curious little papers printed by hand and chronicling Hindu small beer. He also had something to tell about the way in which England maintained her supremacy in India, but what he offered on that subject is now dim to me, as are many other things he said during our talks, though the man made a cumulative and altogether extraordinary impression upon me.

"What do you think of San Francisco?" I asked. It was the stock question—the one that we reporters always put to overland tourists before they were out of their Pullman seats.

"Oh," said he, his face lighting up, "I have seen little of it, but it is hallowed ground to me because of Bret Harte."

"We Californians all venerate Harte," I said proudly. "Our people nearly tore a fence to pieces up in Humboldt County once for relics of his handiwork; and so greatly do they love him that even now, when it is known that it was not Harte,

THE OLD BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

Where Kipling was entertained at the time of his first visit to America. His lampooning of this club, which had extended to him its hospitality, was bitterly resented

but Pat McCarren of Eureka, who built the fence, they still keep the bits of red-wood on their mantelpieces."

"I am glad to hear that," he laughed; "but I have heard that your people resent Harte's expatriation."

"They do," said I. "The Californian of to-day hates to read in one of Mr. Harte's stories that the Sacramento Valley is a naked plain, when, as a matter of fact, it is all covered with orchards, vineyards, and grain-fields. They feel that Mr. Harte has been away from us too long, and that he should return and get acquainted with our prune-trees."

"There may be something in that," he said; "but a true artist can always paint very well at a long distance from his landscapes. Harte has done so well in England, and his work is so highly appreciated there, that I should think you might let him stay on our side and work out his own destiny."

Mr. Kipling continued to discuss Harte, waxing eloquent over the *Luck of Roaring Camp*, *M'liss* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, and he did not depart from the ground he had taken, nor acknowledge the point I had made when I told him that these stories, which were Harte's best work, and upon which his fame was based, were all written in California—he had done nothing in England to compare with them.

This talk led to an argument on the subject of English appreciation of American literature, and *vice versa*, and it was agreed that the home view of exotic writing was generally a very narrow one. It was characteristic of the Briton, however, that Kipling did not seem to care what view was taken of British literature by Americans.

Mr. Kipling has celebrated our Bret Harte talk in his *American Notes*, throughout which he exhibits a positive genius for reporting the thing which was not. For some strange purpose he makes his interviewer say foolishly that "Bret Harte claims California, but California doesn't claim Bret Harte"—a very handy hook upon which to hang his epigram: "I never intended to curse the people with a provincialism so vast as this."

Even to a man who knew nothing of his consummate genius, just then begin-

ning to bud, there was something distinctive about Kipling, as there is about all men of marrow. Once his reserve was broken, one could not help being attracted by him and his conversation, and yet one was never convinced of his great culture. Over his brandy and soda he could be eloquent for five minutes at a time, but, on the whole, I remember him as a man more given to inquiry than ready to impart information. Indeed, it was only after several talks with him that I learned he was the correspondent of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, and that he intended to write his impressions of America for that paper.

On that first evening of his arrival he wanted some one to pilot him around town, which I readily volunteered to do. We walked up Market Street while the theatre crowds were pouring into that thoroughfare. He was plainly disappointed in all that he saw, for he was looking for something Western and raw. One thing that worried him was the rapid step of the crowd. He wanted to know if they always walked that way. The gorgeously lighted and lavishly spread shop windows made him stare, and he said it was all vastly different from anything he had ever seen. The wonderfully decorated and bemirrored cafés, which were the boast of old San Francisco, were something amazing to him, and never failed to bring forth admiring comment. The prodigal free-lunch system of the town, by which you could buy a glass of wine and have a whole meal thrown in, appealed to him strongly.

I led him into the big newspaper building where I worked, and showed him the presses, the composition room, and the editorial staff preparing the paper for the next morning. In these things he took much interest, and when I introduced him to some of the choice spirits of the press he talked with them in a friendly, though somewhat condescending, way. But we had always looked for this from Englishmen, and did not mind it. He made a strong impression upon the folk of the press, and, in fact, upon every one to whom he was introduced. After his first brief pose of insular indifference, he revealed himself as a dynamic personality, readily conversable, strongly assert-

ive, and as English as they make them.

I well remember our walk that night along Kearny Street, through which thoroughfare I was conducting him back to his hotel, that he might not get lost. He had much to say of literature, particularly of the big Frenchmen. He evinced a fondness for Maupassant and Gautier, and we talked of Taine's comparison between Alfred de Musset and Tennyson, which was so much to the discredit of Tennyson. As I remember it, he did not greatly disagree with Taine in the salient points made in favour of De Musset's youthful warmth and his abounding love of life, on the one hand, and Tennyson's cool restraints on the other; but, being British and Tory, he must needs, after all, give Tennyson a much higher place than that of the great Frenchman.

On our way we picked up a late-wandering friend of mine, who, because he knew all about politics, greatly interested Mr. Kipling. The conversation was a long and, to me, highly entertaining one. Kipling was the "chiel amang us takin' notes." I had never known a foreigner who asked so many and such strange questions about American affairs. Some of them seemed inspired, and touched the very heart of our economic system, but for the most part they were naïve enough. Boss methods in politics interested him greatly, and as my political friend, for the sake of drawing his fire, made bold to defend them, Kipling rushed hotly to the other end of the argument, and ventured such opinions upon our undemocratic democracy as would have won him the lifelong friendship of Mr. Debs.

During the fortnight or so of his stay in San Francisco I saw much of Kipling and heard more, for the rather convivial set of men-around-town who took him in tow seemed to revel in the novelty of him, and they recounted with delight the various ways in which they "strung" him. They told him yarns—ancient, shrivelled ones, baggy at the knees; tales known everywhere except in Allahabad—and these he afterward solemnly related in his book as new stories. His innocence, as manifested by his artless questions, was a

source of infinite joy to these reckless *raconteurs*, and inspired them to outdo themselves for his edification. But, on his own side, Kipling has told some yarns in his *Notes* that compare quite favourably with those told by the Californians, while they are almost as moss-grown. For examples, I should select the narratives of his experience with a bunco-steerer and that of the Irish priest and the Chinaman as being purely apocryphal.

Please to remember that none of the club-folk, who rejoiced in getting hold of this young man fresh from India, had the slightest idea that he had literary greatness concealed about his person. We were used to the globe-trotters in San Francisco—the man who dared all sorts of things, even to the wearing of tweeds at formal dinners, and who puffed his pipe and wore his knee-breeches and long woollen hose down Market Street in defiance of the local ordinances in such case made and provided. Kipling was hardly of that sort, but he shared one trait with all his countrymen—that is to say, he regarded his visit to San Francisco as a sort of slumming tour, and was ready to go anywhere, in almost any company. Something is to be allowed for the youth of the man at that period and much for his curiosity, which seemed insatiable.

One of the men-about-town with whom he foregathered on more than one occasion was a festive club-chap named Bigelow, whom everybody called "Petie." "Petie" endeared himself to Kipling by showing him through Chinatown and into all the worst dives of the Barbary coast. Kipling seemed to be "game" for whatever was forward. Even when he found that his new friend could embrace the flagon with more warmth and frequency than any other man on "the route," and was, in fact, the bibulous prize of the town, he was not terrified.

It was "Petie" who showed Kipling into the Barbary coast resort where he found his "dive girl with a Greek head," so rapturously set forth in his *Notes* as among the eight American maidens with whom he fell "hopelessly in love." "Item: A girl in a dive, blessed with a Greek head and eyes that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But, woe is me! she has no ideas in this world

or the next beyond the consumption of beer (a commission on each bottle), and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly without more than the vaguest notion of their meaning."

After lauding the girls of England and France, Mr. Kipling declares in his book that he found the American girls, as seen in California, "above and beyond them all." His dive beauty has in recent years been discovered by an enterprising newspaper writer and exploited for a Sunday page, along with corroborative facts that seem substantial enough. But "Petie" Bigelow, who introduced the Greek-headed damsel to the poet of *The Seven Seas*, is no more of earth.

You may be sure that the said poet, who up to that period had sung nothing more world-circling than the "Departmental Ditties," known all the way from Allahabad to Simla, found much in San Francisco to rankle his sensitive soul; and, chief of all, he found it in the Bohemian Club, which, with its famous owl, is known wherever men of the world meet at a round table in any part of the globe. Somebody gave Kipling a card to the club, and he frequented the place in company with its rarest spirits—men who had painted Salon pictures or written plays or magazine articles. Among these would be Amadée Joullin, William Greer Harrison, Peter Robertson, John Stanton, Henry Latimer, and Charles D. Robinson, any one of whom would have looked down from no inconsiderable height upon the young gentleman from India, no matter how thoroughly convinced he might be of his own greatness. Of course, personages of such assured local position would not go to any great pains to make their guest sing small, but the easy and sufficient manner in which they spoke of the literary and artistic wares produced by their fellows must have galled Kipling. He was too polite to show any irritation when Peter Robertson, the opéra-bouffe librettist, was referred to as cleverer than Gilbert, or when Charles Warren Stoddard's *South Sea Idyls* were lauded as the best marine sketches ever written; but the way he must have chafed was fully manifest afterward. Then, too, he was not being banqueted at the big round table under

the blinking eyes of the far-famed owl, but outsiders of whom he had never heard before were not only being feasted, but rapturously toasted, and he was invited to the board as a mere unit, to drink to the exalted guest. So, after writing some pleasant farewell verses in celebration of his visit to Bohemia—which verses remained for some time in the club album—Mr. Kipling left California, never to return. Not a soul in all the Golden State had recognised his genius; and as for the Bohemian Club, it never became fully aware of him until the publication of the *American Notes*, made up from the letters he sent to the Allahabad *Pioneer*.

When the clubmen read what he had written about them they were aghast, insulted and incensed. Behind the veil of a polite description of the club, its members, their handiwork and their oratory, Kipling quietly satirised all that he saw under the wings of the owl, and came out in caustic language about the doings at a banquet in honour of Lieutenant Carlin of the *Vandalia*, who deported himself so heroically in the great storm at Apia. "It was," he wrote, "my first introduction to the American eagle, screaming for all it was worth. The lieutenant's heroism served as a peg from which the silver-tongued ones turned themselves loose and kicked. I sat bewildered on a coruscating Niagara of blatherskite. It was magnificent, it was stupendous; and I was conscious of a wicked desire to hide my face in a napkin and grin."

And so on, all to the perfect amazement of the Bohemians, whose wine he had drunk and whose cakes he had eaten, but who, being altogether unaware of the lion let loose among them, were fit only to be laughed at and lampooned. Of course, the seasoned Kipling of to-day could no more harry a host than he could write of sitting on a "coruscating Niagara." It was the unrecognised young, but self-assured great author who wrote these valiant things. Had the press hailed him for what he knew he was, had the clubmen banqueted him instead of the other and lesser man, and had lean ladies gone gushing about, beseeching him for his autograph, San Francisco would not have been a "mad city, inhabited for the most

part by perfectly insane people"; the reporter who interviewed him would not have been a "rude child"; the women would not have had harsh voices; and the eagle might have screamed to its heart's content, while the men of the Bohemian Club would all have been the salt of the earth.

You may judge of the feelings with which the Bohemians saw the application of the Kipling caustic when you are told that those farewell verses were torn from the album by an enraged clubman, that undignified epithets were freely echoed, and that even to this day the most loyal members of the club refer to the great Rudyard as "that fellow Kipling."

In the San Francisco Press Club they will tell you a story of how Kipling, who was anxious to raise money to meet his travelling expenses, offered two Mulvaney manuscripts to the Sunday editor of a local journal, and of how the editor, after reading them over, returned them to the author with his thanks and the comment that, while they were well written, they were not "available," as there was no interest in East Indian tales in this country. I have heard this story repeated so many times that I am inclined to think it is true, though the editor, probably covered with confusion by the wonderful subsequent popularity of those very tales, would never admit the authenticity of the report. If it was true, as many believe and declare, here was another Kiplingian reason why San Francisco was "a perfectly mad city."

Well do I remember my last meeting with Kipling, on the occasion of his departure from town, after his inglorious discovery of us. It was at the Palace Hotel, where he was packing his trunk.

"Where are you bound?" I asked.

"For a journey through the States—Chicago, Buffalo, New York"—he replied.

"And then?"

"To London."

"What shall you do there?" I inquired—"journalism?"

"Literary work," was his brief reply.

"You are going to try to live by your pen?" I asked, and I remember that when he said "Yes" I was full of grave apprehension for him. I had known other young men who had gone to London to live by their pens. Most of them had been starved out.

"Yes," he replied, "I am going to try for it."

And he did "try for it," working desperately hard, with very meagre encouragement at first, living in cheap London lodgings, content with small payment for his literary wares. Even when most discouraged he never entertained a thought of going back to journalism, but clung tenaciously to literature. Which reminds me of a story a man from India told me not long ago:

Once, when Kipling's father was aboard ship, and lying abed with that qualmy feeling, a passenger rushed into his cabin and cried:

"Mr. Kipling! Mr. Kipling! your boy is up on a yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll be drowned!"

"Don't worry," said Rudyard's father, smiling confidently through his qualms; "he won't let go."

So he clung to the precarious literary yard-arm, and was not gone from San Francisco a year before we were all avidly devouring the *Plain Tales*, *The Phantom Rickshaw* and *Soldiers Three*, and the whole country was ablaze with the fame of "that fellow Kipling." But the first harsh chapters of the *American Notes* tempered the literary pleasure of some of us.

It is to Mr. Kipling's credit that in his revised edition he diluted his vitriol.

Bailey Millard.



THE SAMPLE LIFE



THE hour, the occasion, and the scene were conducive to melancholy. We had tramped a good fifteen miles into the open country and back again under chilly clouds, and were now paying for it with an empty sense of weariness and disenchantment. There is nothing so depressing as a bare room lit up by flaring gas jets against the gloom of an early afternoon of rain; and the lights in Scipione's little cellar restaurant flared away in the most outrageous manner. Gordon, across the table from me, wretchedly fluttering the pages of a ten-cent magazine that some one had left behind, looked ill-natured and horribly unkempt. Mme. Scipione was exceptionally frowsy. The new table cloths had not yet been laid for dinner. The sawdust on the floor was chiefly mire. Angelina, the cook, was screaming at Paolo and Francesca, who were trying to boil the cat. It was very dreary.

"Gordon," I said, "you were insisting only a little while ago that life is always beautiful."

"So it is," he replied, too listless to be defiant. "To some people."

"To whom?"

"Well, to these two here, for instance," and he pointed to a pair of handsome lovers playing golf all over a double page in the advertising section of his magazine. "Do you mean to say these two ever know what ugliness is, or pain or want? Or ever grow old? Or cease to love? Here, indeed, is the life of perfect happiness for you."

"Are you so sure of that?" said some one over my shoulder, and I turned about sharply to look into the most beautiful face I have ever beheld in man or woman. It was surely young Apollo standing there above me, or if not he, at least one of the divine youths that the Greeks have left for us in undying marble. He made Scipione's grimy place radiant with emanations of a luminous grace that caused the heart to stand still.

"I beg your pardon for intruding," he said, seating himself at our table as joyously confident and as simple as an immortal should be. "But I feel myself competent to speak on the point you have raised because the Advertising Supplement you refer to is my own home. This very young man playing golf is, as you will observe, no other than myself."

There was no denying the amazing resemblance.

"You say the Advertising Supplement is your home," I collected myself sufficiently to say, "but in what sense do you mean that?"

"Literally," he replied. "My whole life, and for that matter my parents' life before me, has been spent in the pages you are now fingering. My name is Pinckney, Walter Pinckney, and if you are sufficiently interested in my career I should be glad to describe it."

"Go ahead," cried Gordon, with almost ferocious earnestness.

"If I begin a bit back before my appearance in the world," said Pinckney, "you will be patient with me. I will not detain you very long."

"Begin where you please," said Gordon in the same grim manner; "only begin."

"My father," commenced young Pinckney, "at eighteen, was a sickly country lad with less than the usual elementary education and no other prospects than a life of drudgery on the old farm. But there was in him an elemental strength of will that was sufficient, as it turned out, to master fate. On his nineteenth birthday, as I have heard him tell many a time, he began the reshaping of his life by investing the small sum of fifty cents in a manual of home exercise and enrolling himself at the same time with one of our best known correspondence schools, which offered an attractive course in sanitary engineering and scientific irrigation. Simultaneously, from that day he carried on the work of his bodily and intellectual redemption. We still have at home a collection of the various domestic utensils which he employed in his daily

training—an old armchair; a broom; a large gilt portrait through which he would twist his body twenty-five times every morning; an onyx clock; a pair of water buckets, an old trunk lid and other articles of the kind. Close beside his gymnastic apparatus we keep three trunkfuls of note-books and reports representing as many years' devoted labour at his studies. At the age of twenty-six my father was a veritable Hercules and held the position of assistant to the chief engineer of an important Eastern railroad. It was shortly after he had won this place that he met my mother."

The caressing fondness with which he uttered the last word imparted to his seemingly supreme beauty an added warmth of appeal.

"She had begun to teach school when a mere girl; but when her father's death threw upon her young shoulders the burden of three little children and a helpless mother, she had risen to her greater needs. She was able to quadruple her income by learning to write short stories, criticism and verse from a literary bureau which charged her a nominal fee for instruction and purchased her output at extremely generous rates for disposal among the leading magazines. When my father first saw her—it was in the course of a Fourth of July excursion to Niagara Falls which, including a three days' stay at the best hotels, was offered to the public at half the usual cost—she had sent the eldest boy through college, her younger sister was teaching school, and she was free to follow the inclinations of her heart."

"You were fortunate in the selection of your immediate ancestry," said Gordon.

"Was I not?" Pinckney responded in a flush of grateful recognition. "But that is not all. The house in which I was born, though generally recognised as one of the finest examples of Queen Anne architecture in reinforced concrete, was put up by my father, unassisted, from plans which he purchased for a ridiculously small sum. Its every nook was the abiding place of love, of quiet content and of nurturing comfort. The furnaces were equipped with the latest auto-

matic devices so that they had to be started only once a year. They were then left to the care of my mother, who had to give them only a few minutes' attention every day without going to the trouble of divesting herself of the gown of fine white lawn which she always wore."

"My dear fellow," I could not keep from exclaiming, "you have almost explained yourself. In such surroundings how could you help growing up into what you are?"

"That is what I say, sir," he came back at me eagerly. "But you must call to mind, also, the fostering personal care that was bestowed upon us children. Take the matter of diet. Coffee, cocoa, excessive sweets, every food-element tending to narcotise or over-stimulate the system was rigorously prohibited. Instead we had the numerous grain preparations that assist nature by contributing directly to the development of our particular faculties. In my case, for instance, it was decided some time before I was born that in the course of time I should enter West Point. With that end in view Farinette, because of its muscle-building powers, was made the principal constituent of my bill of fare. Later, when my parents thought that the pulpit offered better chances of a successful career, Farinette was replaced by Panema, which is notably efficacious in the production of cerebral tissue. Just as I was taking my examinations for college it was finally determined that the sphere of corporation finance held out unrivalled facilities for advancement, and Panema gave way to Hydronuxia, which acts particularly on the imaginative faculties. . . . As for my sisters, they fared no worse than I. You surely have seen them on more than one occasion in all their splendid bloom. Saved from overwork by soaps that make heavy washing a pleasure, eternally youthful through the use of electric massage, they smile at you through the reticulations of the tennis racket which the champion played with at Newport, or recline under parasols in the bow of canoes that will neither sink nor upset. They are very fond of playing Chopin on a mechanical piano while the moon-

light streams over the floor of the open veranda."

Here Gordon broke in sharply. "You began by differing with me on the possibility of finding complete happiness in life, and you have done nothing but refute your own position from the very first. I admit there are certain essentials toward the perfect life that you have not mentioned, but I haven't the least doubt that you already possess them or that they will come to you in time. I mean such things as material success, or successful struggle, or love."

"Ah, love," Pinckney murmured, and the shadow of a cloud passed over his divine forehead.

"Surely," I said, "you have not sought for what love has to give and sought in vain?"

"No," he replied thoughtfully, "I have not failed to win love. But does love bring with it untouched felicity, is what I ask." He hesitated. "I will not attempt to describe her. I really could not, you know, except in a feeble way, by saying that even to other eyes than mine she is a woman more wonderful than any of my sisters if that is at all possible. We loved at first sight. I had run down for a Sunday afternoon to Garden Towers-by-the-Sea, a beautiful suburb which a number of enterprising citizens had built up out of a sand waste to meet the needs of the tired urban worker who, in his expensive and uncomfortable city flat, finds himself longing for the life-giving breeze of the ocean and the sight of a bit of God's open country. I was walking down the main street of the village, wearing the loosely shaped and well-padded garments that were then popular with young men, and carrying a set of golf-sticks in my right hand and a bull terrier under my arm, when I saw her. She was sitting on the porch of the house which her father had purchased for one-third of what its value rose to when the completion of extensive rapid transit improvements brought it within thirty-five minutes of the New York City Hall. We loved and told each other. My father, at first, insisted that before assuming the responsibilities of marriage a man should be in receipt of a larger independent income than I could boast.

But when I argued that I could make myself twice as useful to my employers by purchasing a certain indispensable book of reference on the instalment plan, and when Alice pleaded that she could be of help by raising high-grade poultry for the urban market and organising subscribers' clubs for the magazines, my father yielded. We are to be married in two months, sir."

Gordon spoke up impatiently. "Still I fail to see where your unhappiness comes in."

"Did I say unhappiness? That is not at all the word, sir. It is rather a sense of awe that seizes us both at times, when we are together, as though we were in the presence of unseen influences; as though, rather, a world not our own were projecting itself into our well-defined lives. I have shown you that Alice and I belong to a very real, very matter-of-fact world. But there are times when we seem to be walking in a land of strange sounds and sights and of shadows that fan our cheeks as they flit by."

"Oh, well," I said, "when two fond young people are together the limits of the visible world are apt to undergo undue extension."

"Let me be specific," said Pinckney. "We first became aware of this state of things some weeks ago. We were walking one afternoon at twilight through a stretch of woods not far from the shore when all at once we were conscious that the familiar aspect of things had vanished. The park had become a virgin forest where heavy trunks were massed in a footing of dense undergrowth. We heard the chatter of apes, the call of strange birds, the roaring of lion-voiced creatures. And then it was no longer the forest but a waste of glittering snow with the Aurora Borealis and a solitary, grey wolf yelping against it. Then it was the swelling billows of the Pacific with a mass of wreckage to which men and women clung. And then again it was the forest. Two huge figures girded with skins were panting in deadly combat. One had sunk both his thumbs into the eye-sockets of his opponent, who, in turn, had buried his teeth in the flesh of the other's arm. A wild creature, almost hidden in the long tan-

gle of her hair, crouched there, the only spectator of the battle, chanting in weird tones: 'Ai! Ai! the call of the wild summons you to the death-grapple, oh Men, and me to sing who am Woman! Fight on, oh Men; for it is Good! The Race, the Sons of your strong loins through the dizzy whirldance of all time, are watching you. Match man-strength against man-strength, breath-rhythm against breath-rhythm, and knee-thrust against knee-thrust!' And then one of the combatants fell, and the victor with a yell of triumph seized the woman by the hair and, flinging her over his shoulder, staggered off, and we heard them call to each other, 'Oh, my Male!' 'Oh, my Female!' Then we were in our own grove by the beach and Alice whispered dreamily, 'Dearest, how tame are our lives.'"

"I think I begin to understand," said I. "I am inclined to believe that what happened was simply that you had walked right out of the Advertising Supplement into the Fiction pages; and that was Jack. Had you other experiences of the kind?"

"On another occasion," he resumed, "we were walking on the beach and again in a flash we had lost our footing in the world we knew. We were in a magnificent ball-room. The chandeliers were Venetian, the orchestra was Hungarian, the decorations were priceless orchids. Every woman wore a tiara with chains of pearls. There were stout dowagers, callow youths, gamblers and blacklegs, and, among the many handsome men, one of about five and thirty with a wonderfully cut chin, bending sedulously over a glorious, slender girl whose eyes attested the purity of her soul and fidelity unto death. 'Dearest,' she was saying, 'what does it matter that my father was the greatest Greek scholar in America and my mother the most beautiful woman south of Mason and Dixon's line? What that I have ten million dol-

lars and can ride, shoot, swim, golf, tennis, dance, sing, compose, cook and interpret the Irish sagas? I love you though you have only twelve thousand a year.' And all over the hall we caught such phrases as, 'Yes, he dropped 25,000 on Non Sequitur at Bennings.' 'Oh, just down for three weeks at Palm Beach, you know.' 'Two millions in three weeks, they say, mostly out of Copper and Q.C.B.' 'Yes, just back from South Dakota on the best of terms.' Then the room vanished, we were by the sea, and Alice said wistfully, 'How limited our lives are, dear.'"

"Well," I said, "I believe my theory holds good. That was Robert, I am pretty sure. Go on."

"Or take this last instance," said Pinckney. "Once more we are by the sea and all at once it is not the shore but rich farmland with a river running through. A woman in a sunbonnet is milking a cow. A tall rustic with bearded chin is feeding the pigs near by. He says, 'Dem pigs is gettin' too darn *faul*, yet, I think, Mandy. Maybe when we have got the hay to the barn all in, I will drive them to the town already and introduce them to the *metzger*. Now, mind the pigs, Mandy, till I go and throw the horse over the fence some hay, still.' For very laughter we wake to every-day consciousness, and Alice says, 'Our life has so little humour, dearest.'"

"This sounds very much like Helen," I said.

"And that, sir," concluded Pinckney, "is what I mean by the shadow over our happiness. It will pass away, of course. In the meantime I try to explain to Alice that these are phantoms we vision, of no relation to the practical life that we must lead on our side of the boundary line; I tell her that these things we see are not, and never have been and never will be. Am I right, do you think, sir?"

"Quite right," I told him.

S. Strunsky.

THE HOUSE OF SILHOUETTES



JUST where one turns from the little way leading to the Via Tragara, the most beautiful of Capri's romantic promenades, an endlessly long garden wall of plastered stone hides an enclosure that is a veritable paradise of flowering almonds in the season of an Italian springtime; in the autumn its vines might torment many a modern Tantalus, not having the good fortune to find himself inside. Fringes of brilliant green herbage trim the base of this wall, pleasing in contrast to its yellow-grey cement, while the long whitewashed strip of its upper part, slightly tinted, glistens in the strong sunlight of these Southern skies, and offsets the fantastic silhouettes that decorate it and give the adjoining house its name. These designs are as blithesome in spirit as life on this happy island, and almost a relief from the tropical colour and dazzling whitewash everywhere about. Now and then a curious green lizard of some rare sort races down the wall against the nimble figures, while shadows cast by the olive-trees across the way vie with the delicate patterns of the frieze.

Long since the gateway has been closed to the curious, and the key to the house-door given in care of a keeper. Still, as neither romance nor ghost leads one to be persistent, it seems to matter little what is inside when so much that is curious meets one without.

The House of Silhouettes was once the studio of an eccentric German artist, the

Herr Professor Diefenbach, who decorated its façade and the garden walls with a series of pictures that seem to have been intended as an allegory of youth. *Per aspera ad astra*, perhaps. One might have expected them to be from the hand of some modern Giotto, some fantastic Piero di Cosimo, or some indefatigable young Raphael, but down in the heart of the village still resides the Teutonic expatriate who called them into being. You may recognise him by his monastic habit, grizzled grey beard, and shoulder-long hair which flies to the capricious winds as he startles the chance visitor like the sudden appearance of an ancient prophet in the desert.

Latterly disciples have come to join the Herr Professor—youths from Northern climes, who affect the eccentricities of their master, until the Parisian student of the Latin Quarter would be inconspicuous beside any one of them. On their feet they, too, wear sandals, which on this island since the time of the Emperor Tiberius until now have not trodden its paths and byways. They bind their hair with bands of ribbon, or in summer with garlands of daisies, and paint out in storms between the flashes of lightning, or down by the rocky shores of the Polyphemus and the Faraglioni, there beneath the midnight moon. Moreover, this group of artists, which seems to have become a cult of some sort, adds realism to its work by mixing the sands of the beach with the paints it uses, producing marvellously ingenious things

THE LONG GARDEN WALL

"OLIVES ACROSS THE WAY CAST THEIR SHADOWS"

"THE GATEWAY NOW CLOSED"

THE DOORWAY



AN ALLEGORY OF YOUTH

that might put Madame Tussaud's wax-works to shame. At least, a picture done in this way is a veritable souvenir of the soil of Capri! Perhaps that is why so many of the *forestieri* coming down from the Fatherland go back in perfect contentment with precious bundles under their arms of a sort the Italian Government has not yet stopped at the frontier. Not the imagination of William Blake running riot at its most artistically obstreperous times has equalled the flights of the Herr Professor at his best, and also at his worst. Withal he is an able artist, when he chooses, and he has devised and executed a most ingenious picture-map that he has given to the municipio of Capri where the curious will find it hanging on the wall of the Syndico's audience chamber, in the little *casa* by the post-office where the roses climb over the stucco walls and look down on the dear little children at play in the court.

These adepts in the Herr Professor's art philosophy go about their work silently, or singing strange Northern airs, alien to this gem of the Gulf, as the Ca-

prese love to call their blessed isle, strange Northern airs that cannot make you forget the "Torna a Surriento" of the fisher-folk.

*"Vide 'o mare quant' è bello!
Spira tantu sentimento,
Comme tu a chi tiene mente
Ca scetato 'o faie sunnà."*

which is not half so lovely in any other tongue.

"Watch the sea so bright and lovely,
Waking depths of tender feeling,
Like to you of whom I'm thinking
Till I'm dreaming though awake."

Perhaps they will all go back some day to the House of Silhouettes, too lovely a place to inspire vagaries, too comfortably arranged to breed eccentricities, and too beautiful everywhere for evoking thought of weird worlds. There is some hope, for every time they pass on their way from the steps of Santo Stefano to the Punta Tragara they turn with a sigh toward the pictured wall, and the garden beyond, which seems to be calling them back to tend it.

Gardner C. Teall.



THE NIGHT OF ALMOND BLOSSOMS

The blossoms range their silver tents
At twilight down the tavern lane;
The south wind comes to hawk her scents
Unto no rose in vain.
But ah! beloved, see, the sun
Still waits thy lute's soft laughter;
The stars come slowly, one by one,
The shades of night flock after.

And as the mule-bells die away,
Each tavern cool hath found a guest
Who soon his burden down will lay
And turn him to his rest.
Hark! now, alas, outside thy gate
Thine ivory castanets I hear,
The while another through thy grate
Steals down the pathway near.

Ay, ay-di-mi! to watch all night
Without thy moonlight walls and weep
Till the last toper in the white
Of dawn hath stolen to sleep!
Then from Granada let me haste,
With spurs that bleed at every thrust,
Till at the noontide, 'mid the desert's waste,
I swoon into the dust.

Thomas Walsh.

ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

IV. CARTAGENA—THE ONLY WALLED CITY OF THE AMERICAS

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

a curious anachronism, probably the most perfectly preserved of the walled cities of the sixteenth century is to be found on the American continent. The walled city of Cartagena in Columbia, but a few days' sail from New York, completely realises one's mental picture of an old fortified town. In more than three centuries its walls have not been broken, its ancient arched portals are still its only entrances. The railroad of to-day stop without the gates. Within the walls the narrow sixteenth century streets still preserve the form and atmosphere of the later Middle Ages.

In the days of Spain's supremacy in South America Cartagena, because of its landlocked harbour, was made the point of departure for its famous treasure ships. Founded in 1553, the city grew rapidly in population and wealth. So important did she become to Spain that the present wall was built at a cost of

After the tropic fashion, the entrances to private houses in Cartagena express a welcome which the Northern traveller finds irresistible. The dazzling white façades of the houses in unbroken lines oppress the eye until one comes before the entrance, when the effect is instantly relieved. A wide and lofty stone hallway opens directly from the street at the level of the pavement, unprotected by the slightest barrier, either door or grill. The shaded archway, at the length of the house, discloses a spacious courtyard filled with flowers in tropical profusion. A light grill protects the court entrance, and the doors in the recesses at the side are barred, but the brilliant touch of green, red and scarlet framed by the cool marble of the corridor is meant for all.

Even to-day the wall of Cartagena is pierced by a single portal, through which one enters the city beneath massive stone arches. The base of the wall is some thirty feet thick, and here a considerable chamber has been hollowed out, in whose shadow, in the heat of the day, are gathered the beggars, who sit by the gate. Beyond, the graceful line of the arch frames the first glimpse of the central square, a dazzling picture carried out in white, green and red. Scarcely a detail of this picture has changed from the days when Drake or Hieredia rode through this portal at the head of his victorious troops. One recalls that these arches have rung repeatedly with the noise of battles, while here have been massed armoured soldiers during many a siege to make a last desperate sortie.

The great bulk of the cathedral of Cartagena with its square towers readily dominates the skyline of the ancient city. The tropical climate has dealt gently with its yellow walls of stone and stucco, which nevertheless look their great age. The stone is roughened and blackened by time; much of the carving is sadly defaced. The great oaken doors studded with iron are so split and broken that wide shafts of sunlight enter the church. In Europe the cathedral would scarcely be remarkable, but standing as it does on American soil, its age and dignity have a peculiar charm. Despite the economy of space in the early days within the walls, a considerable area has been allotted to the cathedral and its buildings, while room was even found for a small park and plaza before it.

From the earliest days, Cartagena's most pressing municipal problem has been to contain its teeming population within its walls. The narrow paved streets, the sidewalks narrowed to a mere derision, the overhanging balconies, which nearly meet at the upper stories, still tell of this necessity. The lines of the façades are those of Spain, but the profusion of balconies, the latticed windows, the brilliant colour scheme, a hundred details bespeak the tropics. The grouping of its buildings with the ramparts visible at every street end lends it a character essentially its own. Many of these buildings, still in good repair, were built prior to 1600; nearly all are very old, while there is scarcely a building within the walls so new as to strike a discordant note.

Outside the walls of Cartagena the poorer classes have built for themselves an exceedingly picturesque suburb. The groups of houses or huts are comparatively recent, dating from the period when the walls lost their usefulness, early in the last century. The little houses are built of stucco, a single floor in height, and roofed with thatch. In some instances the straw of the roofs is carried out in front of the wall to form a crude porch. The barred windows have no glass; few of the interiors are floored. The primitive appearance of this sprawling little suburb contrasts oddly with the ornate and massive architecture within the walls.

Three centuries ago, when the colonies in North America were struggling for bare existence, Cartagena enjoyed a prosperity and an architectural pretension out of all proportion to its age. Spain, by discovery and conquest, had come by enormous wealth in Columbia and Peru, which found its way to Europe by way of the walled city of Cartagena. The wealth of the old Spanish city is still indicated in many buildings which have survived. Of these, the old monastery now the city law court, probably best preserves the atmosphere of the sixteenth century. Its great courtyard, bordered by arched galleries with roofs supported by hewn beams darkened and mellowed by age, is worthy of Southern Italy or Grenada.

\$30,000,000, an astonishing sum in those days. Probably no other point in America has witnessed such desperate fighting so persistently continued. Cartagena was seized by the French in 1554 and again by Sir Francis Drake in 1585. It was repeatedly attacked by pirates and for years was in a state of almost continuous siege. In 1697 it was captured by the French after a bitter struggle. Coming to recent times, Cartagena was taken by Bolivar in 1815 and again by the Republic in 1821. Four years ago, during a civil war, it was again besieged, when for the first time its ancient walls were attacked by modern cannon directed from a man-of-war. The old architects of the sixteenth century had builded, however, better than they knew, the attack failed to shake the walls, and the quaint old city still stands undisturbed.

THE MANY ITALIES*



O every reader who holds the memory of golden days in Italy, there must come a sense of pleasurable wonder at the mere number of attractive volumes of Italian travel that each year issue from the press. Even to the enthusiast it must seem as though the remotest corner of the land must have been long since visited, the final picture taken, the last word written not once but many times. And yet the fact remains that

*Florence and Northern Tuscany. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sunny Days in Italy. By Elise Lathrop. New York: James Pott and Company.

Italy the Magic Land. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Lakes of Northern Italy. By Richard Bagot. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Umbrian Cities of Italy. By J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. Two volumes. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

Browning's Italy. By Helen A. Clarke. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

Venice on Foot. By Hugh A. Douglas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Venice: The Golden Age. By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. Two volumes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Venice. By Beryl de Selincourt and May Sturge Henderson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Venetian Life. By William D. Howells. Revised Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

any one who really cares will feel, in turning the pages of the generous dozen of books the present season brings, a keen renewal of the old, perennial charm. The answer to this, of course, is of the simplest. The last word has not been written, nor ever will be so long as the latest traveller wields a pen; because of Italy it may be said more truly than of any other country, that every man or woman forms of it a separate, individual image, a day dream of their own. Italian life and Italian character change with the passing centuries scarcely more than the Italian landscape; yet the Venice of Mr. Howells is no more the Venice of Lord Byron than the Florence of Maurice Hewlett is that of Ruskin, or the Rome of Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* that of Mr. Crawford's *Saracinesca*. In other words, the real charm of most books of Italian travel is that of impressionism. What we care to read about is not a list of what some other traveller saw in the Roman Forum or the Pitti Palace or the Piazza of San Marco, but what he thought of them. And, to be quite honest, in the very act of comparing impressions, whether through the medium of a printed page or in conversation with the casual stranger seated next us at a table d'hôte, we are secretly aware that his opinions do not interest us half so much for their own sake as because, either through contrast or agreement, they serve to render more acute the memory of our own.

Yet while it is true that there are as many different Italies as there are pairs of eyes to see it, a careful comparison of recorded impressions will give us, broadly speaking, two widely different composite pictures: first the Italy of those who see in it primarily a sort of open-air museum of antiquities, a treasure-house of the great art-epochs which have passed away; and secondly, the Italy of those who think of it as first and always a land of sunshine and laughter and the contagious joy of living—those to whom the careless song of a contadina rivals in interest the façade of a cathedral, and the vineyards and olive groves of to-day blend indistinguishably with those of Vergil's *Georgics*. There will always be some who merely tolerate the gay life and colour of the streets for the sake of crumbling walls and faded frescoes; there will always be others to whom the busy, pulsing life of a people is fraught with deeper interest than the greatest of their works. The wisest man, of course, is he who knows how to find profit and enjoyment from both these aspects; who realises that much of the glamour which hangs like a shimmering veil over Rome and Florence and Venice comes from the force of contrast, the solemn mystery of the dead past touching elbow, as it were, at every turn, with the ardent passions, the thought-gaiety of the present.

This special and none too common wisdom is the distinguishing quality of Edward Hutton's *Florence and Northern Tuscany*. You feel that while each palace and church and soaring tower of Florence has its own special message for him, and while "amid the hurry and bustle of her narrow splendid ways" he thinks only "of old things for a time," the appeal of the country life outside of Florence, with its "beautiful gay roads," its "numberless villas whispering with summer, laughing with flowers," is even stronger to him, "for there abide the old ways and the ancient songs, which you will not find in the city." Although small, compact and yet comprehensive enough to do valuable service as a supplementary guidebook among the Tuscan cities, the book is written with a sympathetic understanding, an individual

touch, a genuine charm of style which make it equally adapted to the needs of those who are preparing for first impressions and of those who are seeking to revive old memories.

Sunny Days in Italy, by Elise Lathrop, is an unpretentious volume of agreeable, familiar gossip about a dozen or more of the chief points of interest to which the average tourist sooner or later finds his way. It is a sort of pot-pourri of miscellaneous impressions and information, vivid little pen pictures of a building, a landscape, a crowd at a railway station; useful advice, gleaned from experience, regarding the hiring of apartments, bargaining with cab drivers, travelling in third-class carriages; an accumulated store of observations regarding Italian traits and social customs; all flung together with a well-intentioned sincerity, a pleasant and quite feminine enthusiasm which makes agreeable reading.

Enthusiasm tempered with sanity is always a commendable quality. The trouble with Lilian Whiting's *Italy, the Magic Land* is its tendency toward an unrestrained gush of superlatives that at times have almost the shrillness of a scream. A large part of the volume, like Hare's *Walks in Rome*, is made up of extracts from other authors, most of whom know how to write; and the book as a whole is sufficiently attractive, aside from its occasional overload of polysyllabic adjectives. For example, opening the pages at random, to the chapter on Naples, and running the eye carelessly downward, one notes the following:

Naples is the paradise of excursions—set in the heart of incomparable loveliness—the city of fascination—a vista hardly duplicated in the entire world—every peak and valley thickly sown with human habitations—beautiful mirrored expanses of water gives the most unparalleled variety and beauty of landscape loveliness.

These are not isolated examples, but a fair sample of the pervading tone of the book. One may love Italy and be in sympathy with every idea that Lilian Whiting has sought to express, and yet feel keenly how much more strongly and

convincingly she might have said them had she only chosen to cultivate simplicity.

Richard Bagot, the novelist, not long ago supplied the text to a handsomely illustrated volume entitled *The Italian Lakes*. The information therein contained had such a distinct value for the tourist, besides possessing a pleasant literary touch, that a real service has been done by his publishers in reissuing it, with additional chapters, in a convenient pocket volume under the title of *The Lakes of Northern Italy*. Mr. Bagot's intimate knowledge of Italian life, so clearly impressed upon his Roman novels, reveals itself in many a brief but luminous digression, overlaying the conventional guide-book pattern with a sort of running embroidery of pictures that help to make one see.

The attractive and eminently useful Travel Lovers' Library, which owed its inception and general design to the late Grant Allen, has this year received the addition of two volumes upon *The Umbrian Cities of Italy*, by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. While frankly intended, first of all, to meet the needs of the true lovers of travel, who do their sight-seeing with a leisurely thoroughness, these books represent a successful compromise between encyclopedic brevity and easy narrative. They cover, with satisfactory fulness, not only Assisi and Orvieto and Perugia, but a multitude of smaller towns as well, which have long been unjustly neglected by the average tourist. In contrast with the general accuracy of the work, one error deserves to be pointed out. In the chapter on Gubbio, where the famous Eugubine tablets were discovered and are now preserved, the statement is made that "the inscriptions upon them are still a subject of speculation for scholars," and that "the language is supposed to be an Umbrian dialect." Considering the thoroughness with which such German scholars as Bücheler and Von Planta have analysed every syllable of these interesting remains, it seems absurdly late in the day to question the identity of the language or to suggest that there is any ground for further speculation.

Regarding Helen A. Clarke's volume

upon *Browning's Italy* it will be sufficient to note here that it contains rather more of Browning than of Italy, being quite distinctly intended as a study of his Italian poems, and not in any sense a record of the years he spent in Florence and in Rome. In other words, it is a conscientious piece of literary scholarship rather than a book for travel lovers; one more monograph for the followers of the Browning cult to praise or to quarrel with, according to their varying prejudices; and to be discreetly avoided by those of kindred mind with Mr. Edward Hutton, who openly inveighs against "the loud-mouthed cicerone, quoting in American all the appropriate quotations, Browning before Filippo Lippi, Ruskin in Santa Croce, Goethe everywhere." As a matter of fact, the book ought to serve as a good introduction to a knowledge of the poet, is attractively bound and illustrated, and ought not to cause undue annoyance for having at page 70 gravely presented as the Duomo at Florence what is in reality the cathedral of Milan.

There are times when a limited purse is indirectly a blessing in leading to the discovery of more effective modes of sight-seeing. It was lack of funds, a friend told the present writer, which taught him the ideal way of seeing Holland, via the freight canal boats, at an average cost of twenty cents a day. And on a smaller scale, the desire to economise in gondola fares has probably taught scores of lucky travellers the only way in which to see Venice thoroughly, namely by exploring on foot the intricate network of bridges and back alleys that penetrate everywhere to the city's remotest corners. The legend, however, is so firmly implanted in the minds of most people that Venice is a city whose streets are waterways that it simply does not occur to them to attempt pedestrian exploration. Consequently, the admirable little handbook, *Venice on Foot*, by Hugh A. Douglas, should do some useful missionary service, in disseminating the simple truth that there is no more direct, thorough and altogether instructive way of exploring the city than by walking. Mr. Douglas has wisely refrained from attempting to make a complete guide-

book to Venice. He contents himself with showing the way to palaces, churches and galleries, and then leaving us, at the door, to the tender mercies of our *Baedekers*. But in his own way, he does cover very completely the entire maze of streets in ten well-arranged walks, each calculated to occupy a couple of hours. Any one with ten days at his disposal could spend a portion of each day in no better way than by intrusting himself unreservedly to Mr. Douglas's guidance.

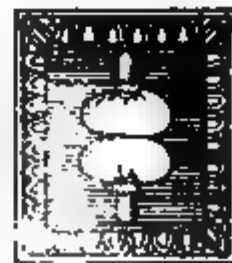
To any one intending to make a serious study of Venice, on the historical side, the *History of Venice*, by Pompeo Molmenti, now appearing in the English translation, by Horatio F. Brown, is the work that would naturally first suggest itself. The first two volumes, covering the Middle Ages, appeared last year; *Venice in the Golden Age*, forming volumes III. and IV., is now ready; and the two concluding sections are announced for early issue. When the series is completed, the work may well merit a detailed critical examination. Meanwhile the fact that Signore Molmenti is the leading authority in Italy upon his subject, and that the translator is the British Archivist at Venice, amply bespeaks the authoritative nature of the work.

Two other volumes on Venice have appeared this season, which merit an unusual degree of popularity among the illustrated holiday gift books. The first is a new volume in the series already, *Versailles*, by Pierre Nolhac; *The Cathedral Cities of France*, by Herbert and Hester Marshall; *The Cathedral Cities of England*, by George Gilbert, and *Cairo, Jerusalem and Damascus*, by Professor Margoliouth. The text of *Venice* is furnished by Beryl de Selincourt

and May Sturge Henderson, while the thirty coloured illustrations are reproduced with exquisite delicacy of tint from water-colour paintings by Reginald Barratt. The account of Venice, her history, her romance, her arts and industries, her past and present glories is deftly given with a lightness of touch in keeping with the soft hazy shimmer of sunshine and blue sky and bluer water that the artist's brush has caught; and the resultant combination is a volume which is not only a charming specimen of bookmaking, but one which you linger over with a faint and pleasurable pang of nostalgia.

The other volume above referred to is a revised and amplified edition of Mr. Howells's *Venetian Life*, with the added delight of twenty illustrations in colour, from the brush of Edmund H. Garrett. To those who already know and love this book, it will seem no exaggeration to say that in the forty years which have passed since its first publication, no more delightfully sympathetic and vividly personal impression of the City of Canals has appeared in English. It was Mr. Howells's first serious venture in letters, and there is no mistaking the contagious enthusiasm of youth, the fertility of untouched resources, the joy of new-found power. "All my forces went into it when I began to write it at twenty-four," says Mr. Howells in his preface to the new edition, "and when I got it together, completed if not perfected, at twenty-seven, all my hopes followed it through the registered post." It may be that the secret of the enduring charm of many books on Italy is that, like *Venetian Life*, they have embodied that powerful combination of all the strength and all the hope of youth.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



TWENTY-ONE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

EIGHT HISTORICAL BOOKS

- I. In Olde Connecticut.
- II. In Olde New York.
- III. In Olde Massachusetts.
- IV. Mattapoissett and Old Rochester, Massachusetts.
- V. King Philip's War.
- VI. Historic Hadley.
- VII. The Cherokee Indians.
- VIII. Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River.

It is greatly to the credit of so young a house as the Grafton Press, that after scoring one or two successes in fiction (such as the *Scraggs* of Mr. Phillips), it should have already settled down to the sober business of publishing such books as are contained in its Grafton Historical Series. These are not books of tremendous importance, but they are all of interest, and several of them make a distinct contribution to our knowledge of earlier American life, especially during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods. The three volumes by Mr. Charles Burr Todd are of a casual type. This is natural in view of the facts that they are made up mainly of articles originally printed in various periodicals, some of them as much as twenty-five years ago; and that Mr. Todd has here been content to assemble his material without trying to work it over. The principle which should govern the reprinting of such matter would seem to be fairly obvious. Articles which deal with a more or less remote past may as well date from 1880 as from 1907; while descriptions of Cambridge or Tarrytown or Martha's Vineyard, in the early eighties, are of rather trifling interest to the reader of to-day, unless, as is not the case here, they are of very unusual literary quality. Such material, it seems, might better have been collected and reprinted twenty years ago, if at all. There are too many chapters of this kind in the New York and Massachusetts volumes, while the book on Connecticut, much

the best of the three, has but one or two. Here is an engaging record of the "unconsidered trifles, curious episodes, bits of quaint and curious lore" which the author had succeeded in rescuing from unworked mines of local tradition and chronicle. Such fragments of legend as "The Frogs of Windham" or "Mount Tom, a Haunted Hill" are worth preserving, and chapters like "Whaleboat Privateersman of the Revolution" and "Connecticut's Declaration of Independence" are of more serious historical interest. The volume on "Mattapoissett and Old Rochester" is an elaborate local history prepared in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Mattapoissett (originally a quarter of Rochester) as a separate town. As dealing with one of the oldest settlements in Plymouth Colony, it contains a good deal which is of more than local moment, and though full of detail, is successful in avoiding the drone of the village chronicler. That whole neighbourhood has now been, for better or worse, converted into a summer resort; this book may well preserve the memory of the stern old parochial days of ship-building, salt-making, worship, and rum.

The sketch of Old Hadley is done upon a smaller scale, and from a more general point of view. Hadley was and is a village of unusual individuality. It was born of the "dissidence of dissent." By the middle of the seventeenth century Puritan doctrine had become less pure in such effete centres as Hartford, Connecticut, and a faithful minority found it necessary to withdraw yet again into the wilderness that they might worship God in their own way, and be spared the irritation of intercourse with neighbours who insisted upon doing the like. From such persons they determined to separate themselves by an effective boundary, in short, "to remove themselves and their families out of the jurisdiction of Connecticut into the jurisdiction of Massachusetts." These "withdrawers" or "en-

gagers" were some of the men of importance, among others a former governor of Connecticut and member of the Commissioners of the United Colonies. A tract nine miles wide between Mount Holyoke and Mount Toby was bought from the Indians, and the settlement which presently became Hadley, was founded. Then began the usual struggles and hardships of the pioneer, through all of which the sturdy settlers made their way to a position of responsibility in the commonwealth. Beyond a very modest point of growth, to be sure, it did not go. It remained a small village, and looks much as it did a century ago. A trolley-line bisects it, crossing at right angles the amazing old grassy "street," twenty rods wide, flanked by the solid white houses, many of them dating from the eighteenth century. Hadley's most stirring days were lived through during the reign of terror established by King Philip throughout the whole length of the Connecticut valley. Hadley and its neighbouring towns, Hatfield and Deerfield, were the scenes of some of the most dramatic incidents of the war. Its central position caused Hadley itself to be chosen as headquarters of the colonial defence.

The *Grafton King Philip's War* is a thorough and admirable piece of historical work, the first study of that picturesque and bloody colonial episode which can fairly be called reliable and readable. Evidently no pains have been spared to make the narrative sound as to both fact and interpretation. One of the painful duties involved must have been the repudiation of various pleasant legends which have gathered about the incidents of the struggle; for example, the charming (though long discredited) yarn about the appearance of old Goffe, the regicide, at Hadley, his dramatic leadership of the panic-stricken townsmen against a sudden Indian attack, and his mysterious disappearance immediately after the repulse of the enemy. The authors are also scrupulous in dealing with the moral aspects of the affair. They are not special pleaders for the Indian; but they make it clear not only that the greed and unscrupulousness of the whites were primarily responsible for most of the difficulty with the

Indians, but that the savage was frequently outdone in brutal cruelty by the Puritan. Prisoners were murdered without a qualm. Canonchet, a prince of the Narragansetts, being captured, was offered the bribe of his life if he "persuade his people to make peace." He calmly declined, refusing to discuss that or any other matters with those whom he considered his inferiors. He was therefore shot, and his body horribly mutilated. "A most perfidious villain, for he was as good as his word," is the cheerful epitaph of a Puritan commentator.

Dr. Parker's monograph on the Cherokees, by the mere careful rehearsal of established facts, makes it plain enough that the offspring of the Puritans have followed their example in dealing with the Indians. There are special reasons, as the author justly claims, why the story of the relations of the Cherokees and the white government should be of unusual significance to Americans at this time. For this tribe has shown more intelligence and more aptitude for civilisation than any other. Its people have always been ready to respond to just treatment. The history of our attitude toward them, then, should put our Indian record in the most favourable light. It should also, the author suggests, throw light upon our probable relations with other alien and inferior races. "What has been our spirit? What our blunders? Have there been crimes? Have we been kind, just, unselfish, or have we been harsh, arbitrary, selfish?" The answer possible for a candid mind after reading the narrative which follows is, alas, hardly in doubt.

One other book has been thus far published in this series which is perhaps more likely to please the general reader than the rest. *Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson*, recording as it does, not merely a picturesque episode in local experience, but the very beginnings of steam navigation, is a book which one only wishes were longer, more lavish both of fact and of legend. Its many pictures (and this is true of the other numbers of the series) add much to the unique attraction of the little volume.

H. W. Boynton.

IX

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS*

It may be doubted if there was ever a sovereign more methodical than Queen Victoria. It is said that the letters and papers preserved by her fill several hundred manuscript volumes. And, indeed, it is easy to see from the selections which fill these three substantial volumes, and which cover but the first quarter century of her reign, that her industry was unflinching and that she kept a close watch upon affairs of state, from large to small. Such a collection is bound to throw much light upon many matters of public interest as well as upon the character and feelings of the queen herself. It should be said at the outset that no sensational revelations need be expected by the curious reader. There is less of the gossip of the time than one can find in the lively pages of Greville. Nor, in fact, could any gossip injure the queen. "Her court was pure, her life serene." Not a great sovereign, with her full share of feminine prejudices, unreasonable sometimes and a little arbitrary, she worthily won the respect and affection of her people. Nothing could be better than the spirit in which she accepted her trust. "I look forward to the event which it seems is likely to occur soon," she wrote just before the death of King William, "with calmness and quietness; I am not alarmed at it, and yet I do not suppose myself quite equal to all; I trust, however, that with good-will, honesty and courage I shall not, at all events, fail." Looking back over more than sixty years on the throne, she may well have felt that she had not failed.

These volumes end with the death of the prince consort in 1861. That marked the end of a married life of well-nigh perfect sympathy; the cry of anguish with which the third volume closes seems almost too intimately personal to commit to print. One even shrinks a little from the earlier raptures of the queen's happy wooing. But we are accustomed in these days to such revelations, and there is nothing in them to diminish our regard

for the writer. The prince was at least no idol with feet of clay. His was a difficult place to fill, and he filled it honourably. We get from these letters a new impression of the queen's dependence upon his judgment. Her own ability was not mediocre and her good sense was conspicuous from the beginning. Yet she was a young woman, hardly more than a girl, and it was natural that she should turn for counsel to some one in whom she had confidence. Before her marriage it was Lord Melbourne; afterward her husband naturally took his place. It may be questioned if the change were in every way a fortunate one. Lord Melbourne was an Englishman; the prince was a foreigner; and, as the queen wrote to the prince before their marriage, at a time when he was rather exigent over details of ceremony, "the English are very jealous of a foreigner interfering in the government of the country." But this was not all. Lord Melbourne was not a great statesman, but he had tact, humour and an appreciation of popular sentiment in the mass such as one brought up at a petty German court could not possibly have. Now, Prince Albert, with all his virtues, was something of a martinet and something of a prig. The tradition has grown up since his death that his wife's subjects never did him justice; that the nation, in the queen's words, "owed more to him than it can ever truly know," and that his counsels were of more value than those of Peel or Palmerston, Derby or Lord John Russell. It is a tradition which will not bear the light of close examination; the letters here printed unconsciously dissipate it.

The quarrel with Lord Palmerston is the episode which shows the disposition of the prince to the worst advantage. It was not wholly a personal matter; the real question at stake was whether the court or the cabinet should control the foreign policy of Great Britain. Palmerston was one of the greatest foreign ministers the nation ever had. Opinions may differ as to his methods; there are those who would say that he might have accomplished his purposes with less contemptuous disregard for the feelings of foreign sovereigns. But he undoubtedly represented English popular sentiment.

*Letters of Queen Victoria. Edited by Arthur C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

Moreover, his views in the main were essentially sound and just. He was hostile to the policy of the Austrian emperor; he was a staunch friend to Cavour and the cause of Italian unity. And he pursued his objects with insouciant indifference to the views of the queen and the prince. He wrote to Lord John Russell, when the queen objected to his reception of Kossuth, that he proposed to entertain whom he liked in his own house. He sent off communications which had not been approved by the queen or which had been altered after she had approved them. On one occasion the queen wrote to Lord John to say that she "cannot expose herself to having her positive commands disobeyed by one of her public servants, and that should Lord Palmerston persist in his intention, he cannot continue as her minister." Perhaps even this sharp reprimand might have done Palmerston but little harm had he not afterward approved Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, on which subject his countrymen did not agree with him, so that Lord John was able to demand his resignation without stirring up a popular tumult.

It is obvious from the letters covering this period that the quarrel was really the prince's. He, moved thereto partly by his injudicious friend, Baron Stockmar, fancied himself quite a hand at diplomacy. The queen was in constant correspondence with Continental royalties to whom they were related, and she and the prince not unnaturally opposed policies which might end in leaving Continental thrones vacant. But the queen, both earlier and later in her reign, was more amenable to English feeling. Many of the letters in the second volume dealing with these matters are plainly inspired by the prince. That the policy he would have had pursued would have been an injury to England it is now easy enough to see. Take the case of Italy. Palmerston, Russell and Gladstone were all enthusiastic supporters of the Italians. The consequent affection of Italy for England has persisted to this day, and is one of the most valuable diplomatic assets—to put it somewhat brutally—that England has. But to Prince Albert it was intolerable that a minister should venture to oppose the plain will of his sovereign.

They ordered those things better in Germany. The many excellent qualities of the prince need not be minimised. He made a good husband and father; he was moved by a conscientious desire to be of service to his adopted country; he was intelligent, sincere, and not incapable of liberal views on many questions. But his interference in affairs of state was usually deplorable, and his death was a personal rather than a public loss. The "power behind the throne" can seldom exercise its unacknowledged authority wisely or justly.

No one can impute to Lord Melbourne lack either of wisdom or of justice in his close relations with the queen in her early years. He was prime minister when she came to the throne, and remained prime minister for four years; and in that time he played the part of guide, philosopher and friend in a way to do him honour. For various reasons Victoria was violently prejudiced in favour of the Whigs and against the Tories at this period. But Lord Melbourne never took advantage of this fact to secure an unfair advantage, either for his party or for himself. When his resignation became inevitable, he did everything in his power to reconcile the queen to sending for Peel, and to impress upon her the fact that her duties as a constitutional sovereign required her to suppress her personal inclinations. The correspondence with Melbourne in the first volume is not the least interesting portion of the whole; he kept the queen closely informed on every subject, and she poured out to him her troubles in full confidence of intelligent sympathy. "The queen thinks Lord Melbourne may possibly wish to know how she is this morning; the queen is somewhat calmer; she was in a wretched state last night till nine o'clock, when she tried to occupy herself and think less gloomily of this dreadful change. . . . She couldn't touch a morsel of food last night, nor can she this morning." At twenty—for she was then no older than that—a change of ministry and the loss of her kind adviser seemed like the end of all things. There are many human touches of this sort, particularly in the letters of her earlier years. Thus she writes to her Uncle Leopold,

directly after her marriage had been arranged: "I do feel so happy! I do so adore Albert! He is quite an angel, and so very, very kind to me, and seems so fond of me. . . . I trust and hope I shall be able to make him as happy as he ought to be." These are the things that make the queen seem very lovable and human. They seem almost too intimate for print, as has been said, and yet it is impossible to regret that they have been allowed to stand.

Generally speaking, good taste has presided over the preparation of this work. The editors have supplied only such brief introductions and notes as are necessary to explain the allusions in the text to those who are not closely acquainted with the history of the reign. There are many handsome reproductions in photogravure of portraits of the queen, the prince and other members of the royal family; the type used is large and clear, and the mechanical execution of the volumes is admirable in every way. It is a work which no one interested in the events of a memorable period of English history can afford to miss reading.

Edward Fuller.

X

G. S. LAYARD'S "SHIRLEY BROOKS OF 'PUNCH' "*"

On the surface, it would appear surprising that even an Englishman, and an Englishman who took *London Punch* very seriously, would write a book of six hundred pages about a man whose chief claim to distinction apparently rested on the fact that he occupied the editorial chair of *Punch* for a period of four years. In a measure Mr. G. S. Layard has anticipated this criticism, and has pointed out that Shirley Brooks's right to be regarded as a great *Punch* force rests, not alone on what he did while occupying the chair but on what he accomplished during the long years that he was chief lieutenant to Mark Lemon—when he was virtually the power behind the throne. But when the book has been read it will be realised that no apology whatever was necessary. In the

*Shirley Brooks of *Punch*. By G. S. Layard. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

first place Shirley Brooks was an admirable letter-writer; almost as admirable as Thackeray, and in much the same whimsical vein. Secondly his life, though in no sense dramatic, was an interesting one; for years he rubbed elbows intimately with all that was best and most brilliant in the upper circles of London's Bohemia. The book is a decidedly pleasant contrast to another book about another *Punch* editor. A few years ago Sir Frank C. Burnand published his *Reminiscences*. These were so utterly dreary, priggish, conceited and purposeless that one has since been in a mood to welcome any new book along similar lines with kindness, if not with positive enthusiasm.

An American will be inclined to regard Shirley Brooks more amiably because there was one period of his life when he himself found or pretended to find *Punch* as an organ of humour sadly lacking. Before he became associated with *Punch* he was connected with *The Man in the Moon*, the first number of which appeared on January 1, 1847, when *Punch* was seven years old. *The Man in the Moon* was the ablest and wittiest of *Punch's* rivals, and gave Brooks his first real opportunity of proving his ability. From the first the little paper set itself to do what George Cruikshank once threatened to do—to go down to the *Punch* office "and knock the old rascal's wooden head about." It printed the sketch of a man speechless with astonishment entitled "Portrait of a Gentleman Finding a Joke in *Punch*." It offered five hundred pounds reward and a free pardon to one of the *Punch* artists if he would appear before *The Man in the Moon* and satisfactorily explain the meaning of the cut entitled "Horrible Tragedy in Domestic Life." As a matter of fact, though the editors of *The Man in the Moon* did not know it, the artist who drew this picture was Thackeray. Of course *Punch* retaliated, and sometimes very effectively. For example, it was one of Brooks's attacks that drew from John Leech his picture of two little snobs in a low coffee house:

"*Punch* is very dummy and slow this week, I think," says the first disreputable-looking 'fast man.'

"So do I," replies the other. "It's their own faults, too, for I sent 'em some dem'd funny articles, which the humbugs sent me back."

"That's just the way they served me," responded his friend, "the great fools!"

As has been said, Shirley Brooks was an admirable letter-writer. He cultivated it as an art. Next to chatting with a friend face to face, he loved to chat with him on paper. His correspondence was enormous, and few of even his shortest



GEORGE DU MAURIER'S REBUS LETTER TO SHIRLEY BROOKS

Although the author and the publishers profess their inability to read this rebus, it seems to be not so very difficult. Unless we are greatly mistaken it may be interpreted:

"My Dear Brooks: I cannot write you a long letter to night but expect one. Yours, Kick Eye"

notes were without a story, an epigram, or sentence worth preserving. He wrote sparkling letters by the hundred about nothing and everything. W. B. Jerrold has written of this and other qualities:

"In some of his letters he frolicked like a schoolboy; in others he would set seriously to work to solve or illustrate some literary subject that had accidentally turned up. He would enter upon a long correspondence to serve a friend. You never found him exhausted, seldom tired. If you caught him lounging by the dainty conservatory he had in his house, after a long day upstairs in his study, he would be reading the last *Quarterly*, or dallying with a novel by one of his friends—but he would brighten for a talk, and be sure to shine in it. When he had finished his correspondence for the day, after his work, he would take his letters to the post himself. It was his orderly way. You could see his methodical mind in the precise writing, the unbroken lines, the absence of any sign of haste from his shortest notes."

A man who wrote so many interesting letters necessarily received some. For instance here is reproduced a curious rebus letter which George du Maurier sent to Shirley Brooks in 1869. Du Maurier, who had been admitted to the *Punch* table five years before, after the death of Leech, was known in the circle as "Kiki." The letter obviously begins: "My dear Brooks, I cannot hand you—" and concludes: "Yours, Kick Eye." But Mr. Layard confesses his inability to make anything of the third line, and we are equally at sea in the matter. And here is another letter which Shirley Brooks probably found even more interesting. It begins: "We propose to offer you a thousand guineas a year, as editor, and six guineas a week for contributions." The letter is signed W. H. B., and marked the formal assumption of the Editorial Chair by Brooks after the death of Mark Lemon.

Beverley Stark.

XI

MR. HILL'S "DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE LAW" *

It is seldom that author and subject come together between covers with such

*Decisive Battles of the Law. By Fred-

erick Trevor Hill. New York: Harper and Brothers.

eminent fitness as is the case in Mr. Hill's book. The events of which he writes are, most of them, crises in American history, and they have been dealt with over and over again by the professed historian. With the exception of the first case, there is not one with which the average well-informed citizen would not claim familiarity. We all know how Aaron Burr was tried for treason, how an ignorant negro named Dred Scott was the cause of a Supreme Court decision that had its part in bringing on the Civil War, how John Brown fired the first shot in the contest between the States, how Andrew Johnson was impeached. Something of the causes of these celebrated cases we may know, and much in a general way of their results. And still there is something to be learned of them, and much of entertainment to be derived from their study.

And here is the value of the new point of view Mr. Hill has taken. With a single exception, he has not added materially to the store of available facts. But he has undertaken, and successfully performed, an office which the more formal historian assumes, if at all, only incidentally. He has made it his business to recreate the outstanding personalities of these legal battles, to vivify the actual scenes of the contests. In a wholly praiseworthy sense, he is here as much novelist as historian, devoting his imagination to the reconstruction of a concrete picture from the scattered materials to be found in the formal records. Now, such a proceeding on the part of an ordinary novelist might well awaken uncomfortable suspicions as to just what sort of mixture of fact and fiction one might be reading. Mr. Hill has the immense advantage of his recognised knowledge of the law, the safeguard of his legal training. It is possible to read his book with the comfortable feeling that one is in safe hands, and that the spirited accounts here given of these vexed questions may be enjoyed without fear of being led into false historical paths.

It may be that the historical student will value Mr. Hill's review of the Dred

Scott decision more highly than any other chapter in the book. Here he has unearthed new material which has enabled him to set the historians right on a number of points. His spirit in dealing with this material is sober and cautious, his inferences are well fortified, and the chapter will doubtless stand as a contribution to history. But for the very reason that he recognises his responsibility in the handling of hitherto unknown facts, his recital of this case lacks the movement and vividness of some of the others. The first chapter is an account of the case of the United States *vs.* Callender—a trial which involved the liberty of the press and engaged the attention of some of the greatest jurists and lawyers of the time. The scene in a Virginia court room in the early days of the Republic is admirably recalled, and the personages in the trial stand out distinctly—the bullying, partisan judge, Samuel Chase; brilliant William Wirt, dignified George Hay, and the others. Equally good is his characterisation of the remarkable group of men concerned in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. In this case Mr. Hill reviews the testimony thoroughly, and ends, as do most modern investigators, in amazement that the reputation of one of the most brilliant men in our history should have been clouded for a century on such flimsy evidence. Burr's dignified remonstrance at the "Scotch" verdict brought in by a prejudiced jury, and Chief-Justice Marshall's prompt rebuke of it, evidently meet with his entire approval.

Although nothing in the book is better than the author's spirited condensation of General Eaton's cross-examination at the hands of Luther Martin (in the Burr case), a wider interest will be awakened by his pictures of events nearer our own time. His presentation of the John Brown case is fair and dispassionate. Equally clear in his narrative are the old Abolitionist's nobility of purpose and the inevitable outcome of his attempt. In the moot case of Johnson's impeachment he goes even further than most recent authorities in his justification of the President's course—but it must be borne in mind that a lawyer's opinion is here entitled to peculiar consideration. Excel-

lent in every way is the story of the *Alabama* arbitration, and the contrast of Mr. Adams's skilled diplomacy with the British representative's undignified bullying is refreshing to our patriotic pride. To offset this there is a frank recital of the disgraceful Hayes-Tilden contest—an affair which many Americans would be glad to forget.

Nowhere else is Mr. Hill on such dangerous ground as when he retells the story of the trial following the Haymarket riot in Chicago. The strong feeling aroused by the event and its sequel, the execution of the four anarchists, has by no means subsided, and it is still difficult to arrive at a calm judgment of the case. Mr. Hill, in spite of his abhorrence of the Haymarket crime, tries to be entirely just to the men who were placed on trial; but his detestation of their previous anarchical utterances and his respect for law in the abstract make it difficult for him to preserve a purely dispassionate attitude. Immediately after the outrage, he says, "the authorities began an investigation which for thoroughness and intelligence has never been surpassed in the annals of the American police. Within a week almost every prominent anarchist in the city was under arrest, and the newspapers, teeming with stories of their plots for wholesale murder, roused the public to the point of fury." These statements are apparently made seriously, but the sequence gives them an ironical sound. Mr. Hill acknowledges that the direct testimony connecting the accused men with the specific crime of which they were accused was riddled with contradictions, though there was proof in abundance of their general anarchist activities. Doubtless every one but the anarchists themselves will agree that punishment should in some way attach to the advocacy by these men of the use of force, coupled with their suspicious experiments with dynamite; but it may be doubted whether the way to inspire anarchists with respect for law is to show them law itself administered in violation of its own principles in the interests of "outraged public opinion." The case is at all events probably the most troublesome one in the entire cal-

endar of this book, and the author is entitled to praise for having come vastly nearer the truth than a majority of those who have discussed it.

Ward Clark.

XII

PROFESSOR JACKSON'S "PERSIA, PAST AND PRESENT"*

When an accomplished scholar brings to a scholarly task at once the wide sympathy of a man of the world and the zeal of an enthusiast, it is inevitable that he should produce something of enduring value. More than that, it is inevitable that he should also produce something which will appeal to a very wide circle of cultivated readers as well as to the specialist. Such a book is Professor Jackson's *Persia*, of which he says in his preface: "The preparation of this volume has been a work after my own heart for the past three years, and I am now almost sorry that it is finished."

These are the sincere words of one who tempers learning with that sort of universal interest which gives vitality to scholarship. Some of Professor Jackson's chapters are more suited to the Indo-Iranian investigator than to the general reader; yet even the general reader can always find in them something to remember with profit to himself and something that he will remember almost in his own despite. Thus, in the sections relating to the Old Persian inscriptions, it is interesting to learn that the natives call the sculptured tablets "The Treasure Story" because they believe that these inscriptions, so mysterious in appearance, hold the secret of a hidden treasure which can be discovered by him who deciphers the strange characters. One also reads again with interest the fascinating story of how this cuneiform writing had baffled the ingenuity of all interpreters until 1802, when the German schoolmaster, Grotefend, acutely hit upon a clue to their solution, unravelling their meaning very much as Poe's hero deciphered the famous cryptogram in *The Gold Bug*. And so, all through the

**Persia, Past and Present*. By A. V. Williams Jackson. With more than two hundred illustrations and a map. New York: The Macmillan Company.

book, there is much to pique the reader's curiosity and to give him a first-hand, living interest in that great empire which once threatened the liberties and the civilisation of the Western world.

Everywhere in Professor Jackson's narrative of "travel and research," there is brought to bear a most felicitous blending of technical knowledge and modern feeling. It gives one pleasure to have an account of the Nestorian Christians illuminated by a gloss concerning the colony of them which exists in Yonkers. It tickles one's fancy to read that while the Persian fire worshippers would not themselves smoke, since smoking involves "an irreverent use of fire," they did not object to seeing Dr. Jackson light a cigarette while he was their guest. A casual discourse on the Iranian origin of the mint julep has also a certain naïve charm. There are hundreds of little touches such as this, little glimpses of actual life, which by their cumulative effect make the reader feel that he has actually accompanied the author over the deserts, among the Zoroastrians, through well-watered gardens, into the bustle of the bazaars and the quiet of private houses where, in the cool shade, strange things are told, and stranger things are hinted at. For our part, on putting down the book we experience an impression of having ourselves worn sheepskins, ridden about on donkeys' backs and camels, and of returning suddenly with a sort of gasp to the raw realities of occidental life.

The lavish illustrations with which the book is both ornamented and interpreted are in themselves a liberal education, and they are beautifully done. In going over them we acquire a certain amount of oriental lore without the apparently inevitable concomitants of fleas and filthy caravanseries.

H. T. P.

XIII

GUSTAV POLLAK'S "FRANZ GRILLPARZER"*

Considering the high place awarded to the Austrian playwright and poet Grill-

**Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama*. By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

parzer by eminent critics of his own tongue, as well as by many French and English writers who have studied his plays, it is surprising how little is known of the man and his work by the public outside of Austria and Germany. To Americans he may be said to be unknown. From time to time one of his plays is given here by some German company, but when one asks about the poet, the sole answer usually given by his admirers is that he is the Austrian Shakespeare. As to the man himself, his successes and failures, little more was to be learned.

There is, therefore, cause for satisfaction in that Mr. Gustav Pollak, widely known as a discriminating writer upon German literary and dramatic matters, and himself an Austrian, has filled the gap with an interesting volume. He has given not only a sympathetic account of Grillparzer's rather meagre and unhappy life, but, what is more essential to readers who know no German, he has translated freely from the best of the plays, thus affording, besides the synopsis of each drama, a taste of the atmosphere of the work that nothing short of the actual text can provide.

Franz Grillparzer was born in Vienna in January, 1791, and died there in 1872. The father was a noted lawyer, and the mother a woman who came of a family in which Haydn and Mozart were intimates. From his mother he inherited the passion for music, the art that proved the solace of his life, and to which he turned for consolation in days, or one might say years, of disappointment. Hanslick, the famous Viennese critic, says that several of his songs show rare taste and skill.

The boy was an omnivorous reader, particularly fond of tales of self-sacrifice. At ten years of age a story of the martyrdom of the saints made him wish to become a priest. He says in his autobiography:

"I got myself a robe made of yellow paper, and read mass. I preached over the back of a chair, our old cook being my only audience. She was also the only listener I had when I played the piano.

At that time the execution of Louis XVI. was still fresh in everybody's mind. I played a march which I had been told had been performed at the execution, and in the second part of which there was a run of an octave, played with one finger that was supposed to express the drop of the guillotine. The old woman always wept copiously when I reached that passage and could not hear it often enough."

At school he was not noted for industry, but early displayed a facility for rhyming, and at the age of eighteen had finished his first drama, *Blanka von Kastilien*, written under the influence of Schiller. At about the same time he fell in love with a young opera singer who ignored him. The ill-success of his first love affair seems to have followed him through life, for he never married. In his plays he creates many women who are delightfully full of grace, tenderness and winsome charm. Yet he was essentially a solitary being and lays stress upon the necessity of preserving intact his liberty of action. For years he was engaged to marry Katharina Fröhlich, one of a family of three sisters, with whom he spent most of his time, and who in later life looked after his comfort with tender zeal. Grillparzer speaks in the highest terms of Katharina, attributing to himself all blame for the rupture. Notwithstanding which, his attitude toward women is sometimes cynical. One day in talking about marriage with Beethoven, he (Grillparzer) remarked that "Women who have minds have no body, and those who have bodies have no mind."

At the death of his father, in 1810, Grillparzer was thrown upon his own resources. He finally obtained a small position in the Imperial Library of Vienna, where he had ample time for browsing upon the Greek classics, Shakespeare and Calderon. His first real play, *Die Ahnfrau* (The Ancestors), was produced, thanks to the friendship of Schreyvogel, manager of the theatre, in January, 1817. Its theme is tragic and its atmosphere gloomy. It established Grillparzer's reputation with the critical few, but the public at first found

it depressing, only later acclaiming it as a work of extraordinary merit, notable for its poetic beauty, descriptive skill and dramatic movement.

During the fifty years following the production of *Die Ahnfrau*, he gave a dozen plays to the stage that are recognised as masterpieces in their way, and in a few instances received at once the stamp of public approval. The list comprises *Sappho*, *Das goldene Vlies* (The Golden Fleece), *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* (King Ottokar's Fortune and End), *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn* (A Faithful Servant of His Master), *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* (Waves of the Sea and of Love), *Weh dem, der Lügt* (Woe to Him who Lies), *Der Traum ein Leben* (The Dream, a Life), *Libussa*, *Esther*, *Ein Bruderkrieg in Habsburg* (A Brothers' Feud in the House of Habsburg), and *Die Jüdin von Toledo* (The Jewess of Toledo). Critical approval ranks *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* as Grillparzer's greatest poetic achievement.

In most of these dramas the poet uses national traditions. He was a patriot to the core. The style is admirable, the action is often stirring, and they are enriched throughout by the author's broad philosophy of life and sympathy with noble aspiration. Quotation is unfortunately impossible here.

Mr. Pollak gives valuable outlines of each plot, and where the fame of the play warrants it, extended quotations. To *Ottokars Glück* alone he devotes more than one hundred pages.

The close of Grillparzer's life, after years of neglect, was gladdened by national recognition. His funeral was the occasion of a demonstration such as no poet since Klopstock had evoked, and later, high critical praise has not been lacking. O. E. Lessing places Grillparzer in some respects above Schiller. Sauer gives to *Weh dem, der Lügt* a place in German literature akin to that of Shakespeare's fairy plays.

The book contains some interesting portraits of the poet, and other illustrations connected with the most important of his plays.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

XIV

"LE BLÉ QUI LÈVE"*

The labour troubles which have long agitated the cities and large towns of France have latterly made their appearance in the French country. In several sections the day-labourers of the rural communities, stimulated by the example or incited by the direct propaganda of the labourers of the urban communities, and incensed by a number of untoward local conditions (particularly by the very real prejudice the general adoption of machinery by the large farmers has caused them), have organised rural labour unions. Furthermore, these unions have indulged in demonstrations of class hatred, which have yielded nothing in bitterness and violence to the kindred manifestations of the labour unions of the towns. The rural unions, like the urban unions, have been rash, insolent, intolerant, unjust. They have mouthed the same tirades, have been consumed with the same feverish desire of change for the sake of change, have been afflicted with the same mania for petty politics, and have practiced the same tyranny. They have been enfeebled by the same jealousies and rent asunder by the same factional fights. And yet, by virtue, no doubt, of their greater closeness to nature, the rural unions possess a certain elemental dignity which the urban unions lack.

This agrarian upheaval, which by reason of its relative newness and its remoteness from the interests and activities of the capital, has been little exploited thus far in French literature, has found its adequate romancer in René Bazin, an Academician who has to his credit a long series of works remarkable for their affectionate and faithful portrayal of the more significant phases of French rural life. *Le Blé Qui Lève*, M. Bazin's latest work, centres about the varied undertakings of the Wood-cutters' Union of the village of Fonteneilles, near Corbigny, in the central department of La Nièvre.

"In the year 1891, and the two years following, the wood-cutters of La Nièvre leagued together to obtain an increase of their insufficient wages. In the woods,

**Le Blé Qui Lève*. By René Bazin. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.

during the loafing hours, in the cabarets, Sundays, and on the farms, where the labourers were brought together in large numbers by the threshing-machines, which had replaced the flails, they discussed the interests of their trade. Sounds which had not been heard for over a century mounted from under the copses or from between the hedgerows. Certain very old trees had been thrilled formerly by the passage of similar sounds. . . . 'Living,' 'life,' 'the child,' 'the home,' these primitive and significant words swelled the hearts of the men; and when they were through talking of their poverty they hurled defiant threats at the exploiters who lived at Nevers, or in the small towns, or in the open country, in houses built with the profit of the trees they had felled. Other words were uttered and dreams were recounted, in which all did not believe equally, but which entered the blood of all, for they were in the very air with its odours of young buds and springing herbs. In these dreams the following phrases appeared and reappeared: 'The future belongs to the people.' 'Democracy will create a new world.' 'The right to bread, the right to a pension, the right to share.' That year the forest was agitated. The saplings, periodically cut, murmured under the oaks, saying: 'We, as well as the big trees, have a right to the breezes of the upper air.'"

The hero of this uprising, the wood-cutter, Gilbert Cloquet, one of the founders of the union and its first president, had a strong affection for the soil and was possessed by a great yearning for justice (as he understood it). It was not long before this instinctive, uncompromising desire for justice, which constrained him to prevent the pillaging of the house of a lumber dealer (with whom the union had had difficulties) and to intervene when certain non-unionists were being roughly handled by strikers, had cost him his popularity with his fellow-unionists and his position as president of the union. The time came, moreover, when he was beaten nearly to death by his associates because he insisted on doing a piece of work which he had agreed to do, and which, according even to the rigid

rules of his union, he had a perfect right to do. His loyalty to his union was in no wise shaken by this disillusionising experience.

Being driven by a succession of family misfortunes to seek forgetfulness amid new surroundings, Gilbert Cloquet became an ox-herd on a farm in Picardie. A jovial and pious butcher of that region, who pitied him because of his sorrows, persuaded him to spend a few days in a religious retreat in Belgium. There the Christian ideal in all its fulness was revealed to him. Emerging thence a Christian Socialist, he returned to Fonteneilles, full of courage and hope, resolved to devote his declining years to imposing his new ideal upon the union of Fonteneilles, which he still loved.

Cloquet's hope of re-establishing social peace through the return of the rural labourers to the faith and practice of the fathers from which they have backslid is symbolised by the title of the novel, *Le Blé Qui Lève*.

At a time when religion, unless it be the sensuous Christianity "brightened by profane adornments" of Huysmans, the "somewhat attenuated Neo-Christianity" of Vicomte de Vogüé and Paul Desjardins, or the pious preciousness of Jules Lemaitre, is esteemed hopelessly old-fashioned in France, it is refreshing to find an author—not of the least—to whom traditional Christianity is so far a vital reality that he would prescribe it without embellishment, modification or apology for one of the most complicated problems of modern society. Nevertheless, the most religiously inclined person may be excused for feeling a bit dubious regarding the practical application of M. Bazin's remedy. It is just possible that M. Bazin himself has some misgivings in the matter. At any rate, he terminates his novel just as Gilbert Cloquet's interesting social experiment is about to be subjected to a conclusive test.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

XV

MR. WHITE'S "ARIZONA NIGHTS"*

It is not the least of Mr. White's virtues as a writer that he is prodigal of his

*Arizona Nights. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The McClure Company.

material. In the five years since *The Blazed Trail* brought him to general notice he has published half a dozen books, and, with possibly one exception, each of these contains material which, if developed, would make still another book of equal size. That notwithstanding this fact Mr. White's pages as they stand do not give the impression of being overcrowded is due to the unusual clearness of his mental vision and to a terse, vigorous style, which, without abruptness, often compacts into a sentence the pith of a paragraph.

Of this sort of writing the present book is an admirable example. It is divided into three parts, and of these the first, which carries the title of the volume, contains sixteen short stories bound together loosely by the fact that they are told at nightfall around the camp-fire of a party of cowboys, who are sweeping the Arizona country for straying cattle. The stories range from the adventures of a man with raiding Chiricahuas to a tale of buried treasure and a villainous one-armed sailor, who certainly is the same figure met with in another novel by Mr. White. And if more excitement can be found elsewhere in the same number of pages, I cannot at this time think of where it is. The same may also be said of the second part of the book, which, under the suggestive title of "The Two-Gun Man," springs a surprise on the reader at the very end of a tale of stolen cattle and of the man who, single-handed, engages for \$5,000 to bring back the cattle and the thief with them.

But there is much more in Mr. White's book than dare-devil deeds and gun-play and hairbreadth escapes. Were it not so, for all of the interest which these things breed in any healthy man, its author, considering his present position, would be fairly open to criticism for the atrocious blood-letting which marks certain passages—true though such happenings may be to the life described. It is the saving grace of even the most violent scenes that their ultimate effect upon the mind is to throw into bold relief the primary courage, the rugged sense of right and wrong, which, when all is said and done, are really responsible for the conquering of the Southwest and for its redemption

from lawlessness. A good deal of false glamour has been thrown about the cowboy; Mr. White's stories are by way of dissipating some of this misstatement. They put the cowboy where he belongs and give us a hard-riding, loyal, straightforward man with a keen sense of broad humour, ready sympathy for the under dog, if only he has done his best; quick passions and a zest for whatever savours of excitement. They give us, too, word pictures of the cattleman's business which are the best thing of the kind yet put into print. Perhaps fifty pages in all would hold what Mr. White has had to say directly about the drive, the round-up, the cutting out and the branding of the herd; but everywhere in the book the talk of the cowboys, their by-play and incidental references furnish what fills in the actual narrative and sharpens its essential points.

Throughout this volume, too, as was to be expected, is in evidence Mr. White's gift for panoramic description of wild country. I know of no one else writing at the present time who puts the mesa, the mountain and the desert land of the Southwest as well as the woods of our one-time Michigan wilds before you with the vividness and conviction that he does, and even in the two books which he has devoted exclusively to this sort of description he has not been more successful than here. Certainly the changing wonders of the Arizona dawn and sunset were never more nearly captured and put upon paper than they are in one or more of the passages in this book.

The last eighty pages of the volume are taken up with a story, "The Rawhide," which will arouse a good many readers. It was something hardly to be expected from Mr. White, and opinions upon it are likely to differ widely. It is a tragedy in effect, and, for the horror of its climax, compares well with a familiar story by Poe. The story itself is not especially new—merely that of a man well on in years, who has fought the battle of life hard, has made his stake and abruptly concludes that he needs a wife. Once he has her he realises that his plan that she shall be the companion of his work and pleasures on his ranch is futile. And yet he manages to comfort himself

with the thought that, at any rate, she is *his*—that always he has her at home. Then comes the awakening, and, finding her gone with another man, he pursues and captures them both on the desert. His punishment of the couple is suggested by the woman's fascinated watch of the action of drying rawhide, and this punishment he carries out with a diabolical calmness that fairly chills the blood. That Mr. White has made the husband relent at the last moment relieves the conception of its horror but little, and, for all that, it represents some of his best writing and is dramatically strong. The wisdom of including the story in the present volume is to be questioned.

Churchill Williams.

XVI

"THE NEW RELIGION"*

One wonders if a layman—a healthy layman, at least—be the proper person to review Maarten Maartens's new novel, nor is it likely, on the other hand, that a physician will be apt to give an impartial opinion of it, though he, no doubt, could throw much light upon its subject, an' he would. *The New Religion*, as the Dutch author sees it, is the cult of health, or, to be exact, of the exorcism of disease, with the physician as its high-priest, the basis of all human faiths being apparently something that the multitude cannot understand, whether it be modern science or Kantian metaphysics. The personal equation counts for more in the case of this novel than in that of most in the shaping of the opinion of the reader. The invalid who has been cured will disapprove of it; he who has failed to find bodily salvation may agree with it, though, since hope springs eternal, he is more likely to refuse, and to transfer his faith to some other modern medicine-man still untried. The serious scientist, devoting his life to the service of mankind, will probably lay it aside unanswered, because he is too busy endeavouring to learn and do good; the quack will loudly denounce it. Meanwhile, the New Religion, like many old ones, will run its course, and, in its turn, will fall

*The New Religion. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

into neglect, when mankind, in its pragmatic way, has drawn from it all the benefits it can be made to yield. Then the faithful will be outnumbered by the sceptics, and these in turn by the agnostics. Nor will the iconoclasts be lacking. George Bernard Shaw is their forerunner, to whom disinfectant fluid and sulphur fumes are but new disguises of holy-water and incense, and scientific experiments nothing but the miracles of priestcraft adapted to the changed needs of persistent credulity. So, at least, he tells us, along with many other striking things. Yet one can imagine him taking hasty recourse to the modern holy-water, incense and miracles even before the arrival of physician and board of health.

Mr. Maartens is not an iconoclast, at best a half-hearted sceptic, and herein lies the weakness of his book. He writes of the idle rich, whose devotion (which, in matters physical as in those spiritual, is in its essence too often a desire to escape consequences) has been shifted from the priest to the doctor, who "go into retreat" and fast in sanatoria instead of in religious houses, who pay their wealth for the benefit of their uncomfortable bodies instead of their disquieted consciences, who endow hospitals, not churches. They assume the garb of poverty just as they did in the days of another faith, and they find honest and dishonest physicians of the body as formerly of the soul. Troublesome penitents are sent on pilgrimages to distant spas, as once they were despatched to Rome or the Holy Land; and in the market-place the quack sells to rich and poor alike the modern indulgences—patent medicines and mechanical contraptions called electrical. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, says Mr. Maartens. The much-disputed *vis medicatrix naturæ* figures in his book in one concrete case as the result of prayer.

At the head of the hierarchy of the New Religion in this story stands an English prince of science, a nerve specialist, a man avid of wealth and distinction, who takes commissions on the patients he sends to institutions abroad, who has turned his profession into a trade, but who yet is credited with many

cures. Maarten Maartens has a habit of drawing semi-portraits in his novels; no doubt this is one. It is an unpleasant picture, but it reflects no more upon the medical profession as a whole than did a similar picture of an out-and-out quack in Daudet's *Nabab*, the American Dr. Jenkins with his *pillules à base d'arsénique*. By the side of this Englishman is placed a Swiss, an enthusiastic servant of humanity, whose secret of health lies in the imitation of the diet and habits of monkeys. He, too, performs many wonders, preserving the reputation of his shrine by rejecting incurables, or sending his patients away the moment they grow worse. Then there are young physicians, the discoveries of women (the analogy with interesting young priests needs hardly be pointed out), and, finally, the conscientious, hardworking general practitioner, to whom the vilest of trades remains the noblest of professions. In all his physicians but this one and an enthusiastic beginner, Maarten Maartens mingles good motives and bad, self-seeking and devoted service, science and charlatanism, but his picture is not merely unpleasant, it is unconvincing as well, and in its general effect unjust. Still, the book arrests the attention, it is so undeniably timely. As a story, it is readable on account of some clever sketches of women, and of its epigrammatic observations by the way.

A. Schade van Westrum.

XVII

"FATHER AND SON"*

Anonymity, as Mr. Benson has taught us, may be a purely formal matter. Even before the appearance of the book entitled *Father and Son* it was given out semi-officially that it was the work of Mr. Edmund Gosse. The information was in any case superfluous, for scarcely the slightest effort at concealment has been made. Evidently the suppression of the author's name had another purpose, which becomes beautifully clear as one reads the book. The transparent disguise enables Mr. Gosse, with the most exquisite tact, to give this astonishing

**Father and Son: Biographical Recollections.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

self-revelation an impersonal, objective tone, while it retains the authority of an unimpeachable document. To take it as other than a literal record of fact would be stupid as well as an insult to the man who wrote it. It has every mark of authenticity.

It is the story of the author's childhood, and chiefly of his relations to his father. Mr. Gosse was born September 21, 1849. His father was a scientist of considerable attainments and wide reputation, both as an investigator and as a populariser—"an honest hodman of science," Huxley once called him. Born of a decaying middle-class family, the dominating motive of his life was not scientific, but religious. He was a leader in a small sect known as "Plymouth Brethren," a loose organisation distinguished for austerity and rigid adherence to the precepts of Calvinism. A man of morbid conscience and fervent piety, Puritan to the core, he was brought by his profession face to face with the problems raised by the quickening of science in the first half of the last century. As a scientist he belonged with Lyell, Darwin, Wallace, Hooker, and Huxley, all of whom he knew. But Calvinism was ingrained in him; the authority of the revealed Word of God was the cornerstone of his life. The choice seems to have been offered to him definitely in Darwin's formulation of the doctrine of the mutability of species. He rejected the new view, and published a ridiculous book intended to justify the Biblical account of the Creation, and so reconcile religion and science. To the end of his life, more than a quarter of a century later, he remained faithful to his rigid theology.

His wife, who was four years older than he—they were married when she was forty-two—was a no less remarkable character. In her day she was perhaps as celebrated as her husband, by reason of her religious poetry and tracts. She was of the same sect, and the two had been drawn together by their common religious faith. Her son has etched her character with marvellous delicacy—a noble, gentle, heroic soul, sensitive and self-effacing, who had learned under the teaching of her stern creed to stifle her

natural longings for beauty and light; an early Christian ascetic born out of due time. She died before her son was seven.

Such were the parents of the child whose life is the subject of these pages. The drama that unfolds itself is highly symbolic; it epitomises in a personal experience of poignant interest the clash of opposite temperaments—the contest between a dying Puritanism and the new spirit of the age. The child was perhaps not essentially different from thousands of other children, though more than ordinarily delicate and sensitive. But his soul was warped by the false religious training to which it was subjected. From his birth he was "dedicated to the Lord," like Samuel. Living alone with these middle-aged parents, cut off from all companionship with other children, he was indoctrinated with all the tenets of Puritanism almost before he could walk. Not a story did he read or hear before he was ten years old, not a picture or representation of a statue did he see, not a line of poetry did he know, aside from religious and didactic verse. The life of the parents, unhealthy as it was, could not have been unhappy. They found unceasing entertainment, for instance, in the "interpretation" of Scripture, making applications of alleged prophecies and calculating ingeniously the date of the Second Coming. The morbidising effect of such occupations on the child is only too apparent. For recreation he helped the father in his scientific pursuits, or spent hours making drawings and writing treatises which were parodies of the man's work. He was precocious in absorbing the theological food that was given him, so that at ten he was received into the communion of the Brethren as an adult—an event not a little flattering to his vanity and self-righteousness, as he records. But already the germs of doubt were present. Gradually he learned to question and doubt this whole theological system. Step by step the record follows him as he fought his way out from the dominance of his father's will and found his own individuality, until the definite break with the old religion came when he was seventeen.

Not, however, as a history of religious development is this book chiefly remark-

able, but as a study of character. To many of the present generation, who have been mercifully spared the struggle out of this religious bondage, the father may appear a fantastic creature—a figure of fiction, drawn with rare skill, but without counterpart in our life to-day. Only those who have known the Puritan spirit as it still survives here and there can testify to its literal truthfulness. The genuineness of the other characters is beyond dispute: the sensitive, acute child, the pathetic mother, the step-mother (a wholesome figure of normal womanhood), certain subordinate characters of rich humanity, some of them touched with the true spirit of comedy. I had marked dozens of passages for quotation, but it is hard to quote from a work so organic, in which every part fits into and supports every other part. Passages there are of exquisite insight, of seasoned reflection, of pathos and of delightful humour; but they all go to the making of a picture of life that must be seen as a whole. As a personal revelation, this book must take its place in the small group that includes such vital records of the soul as *Amiel's Journal* and *The Story of an African Farm*.

Ward Clark.

XVIII

MRS. ATHERTON'S "ANCESTORS"

One who knew and loved old San Francisco is perhaps no fair critic of such a book as Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's *Ancestors*, which is an attempt to convey in fiction that strange, attractive, mad city which the gods took unto themselves. An outlander who had peeped into the city is the one to say if she has succeeded; the present writer admits incompetence in this respect at the very beginning.

The larger plan of the book is a mistake; and this mistake handicaps the author in telling her story. A young Englishman, a power in the House of Commons, meets the double disappointment of an unhappy love affair and a succession to a peerage. He is "kicked upstairs"; in the House of Lords, with which he has no sympathy, he must fail

**Ancestors*. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper and Brothers.

in the career of which he dreams. He has American blood in him; he owns estates in California. Guided largely by the Californian heroine (whose ultimate destiny he is from the first), he renounces Great Britain and sails for the United States with the intention of cutting out a career for himself in American politics. He has an eye on the United States Senate, it seems. This is a bizarre device, strained, improbable; it takes no very wide knowledge of American politics to see the ultimate finish of such an ambition. But Mrs. Atherton takes it as seriously as that cool, powerful hero of hers. In the first half of her book, which is set among country families in England, he is a real man, alive, convincing. She might have finished up that first part with a chapter or two and left it a wholly sound and sincere piece of work. But when she shifts him out of his environment, when she starts him on a career in California which is to blossom into Americanism in the heat of the great disaster—then the picture begins to blur.

It may be presumed that Mrs. Atherton had an artistic purpose at bottom for taking this method of presenting San Francisco. She wanted to show it through European glasses, to present its splendours, its contradictions, its complexities, as an Old World pair of eyes might see them. The method was at fault. A character thrown into a work of pure fiction for such a part must be in the chorus, not in the lead. It is the backer in the corner, the reporter on the benches, who tells how a fight went; not the fighter struggling in the ring.

In still another sense, the author has attempted a thing beyond human powers. All Californian writers have hugged the delusion that some day some one would arise with the great Californian novel, which should convey the wonder and romance of San Francisco from Nob Hill to Tar Flat. One novel may describe, may make real and vivid, a neighbourhood, a village or a street; but who ever put a whole metropolis into one book? Dickens—he takes a dozen novels to complete his picture; London lives in no one of them. Thackeray, Trollope—they painted broad on many canvases. What one book of Balzac's, what six books,

conveyed the Paris of his time? It took a cycle. New York—no one has ever done it for New York. Now, San Francisco was a metropolis; though smaller than New York by seven-eighths, it had all metropolitan activities. It preserved, too, certain curious and subtle differences from any other metropolis in the world; peculiarities so delicate in their distinctions that to convey them, to make the picture convincing and sincere, would have taken a vast deal of writing. Yet the late Frank Norris believed to his death that some day, when he was mature enough in his art, he would write the great novel of San Francisco. He was on the right track, although he had not yet learned it. *McTeague*, *Moran of the Lady Letty* and *Blix* pictured truly three corners of the city. A dozen more, each successively stronger with the growth of his powers, and he might have accomplished it. But it would have been a cycle, not a single novel. Now Gertrude Atherton, from the very character of her talent, is even less likely to accomplish such a feat. Her power of imagination is always greater than her skill in writing, her perception of human psychology better than her ability to convey it. She has taken a dozen novels and tried to compress them into one. For example, take *Stone*, the painter. There was a type unique to San Francisco. The Bohemian artist, sunk in his Bohemianism, preaching art for art's sake and taking it out in preaching, swamped in a long-lasting and irresponsible youth—how many of these an old San Franciscan can remember! He stands on Russian Hill above the burning city, knocks the neck from the last bottle of champagne, and, sweeping his glass over the conflagration, drinks to chaos:

Here's to Zinkand's, Tait's, the Palace Grill!
The Poodle Dog! The Pup! Delmonico's!
Coppa's! The Fashion! The Hotel de France!
And here's to the Cocktail Route, the Tenderloin, and the Bohemian Club! And here's to the old city, whose like will never be seen this side of Hell again!

He, with his little, practical, faithful wife, a snow-bird mated to a humming-bird—they are probably more true than any other characters of *Ancestors*. Even

with them, however, one feels that the unfoldment has been too hurried for lack of space.

Will Irwin.

XIX

HARRISON RHODES'S "THE FLIGHT TO EDEN"*

The first chapter of this story is striking; it gives promise of more than actually follows. This is the situation: A young man about town, whose pleasures have been the ordinary pleasures of his kind, falls in love, honestly according to his code, with an innocent girl. He marries her and makes her happy, which does not mean that he eschews his cakes and ale. On the contrary, he lightheartedly continues, from the first, his course of petty amours with music-hall beauties and the like. Society has bred him to take that sort of thing as a matter of course; and he has no serious qualms. With his clubs, his mistresses, and his home time passes very pleasantly; and there is no apparent reason why it should not continue so to pass forever. But a natural, if unexpected, thing happens: One of the discarded concubines out of jealousy and spite puts the young wife on the track of the latest favourite. The husband is discovered in *flagrante delicto*. The wife commits suicide.

Reduced to these bald terms, the whole thing sounds distinctly commonplace, but in Mr. Rhodes's hands it does not lack glamour. The gloss of rank is not a small asset; this is a tragedy in very high life. Lord Basil is the son of a marquis, and Lady Kitty is the daughter of a duke. Money is no object, and nobody has to work. Everybody is free to make a mess of life in his own way, since a really complete and happy savagery is the button on the cap of civilisation. Lord Basil is a much better fellow than his father or his brother—a pair of libidinous and drunken rascals, whose manners, even, are execrable.

Mr. Rhodes possesses the art, now growing less rare among our novelists, of expressing the hard and often brutal facts of life among "the best set" with

*The Flight to Eden. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

equal frankness and suavity. He does not mince matters, but records them with a tranquil nonchalance which seems to deprecate anything so crude as an exhibition of feeling on the reader's part. We are not to be sentimental or objugatory; this is the kind of thing that happens, and really one might as well consider it dispassionately. There is much to be said for this method; in Mrs. Wharton's hands, for example, it has worked wonders. Mr. Rhodes employs it effectively in his opening chapter.

But a "strong" situation and a discreet style do not make a good novel. No doubt *The Flight to Eden* will be hailed by the newspapers as a powerful story, because various unpleasant things happen and there is plain, if urbane, speech about them. But it is not a powerful story. The idea of it—that of a return to nature—is an inexhaustibly fruitful idea, and there is a certain mild interest in the present adaptation of it. Lord Basil's flight has two rather paltry motives: the fear of open disgrace and the fear of continued mischief among women. The mother of his dead wife orders him to leave England on penalty of exposure; he is really left no choice in the matter. His flight therefore is primarily an escape from social justice, not an escape from the vanities of the world to the realities of a solitude infinitely to be preferred for its own sake. It is, in a sense, a willing withdrawal from the temptations of the world. Lord Basil feels that he has harmed women sufficiently (they have perhaps come to bore him a little with the charms which he still finds irresistible), and he is not forlorn at the prospect of banishment to a spot in which, he overconfidently supposes, the deadly swish of the petticoat will not be heard.

To Florida, then, he goes, by no means a heroic figure. There he finds a portion of the coast lands which his mother has made over to him occupied by a squatter, who has been in undisturbed possession for many years. This man has had a curious history, which we need not go into. Enough to say that he is a wealthy misanthrope, who lives in the ruins of his once fine mansion in the company of his wife, two daughters, and an uncertain number of swine. His chief pleasures

are brutal and filthy speech, beating his "cracker" wife and collecting unsavoury provender for his pets. The swill-worship motive recurs persistently throughout the narrative. There is, however, a rose-worship motive, which does what it may toward deodorising the atmosphere and restoring the æsthetic equilibrium. Its high-priestess is the younger daughter of the misanthrope. With her, not to our overwhelming surprise, Lord Basil falls in love, and to her, after driving her to an attempted suicide, he is safely wed. He has become the head of the family, but he cannot trust either himself or his wife in England. So they find an Eden in the Everglades, remote from fashion, and free from the perilous problems of sex due to the presence of numbers; and there live blameless and happy forever after. The truth is, Lord Basil is an essentially insignificant person; it is impossible to feel profound interest in his susceptibilities or his compunctions. The candle is hardly worth the game.

H. W. Boynton.

XX

MR. CONRAD'S "THE SECRET AGENT"*

Mr. Joseph Conrad renders difficult the task of reviewing *The Secret Agent* by already having written *Lord Jim*, *Youth* and the rest of his splendid list of titles. By them we know what he can do. Therefore we cannot dismiss *The Secret Agent* with a few well-chosen words to the effect that it is a readable story, with flashes of humour and passages of gripping realism.

The book has to do with anarchists, diplomats, policemen and stodgy middle-class English people. Of the lot, all but the Professor with his *nth* power explosive are either opéra bouffe or treated as such. In that we touch the chief fault of the book. Mr. Conrad sketches for us a half-dozen characters from the standpoint of delicately satiric contempt, the sort of contempt that refuses to take seriously either the motives, temperaments or actions of the specimens at which it laughs. Mr. Hichens in *The Londoners* and *The Prophet of Berkeley*

*The Secret Agent. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Square offers a good example of what I mean. The Secret Agent himself pays "visitations" which "set in with great severity." He is "steady like a rock—a soft kind of rock." The diplomat has "the air of a preternaturally thriving baby that will not stand nonsense from anybody." The three anarchists gathered in the little back shop are cowardly, fat, decrepit, futile. Probably they were so, and Mr. Conrad intends to show just these qualities in apposition to the swift terror of the dynamite outrage. But he overdoes it. One feels that after the fall of the curtain they will go forth to the consumption of beer—real beer, not the property beer they drink in the book.

And then, without any real reason for it, we are offered mangled flesh scooped up with a shovel, and gentlemen with carving knives in their bosoms, and abandoned crazed ladies leaping from channel steamers.

The only excuse for a book with a "disagreeable ending," so-called, is an exact realism that makes the tragedy inevitable from the first. Witness *The Heart of Darkness*. When an author's personal bias is permitted in any way to intrude, it weakens by just so much the convincing quality of his work.

In several other ways *The Secret Agent* seems to have been written from the blind spot of Mr. Conrad's literary vision. The long and rambling description of the old mother on her way to the poorhouse—excellent enough in itself—has absolutely "nothing to do with the case." Comrade Ossipon's intrusion into the big tragedies at the end seems to me a trifle irrelevant, not to say impertinent. Mr. Verloc, after having the book named for him, holds with difficulty the title rôle, and is finally knifed and left on the sofa while the story, with unexpected tenacity of life and fickleness of affection, fastens on the heretofore unimportant Mrs. Verloc and follows her through fifty-odd pages, only to abandon her with equal unexpectedness in favour of the Professor. And heretofore the Professor's sole mission in life seemed to have been that of picturesqueness and the invention of an explosive.

With it all is Mr. Conrad's marvellous faculty of fixing a scene in suspension

as by a flash of lightning, his power of bringing out a character by a multiplicity of little touches, the insight that has made his work a delight. The imaginative reader can see readily enough what he is after. Only he has not done it.

Stewart Edward White.

XXI

OCTAVE THANET'S "THE LION'S SHARE" *

This is an honest little book certainly. For the modest price of purchase it offers a bewildering assortment of thrilling incident and adventure. It is comparable only to a Christmas bargain counter. Everything there that man, woman, or child could possibly desire, from the San Francisco earthquake, and the assassination by bomb of a multi-millionaire railroad magnate, down to the details of an exciting hand at bridge. What more could we ask for? There is the kidnapping of the railroad magnate, there is a double kidnapping, first pretended, then real, of a young boy; there is a hold-up of the cross-continent express; there is a preliminary stabbing of the multi-millionaire before the bomb gets in its fine work; there is a lot of Sherlock Holmes doings on the part of an interfering old army officer who is an unbearable prig—one could keep on like this for a dozen lines at least. There are plenty of motor cars of course, no modern story is complete without them, and there is much bridge whist. Everybody is spying on everybody else, everybody is doing amateur or professional detective work on his own hook, and it would take a Sherlock

*The Lion's Share. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Holmes to follow the intricacies of the plot. It reads like some electrical toy, the kind you wind up and then let it go to see what happens. One suspects that the author has worked on the same principle. She has piled on the incident until she does not know just what to do to get out of the tangle. Then somebody is stabbed, or somebody else turns up suddenly, or something happens; there is a lot of explanation that doesn't explain anything, and off it all starts again on the same bewildering round.

If the book were intended frankly for a story of adventure, probable or improbable, it certainly would fulfil the requirements. But there is an evident intention to make it something more, a desire to take in, in serious discussion, all the details of our complex modern life. There is now and then an attempt at character drawing, and there are frequent long digressions on bridge whist, high finance, and various other subjects, digressions which are sometimes justified by the story, sometimes not. In the latter case they look as if the author was trying to air her intimate knowledge, technical knowledge à la Zola, of the subject treated. Readers on the lookout for adventure only will skip these passages and will read the rest of the book eagerly—provided they can keep the thread of the story. Those who have expected something better from Octave Thanet will be disappointed. There are some passages regarding the evils of centralisation of industry which are well written. Just as we begin to feel a genuine interest in the point of view, off goes the story on its mad whirl again, and all thoughtful coherence is lost.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

YALE'S NEW BATTLE HYMN

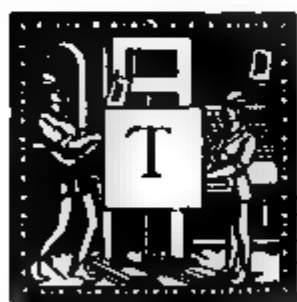
MOTHER OF MEN

Mother of Men, grown strong in giving
Honour to them thy lights have led—
Rich in the toil of thousands living,
Proud of the deeds of thousands dead;
We who have felt thy power, and known thee,
We in whose work thy gifts avail—
High in our hearts enshrined enthrone thee,
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

Spirit of Youth, alive, unchanging,
Under whose feet the years are cast—
Heir to an ageless empire, ranging
Over the future and the past—
Thee, whom our fathers loved before us,
Thee, whom our sons unborn shall hail,
Praise we to-day in sturdy chorus,
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

NOTE—For years Yale men have felt that their University lacked a hymn of the spirit and fire of Princeton's "Old Nassau." Many attempts have been made to supply this deficiency, and for the past three years there has been a prize of three hundred dollars offered. This prize was recently awarded to Brian Hooker, Yale, 1902, for "Mother of Men." The music for "Mother of Men" was written by S. D. Bingham, Yale, 1897.—Editors of THE BOOKMAN

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE



O the English traveller in America the language which he hears spoken about him is at once a puzzle and a surprise. It is his own, yet not his own. It seems to him a caricature of English, a phantom speech, ghostly yet familiar, such as he might hear in a land of dreams. He recognises its broad lineaments; its lesser details evade or confuse him. He acknowledges that the two tongues have a common basis. Their grammatical framework is identical. The small change of language—the adverbs and prepositions—though sometimes strangely used in America, are not strange to an English ear. And there the precise resemblance ends. Accent, idiom, vocabulary, give a

new turn to the ancient speech. The traveller feels as though he were confronted with an old friend tricked out in an odd suit of clothes, and master of a new pose and unaccustomed gesture.

The Americans are commonly reported to speak through their nose. A more intimate acquaintance with their manner belies this reputation. It is rather a drawl that afflicts the ear than a nasal twang. You notice in every sentence a curious shifting of emphasis. America, with the true instinct of democracy, is determined to give all parts of speech an equal chance. The modest pronoun is not to be outdone by the blustering substantive or the self-asserting verb. And so it is that the native American hangs upon the small words; he does not clip and sheer the unimportant voca-

bles, and what his tongue loses in colour it gains in distinctness.

If the American continent had been colonised by Englishmen before the invention of printing, we might have watched the growth of another Anglo-Saxon tongue separate and characteristic. American might have wandered as far from English as French or Spanish has wandered from Latin. It might have invented fresh inflections and shaped its own syntax. But the black art of Gutenberg had hindered the free development of speech, before John Smith set foot in what was afterward called Virginia, and the easy interchange of books, newspapers, and other merchandise insured a certain uniformity. And so it was that the Americans, having accepted a ready-made system of grammar, were forced to express their fancy in an energetic and multi-coloured vocabulary. Nor do they attempt to belittle their debt. Rather they claim in English an exclusive privilege. Those whose pleasure it is to call America "God's own country" tell us with a bluff heartiness that they are the sole inheritors of the speech which Chaucer and Shakespeare adorned. It is their favourite boast that they have preserved the old language from extinction. They expend a vast deal of ingenuity in the fruitless attempt to prove that even their dialects have their roots deep down in the soil of classical English. And when proofs are demanded, they are indeed a sorry few. A vast edifice of mistaken pride has been established upon the insecure basis of three words—fall, gotten, and bully. These once were familiar English, and they are English no more. The word "fall," "the fall of the leaf," which beautifully echoes the thought if spring survives only in our provinces. It makes but a furtive and infrequent appearance in our literature. Chaucer knows it not, nor Shakespeare. Johnson cites but one illustration of its use—from Dryden:

What crowds of patients the town-doctor
kills,
Or how last fall he rais'd the weekly bills.

On the other side of the Atlantic it is universally heard and written. There the word "autumn" is unknown and

though there is a dignity in the Latin word, ennobled by our orators and poets, there is none with a sense of style who will not applaud the choice of America.

But if it may take a lawful pride in "fall," America need not boast the use of "gotten." The termination, which survives by an unexplained accident of language, adds nothing of sense or sound to the word. It is like a piece of dead wood in a tree, and is better lopped off. Nor does the use of "bully" prove a wholesome respect for the past. It is true that our Elizabethans used this adjective in the sense of great or noble. "Come," writes Ben Jonson in *The Poetaster*, "I love bully Horace."*

But in England the word was never of universal application, and was sternly reserved for poets, kings and heroes. In modern America there is nothing that may not be "bully," if it meet with your approval. "A bully place," "a bully boat," "a bully blaze"—these show how far the word has departed from its origin. And its descent is not unbroken. Overlooked for centuries, it was revived (or re-invented) in America some fifty years ago, and it is not to Dekker and Ben Jonson that we must look for palliation of its misuse.

Words have their fates. By a caprice of fortune one is taken, another is left. This is restricted to a narrow use; that wanders free over the plain of meaning. And thus we may explain many of the variations of English and American speech. A simple word crosses the ocean and takes new tasks upon itself. The word "parlour," for instance, is dying in our midst, while "parlor" gains a fresh vigour from an increasing and illegitimate employment. Originally, a room in a religious house, a parlour (or parloir) became a place of reception or entertainment. Two centuries ago an air of elegance hung about it. It suggested spinets and powdered wigs. And then as fashion turned to commonness, the parlour grew stuffy with disuse, until it is to-day

*Innumerable examples might be culled from the literature of the seventeenth century. One other will suffice here, taken from Dekker's *Shoemakers' Holiday*: "Yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-ball with it, to please my bully king."

the room reserved for a vain display, consecrated to wax flowers and framed photographs, hermetically sealed, save when the voice of gentility bids its furtive door be opened. The American "parlor" resembles the "parlour" of the eighteenth century as little as the "parlour" of the Victorian age. It is busy, public, and multifarious. It means so many things that at last it carries no other meaning than that of a false elegance. It is in a dentist's parlor that the American's teeth are gilded; he is shaved in a tonsorial parlor; he travels in a parlor car; and in Miss Maudie's parlor sees how far an ancient word may wander from its origin. One example, of many, will illustrate the accidents which beset the life of words. No examples will justify the paradox, which has flattered the vanity of some American critics, that their language has faithfully adhered to the tradition of English speech.

The vocabulary of America, like the country itself, is a strange medley. All the languages of Europe, besides Yiddish, have been pilfered for its composition. Some words it has assimilated into itself, others it holds, as it were, by a temporary loan. And in its choice or invention it follows two divergent, even opposite paths. On the one hand it pursues and gathers to itself barbarous, inexpressive Latinisms; on the other, it is eager in its quest after a free and living slang. That a country which makes a constant boast of its practical intelligence should delight in long, flat, cumbersome collections of syllables, such as "locate," "operate," "antagonise," "transportation," "commutation," and "proposition," is an irony of civilisation. These words, if words they may be called, are hideous to the eye, offensive to the ear, and meaningless to the brain. They are the base coins of language. They bear upon their face no decent superscription. They are put upon the street, fresh from some smasher's den, and not even the newspapers, contemptuous as they are of style, have reason to be proud of them. Nor is there any clear link between them and the work thrust upon them. Why should the poor holder of a season-ticket have the grim

word "commutation" hung about his neck? Why should the simple business of going from one place to another be labelled "transportation"? And these words are apt and lucid compared with "proposition." Now "proposition" is America's maid of all work. It means everything or nothing. It may be masculine, feminine, neuter—he, she, it. It is tough or firm, cold or warm, according to circumstances. But it has no more sense than an expletive, and its popularity is a clear proof of a starved imagination.

And while the American language is collecting these dried and shrivelled specimens of verbiage it does not disdain the many-coloured flowers of lively speech. In other words, it gives as ready a welcome to the last experiment in slang as to its false and pompous Latinisms. Nor is the welcome given in vain. Never before in the world's history has slang flourished as it has flourished in America, and its triumph is not surprising. It is more than any artifice of speech the mark of a young and changing people. Youth has a natural love of metaphor and imagery; its pride delights in the mysteries of a technical vocabulary; it is happiest when it can fence itself about by the privilege of an exclusive and obscure tongue. And what is slang but metaphor? There is no class, no cult, no trade, no sport which will not provide some strange words or images to the general stock of language, and America's variety has been as quick an encouragement to the growth of slang as her youth. She levies contributions upon every batch of immigrants. The Old World has thus come to the aid of the New. Spanish, Chinese, German and Yiddish have all paid their toll. The aboriginal speech of the Indians, and its debased lingo, Chinook, have given freely of their wealth. And not only many tongues but many employments have enhanced the picturesqueness of American slang. Now, America has not yet lost touch with her beginnings. The spirit of adventure is still strong within her. There is no country within whose borders so many lives are led. The pioneer still jostles the millionaire. The backwoods are not far distant from Wall

Street. The farmers of Ohio, the cowboy of Texas, the miners of Nevada, owe allegiance to the same Government, and shape their same speech each to their own purpose. Every State is a separate country, and cultivates a separate dialect. Then come baseball, poker, and the race-course, with their own metaphors to swell the hoard. And the result is a language of the street and camp, brilliant in colour, multiform in character, which has not a rival in the history of speech.

There remains the cant of the grafters and guns, the coves that work upon the cross in the great cities. In England, as in France, this strange gibberish is the oldest and richest form of slang. Whence it came is still a puzzle of the philologists. Harrison in his *Description of England* (1577) with a dogmatism which is not justified sets a precise date upon its invention. "In counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues," says he of the vagabonds, who then infested England, "they have devised a language among themselves which they name Canting, but others Pedlar's French, a speech compact thirty years since of English, and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason, and yet such is it that none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, a just reward no doubt for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession." This lingo, called indifferently Thieves' Latin or St. Giles's Greek, was assuredly not the invention of one brain. The work of many, it supplied an imperious need. It was at once an expression of pride and a shield of defence. Those who understood it proved by its use that they belonged to a class apart; and, being unintelligible to the respectable majority, they could communicate with one another secretly, as they hoped, and without fear of detection. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the flash tongue grew and was changed; it crossed the Atlantic with the early settlers; and it has left its marks upon the dialect of the American underworld. But its influence upon the common slang has been light in America, as in England. It is as severely technical as the language of science, and is familiar chiefly

to policemen, tramps and informers. As slang leaves the tavern and the street-corner to invade the theatre, the office and even the drawing-room, those who aim at a variety of speech need not borrow from the cant of the vagabonds, and it is not surprising that to-day the vulgar tongue, in America as in England, borrows more from "soldiers on the long march, seamen at the capstern, and ladies disposing of fish," than from the common cursitors and cony-catchers, who once dominated it.

The use of slang proves at once the wealth and poverty of a language. It proves its wealth when it reflects a living, moving image. It proves its poverty, when it is nothing more than the vain echo of a familiar catchword. At its best it is an ornament of speech; at its worst it is a labour-saving device. And it is for this reason that the vulgar American delights in the baser kind of slang: it seems to insure him an easy effect. He must be picturesque at all costs. Sometimes he reaches the goal of his ambition by a purposed extravagance. What can be more foolish than the description which follows of a man equal to the most difficult occasion: "He can light his cigar when the battle is on with the friction of a passing cannon-ball." In yet worse taste is another piece of fustian invented by the same author: "When a 'twister' off the hills gets ready to do business in a 20-knot sou'wester it sends no messenger boys ahead to distribute its itinerary handbills." There is no fault of style which these few lines do not display. They combine, with a singular success, commonness and pomp. The epic poets of old were wont to illustrate the life of man by the phenomena of nature. The vulgar American reverses the process: he illustrates nature by the pavement.

Exaggeration, then, is an easy artifice of effect. Another is the constant repetition of certain words and phrases which have lost their meaning by detrition, and yet are known to all. Not to be disappointed is sometimes as pleasant as to be surprised. A catchword, passed from one to another, is often a signal of sympathy, and many a man has passed for a wit merely because his tinkling

brain has given back the echo which was expected. In stereotyped phrases, in ready-made sentences, in the small change of meaningless words the American language is peculiarly rich. "To cut ice," "to get next to," "to deliver the goods"—these and similar expressions, of no obvious merit in themselves, long ago lost their freshness and are not likely to assume a dignity with age. But they save trouble; they establish an understanding between him who speaks and him who hears; and when they are interjected into a discourse they serve the purpose of gestures. To exclaim "I should smile," or "I should cough," is not of much help in an argument, but it implies a knowledge not merely of popular speech, but of your interlocutor.

Slang is better heard than read. The child of the street or the hedgerow, it assumes in print a smug air which does not belong to it, or worse still it is charged with the vice or the vagabondage which it expresses. And so it is that slang words have a life as closely packed with adventure as is the life of those who use them with the quickest understanding. To ask what becomes of last year's slang is as rash as to speculate on the fate of last year's literature. Many specimens perish in the gutter, where they were born, after living a precarious life in the mouths of men. Others are gathered into dictionaries, and survive to become the sport of philologists. For the worst of their kind special lexicons are designed, which, like prisons and workhouses, admit only the disreputable, as though Victor Hugo's definition—"*L'argot, c'est le verbe devenir forçat*"—were amply justified. The journals, too, which take their material where they find it, give to many specimens of slang a life as long as their own. It is scarcely possible, for instance, to pick up a newspaper that does not turn the word *cinch* to some strange purpose. The form and origin of the word are worthy a better fate. It passed from Spain into the Western States, and was the name given to saddle-girths of leather or woven horsehair. It suggests Mexican horsemanship and the open prairie. The explanation given in the Century Dictionary will make clear its meaning to the

untraveller. "The two ends of the tough cordage, which constitute the cinch, terminate in long, narrow strips of leather, called *látigos*, which connect the cinches with the saddle, and are run through an iron ring, called the *larigo* ring, and then tied by a series of complicated turns and knots, known only to the craft." In the West it is still used in its natural and dignified sense. For example: "At Giles's ranch, on the divide, the party halted to cinch up." And then, in the East, it has become the victim of metaphorical usage. As a verb, it means to hold firm, to put a screw on; as a noun, it means a grip or screw, an advantage, fair or unfair. In the hand of the sporting reporter it can achieve wonders. "The bettor of whom the pool-room bookmaker stands in dread"—this flower of speech is culled from the New York *World*—"is the race-horse owner who has a cinch bottled up for a particular race, and drops into the room an hour or two before the race begins." The idea of bottling a cinch is enough to make a Mexican shudder, and the confused image helps to explain the difference between East and West.

Thus the word wanders farther and farther from its origin, and when at last its meaning is wholly forgotten or obscured, it becomes part of the common speech. One kind of slang may succeed to another, but cinch is secure forever of a place in the newspaper and in the spoken language of America. Caboodle, also, is firmly established. The long series of words, such as cachunk or kerplunk, which suggest the impact of falling bodies with the earth, will live as expletives with say, sure, and the many other interjections which in converse fill up the pauses of thought and word. There are two other specimens of slang, beloved by the journals, for which it would be rash to prophesy a long life. To call a man or a thing or an act the limit is for the moment the highest step, save one, in praise or blame. When the limit is not eloquent enough to describe the hero who has climbed the topmost rung of glory, the language gasps into simplicity and declares that he is It. "I didn't do a thing," says an eminent writer, "but push my face in there about

eight o'clock last night, and I was It from the start." Though the pronoun is expressive enough, it does not carry with it the signs of immortality, and a changing fashion will doubtless sweep it away into the limbo of forgotten words.

The journals do their best to keep alive the language of the people. The novelists do far more, since their works outlive by months or years the extravagances of the press. And the novelists, though they preserve a scrupulous respect for the literary language, take what license the dialect and character of their personages permit them. It is from novels, indeed, that future generations will be able to construct the speech of to-day. With the utmost skill, the writers of romance mimic the style and accent of their contemporaries. They put into the mouths of those who if life know no other lingo the highly coloured slang of the street or the market. Here, for instance, is the talk of a saloon-keeper, taken from W. Payne's story *The Money Captain*, which echoes as nearly as printed words can echo the voice of the boddler. "Stop it?" says the saloon-keeper of a journalist's attack. "What I got to stop it with? What's the matter with you fellows anyhow? You come chasin' yourselves down here scared out your wits because a dinky little one-cent newspaper's makin' faces at you. A man'd think you was a young lady's Bible class and 'd seen a mouse. . . . Now that's right," he exclaims, as another assailant appears; "make it unanimous. Let all hands come and right the ship on old Simp. Tell him your troubles and ask him to help you out. He ain't got nothing better to do. Pitch into him; give him hell; he likes it. Come one, come all—all you moth-eaten, lousy stiffs from Stiffville. Come tell Simp there's a reporter rubberin' around and you're scared to death. He'll sympathise with you—you sweet-scented skates." It is not an elegant method of speech, but such as it is, it bears as close a resemblance to the dialect of Chicago as can be transferred from the ear to the eye.

If we compare the present with the past, we cannot but acknowledge that American slang has grown marvellously in colour and variety. The jargon of

Artemus Ward and Josh Billings possessed as little fire as character. These two humourists obtained their effect by the simple method, lately advocated by Messrs. Roosevelt and Carnegie, of spelling as they pleased. The modern professors of slang have invented a new style. Their pages sparkle with wit and illusion. They interpret their shrewd sense in words and phrases which have never before enjoyed the freedom of printer's ink. George Ade, the best of them all, has shown us how the wise ones of Chicago think and speak. His *Fables in Slang* is a little masterpiece of humour in substance and of wit in expression. To quote from it would be to destroy its effect. But it will discover the processes of slang as it is understood in the West more clearly than any argument, and having amused the present generation, it will remain an historical document of enduring value.

Slang is the only language known to many thousands of citizens. The newly arrived immigrant delights to prove his familiarity with the land of his adoption by accepting its idioms and by speaking the tongue not of books but of the market-place. And yet this same slang, universally heard and understood, knocks in vain for admission into American literature. It expatiates freely in the journals. It finds a place in novels of dialect, and in works, like George Ade's, which are designed for its exposition. But it has no part in the fabric of the gravely written language. Men of letters have disdained its use with a scrupulousness worthy our own eighteenth century. The best of them have written an English as pure as a devout respect for tradition can make it. Though they have travelled far in space and thought, they have anchored their craft securely in the past. No writer that has handled prose or verse with a high seriousness has offended against the practice of the masters—save only Walt Whitman, and he, though he has tempted men to parody, has left no school behind him. The written word and the spoken word are divided more widely in America than elsewhere. The spoken word threw off the trammels of an uneasy restraint at the very outset. The written word still obeys the law of grad-

ual development, which has always controlled it. If you contrast the English literature of to-day with the American, you will find differences of accent and expression, so slight that you may neglect them. You will find resemblances which prove that it is not in vain that our literatures have a common origin and have followed a com-

mon road. The arts, in truth, are more willingly obedient than life or politics to the established order; and America, free and democratic though she be, loyally acknowledges the sovereignty of humane letters. American is heard at the street corner. It is still English that is written in the study.

Charles Whibley.

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE AUGUST PAGEANT



ON the last day of August there fell one of the rare moments of Dartmoor's highest glory. After eight and forty hours of mist and rain the wind drifted to the north and

died there. Then the temperature rose and heat set the air dancing like a cloth of crystal thrown over the purple and gold of the wilderness.

Aloft, upon the head of the tor in that glad hour, there happened the nuptial flight of ants. It was their brief-winged time of joy, and they whirled in a little black halo above the rocks and made a crown of life for the world. The sound of these myriads was audible and it came like the sustained throb of Pan's own passionate flute heard far away. The music persisted in a wail against the bass of the humble bees and the drone of insects that threaded the silence of this most lofty, most lonely pinnacle. Now the noise grew as loud as a bird's cry; now it waned to the whisper of rubbing grass blades; and the amazing tornado of ants warped here and there with the breath of the air, or as their countless wills simultaneously dictated. There

seemed little method in the wild dance and delirium of the swarm; yet love ordered all and, in that midst of life, the sun forgot not the least scrap of life wrapped in the frenzy of the first end of life. Presently there would be mounds of dead to mark that aerial rite; unnumbered tiny gauzes would drop; unnumbered neuters, whose part is service, would minister to the matrons of the generation to come.

A woman listened to the wail of the ants and watched them; then she turned and looked at the outspread earth; and then she sighed and plucked a piece of ling. Out of idleness rather than curiosity she examined it. She was resting for a few moments on her way home. She carried a heavy basket, and the unslaked fires overhead had wearied her. Jill lolled in a little cup of the heath and considered the sprig of the ling.

Suddenly, far below in the direction she would presently take, Jill saw a man and woman. Interest of the most active sort awoke in her mind, but it was not a pleasant interest.

Presently they stopped some quarter-mile below Jill, and sat in the fern and continued their speech. She watched them, herself unseen, and felt that she would give much to know the subject of their conversation.

Ives Pomeroy and Ruth spoke to-

gether, and their topic was Matthew Northmore.

"No," she said. "He don't trouble me much now, poor fellow. You mustn't think that. He's a kindhearted man really, Ives. I wish—I wish he was different."

"He hates me now, because I dared to tell him the truth. And look at his dirty little revenge. He engages Codd. I didn't think none the better of him for that. 'Twas done of course to annoy me."

"I don't think so."

"I know so. And I despise the mean creature. He's scored off me more than once during the past few years, and he's obstinate and a bit of a brute, specially in the way he's badgered and bullied you. But I'll cry quits some day. I don't forget what I owe him. He's a man that won't be choked off a thing—and more won't I. Certainly he's cruel lucky—money rolls in on him."

"I must be getting on," she said.

He regarded her with the air of possession. It had now come to him as a certainty that Ruth Rendle must be his wife. He had reached the point of desiring her and of missing her when days passed and they did not meet. He had not, however, grown to be jealous of other men, or fearful that she might not love him; but the dawn of that intenser emotion was near. He had heard much of Ruth lately behind her back, because Lizzie was spending a month at Vixen Tor. Arthur Brown happened to be away with a Cook's touring party in France, improving and enlarging his mind; and Lizzie felt very happy at the Vixen in companionship with her own. She wrote to her husband that Ives was marvellously improved, and she spoke ceaselessly to Ives of Ruth and of the mother's great ambition concerning her. The subject was agreeable to Ives, but Lizzie felt that his indifference to delay showed him not really lover-like. She chid him and foretold that he would lose Ruth altogether. "She may like you well enough, but she can't wait forever," Lizzie declared. "There's other men as good and well-to-do see her every day at Tavistock."

This true saying Ives remembered now as he looked at Ruth.

"Don't go just for a minute. Have you ever thought how changed I be, Ruth?"

"No. I don't see you much changed, Ives."

"Not since mother died?"

"No."

"I am, however; and specially to the girls. I did a lot of damned silly things in my young days—the cheek I'd got with 'em! But now I believe I'm getting a properer feeling towards 'em."

"That was foretold. 'Twas said that as you knew yourself better, you'd rate the females higher."

"I lay mother told you that."

"Yes, she did. That and much else."

"You never tell me the things she used to say about me."

"Why should I? Can't you guess them? 'Twasn't only of you we talked. She taught me all—all I know that's worth knowing."

He nodded, with his mother's nod, plucked a blade of grass and chewed it.

She rose.

"And I must get about my business."

"When do you come back to the Jolly Huntsmen?"

"After ten o'clock. I'm to have two whole days' holiday and go back to Tavistock to work to come Monday."

"I'll come and meet you to-night," he said. "And what about Sunday? You haven't seen as much of Lizzie as she could wish yet. Will you drink tea along with us?"

"Yes, if she'd like."

"She would like. She's very anxious for you to see the baby again."

"A little beauty 'tis!"

"Can't say. Men ban't judges. But infant though he be, the creature's so like his father as two peas. The same great, pious, brown eyes—stupid as a calf's. He'd begin to lecture me, like Arthur does, if he could talk. He looks at me now as if he knew I was going to the bad place."

"I hope you'll teach him not to be a prig."

"I shan't get the chance. You'll come o' Sunday?"

"Yes, I will, and thank you."

"And I'll make up along the road to-night to see you home. Expect me down

to the cross-roads at Moor Shop to-night."

"Don't think of coming so far as that."

"'Twill be a pleasure to me to do it," he said.

She departed and Ives began to plan a great enterprise. He would meet her on the way back from Tavistock and ask her to marry him. He reflected and then hesitated. His old impetuosity was waning. He wondered what would happen to him if she refused.

He sat by the way for some time after Ruth had gone. A man on a pony gave him "good afternoon," but he failed to hear and took no notice. Then, suddenly he looked up and saw standing in front of him a woman with a heavy basket. She wore black, and the years rolled away and the woman reminded Ives of how she had looked in the past, when he met her after her baby died.

Jill had seen Ruth Rendle depart and resolved on this strong move. Now the man started and stared at her. He actually blushed and she noted the fact, but her own skin showed no answering flash.

"I suddenly marked you on my way down. You was alone, so I ventured. Will you please let me thank you from my very heart, Mr. Pomeroy, for all your loving kindness to my poor Samuel?"

"You needn't thank me. 'Twas my grandmother."

"I know better; but I'll leave that. Since I'm here, let me humbly ax you to forgive me for all the past. I've been very wicked to you."

He breathed hard.

"What—what the devil d'you mean?" he asked.

"Have you forgot? You done right and I—but 'twas losing you at the last minute, Ives. Mortal woman couldn't get over it all at once. 'Twas such a gashly thing. Pity me a bit and then you'll larn to forgive me. You was always able to forgive a girl anything."

"Why for didn't you come to see my mother when she was dying?" he asked. "Lizzie told me long after that she'd sent to you and you wouldn't come."

"I know—I know—my wickedness, and my loss. But 'tis like this: from that night, Ives, I was turned to gall. I had

a devil come into me. I couldn't forgive you, or her, from that awful night till long, long after."

"She had nought to do with it. 'Twas your own act. You weren't straight with me. You waited till you knew your husband's uncle was going to be married. Then you said you'd run away, because t'other game was up. That's why I threw you over."

"I only ask you to forgive me. I make no excuses, though I'll swear afore my Maker that never influenced me. I hesitated along of fearing for your good, not my own. But I thank you for saving me as you did at the end."

"And spurned me after as if I was unclean."

"I'm only a woman. How would you have felt to me if I'd kept you waiting till daybreak at the Windystone and never come to you?"

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean that your letter went to my husband, not to me. And I went that cursed morning and suffered as no woman ever suffered afore. 'Twasn't human to help feeling it after, even though I did hear 'twas no fault of yours."

He stared.

"Samuel had the letter?"

"Yes; and let me go, and kept the secret close as wax. Only on his death-bed he told me and gave me the letter. I've got that letter now, Ives."

"Have you, by God!"

"He's gone to his rest now. Don't think hardly of him."

"Not me. And never said nothing! Poor worm! I'll trouble you for that letter, however."

"Of course you shall have it. 'Twas a very wise, noble letter. You've been the only light and sense that ever came into my life."

"What are you going to do?" he asked suddenly.

"Go back to my own people. Samuel left his cottage to his mother, till her death—then to me. The old woman says I can stop on if I've a mind to do it; but I've no mind to. I couldn't bide with her, though we're very good friends indeed now he's gone."

"You'll go home?"

"Yes, till I find work."

"I'll carry your basket back for you, and you can give me that letter now this minute," he said.

"Thank you kindly, Ives. And will you say you've forgiven me for the past?"

"'Tis the other way, I reckon. 'Tis you have to forgive me. 'Twasn't pleasant to treat a woman as I treated you, and if you smarted to be at the Windy-stone, you may guess I smarted not to be there. But the past be past, and the less either of us call it back again, the better."

At her cottage, however, Jill declared that she could not find the letter.

"You shall have it so soon as I can put my hand upon it," she said. "'Tis hidden away so safe that for the minute I can't exactly mind where 'tis. Come up to-morrow evening."

He promised to do so; and for that day this remarkable discovery so filled his imagination that Ruth, on her evening journey, saw nothing of him.

CHAPTER XXXV

DARKNESS ON GREAT MIS

Arthur Brown arrived at Vixen Tor for a few days after his return to England. He was very instructive and never related any experience or incident without drawing some moral reflection therefrom. He showed himself deeply interested in his baby, and the father and son sometimes regarded each other in a manner that tempted Ives to grim amusement.

"Wonder what the thing will make of you," he mused as he watched the infant staring with fatuous solemnity at Arthur.

"Don't call it a 'thing'!" cried Lizzie, who had the baby on her lap.

"He is an immortal soul," said the schoolmaster. "The responsibility of the male parent begins a good deal sooner than most fathers imagine. Now I devote one whole hour of every day of my life to Arthur, though he is as yet not four months of age."

"Poor little devil!" said Ives.

"He loves his father," declared Lizzie. "After his father has been with him

about half an hour, he always begins to say 'da-da-da,' and I know he's trying to say 'dad.'"

"More likely trying to say 'damn,'" suggested the uncle.

It was at this juncture that Ruth arrived and she and Lizzie departed to admire the baby's distinctions in private.

Ives showed greater patience with his brother-in-law than of old, though Arthur irritated him as usual. But his counter-strokes were of a kind less elementary. He seldom swore and cursed; he uttered his own opinions on what Arthur called "serious subjects"; and they awoke the fiercest antagonism.

To please Lizzie, Ives went to church several times during the month she spent at her old home, but services lacked salt for him. He only returned when she urged it and mentioned his mother's name. He was reminded that Avis always liked him to go; and therefore again he went. His own mental life of late had widened and deepened; and the deeper he went the darker it became. The fountains of justice did not show themselves in the high places. He found them in man, never in God. He told Arthur Brown of this discovery and pained the schoolmaster not a little.

Ives saw Ruth home again after nightfall; he then kept his appointment with Jill; but the interview was shorter than she desired or intended. Her inclination tempted her to keep the famous letter; her wits told her that this would be impossible if for an instant she desired the goodwill of the man. She cursed herself very heartily for having mentioned the letter at all; but it had slipped out in presenting her case and her vigil. She felt that the pathetic spectacle of her tryst at the Windystone had impressed him; but on the other hand, it was unfortunate that the letter must be relinquished at this moment.

Her dreams and hopes were crushed after Pomeroy had been in the house five minutes. He came for the letter and he came fresh from a rather emotional farewell. He had asked Ruth at leave-taking to walk with him in the Moor on the following Sunday, and she had agreed to do so. They planned to a meeting at Merivale Bridge, and already

the man's mind was full of it, as he took his letter from Jill's hand.

"Will you come in a minute, Ives?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Bolt," he answered, and the name struck cold; "I'll come in and burn this letter at your fire, if you please. Sooner the better."

He destroyed the paper and there was a pause.

"May I fetch you a drop of cider?"

"No, thanks. And so you go back to your own people?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yet sometimes I'm half in a mind to stop along with the old woman and see her out. She's got very little life left in her, now that her son's dead."

He looked at Jill, and she understood.

"You'll find a better man than him come presently," he said.

She made no answer but a sigh; then, after an awkward interval, he spoke again.

"I may tell you that I'm going to marry Miss Rendle very shortly."

She looked at him, and he saw her grow pale under the candle-light.

"'Twas always my mother's wish—not but what she's a powerful sight too good to me."

"No woman was ever that."

He saw tears glittering on her cheeks and rose hurriedly to depart.

"If ever I can do you a good turn, Jill," he said. Then he broke off. She buried her face in her arms on the table, and the mound of her wonderful hair shone close to the candle. From a mild and benignant spirit he leaped violently and fiercely to rage.

"God damn you all!" he said, and rushed out savagely.

His exit comforted her a good deal; she dried her eyes and still felt justified in a little hope. Such fury promised better than self-control and indifference had done. And yet her final thought that night brought back the tears again. He had said that he was going to marry Ruth Rendle, and he would not go back upon his word. She had lost him: there remained only the barren instinct of revenge. Well she knew, as all Merivale knew, that Matthew Northmore hungered after Ruth, and that Northmore and

Pomeroy were enemies. She strove for a plan, but could find none.

But in all innocence Matthew helped the enemies of Ives next Sunday, for the master of Vixen Tor was late at Merivale Bridge through an incident at the farm, and when he arrived, Ruth and Northmore had been talking together for half an hour. They were not at the bridge, since that spot was occupied, as often happened on Sunday afternoon, by the folk; but Ives saw them on the bank of Walla a hundred yards away. They sat together and only rose at his approach. Then, not waiting to speak with him, Northmore abruptly departed. But Ruth smiled and held out her hand.

"He kept me company till you came," she said.

"Like his blasted impudence! Won't he never learn you don't want his company, long-faced dog? 'Tis a disgrace—And to go off like that——"

"You can't expect him to— But leave him. Smooth out your forehead, Ives."

"Can't expect him to—what?"

"Oh, I don't know what I was going to say."

"Yes, you do. You meant that I couldn't expect that man to like me. More I do. All the same, to turn his back so and make me look a fool in sight of all they men on the bridge——"

Ruth seldom laughed; but now she did so and the amusement was ill-timed.

"You're on his side then?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm on no side," she said, growing grave again; "I know why you were angry with him, and I'm grateful. But—but—you see, you've threatened him and said harsh things in company. You couldn't expect the man to feel very kindly towards you."

"Keep walking," he answered. "Better leave that. I shall do more than threaten afore long."

A moody fit got hold upon him. He had started to ask her to marry him, but for the present he put any such thought out of his head. They tramped together and she tried hard to lift him up and raise his spirit; but she failed. This walk had been the dream of her week, and her heart, under cover of night, had whispered that the man would speak to her be-

fore the end of it. But now she grew faint under his silence and, just as Ives began to recover, nigh the ragged crown of Great Mis, Ruth's own spirit sank. The place and the weather braced him; they depressed her. At the critical moment, when one more cheerful speech might have brought happiness to his face again, her patience gave out.

"I'm tired and cold," she said. "'Tisn't much good tramping further that I can see."

The sudden petulance in her voice struck Pomeroy harshly and surprised him. He did not blame himself for it. He only felt glad that he had not relaxed.

"Better rest a bit then," he said. "Then we'll go back; and I'll leave you at Stone Park, if you like."

His ferocity calmed her again.

"You oughtn't to say that."

"Sit here and look out over," he answered. "'Tis all ugly and 'twill suit us, for we'm all ugly too by the sound of our voices."

She relented a little more, and they sat without speaking and looked at the hand of late autumn working upon the waste.

A high wind laden with occasional showers flogged the Moor, hummed against the granite and set the dying herbage shivering with waves of colourless light.

Pomeroy sat himself with his face to the utmost desolation. He turned from the fertile low lands and let the wind buffet his left cheek, so that his eyes might reflect only the north and north-east of the wilderness. Ruth did likewise, and together they gazed very far off into the passes of Tavy and upon the dim, huge crowns of Great Links. Nigh Hare Tor Ruddyford Farm and its little grove lay like another cloud shadow; great sunlit and storm-foundered slopes fell brokenly to the rivers; High Will-hayes was not seen; but easterly the head of Fur Tor blotted the grey sky; and Devil Tor's squat front was also visible where it led to the wild ways of Dart.

The sun beat down suddenly on Ruth's brown neck and warmed her; but the caress from the sky seemed to miss

the man. Rain followed, in a brief, driving spit and fury. It lasted no time and was ended almost before the woman could open her umbrella. Then sunshine roamed again over the moisture-laden miles and woke wonders of light upon them.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"Trying not to think. What's the good? Nothing ever comes out of it all. If you could stick a knife into the thinking place in my head and stop the works forevermore, I should be that much happier."

"Better stick it into your heart while you're about it. Then you'll never be miserable again," she said.

He stared at the sky and then at her.

"You're right there! But that's not the sort of advice I should look to you to give."

"No—'twasn't your mother taught me that," she said.

Presently Ruth asked him to forgive her.

"I get wicked thoughts sometimes—frantic and mad. I've tried so hard to hide them from you. But now you've caught me in one. Forgive me, Ives."

"I like you the better for being a bit desperate now and again," he answered. "It brings you nearer to such as me. All the same——"

He stopped, and silence fell again.

They talked into a placid mood presently, and only rose when darkness was at hand. Pomeroy's desire to offer marriage was for the moment suspended; and yet he loved the woman better now, in this hour of storm-laden gloaming, darkening heath and shouting wind, than ever he had loved her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

PROSPECTS FOR JILL

A month after her meeting with Ives and the surrender of his letter, Jill Bolt called to Mr. Codd as he was passing her cottage door, and strove to turn the conversation upon a certain theme. She spoke without any great earnestness of purpose and affected indifference, but he was quick of perception in the matter

of an enemy, and swiftly brushed away her pretences. The very fact that she should again make mention of his old master to him, told Emanuel that Jill's private hopes had failed her. His first inclination was to jeer, but he changed his mind.

"Yes," he said, "I don't change, whatever females may do. I'm all of a piece in my hate of that vile chap, but at my age patience be a part of us. I'll bide my time."

"He's going to marry Ruth Rendle, he tells me."

"Told you that, did he! His mother always hungered after it, but of course he took very good care not to let her have the joy of seeing it done. Poor fool of a woman—Ruth Rendle, I mean. To take that rip, when she might have my master."

She looked calmly at Emanuel.

"Us have got to fight for ourselves against you silly men," she said. "I'm the right wife for Pomeroy, and always was, and always will be. Nobody knows it better than him. He thinks he went too far with that girl afore my husband died. Ban't outside human power to choke 'em apart yet. He cursed when he told me about it. I know what that meant. Give me a bit of time and I may get an idea."

"You'm wishful for to marry him still then?"

"Yes, I be."

Mr. Codd appeared doubtful.

"Then I don't see how you an' me can cabal against him to much purpose. I'm wishful for to mar him and give him hell; and I'll do it yet, if it takes all the strength left in my body."

"I can't explain how I feel about it. Such a man as you wouldn't understand. I don't mind how he smarts, so long as the smarting will bring him to me. Let him smart and I'll heal the smart later."

"What a gawkim you be! He won't want you to heal the wounds if he knows you made 'em!"

"That's just what he won't know."

"You're too difficult for me," declared Mr. Codd. "All the same, if you want him smote and can think of a right way, say it. For my part I can't hit on no better thought than firing his ricks.

Weather's turning properly dry and—'tis easy."

"That won't help me. Leave it a bit and see how the cat jumps. Perhaps she'll think better of taking him before the time comes. She won't be the first girl that changed her mind about Ives Pomeroy."

"Yet you could go back to the fool in cold blood!"

"Yes."

"Pomeroy wouldn't give you much better than Bolt did."

"Yes, he would—a lot. A farm's a farm, and he stands to work now and be going on well."

"If he treated his wife no better than his work-people, you'd have a poor time of it, and go down to the pit a miserable woman."

"I could manage him all right if once I got him."

"Too late if he'm tokened to t'other. She won't give him up. Better not think of that."

"You can leave that side to me," said Jill; "a woman's pretty quick where she feels a big interest, like what I do in Pomeroy. Give me a week; then I'll come up to Stone Park and have a tell with you one day when Northmore's out of the way. Do he live alone still?"

"Yes—till the new man and his wife come a few weeks hence. He's hunting over to Tavistock presently; Thursday week. So, when he's away, you can walk over and say what you've thought about it."

A figure stood at the door and the shrunken shadow of Rachel Bolt fell on the threshold. She had much aged and was little more than a bent and sad-eyed ghost. Even the old woman's voice had grown more feeble and more mournful in its cadence.

"Come in, mother," said Jill kindly. "'Tis only Mr. Codd lending a hand with my packing."

"But I must be off now," announced Emanuel. "Good evening to you, Mrs. Bolt. So you are to lose Jill?"

"Not to lose her. She'll come and see me as long as I be here—for love of Samuel—won't you, Jill?"

"So I shall then—scores and scores of

times. And once you get back in here, you'll feel better and stronger far."

Emanuel went his way and Rachel shook her head.

"Pray God it won't be long. I've only got one thing to say beside the Lord's Prayer now when I get down on my knees; and that be to ask the Almighty to let Samuel be the angel that comes to fetch me. The joy of that! And it can be done. All things are possible with the Almighty. Such an angel as he be now—such a——"

"Yes, yes. See here, mother. I've left them vases on the mantelshelf; because he was special fond of 'em; and the pictures I be going to leave also, because the paper's faded round 'em and 'twill spoil the room to move them."

"'Tis very good of you, Jill, and like his great heart and like the things he taught you to do and think. His old mother was a lot to that man. But these kind things you be saying make it so much harder to tell what I've come to tell."

"You want something else of his?"

"Only one thing. I'll let all the rest go gladly—all. I've longed and longed for it ever since I got back my reason, but I couldn't bring myself to beg for it. 'Tis almost too much, I'm afraid."

Jill shrugged her shoulders.

"I've never refused nothing, mother."

"You haven't; but this is different. 'Tis greedy of me—even his mother—to ask for it. Yes, 'tis too great a thing."

"If you mean the cottage, you be going to have it and live in it for the rest of your life. I can't do no more than that surely?"

"'Tisn't the cottage, and I shall pay proper rent for the cottage like anybody else would. Samuel would have wished it—such a just man as him and honourable to a half-penny. Four shillings a week will you have, so long as I live. But there's something more by far than that."

"Say it then. If 'tis in my power——"

"In a word—the flute—his li'l, precious flute, Jill. D'you think you could do it? Be it too much? But if you only knowed what a sad, blessed joy 'twould be to me——"

Jill secretly thanked Heaven that she

had not burned the flute; but she distinctly remembered the intention to do so when examining Samuel's possessions after the funeral.

"Why, of course you can have it, my dear. I don't know where 'tis for the minute; but 'tis safe enough, no doubt."

The old mother's eyes grew round through her tears.

"'Safe'! My God!" she half whispered.

Then she thanked Jill humbly and implored her to seek at once for the flute. They hunted together and Rachel herself discovered it. The scrap of wood her son's lips and fingers had so often pressed was dusty and dirty. It had been thrust into a cupboard and forgotten. Now Rachel cleaned it with her apron and, when Jill's back was turned, kissed it and pressed it to her cheek.

"'Twill come back to you when I'm taken," she said. "Have no fear for that."

"I don't want it, mother. It shall go in your coffin with you, if you like."

"A very beautiful and generous thought in you, Jill. Maybe he'd have wished it. And thank you—words can't think you; but I'll pray down thanks; and he'll be pleased about it where he is."

She kissed Jill and then went away with her riches; but the younger widow's packing was destined to be still further interrupted, for a man came to the door and knocked five minutes after her mother-in-law had departed. In the dusk she did not recognise him. Then he spoke and she knew the voice.

"I'll get a lamp, Mr. Toop. Be so kind as to step in," said Jill. "No doubt 'tis about the stone that you be come."

"It is," he admitted, "and for other reasons likewise."

He entered, put his hat on the table and brought some papers out of his pocket.

"Business first," said Mr. Toop; "and pleasure afterwards. At least 'twill be my pleasure."

"Let's hear that then. I haven't had much pleasure in my life."

"Oh, 'twas nothing—only my wish to lend you a hand if you'd allow of it."

The things—the boxes and such like. I wanted to say as I shall be very pleased to send round Bob and my cart and move them for you to Sampford Spiney free gratis and for nothing."

"Really you mean that, Mr. Toop?"

"Really, I do, Mrs. Bolt—or Jill if I may call you so."

"I can't refuse—too poor," she said. "But I'm afraid 'tis money out of your pocket to do it."

"That and more I'd do—however, since you're agreeable to it, let me know just when you want the cart and it shall be here. I'll even come myself to see all's vitty."

"'Tis terrible kind, Mr. Toop."

"Say nothing to nobody, Jill. 'Tis my little affair. Not a word to my brother. Joel's grown rather acid of late, along of his shortness of breath. But as for me I grow younger rather than older."

She nodded, looked at his sturdy body, his eyes behind their glasses, his bald head and great snuff-stained beard. He might be elderly, but there was something masculine, solid, safe about him. Romance, indeed, perished in the atmosphere of Peter Toop; but Jill felt that she had enjoyed enough romance of late years and found it unsatisfying.

"I don't see that you grow older," she said.

"Thank you for that kind word. I've had enough to make me here and there; and to see Joel going down the hill is a sad spectacle, day in, day out. Then there's the business of people's coffins and all the living among black-clad, broken-hearted fellow-creatures. Still, as you're good enough to say, Jill, I keep young and feel young."

"You're the handsomest man in Merivale whether or no," she said.

Peter breathed heavily.

"If I said you was the handsomest woman, 'twould be only what everybody knows. I'm very sorry you're going."

"Must look round for work to do. About this here stone to Samuel?"

"I'll see you again before you're off, Jill. But now to business, as you very properly remind me. Well, his dear mother wanted half the Bible put on the monument; but I've had to explain there's a right and wrong way with

such things. Finally she've come down to two texts and a verse out of a hymn. Too much for the stone; still it leaves a place for anything you might like to say."

"Put 'Gone but not forgotten,'" said Jill. "That's true enough, and that's all I've got to say. I never shall forget him, poor man."

Mr. Toop uttered a great expiration of breath.

"It won't offend you if I take a pinch?" he asked.

"Not in the least. I don't mind a little snuff in the air."

"There's sense!" he said. "For my part I hold that it sweetens a room and purifies the atmosphere of the air something wonderful. You say 'Gone, but not forgotten.' Well, Jill, I wouldn't put that."

"Why not?"

"'Tis true enough—now. But all the same 'tis a sort of challenge and might be quoted against you when you take your next. Your heart won't forget him; but I should not carve such a thing in stone."

"How is it likely I can forget?"

"Memory's a wonderful antic. It does things you'd never believe. You'm only how many years old—twenty-eight, perhaps?"

"I'm twenty-six."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure; a hole in my manners to put on two years like that."

"I'm sure I don't see why you should take such a dreadful deal of trouble for a poor, friendless woman like me."

"I'm proud to do it. Now, can I lend a hand with that box, or can't I?"

"No, thank you."

"Then I'll go. Don't you take on. You've had plenty of trials in your life, but a good time may be coming."

"I'm not hopeful of that, Mr. Toop. I come of an unlucky family."

He went his way through the darkness and she stood and watched him depart. He walked firmly and whistled loudly as he went. The whistle reminded Jill of Samuel's flute, but she liked it better. Peter as a possible husband flashed upon her. The idea was absolutely new; but, characteristically, Jill now pondered the possibility with neither relish nor dis-

taste. Mr. Toop would mean riches beyond the height of her ambition; he would also probably mean widowhood while she was still in possession of some feminine glories. She rated him as a well-preserved man of sixty-five, or perhaps a little less. He might last for ten or even fifteen years.

Peter meantime whistled himself home and, half-way between the Jolly Huntsmen and Jill's cottage, met Joel coming in the opposite direction.

"What the deuce be you chattering and twittering about, like a starling, all to yourself?" asked Peter's brother.

"Nought — nought," answered the undertaker. "Just thinking, in my even way, that 'tis an ill wind blows good to none."

"Who's dead now then?"

"Nobody for the minute, I hope. My mind was occupied with the living and not the dead, Joel."

"Not widow Bolt, I should hope?"

But Peter prevaricated, an art Joel's brutal and sudden assaults had long taught him to perfect.

"What a man you are for wild ideas. Widow Bolt! Bless your life, Joel, she wouldn't look at me, nor yet you. The truth is, the girls begin to regard us both as men of middle-age tending to old, and fixed to the bachelor state. 'Tisn't flattering, but we must face it."

CHAPTER XXXVII

A MATCHBOX

Time and chance combined to precipitate the cloudy ferocity of Mr. Codd and make his long delayed revenge a practical thing. There came a dawn when he found himself no nearer his purpose than usual; but before midnight the deed was done and a punishment far above Emanuel's highest flight of inspiration planned for Ives. That it involved villainy on his own part was true; but the old man did not stop to consider.

There came a time towards December when east winds blew and the world was dried again after autumnal torrents. Harsh currents of air had swept the wilderness for many days, when on a certain morning, Emanuel Codd sat un-

der the west side of a haystack at Stone Park and waited for Jill Bolt. The meeting was planned with deliberation, because upon this day Matthew Northmore had gone from home to Tavistock. He proposed to hunt with the Lamerton Hounds, off Dartmoor, and make Tavistock his headquarters for two nights. A hind and his wife were daily expected at Stone Park to take the place of servants who had gone; but the newcomers had not yet arrived and for the moment Codd was in sole charge.

Now he smoked and waited for Jill, who had promised to see him there at midday. She did not, however, immediately arrive, and Emanuel, rising to see if Mrs. Bolt was on the road, jumped suddenly to observe a very different person approaching Stone Park.

Ives Pomeroy appeared. He was riding and presently opened the gate with his hunting crop and entered. Codd did not move from his seat under the stack until Ives had lifted his voice and loudly called him thrice. Then he came forward with surly indifference.

"What d'you want?" he said. "Mr. Northmore's to Tavistock."

"I know that; 'tis the reason I'm here — to have a few words with you."

"I'd sooner talk to any other man."

Ives laughed with the consciousness of one who brings good news unexpectedly. He could take liberties even with the ferocious Codd, because he brought with him news that must make the ancient amiable.

"You wait till you hear what the few words be, my old blackguard. Where's a place out of the wind? Don't look as if you fed on sloans. I'm your master no more; but I don't want to be your enemy."

He tethered his horse, took a seat with his back to the rick and made Codd sit down beside him.

"I've learned something of late," he said.

"There's a lot for you to learn. Your mother's son might have learned justice if nought else."

"You've hit it first shot. My mother's son did ought to be a just man, I'll grant you. I've thought about different matters since you came here, and been in a

pretty good rage off and on to see what scant justice is about in the world."

"Look at home."

Ives laughed, opened his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe.

"I've been going into figures. Touching your pension, Emanuel, I let my own feelings have too much play. I gave you as little as I could; I forgot that 'twas my mother's wish to pension you and I forgot how you looked in her eyes. Her will left it to me. I wasn't worthy of that trust, Codd, when I threw you off in a tantrum."

"No, you never was worthy of being trusted by anybody."

"Perhaps not; but what's done can be altered sometimes. I'm going to raise your pension, because I know well I'm under the figure my mother would have wished for you."

"Yes, a cruel long way under."

Ives felt his heart grow hot and the old loathing for Emanuel, stilled of late by absence, burned up in him again.

"So much for that then. You're getting—what is it—two shillings and six a week, aren't you?"

"Yes, six pounds odd a year for fifty years of sleepless service!"

"I'll make it seven shillings. A shilling a day for the rest of your life, Codd."

"Justice—eh? And then you'll go up hill and down dale and tell 'em what a damned fine man you be, and what a Godsend to the poor!"

This was too much for Ives. He leaped to his feet and lost his temper so that Codd went in fear of a thrashing. Pomeroy cursed him heartily, declared that he would stop the pension altogether and then departed, so blind with passion that he could hardly mount his horse. Codd watched him gallop off over Long Stone hill and hoped that the young man would break his neck before that day was done. Then he reflected upon his own performance and perceived that he had made a fool of himself. Lust to smite and hurt his enemy mastered him. He longed at that moment to go forth and fire the man's ricks or hough his cattle. He had lost a shilling a day for a pure enmity, and nobody would pity him when the truth was

known. In cold blood he well knew that a shilling a day was exceedingly handsome, and that all men would say so. But he had insulted the giver and sacrificed the gift.

Upon the frenzy of malignity awakened by these considerations came Jill Bolt. Ives had not been gone half an hour before she filled his place, sat in the seat under the rick and turned over in her hand a matchbox that he had forgotten in his abrupt and furious departure.

"'Twas given him long time ago by Ruth Rendle," said Mr. Codd. "He must have been in a proper tantara to have left that. And he forgot his papers, too."

Jill picked them up, then put them down again after brief examination.

"A bill and a letter from that woman at Tavistock."

"Ruth?"

"Yes."

"That's where the wind sets now and be softening the hard heart of the man. I've just had a proper row with him afore you came. Rode up as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and offered me a shilling a day instead of fourpence! I tried to get him to be honest and named his mother to him; and that made him mad. I expected his horsewhip round me, old though I am."

"Where's he gone to?"

"To Amicombe Hill, to the peat-works."

"When will he come back?"

"After nightfall, no doubt."

She reflected. The means to do an evil deed lay under her hand, and, albeit in the light of possible prosperity elsewhere, Jill's enmity against Pomeroy waned, yet it was not dead and she felt little pricks of remorse to strike him now. Codd made her thought easy of utterance.

"For two pins I'd go down to-night, after dusk, afore the man comes back, and fire his big stack."

"There's a better way," she said. "Everything be ripe and ready, if so be you're still set on reading him a lesson. What d'you want to fire his rick for? Fire this one that we're sitting under! Here's paper and matches all ready for you."

"What's the sense of that?"

"D'you need to ask? You're dull. Why, haven't you got the place to yourself and his papers and his box of matches in your hand? Pretty tidy proofs—eh?"

Emanuel stared and the point of the enterprise slowly forced itself into his mind.

"You mean that they'll think as he have done it?"

"Why not? He's up this way and will come back this way after dark. He knows that Northmore is at Tavistock. You see the fire and find his box o' matches and burned paper next morning, or leave 'em somewhere for others to find. This east wind will take the fire from the rick to yon shippon. There may be a beast or two burned. You find 'tis flaming and come running out, too late to do anything. Why, the man would get five years or more if it all went right."

"What about Northmore?"

"'Tis doing him a rare good turn too. Once that chap's cooling his heels in clink, all's clear for Northmore with Ruth."

"You're a wonderful woman," said Codd. "To think as that flashed afore your mind so lightning quick. Leave the rest to me. You look out of your winder after eight o'clock to-night, and you'll see more than moonlight."

"And mind you put the matchbox and the papers away in a safe place, Emanuel."

"Trust me."

"If you could tell about when he'll be coming back-along, 'twould help you for time."

"I must chance that. I shall make the fire somewheres about eight o'clock and then go to bed. 'Twill be seen from Merivale and the folk will come up and rouse me."

"Everybody's heard him say a lot of things against Northmore."

"Yes, they have, and against every other honest man. 'Tis just the thing he would do. I most wonder he haven't done it afore now."

"He'll have done it by this time to-morrow," said Jill coolly. "He's known for a dashing and a reckless chap. He's seen the inside of prison afore to-day. 'Tis well in keeping with the man to do it. Everybody will believe it against him; Northmore so quick as any. Put the things where Northmore will find 'em for himself. Let the paper be half burned, as though he'd lighted it and it had gone out. But don't you meddle in it. 'Tis enough you see your master finds all."

They parted then, and Jill returned to Merivale. She felt in some uneasiness, yet cared not much what might happen. Ives was no longer for her, but whether she would presently resent that fact, or accept it with indifference, remained to be seen. It depended largely on Peter Toop. She kept a cold-blooded and an open mind for the moment. She had certainly not planned this villainy against her old sweetheart but for accident. The whole apparatus thrust itself under her nose and cried to be used against him.

She was standing at her cottage door that night at eight o'clock with Peter Toop. He expatiated upon his growing fortune, his vigorous health and the general advantages he enjoyed. She half listened while her eyes strained upon the darkness of the Moor. Then light twinkled across it and flashed. A red star appeared and seemed steadily to grow. Mr. Toop was too intent upon his own affairs to mark this circumstance for some time. He had his back turned to the valley under Great Mis Tor, and did not see the light. Then a man ran past and called his attention to it.

"Something wrong at Stone Park," he said. "There's fire there."

(To be continued)

PLOTS THAT COUNT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



WHAT is it that stamps the plots which really count? It is certainly not the mere cleverness of dovetailed incident, the intricate tangle of a Chinese puzzle, the sudden shock of a grim climax. On grounds like these the detective story and the melodrama would often outrank Thackeray and Balzac, Meredith and Tolstoy. Almost any novel by Wilkie Collins or Gaboriau, considered simply as a specimen of structural ingenuity, a skeleton framework of human happenings, must be acknowledged as better of its kind than anything in the plot of *Vanity Fair* or *Père Goriot*, *Richard Feverel* or *Anna Karenina*. And yet, of course, the fact stares us in the face that these are novels with plots which really count and will continue to count, through succeeding generations, while the plots of *The Woman in White* and *Dossier 113* do not count, in this sense, nor ever will. The difference, while easy enough to feel, is hard to put into words. Apparently the difficulty grows, in the first place out of a very common misconception regarding plots in general. It is not at all uncommon to find a text-book on English narrative laying down rules for the making of plots, in a chapter by itself, as though it were a separate and independent branch of the art of novel-writing, as the wooden frame of a dwelling-house involves a separate craft from that of the paint and plaster which will cover it. Now in attempting to define plot, it seems necessary to say first of all, even at the risk of being misunderstood, that a plot is the result of growth and not of manufacture; to speak of it as something that must be made, is to accustom yourself to look at it from the wrong point of view, and so to lose sight of one of the few indispensable axioms of novel-writing—that plot and character and setting are so closely interdependent that they must develop slowly and simultane-

ously, reciprocally modifying each other at every turn of the page.

Plot, of course, is usually defined as a sequence to those significant and essential happenings which collectively make up a complete figure of life, a definite story. Start your novel, so the advice runs, either by working out mentally your principal character or your principal scene, and then, if you aim at careful workmanship, develop the action of the whole story down to the smaller details, before you take up your pen to write "Chapter First." No one can say this is not good advice, so far as it goes. Obviously it makes no difference whether the germ of *The Merchant of Venice* was in the character of Shylock or in the episode of the pound of flesh; either might have been the logical development of the other. And as a matter of fact, it would usually puzzle an author exceedingly to recall afterward the precise order, in point of time, in which the different elements of his story took shape. But the one thing which ought not to puzzle him at all, the thing which ought to be a second instinct to him, is this: never at any moment in his story to develop his action independently of the place where it is to happen and the people who are to make it happen.

The simplest method by which to reach a sane and helpful attitude toward plot is identical with the method to be followed regarding every other troublesome question pertaining to the art of fiction-making; namely, to open our eyes to the world around us and see how the great universal plot is daily being developed. There is just one image that comes to mind, which seems adequately to symbolise nature's way of telling the complex story of human life—and that is the image of a vast tapestry in the making, its finished portions already dim with lapse of time, its fresher parts gleaming with vivid colour as the myriad threads weave swiftly in and out, carrying forward the intricate, unending pattern,

whose complete design is too large, too bold for the finite mind to grasp in its completeness. But what we can grasp is that this tapestry grows out of a union of three elements: the warp that localises it, the threads of all the separate lives of men and women, whose characters give it colour; and the crossing and recrossing of these threads, which make up the outline of action. Each of these elements is vitally dependent on the other two. The resulting pattern is dependent equally upon the colour of the threads and upon the weaving of them. And no pattern, however delicate and perfect, can remain real and tangible unless held firmly by the unyielding threads of the warp, fixed permanently upon a background of local setting, and colour and atmosphere. Out of this tapestry picture of real life, the novelist may select—not a whole pattern, because his own private little handloom is too limited for that—but a detail, a segment whose lines and colouring are just beginning to show what the ultimate design will be. Most pictures in the tapestry of life are too huge for the novelist's purpose; it is only by looking backward and forward for several generations that we become conscious of the ultimate symmetry of the pattern. Here and there, however, we find a little group of tangled threads that suddenly resolve themselves into a design of wonderful yet simple strength, such a design as gave to Poe or Maupassant the plan of just a few imperishable short stories. But for the most part, the novelist cannot hope for the symmetry of completed action. Even the greatest novels are to a large extent only a cross-section of a picture, a narrow strip cut from the unfinished upper margin of the weave. And in the biggest sense, symmetry and finality are not essentials in fiction, because no story ever really has an end. The thing essential for an author to recognise is that in order to endow a written story with life, the frame of plot and the flesh and blood of character must grow and expand and take form together, one and inseparable, like the flesh and blood and bones of any other living creation.

Study the plots of the world's great novels, and you will find that the recogni-

tion or the neglect of this simple principle makes all the difference between the plots that count and those that do not. It does not matter how ingenious the mystery may be, how thrilling the danger and the escape, how startlingly unexpected the climax; if you calmly sit down and take the characters of the book one by one, and mentally replace them with creations of your own of radically different types, and if, having done this, you realise that you have not needed to change the plot, that the action would develop just as surely, just as cleverly, just as convincingly with one set of puppets as with another, then you may assign it with assurance to the big category of plots that do not count and never will. A story which centres its interest in the mere moves of its characters is not a study of life, but simply a species of clever game which cannot at best hope to rival the absorbing intricacy of chess. A Wilkie Collins story possesses the attraction of a new gambit; his characters, with few exceptions, show the calm impersonality of so many pawns; his stage setting is for the most part as immaterial as the particular make of a chessboard. Played anywhere, with any set of men, the whole interest of *The Woman in White*, *The Law and the Lady*, *The Moonstone* lies not in who the people are, but in how the game comes out—who will win and who will lose. In this particular class they are, of course, quite wonderful. But in the novels which really do count there is no game apart from the people who play it. To get anything like a parallel to them in the realm of games, you must imagine a chess set miraculously endowed with life, knights and bishops and castles that take the matter into their own hands and move in the opposite direction to that in which you intended them to move. In the history of the birth and growth of almost every big novel there has come a moment when certain characters have suddenly proclaimed their independence; a moment when the author, no matter how carefully he has planned certain scenes, realises that he cannot make his characters enact it, because some instinct tells him that they are living creations, with a will of their own, and that their will is not his will, but

something radically different. And when an author awakens to this consciousness, he knows, or ought to know, that he has breathed into his book the breath of life.

It is not easy, among the average monthly output of fiction, to find volumes which are good enough to serve as illustrations of what is here meant by Plots that Count. It happens, how-

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Broken
Road"

ever, that there are this month at least three novels which, although they do not deserve to be called really big, are excellent cases in point. The first of these is *The Broken Road*, by A. E. W. Mason. The germ idea of the plot is that of racial inequality. Two men, an Englishman and a Hindoo, love the same woman, and are both rejected by her; and the ultimate outcome is that the Englishman grips his destiny in both hands and achieves success, while the Hindoo loses his grip on life and sinks into pitiful degradation. If the story were just this and nothing more it would still be readable, still suggestive of many things. As a matter of fact, it is a great deal more than this. In the first place, you are made to feel that the setting of the story is necessarily and inevitably India; that the special clash of colour on which the whole plot hinges would be impossible outside of the land of Hindoo mysticism and British red-tape. We get some wonderfully grim and vivid pictures of rebellious tribes and heroic garrisons holding out against hopeless odds in the heart of the Himalayas, where the new road, destined to be the key of the Indian situation, broke itself against the wall of native fanaticism. Furthermore, the two main figures of the story are not merely a certain Englishman and a certain Hindoo; they are the one Englishman and the one Hindoo, whose peculiar inheritance and education could make the story possible. Linforth is an exception even among the men who give themselves heart and soul to the English service. From childhood his one purpose has been to fit himself some day to take up the Broken Road at the point where it had cost his father's life, and carry it to completion. From the first Linforth, who

had conceived and planned it, the Road had become a sort of family religion, to which the latest representative of the name dedicated himself with an almost fanatical fervour. Shere Ali is the son of the reigning Prince of Chilchistan, where the Broken Road has come to a stop; and both he and his father, unlike the tribe over which they rule, profess the religion of the Road. Shere Ali has been sent to England. Eton and Oxford have done their utmost for him, and to all intents and purposes he feels himself an Englishman; the colour line is a thing forgotten; the traditions of centuries have dropped from his shoulders, and then he meets Mrs. Latimer, the type of woman who goes through life receiving and never giving; she receives Linforth's homage as freely as she receives Shere Ali's strings of pearls without the slightest intention of ever making return. Mrs. Latimer is the beginning of Shere Ali's downfall. When he returns to India the process goes on rapidly; he finds that out there the colour line is not forgotten, that he can never be in the eyes of the white man on a higher plane than the meanest of his subjects. And partly because of racial antagonism, partly because he and Linforth are rivals for Mrs. Latimer's affection, they become opposing forces regarding the Broken Road, Shere Ali reverting to barbarism for the sake of rousing his people to oppose the hated Englishman. There is no question that the book has a certain definite bigness, a deep understanding of racial types and fundamental human relations.

Another story where the whole plot is built up from the slow modification of character under the influence of a new and strange environment is *"Mafoota"*, by Dolf Wylarde. In speaking of

this author, it is only fair to recognise that her books contain much that is apt to repel many readers not ordinarily over-sensitive regarding the so-called sex-problem novels. And yet there is a frank, almost virile recognition of the big truths of life together with a power of portrayal and analysis that must appeal to any critic who appreciates good art

in fiction. The fundamental purpose of *Mafoota* is to show that there are women who wreck their lives not by marrying the wrong man, but by marrying the right man at the wrong time—before they have reached that wise understanding of vital truths, that broad-minded indulgence for human weaknesses, on which to found substantial happiness. To Ellice Hillier, marrying she scarce knew why, her husband's sudden business trip to Jamaica, cutting short their honeymoon, came as a relief. And when some weeks later she starts to join him, she is still full of revolt against fate and hopes vaguely that something will happen to postpone their meeting. It is in the hotel parlour at Kingston, just after landing, that she overhears some current gossip about her husband and his mode of life in Jamaica that sets her cheeks on flame and flashes upon her the sudden knowledge that she cannot, will not, go back to him. Fate this time plays rather curiously into her hands; she has made the voyage in company with another young woman, an invalid, who was on her way to visit her uncle somewhere in the interior of the island. The young woman had died on the voyage, and by some blunder her name has become confused with that of Mrs. Hillier; so that the latter found herself not only recorded as dead, but also in possession of the dead girl's trunks. The temptation to accept the situation, to drop out of her old life and into the new one, to find a home waiting to receive her in this remote jumping-off place of civilisation where it would hardly be possible to trace her—all this assails her too strongly to resist. The uncle had not seen his dead niece since she was a small child, he would have no suspicion, the whole thing seemed absurdly easy. And so this prim, conventional, somewhat narrow-minded young Englishwoman finds herself within twenty-four hours settled in her new home and received with open-armed affection by a lovable and lonely old man. And here her education begins—not the education of books, but the more vital education of real life. The careless laxity of moral standards that prevails all around her among the negroes and mulattos flaunts itself in her

face daily. Conditions which at first in her inexperience she does not grasp, little by little force their meanings upon her and awaken her to a painful self-consciousness. Of its kind this picture of a girl's three-year education at the hand of nature, in the midst of the open air freedom and beauty of the tropical island, is rather wonderful in its clear-sighted understanding of a human soul. And when at last fate does the unexpected thing and brings the woman and her husband together again, you know without being told that all will be well with them, because the woman has learned to understand and to accept the great truths of nature.

The Crucible, by Mark Lee Luther, is another book in which the whole plot depends fundamentally upon development of character. Briefly summed up, it is a study, and a searching incisive study at that, of the influence of a reformatory upon a proud, sensitive girl, unjustly placed there. Jean Fanshawe is not a vicious girl at heart; she is simply the outcome of an unfortunate home training, a rebel against the authority of a mother who has never forgiven her for not being a boy. The quarrel which brought Jean into the police court was no worse than dozens of other quarrels; the only difference was that in the heat of anger she caught up a knife threateningly. The point grazed her sister's flesh by accident, the frightened mother called for help, and a purblind judge sentenced Jean to a term of three years. The earlier chapters of the book, picturing the harsh routine of the reformatory, the unsympathetic matrons, the sense of degradation that came from herding with a mass of vulgar, brazen women, is easily the best part of the book. Jean's first impotent rebellion, her gradual loss of courage, and then finally her crafty plot for escape and its accomplishment are all told in a way that make you believe them true. At this point we get the first bit of pure romanticism and yet we cannot deny that it might have happened. Fleeing all night through a woodland district, Jean finds herself the next morning beside a stream

where a young man is fishing. A careless cast lands the hooks in her dress; the young man, trying to extricate them, notes the regulation, prison uniform, their eyes meet and she appeals to him for help. He need only go to the nearest town and bring her back the frock and shoes and hat that will assure her success. Because this is a romantic chapter the young man willingly, even eagerly, promises to do this. Yet before going, he warns her that she would do better to return, because if she escapes, the shadow of that unfinished term will haunt her throughout life. When he returns with the new clothing the girl has gone back to the reformatory. The memory of this man stays with her, and gradually strengthens in her a resolution to save her life from wreck. Yet when her term is over the stigma of the reformatory follows her through sweatshop and department store, wherever she seeks for honest work, making friendship difficult, and robbing her of the chance of honest marriage. It is here that Mr. Luther's romantic vein once more gets the better of him. The hero of the fishing episode reappears, overlooks the girl's antecedents and ultimately endows her with his fame and fortune. The pure melodrama of the closing chapter, including a murder and a suicide, mars what is otherwise a book of serious intent.

Sheaves, by E. C. Benson, purposes at the start to be a study of discrepancy in age between husband and wife. It needs no argument to show that the story of a marriage between a man of twenty-seven and a woman of forty-four must depend for whatever interest it has upon development of character. Only in the rare case where the man and woman are by some freak of fate strangely fitted for one another in every respect save that of years, that a problem of this kind is worth the working out. Hugh Grain-ger and Edith Allbutt are two people thus miraculously intended for each other. In both the dramatic and artistic temperaments are highly developed. Hugh has a voice which in *Lohengrin* sets all musical Europe aflame. Mrs.

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Allbutt is the author of a new play which has taken London by storm. With the blindness of a dreamer Hugh refuses to look ahead; Edith looks ahead, but, because her early life has been embittered and she is hungry to snatch a little joy from the years still left her, she defies the future. Mr. Benson is undeniably a careful worker. He builds up character with a leisurely thoroughness and a clear-eyed appreciation of the value of little things that one often misses in writers of larger calibre than he. For this reason one regrets to see him deliberately shirk his responsibility in this book. The one purpose of the story, the one justification for its existence, is to follow down these ill-assorted lives for ten, fifteen, twenty years, and show in what particular form the inevitable tragedy will take place. Instead of doing this, Mr. Benson falls back upon the rather cowardly expedient of letting the heroine develop a weakness of heart and lungs and, after lingering for a few months between hope and fear at the famous consumptive resort of Davos, suddenly sink during her husband's brief absence to London and pass away almost before he could return to her. In a somewhat over-subtle way Mr. Benson apparently holds the difference of years responsible for the wife's death. He seems to argue that her morbid sensitiveness causes her to fear constantly that her young husband will become bored if tied too long to a frail invalid in a health resort. Accordingly, she forces herself to persuade him to go to London, thinking she is acting most wisely for both; but it is really the lack of the daily stimulus of his presence that robs her of her last chance of recovery. In this sense the death may be called logical, but Mr. Benson ought to have remembered that it is even a bigger thing to make his characters live logically.

The First Secretary, by Demetra and Kenneth Brown, belongs in general design to that particular type of modern melodrama best represented by *Beverly of Graustark*. There is at the outstart a brave impetuous young American, who falls madly in love with the unknown beauty whom he sees riding in

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one of the royal carriages; and because she is a damsel in distress and appeals to his chivalry to aid her, he is ready to risk not only his own neck, but those of the entire embassy to which he is attached. What gives the book a value far in excess of the type to which it belongs, is the fact that its stage-setting is not Graustark or Zende, but Constantinople; that the royal carriage was one of those which each week follow the Sultan to the Mosque, to the Yildiz Kiosk, and to the beautiful unknown princess, one of the veiled inmates of a Turkish harem. The peculiar conditions of harem-life from an inside point of view, the almost insufferable difficulties which confront any effort for freedom on the part of a Turkish girl, the thousand and one little touches which only a long and intimate knowledge of Constantinople can give—these are the qualities which give its value to this swift, romantic tale of a new Lochinvar.

Among the few Christmas stories that really count, Mr. Crawford's charming

little volume *The Little City of Hope* deserves a conspicuous place. It shows this practiced story-teller at his very

best, for it is instinct with tenderness and bravery and sympathetic understanding. It is simply the story of some crucial hours in the life of an inventor, a man who has given his best years to the perfecting of a new air-motor. Failure after failure has followed him, dollar by dollar his small fortune has dwindled away. The brave wife who still believes in him

has gone away to earn her own living, so as not to be a burden upon him; the little son who remains to share his poverty patiently accepts all hardships for the sake of that glorious hope that some day he will see the wheels of that mysterious motor revolve. Meanwhile the boy comforts his lowliness by manufacturing a toy model of the town where he was born and where his father and mother had lived through happier years. Every stray scrap of rubbish finds its way into this model as a house front, a church steeple, the windows of a store. One day in his hour of deepest despondency the father comes across this model and marvels at its accuracy; it brings back to him so clearly the happier years that he feels himself inspired with new force and courage and he then and there christens the model *The Little City of Hope*. He has it brought into his laboratory to stand side by side with the model of the motor and every night thereafter he and the little boy work together for an hour enlarging and perfecting the *Little City of Hope*. How the success of the motor is at last achieved and how this achievement is intimately associated with the Christmas spirit; how it happens that those wheels which so long stubbornly refused to move suddenly begin to spin like things possessed on the dawn of Christmas morning—all this should be left for Mr. Crawford himself to tell in his own inimitable way. It is one of those rare gems of fiction of which an author has more reason to be proud than of many a more serious and ambitious effort.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Intelligence of the Flowers. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

An essay. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Attractively illustrated and decorated by Edgar Fisher.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century. By William Morton Payne, LL.D.

Containing studies of Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Swineburne, based upon a course of lectures given at the Universities of Wisconsin, Kansas, and Chicago. The author treats of the relation of these great poets to the world of thought and action.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Wordsworth and His Circle. By David Watson Rannie, M.A.

A biographical and critical study of Wordsworth in relation to his contemporaries and his companions.

The Queen of Letter Writers. Marquise de Sevigne, Dame de Bourbilly, 1626-1696. By Janet Aldis.

Through the medium of Madame de Sevigne's correspondence is given an account of the aristocratic life of Paris and Versailles during the last half of the seventeenth century. Events in the world of literature, art and politics, with the petty intrigues, spites and follies of the day, are also portrayed.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators. By Elbert Hubbard.

A volume of biography, criticism and appreciation, with a chapter devoted to each of the following orators: Pericles, Antony, Savonarola, Luther, Burke, Pitt, Marat, Ingersoll, Henry, King, Beecher and Phillips.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Hindu Literature; or the Ancient Books of India. By Elizabeth A. Reed, A.M.

A chronology of the ancient books which go to make up Hindu literature, showing where they belong in the world's history, together with a summary of their teachings and specimens of their literary style.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Essays: Speculative and Suggestive. By John Addington Symonds.

A reprint. The volume contains some of the author's best writings. It includes papers on "Some Principles of Criticism," "Relation of Art to Science and Morality," "Notes on Style," "Democratic Art," "Nature Myths and Allegories," and other essays.

The Novels of George Meredith: A Study. By Elmer James Bailey.

Showing the analogies between Meredith's work and that of the earlier novelists and illuminating the growth and aims of his work.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The South Americans. By Albert Hale, A.B., M.D.

The story of the South American republics, their characteristics, progress and tendencies, with special reference to their commercial relations with the United States. The author is a member of the Geographical Society of Rio Janeiro, and he states that the book has been written with a North American pen, but that he has looked through South American eyes while writing it, believing that twenty-four years of intimate connection with South Americans and extended residence there, as well as travel over much of these countries and other parts of the world, give him authority to speak.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Greece and the Ægean Islands. By Philip Sanford Marden.

The author has made several visits to Greece and has written a volume of travel and description which will be of special interest to those who anticipate a trip through the Grecian archipelago and who are desirous of knowing what should be seen there.

The Pulse of Asia. A Journey in Central Asia Illustrating the Geographic Basis of History. By Ellsworth Huntington.

The author's chief aim has been to show the relation of geography to history and the related sciences, and the great influence which changes of climate have exerted upon the history and character of the human race. He describes the country through which he travelled in his journey over Central Asia, and also the habits and customs of its people.

L. C. Page and Company:

Among Old New England Inns. By Mary Caroline Crawford.

The author narrates tales of the days

when Washington and Lafayette made their stopping-places famous, reminiscences of the famous Boston inns and other Revolutionary taverns, and also tells of the inns of Portsmouth, Newbury, Ipswich and many other New England towns.

Mexico and Her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter.

An account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history and advancement of the Mexicans, and the development and resources of their country.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Tabular Views of Universal History. Compiled by George Palmer Putnam, A.M., and continued to date by Lynds E. Jones and Simeon Strunsky.

A series of chronological tables presenting, in parallel columns, a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1907.

History of the People of the Netherlands. By Petrus Johannes Blok.

The fourth in a series of five volumes narrating the historical events in Netherland history from the earliest times to the days of modern Holland. Part IV starts with the first years after the truce with Spain, and finishes with an account of the Netherlands at the end of the seventeenth century. It tells of Frederick Henry, John de Witt and William III.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Across Widest Africa. Two volumes. By A. Henry Savage Landor.

An account of the country and people of eastern, central and western Africa as seen during a twelve months' journey from Djibuth to Cape Verde.

Nooks and Corners of Old England. By Allan Fea.

A guide to some out-of-the-way places in England, giving an account of wanderings through many English counties. It is well illustrated from photographs.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

A King in Rags. By Cleveland Moffett.

A present day story of New York City in which the hero works as a master diver of a wrecking company. Being interested in the poor surrounding him and desirous of aiding them to better their condition, he engages in street preaching and various forms of philanthropic work. Through the influence of a man for whom he does a service, Philip Ames is granted an interview with John

J. Haggleton, one of the richest men in Wall Street. He proves to be the young philanthropist's father, from whom Philip has been separated since boyhood. The wealthy man becomes interested in some of his son's work of reform. Margaret, the heroine, is a young girl who, though reared in luxury, finds it necessary after her father loses his fortune to earn her own living, and this she does as a hospital nurse.

The Raid on Prosperity. By James Roscoe Day, LL.D., D.C.L.

In which the author gives his views on the question of corporations with regard to the State and the individual, and criticises certain incidents in the administration of the government which he believes are destructive to the liberties of the people and the progress of commerce.

When Men Grew Tall: The Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

A biography of Andrew Jackson given in the form of a story. It tells of his early days, his home life, the rough frontier existence of the time, and of his years as President of the United States.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Holly Tree Inn and a Christmas Tree. By Charles Dickens.

Two sketches from the famous "Christmas Stories." With illustrations in colour and line by George Alfred Williams.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

An Interrupted Honeymoon. By Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

A story of conflict between a man and a woman who became acquainted with each other and with the realities of life and love four years after they were married.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

On the Trail of the Arabs. A Story of Heroic Deeds in Africa. By Herbert Strang.

The scene is laid in the British Congo. The hero is taken captive by the natives and lives among them. He conducts himself in such a manner as to become a great favourite, and in this way is enabled to do valuable service for his flag and his king.

His Wife. By Warren Cheney.

The scene is laid in a Russian frontier post of Alaska. Luka Antonovitch Struck, the principal character, upon the death of his wife becomes mentally unbalanced. He wanders from the post to search for his lost one among the living, while the whole village knows that she is dead. He fancies he has found her

in his brother's promised bride. The woman loves him and he carries her off despite the quarrel with his brother. After an illness he is restored to his right mind and realises that the beautiful Lisa is not the wife he has lost. The interest of the story centres about the working out of their own happiness by these two people, who met in such an unusual manner and were so strangely bound together.

Brentano's:

Lucy Gort. A Study in Temperament. By Alice and Claude Askew.

The heroine is a young girl who, finding life in a country town too narrow and prosaic, secures a position as companion to a society lady of London. Here she comes in contact with a modern cosmopolitanism that charms and captivates her, but at the same time is the means of bringing much trouble and unhappiness into her life.

Nicolette. By Evelyn Sharp.

A story of the life of Nicolette, one of a large family of boys and girls. It tells of her childhood, with her sage speeches and warm-heartedness, and of her life in her aunt's home, where the children are sent upon the death of their mother, and where all Nicolette's philosophy and cheerfulness are needed to make life endurable. The story of her life is continued as she grows up and mingles with the world, and the author describes the most congenial companionship existing between Nicolette and her father. The girl develops into a strong woman—fearless and original—with a heart full of love for humanity. The story of her own love affair is also told.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Prince Karl. By Archibald Clavering Gunter.

In which the German prince, two American widows, who are in love with him, and a villainous Chicago stock broker are the principal characters. It has been novelised from the play by that name in which Richard Mansfield appeared.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Feminine Finance. By Frances Crouch.

A bachelor farmer is visited by two women on two separate days in an endeavour to collect money due a third, on a note. An amusing story is told of what resulted from these visits.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Brushwood Boy. By Rudyard Kipling.

A new edition. Bound in a decorative cover with coloured illustrations by F. H. Townsend.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Spinners' Book of Fiction. Collected by the Book Committee of the Spinners' Club.

Tales of adventure, mystery, love, humour and pathos by Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Geraldine Bonner, Mary Halleck Foote, Eleanor Gates, James Hopper, Jack London, Bailey Millard, Miriam Michelson, W. C. Morrow, Frank Norris, Henry Milner Rideout, Charles Warren Stoddard, Isobel Strong, Richard Walton Tully and Herman Whitaker. With a Dedicatory Poem by George Sterling. The illustrations are in colour from paintings by seven well-known Western artists.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Mistress of Bonaventure. By Harold Bindloss.

A story of early settlement life in the prairie lands of the Canadian Northwest. It tells of the life and the hardships of the ranchers and also of the social life at Bonaventure Ranch.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Twenty-three Tales. By Tolstoy. Translated by L. and A. Maude.

A collection of the best of Tolstoy's short stories. Tales for children, some allegories and popular stories, and some fairy and folk tales are included.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Dance of Love. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.

A romance of England and France in the Middle Ages, with Pepin, youngest son of a Kentish knight and a lady of Southern France, as the hero. Pepin is a youth of twenty. His father is dead and he is spoiled by his mother, who at one time told him that there was one woman in the world for him and that she carried the key of his heart on a chain around her neck. He leaves his father's castle and travels to his mother's country in search of the "one woman." The story tells of his many adventures and of the women he meets in his "Dance of Love." Failing in the object of his search, and having grown older and wiser, he returns home and there finds that Alice, a young English girl, wears the key to his heart.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Admiral's Light. By Henry Milner Rideout.

The scenes of this romantic love story are laid on the sea-coast borders of New Brunswick and Maine. A young Canadian boy, living at the lighthouse with his grandfather, falls in love with a girl, brought up by Yankee gypsies.

J. B. Lippincott and Company:

The Settlers of Karassa Creek; and Other Stories of Australian Bush Life. By Louis Becke.

The volume contains three stories of adventure in the South Sea Islands. In writing these tales the author has had the experiences of his own nomadic career among the strange peoples of that part of the world to draw from.

The Affair at Pine Court. By Nelson Rust Gilbert.

A story of love and mystery at Pine Court, the Adirondack residence of a rich New Yorker, Mr. Carr. Upon taking possession of the place he turned off the squatters, stopped poaching and killing of game out of season, for all of which these farmers turned against Carr and declared vengeance. The story opens with a house party. Among the guests is a man claiming to be a German count and possessing what he represents as being a wonderful lens of great value. A servant gossips about this among the enemies of Carr, which, added to their hatred of the rich owner of the large estate, results in a regular forest war. Telephone wires are cut down and every one who attempts to leave the house is shot at. Carr himself is in danger of assassination. The lens mysteriously disappears and great excitement is caused, the owner accusing the other guests of theft. After days spent in an endeavour to clear up the mystery it is learned that the so-called German count is not just what he represented himself to be. He had been sent to Mr. Carr with a joking letter of introduction, and the lens was a worthless piece of glass. Various love affairs add to the excitement of the story.

Holly. The Romance of a Southern Girl. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Holly is a young orphan girl who lives on a Florida estate owned at one time by her father, but which after his death passes through various hands. She and her aunt are allowed to remain on it until the last owner, a Northerner, who is broken down in health, comes to visit it. He falls in love with Holly, and despite the disparity in their ages they discover that they were intended for each other.

Tales of a Small Town. By One Who Lived There.

A series of short stories telling of quaint characters and happenings in a small American village.

The Angel of Forgiveness. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

The story tells of the life of Githa Darnell in her home and of the close relations between herself and father. On her seventeenth birthday she learns that

the dear friend whom she has visited each year as Cousin Yvonne is in reality her mother, who became estranged from her father when Githa was very young. After great suffering on all sides, the daughter has the happiness of reuniting the family.

John Smith, Gentleman Adventurer. By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.

The story of his career before and after his connection with the Jamestown expedition. The book is in two parts, the first relating to his experiences as a soldier of fortune and the second to his trials after he joined the company that was granted a charter by James I. for the colonisation of Virginia.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Lisheen; or the Test of the Spirits. By Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D.

A wealthy landlord, being instilled with the ideas of Tolstoy and other reformers, grows dissatisfied with the state of affairs among his Irish tenantry. In order to study the existing conditions he determines to go and live as a common labourer among the peasants. His various experiences are related.

The Macmillan Company:

The Crimes of the Borgias, and Others. By Alexander Dumas.

The first of a series of four volumes of Dumas's "Celebrated Crimes." It deals with the crimes of the Borgias, the Cenci, Joan of Naples, and the Countess of St. Geran.

Comrade John. By Merwin-Webster.

A story of the present time. The principal character, Herman Stein, is a man of determination, power, and personal magnetism, who, after repeated failures, has achieved fame as the author of a book and the founder of a religious organisation. Another prominent character is John Chance, a young architect. The story centres around the struggle of these two determined men for the possession of a young woman, whom John Chance had seen for the first time in Paris when he rescued her from a mob and whom he next meets as a disciple of Herman Stein, with whom he has also become associated.

The John McBride Company:

The Golden Horseshoe. By Robert Aitken.

A tale of adventure, love and mystery, the scenes of which are laid in an imaginary South American republic. An old mission with many secret passages, and other secrets connected with it, has been turned into a private mansion for the president of the republic and is called "The Golden Horseshoe." The love story is an exciting one, the heroine being the cousin of the president, who kidnaps her from New York on his

yacht and plots to marry her against her will. The hero, who is in love with the girl, follows her to South America with the hope of rescuing her. Mr. Aitken, having taken part in two South American revolutions, has many experiences to draw upon in the writing of this tale.

The McClure Company:

Wards of Liberty. By Myra Kelly.

The second volume of Miss Kelly's tales about "Little Citizens." In these stories the young life of the Ghetto is pictured as the author came to know it through her experience as a teacher and worker in the thickly populated districts of New York's "East Side."

Kilo. By Ellis Parker Butler.

The story of Eliph Hewlett, a book agent, who goes to a small Western town in his effort to sell Jarby's Encyclopædia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art, Comprising Useful Information on One Thousand and One Subjects, including a History of the World, the Lives of All Famous Men, Quotations from the World's Great Authors, One Thousand and One Recipes, Et Cetera." From this on all possible occasions he quotes in an entertaining manner. As a result he not only makes a success as a book agent but wins his bride.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott.

Kenilworth. By Sir Walter Scott.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens.

The Prairie Classics. A series of handy uniform reprints of the standard writers of fiction.

**RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS,
PHILOSOPHY**

D. Appleton and Company:

Earthquakes. An Introduction to Seismic Geology. By William Herbert Hobbs.

The author shows here how theories in regard to earthquakes have changed. He gives observations made of recent earthquakes and describes the series of shocks in 1811 and 1812 in western Kentucky and Tennessee, which changed the entire aspect of the surrounding country.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Story of Joseph. As Told in the Old Testament. With an Introduction by Fletcher Harper Swift, and Descriptive Essay and Illustrations by George Alfred Williams.

In the introduction Mr. Swift points out the reasons for the lasting beauty

of this story, and Mr. Williams's essay tells of life in Egypt during Joseph's time.

Eaton and Mains:

Poems with Power to Strengthen the Soul. By James Mudge.

A collection of about twelve hundred poems bearing on noble living. They are classified under such heads as Duty, Service, Peace, Love, Hope, and Faith.

Fordham University Press:

Makers of Modern Medicine. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

A series of biographies of the men who have made important advances in the development of modern medicine.

The Macmillan Company:

The Philosophy of Common Sense. By Frederic Harrison.

A volume intended to supplement *The Creed of a Layman*, which dealt with what the author calls "The Religion of Common Sense." The purpose of the new book is to throw light on the philosophical basis of that religion.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Natural History of the Ten Commandments. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

An original interpretation of the Ten Commandments in their relation to the lives of wild animals.

The Creed of Jesus and Other Sermons. By Henry Sloane Coffin.

A volume of sermons each based on some lesson derived from close contemplation of Christ's precepts, practice and personality.

Epochs in the Life of Jesus. A Study of Development and Struggle in the Messiah's Work. By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D.

The various chapters in this volume were delivered as lectures at a summer Chautauqua to an audience of ministers and other Christian workers. Their aim is to present the career of Jesus in the light of modern knowledge and in full sympathy with the position given to Christ in the Gospels.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Duffield and Company:

Shakespeare's Holinshed. The Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared. By W. G. Boswellstone.

Robert Lancham's Letter. Describing a Part of the Entertainment Unto Queen Elizabeth at the Castle of Kenilworth in 1575. Edited, with Introduction, by F. J. Furnivall.

The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth: Awdeley's "Fraternity of Vagabonds" and Harman's "Caveat." Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Viles and F. J. Furnivall.

Lodge's "Rosalynde." Being the Original of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Edited by W. W. Greg, M.A.

Greene's "Pandosto," or "Dorastus and Fawnia." Being the Original of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." Newly edited by P. G. Thomas.

The first volumes in the Shakespeare Library. Under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz.

Ginn and Company:

The History of Music to the Death of Schubert. By John K. Paine, Mus.D.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Paine requested Mr. Albert A. Howard to edit the work. As he found the later manuscripts so unfinished as to make the author's intent and views uncertain, Mr. Howard thought best to close the book with the death of Schubert.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Daughter of Jorio. A Pastoral Tragedy. By Gabrielle D'Annunzio. Translated from the Italian by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola and Alice Henry.

The first English translation of the famous play. The volume contains a portrait of D'Annunzio and pictures representing some of the scenes from the Italian production of the play.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Art of the Prado. By C. S. Ricketts.

A survey of the contents of the great Spanish museum of art, together with detailed criticisms of its masterpieces and biographical sketches of the famous painters who produced them.

Portraits and Portrait Painting. By Estelle M. Hurl.

In this volume is shown by many examples and descriptions what has been contributed to the art by each age and by each nationality, represented by the most notable portrait painters. There are also anecdotes of the people who have been the subjects of these famous portraits.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Masterpieces in Colour. By S. L. Benson, Reynolds.

Velasquez.

These volumes contain reproductions of the masterpieces of the great artists in the beauty of their original colour. In each volume is given an account touching upon the chief events of the painter's life and showing the force

which influenced his art, his development, his aims, and the meaning of his work.

The Great Opera Series.

Faust. Gounod.

Tannhauser. Wagner.

Edited by J. Cuthbert Hadden.

An outline of the plot is given, an analysis of the music, and an account of the circumstances of the writing of the opera, with a sketch of the composer's life.

JUVENILE

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Little Travellers Around the World. Visits to People of Other Lands. Pictures by George Bonawitz and Descriptive Text by Helen Coleman.

An instructive volume for the very young reader. It tells what is to be seen in the different foreign lands and gives a history of their people.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Jewelled Toad. By Isabel M. Johnston. Pictures by W. W. Denslow.

A fairy tale about Majesty, the selfish king who lived in a large palace in the "Garden of Sweetmeats," a very lovable little girl named Towsey, and Verus, a knight whom the cruel king had transformed into a toad. Angered by the king's actions, the toad secured the brightest jewel from the royal crown and wore it in his forehead. The king thinks Towsey a witch and attempts to catch and imprison her, but the toad is always on hand to prevent.

Brentano's:

When Hawkins Sailed the Sea. By Tinsley Pratt.

A boy's story of adventures at sea in the time of Drake and Admiral Hawkins.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Milly and Olly. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The first edition of this story printed in America. It is a children's story, the scenes of which are laid in the picturesque and romantic Lake Country of England.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll.

A new edition, illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Remarkable Adventures of Little Boy Pip. By Philip W. Francis.

A story for young children, relating the journey of Little Boy Pip over the

meadow to the "Place Where the Sky Comes Down" and his adventures in the "Enchanted Swamp" on an excursion personally conducted by the "Welsh Rabbit." The volume is illustrated in colour.

Dana, Estes and Company:

On Tower Island. By Earl C. McAllister.

A story for boys dealing with yachting adventures along the coast of Maine. The discovery of a conspiracy and the pursuit of the criminals add to the excitement of the tale.

Harper and Brothers:

Electricity Book for Boys. Written and Illustrated by Joseph H. Adams.

A volume intended to give to boys a practical working knowledge of electricity. It gives directions for the constructing of home-made batteries, motors, switches, insulators, coils, etc.

Fire Fighters and Their Pets. By Alfred M. Downes.

The story of the New York fire department. It describes some of the large fires that have occurred and tells what the firemen do. The training, discipline and every-day life of the engine-house are set forth and stories are told of the pet mascots of the fire companies.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Treasure of the Canyon. By Joseph B. Ames.

A story of adventure for boys. The young heroes search for hidden treasures in Arizona and the Grand Canyon of Colorado.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

With Fighting Jack Barry. By John T. McIntyre.

Jack Barry, the fighting Irishman, is the central figure of this story for boys, which tells of the conditions existing between English and American seamen just before the Revolution. The search for a famous ruby bearing in its setting a list of a number of colonists who intended to appeal to the King of France for aid against the King of England lends excitement and adventure to the tale.

Three Girls from School. By L. T. Meade.

A story of three girls, Priscilla, thoughtful and intellectual, Annie, bright and pretty, and Mabel, good-natured, rich and a great favourite. It tells of their life at a fashionable school known as "Mrs. Lyttleton's."

The Queen's Company. By Sara Hawks Sterling.

A story dealing with the studies, the

games, the pranks and plays, and the ambitions and achievements of a group of high-school girls. The chief event of the story is a "grand, all-star performance" of *As You Like It*, given at the close of the term for the "Queens," who are the favourite teachers.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Tales of Troy and Greece. By Andrew Lang.

A volume for young people telling of the heroes of the Trojan War, of the wanderings of Ulysses, of Meleager, Theseus and Perseus. The volume is illustrated and also contains a map.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Boyhood Days on the Farm. By Charles Clark Munn.

Telling of the routine of work and the recreations and adventures of a young boy on a farm, with sketches of fishing, swimming, "parties," school exhibitions, the "town meeting," "sugaring off" and "husking bees," as well as of hunting, trapping and camping out.

Treasure Seekers of the Andes; or American Boys in Peru. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The fifth volume of the Pan-American Series. Five young boys with their tutor travel up the Marañon River and then to the sea coast. They visit Truxillo, Lima and numerous other points of interest. From the coast they travel again into the interior and have several adventures while in quest of game. One of the boys obtains possession of a secret regarding an ancient Spanish treasure said to be located in the heart of the Andes Mountains. In their hunt for the treasure he and his companion are lost and a searching party is organised.

Dorothy Dainty at Home. By Amy Brooks.

The sixth volume of the Dorothy Dainty Series. More about the sunny little girl Dorothy (this time in her beautiful country home) and her faithful friend, Nancy Ferris.

Five Little Peppers in the Little Brown House. By Margaret Sidney.

The eleventh volume of the famous Pepper books.

Kitty-Cat Tales. By Alice Van Leer Carrick.

Impy, little Dorothy's pet black kitten, entertains her mistress by telling as a good-night story some fairy tale about a cat. There are nine stories, one for each of the fabled lives of the cat.

The Kenton Pines; or Raymond Benson in College. By C. B. Burleigh.

Another volume in the Raymond Benson Series. In this is told the story of

the young man's life at Kenton College (or Bowdoin College, from which the author was graduated in 1887), his athletic abilities, which make him prominent among his fellow-students, and his hard work and triumphs. It also gives a picture of the fraternity life of the students, their associations and their social occasions.

Helen Grant, Senior. By Amanda M. Douglas.

The fifth volume of the Helen Grant Series. It is a picture of the college life of the modern American girl.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding. By Annie Fellows Johnston.

In this, the ninth and closing volume of the Little Colonel Series, Lloyd Sherman (called "Little Colonel" because as a small girl she resembled an old-school Kentucky gentleman) meets her true knight, or her old friend Bob. She weds her prince, and with her father's blessing rides away to start her new life near her old home.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions. By Howard Pyle.

The third volume in the series of the Stories of King Arthur and His Knights. The narrative of this volume is in seven parts—"Sir Launcelot as the Chevalier of the Cart," "Launcelot and Elaine the Fair," "Sir Gareth of Orkney," "The Madness of Sir Launcelot," "Sir Ewaine and the Lady of the Fountain," "The Return of Sir Launcelot" and "The Nativity of Galahad."

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Laurie's Mémoires d'un Collégien. Edited by J. L. Bergerhoff, Associate Professor of Romance Languages, Western Reserve University.

A story of school life which is well adapted for reading in American schools. It furnishes a good idea of the work and play of a French schoolboy. The volume contains explanatory notes, exercises for translation from English into French and a complete vocabulary.

Elements of Biology. By George William Hunter, A.M.

This course presents a correlation of botany, zoology and human physiology, and combines in excellent proportion text-book study, laboratory experiments, field work, and work for oral recitation.

High School Algebra. By J. H. Tanner, Ph.D.

The publishers state that this volume

meets every real need encountered in the teaching of elementary algebra and embodies only those features and those methods of presentation which agree with the views of the best teachers.

The Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village. Goldsmith. Edited by James Arthur Tufts.

The two famous masterpieces of Goldsmith are here edited with especial care to make them clear, interesting and helpful to those beginning the study of literature. The introduction contains a sketch of the early development of the English novel, an account of Goldsmith's life, and criticisms of his writings, by contemporary, as well as later, authors.

Explorers and Founders of America. By Anna Elizabeth Foote and Avery Warner Skinner.

Another volume in the series of Eclectic Readings. It gives attractive biographical sketches of thirty-four prominent characters in the history of America from the days of the earliest adventurers down to the Revolutionary War. Each sketch gives details that will interest children. The material has been put in the form of short sentences expressed in early colloquial style. The sketches are all followed by suggestive topics for oral or written composition.

The Adventures of Deerslayer. Adapted from J. Fenimore Cooper's *Deerslayer* by Margaret N. Haight.

This is in the series of Eclectic Readings. It is intended for supplementary reading in the fifth or sixth grade and is a thorough abridgment of Cooper's famous story, in which all lengthy descriptions, tedious conversations, moral reflections, and other unnecessary details have been carefully omitted.

A Short History of Greek Literature. By Wilmer Cave Wright, Ph.D.

A general survey of Greek literature from Homer to Julian. The publishers state that it is written rather from the literary than the philological standpoint, and contains such helpful features as numerous parallels quoted from English literature, lists of standard translations, and references to modern essays dealing with the Greek masterpieces. At the end of each chapter is a bibliography of the more important literature of the topic treated.

Stories from French Realists. Edited by Lester Burrell Shippee and Nelson Lewis Greene.

This volume contains representative stories by Zola and De Maupassant, suited for school reading. The publishers state that they have been carefully chosen to give the student some conception of the spirit which has dominated

the literature of modern France, as exemplified in the work of the two chief exponents of the modern realistic school. The book contains helpful notes, exercises for retranslation, and a full vocabulary.

Müller's Neue Marchen. Edited by W. F. Little, Principal, Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J.

The publishers state that the text in this volume is an excellent example of pure colloquial German, full of every-day expressions and idioms; that it is interesting and easy, and admirably adapted for beginners.

Selections from Irving's Sketch-Book. Edited by Martin W. Sampson, A.M.

In the Gateway Series of English Texts. It includes fifteen of the best papers from Irving's well-known work. A short sketch of the author's life is given, and the introduction deals with his style and with the subject matter of the essays which follow.

A Book of Plays. For Little Actors. By Emma L. Johnston and Madalene D. Barnum.

A volume intended to train school children in expressive oral reading and in intelligent silent reading. It contains a series of little plays based on familiar nursery rhymes and stories, such as "Mary and Her Lamb," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Spider and the Fly," "Old Mother Hubbard" and many others.

The Second Fairy Reader. By James Baldwin.

In the series of Eclectic Readings. It is intended for supplementary reading in the second or third grades. Each story represents the folklore of a different country.

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by Albert Henry Smyth.

The latest addition to the Gateway Series of English Texts. It tells the story of the rise of a great man from obscurity to splendour. In the introduction is given a sketch of Franklin's career and achievements, and the notes furnish needed help to the student.

Outline for Review in English History. By Charles Bertram Newton, A.B., and Edwin Bryant Treat, A.M.

A summary of the chief events of English history in a convenient form for reference and in chronological order. The index groups battles, laws and wars both alphabetically and chronologically, and at the end of the volume are typical college entrance examination questions.

A Text-Book in Physics. For Secondary Schools. By William N. Mumper, Ph.D.

The publishers state that this volume

meets equally the needs of students who are preparing for the most exacting college entrance examinations, and also those other students who are not going to college.

Famous Pictures of Children. By Julia Augusta Schwartz.

Intended for reading in the third or fourth grades. The book contains seventeen of the most famous pictures of children by noted artists. The story of each painting is given, and also a biography of the artist. It is in two parts, the first describing pictures of "Some Children of Long Ago" and the second "Paintings of the Christ Child."

The Story of Two Boys. Retold by Clifton Johnson.

A volume in the series of Eclectic Readings. It has been prepared for use in the third and fourth years of school and is based on the childhood classic *Sandford and Merton*, which has been retold in a modernised form.

D. C. Heath and Company:

Handbook of Composition. By Edwin C. Wooley, Ph.D.

A compendium of rules regarding good English, grammar, sentence structure, paragraphing, manuscript arrangement, punctuation, spelling, essay writing, and letter writing.

Henry Holt and Company:

French Short Stories. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by Douglas Labaree Bufum, Ph.D.

A collection of short stories chosen from representative authors of the nineteenth century. A few remarks have been made in connection with each author in order to point out his place in French literature. A summary of the more important works of each writer is also given.

Ma Sœur Henriette. By Ernest Renan. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by William F. Giese.

For the student of French literature. The introduction contains a sketch of the author's life.

Meister Martin der Kufner und Seine Gesellen. By E. T. A. Hoffmann. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Robert Herndon Fife, Jr., Professor in Wesleyan University.

For the use of young college students in the study of German literature. In the introduction is given a sketch of Hoffmann's life and character.

Plant Physiology and Ecology. By Fred-eric Edward Clements, Ph.D.

A volume which is intended for use by classes in the second-year botany course in college and university. In the

preface the author states that the text of his present book is based largely upon his *Research Methods in Ecology*, though most of the matter is new or rewritten. He also states that the manner of treatment is essentially the same, but that the subject matter has been rearranged and broken up into a large number of chapters.

Atlas of European History. By Earle W. Dow.

An aid to students of general history. There are about one hundred maps and an index of places with directions for finding them.

The Macmillan Company:

Theories of Style. With especial reference to prose composition. Essays and excerpts arranged by Lane Cooper, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Cornell University.

A volume which will be useful to classes in English prose composition, as well as to more advanced students of literary criticism.

Differential and Integral Calculus. A First Course. By William F. Osgood, Ph.D.

The preface states that the chief characteristics of the treatment of the calculus in this volume are the close touch between the calculus and those problems of physics, including geometry, to which it owed its origin; and the simplicity and directness with which the principles of the calculus are set forth.

Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism. Chosen and edited with an Introduction and Notes by William T. Brewster.

A college text-book in literary criticism, teaching, by analysis of a variety of critical pieces, the principles of the art of criticism.

A Student's History of Greece. By J. B. Bury, M.A. Edited and prepared for American High Schools and Academies by Everett Kimball, Ph.D.

A revision and abridgment of Bury's History of Greece for use in secondary schools in the United States. The volume is illustrated and contains a series of new maps.

Linguistic Development and Education. By M. V. O'Shea.

In this volume is recorded a series of experiments relating to the teaching of languages. It contains a record of careful observations of a child from the beginning of expressive activity until he acquired a mastery of his mother tongue.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard, Major-General United States Army. 2 vols.

The work deals with the boyhood of General Howard, his part in the Civil War, the Reconstruction, Military Departments, Indian Campaigns, Literary Work and the Founding of the Lincoln Memorial University.

The Grafton Press:

Recollections of My Life. By Hermann Krusi.

An autobiographical sketch supplemented by extracts from his personal records and a review of his literary productions, together with selected essays.

Reminiscences of Richard Lathers. Edited by Alvan F. Sanborn.

Sixty years of a busy life in South Carolina, Massachusetts and New York.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

John Greenleaf Whittier. A Sketch of His Life. By Bliss Perry.

This little volume, commemorating the centenary of Whittier's birth, contains a sketch of his life showing the chief influences which determined his career and the character of his poetry. The poems are chosen to illustrate the successive periods of his life.

Life and Public Services of William Pitt Fessenden. By his son, Francis Fessenden, Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

General Fessenden in this biographical work gives the history of his father's career as a lawyer and a statesman, describing the active part he took in the affairs of the nation during its most trying period. He was United States Senator from Maine from 1854 to 1864, then Secretary of the Treasury for one year, after which he again represented Maine for four years.

John Lane Company:

Abraham Lincoln. By Robert G. Ingersoll.

A volume of appreciation. Besides the regular cloth edition, there is a Collector's Limited Autograph Edition, bound in three-quarter crushed Levant. It contains photogravure portraits of Lincoln and Ingersoll.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Last Empress of the French. By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A.

A story of the life of the beautiful Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III.

François Rabelais. By Arthur Tilley, M.A.

The third volume of the French Men of Letters Series. Each volume contains a biographical and critical study of its subject.

The True Patrick Henry. By George Morgan.

The life and career of the great Ameri-

can orator. The publishers state that as Mr. Morgan had access to the accumulated Henry papers of a hundred years, including many unused Wirt originals, he has availed himself of the opportunity to put much important new historical matter into the book.

The Last Days of Mary Stuart, and the Journal of Bourgoyne, Her Physician. By Samuel Cowan.

A domestic rather than a political or daily record. A summary is given of the voluminous correspondence between Queen Mary and her confrères, and Elizabeth, and the leading ministers and secretaries of the Crown of England.

The Macmillan Company:

Theodore Roosevelt: The Boy and the Man. By James Morgan.

A story of his life up to the present time. It tells of the President's boyhood days, his life at Harvard, and follows his career through his choice of a profession, narrates how he came to enter politics, follows him in his hunting and ranching experiences, depicts his work at the head of the New York police, tells the facts of his Rough Riders, and leaves no page unturned in his life story down to the present time.

The Seven Ages of Washington. A Biography. By Owen Wister.

From Washington's own writings and from anecdotes and contemporary records Mr. Wister has written a biography of the man as he was in every-day life and showing that his achievements were the natural result of his individual character. The work is divided into seven parts, namely, the ancestry of Washington, his childhood, frontier life, Mount Vernon, the Revolution, the Presidency and Washington's immortality.

James Pott and Company:

Madame de Lafayette and Her Family. By M. MacDermot Crawford.

A record of the life and virtues of the wife of the famous general. It is the story of a life begun in brilliancy, but destined to be filled with sorrow and affliction.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Life of Louis XI, The Rebel Dauphin and The Statesman King from His Original Letters and Other Documents. By Christopher Hare.

A biography founded on many of this famous king's personal letters and state papers which have been recently brought to light.

Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne. 1815-1819. Volume II. Edited from the Original MS. by M. Charles Nicoulaud.

These memoirs cover an eventful period in French history—from the end of the Revolution to the downfall of Napoleon. They give pictures of high life in France and of life and people in England, where her father, Marquis d'Osmond, was French Ambassador.

A. Wessels Company:

The Real Sir Richard Burton. By Walter Phelps Dodge.

What Sir Richard Burton did during his lifetime, between 1821 and 1890, is briefly summarised in this volume. The book is intended to compete with the various *Lives* of the explorer.

MISCELLANEOUS

Henry Altemus Company:

How to Invest Your Savings. By Isaac F. Marcossou.

A book of interest to men and women with funds to invest. It gives information in regard to bonds, stocks, real estate, mortgages and other forms of safe investment. The volume is based on a series of articles which have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the title "Your Savings."

Richard C. Badger:

Galahad, Knight Errant. By May E. Southworth.

A retelling in prose of the legend of the Holy Grail.

The Negro. A Menace to American Civilization. By R. W. Shufeldt, M.D.

The author's aim in this volume is to point out the effect that the Ethiopians have had upon the progress and civilisation of this country in the past, and what their continued presence means in the future.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Days and Deeds. Compiled by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stevenson.

A prose sequel to a volume of the same title, but devoted to poetry, which appeared last year. All the holidays of the year, special occasions and the birthdays of many great men are included. Appropriate prose selections are given for each.

The De Vinne Press:

Types of the De Vinne Press. For use of compositors, proof-readers and publishers.

Specimens of the various faces of type used by the De Vinne Press, and gathered by that printing house from the leading foundries of Europe and America.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Making of a Successful Wife. By Casper S. Yost.

A companion book to *The Making of a Successful Husband*. John Sneed in this new volume writes ten fatherly letters to his daughter, in which he gives her the results of his own experience and observation. His advice is sage and practical.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The First Nantucket Tea Party. Illustrated, Decorated and Illuminated by Walter Tittle.

A letter supposed to have been written by Ruth Starbuck Wentworth on September 20, 1735. It tells of the arrival of the first tea in Nantucket. It also tells of the arrival of a certain sea captain and of the romances that followed.

Paul Elder and Company:

Betel Nuts. What They Say in Hindustan. Rhymed in English by Arthur Guiterman.

These "nuts" are proverbs of the Orient. The collection consists of typical sayings—wise, witty, sarcastic, passionate and sentimental—from all parts of Hindustan.

The Sea Fogs. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A vivid description of the most beautiful phenomenon known to the Western coast. This is the first volume of the Western Classics, a series to consist of worthy selections from the literature of the Pacific coast and to be issued as examples of bookmaking.

101 Desserts. Compiled by May E. Southworth.

A book full of ideas for preparing dainty desserts.

Doggerel Dodgers. Designed for Den Decoration. By Albertine Randall Wheelan.

Humorous animal studies, brightly printed in quadri-colour, with tints. Mounted on brown vellum cards 9 1-2 by 11. There are six in the set.

The Quite New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1908. By Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant, Oliver Herford and Addison Mizner.

Its new feature is a lexicon of legal phrases explained in little drawings by Mrs. Grant.

Forbes and Company:

Thoughts on Business. By Waldo Pondray Warren.

A collection of business editorials written from the standpoint of experience and personal observation. These have appeared in the columns of a daily paper and have received the approval of prominent business men.

Ginn and Company:

Whose Home Is the Wilderness. By William J. Long.

Some studies of animal life by one who for many years has spent his vacations in the wilderness watching wild animals and trying to understand their ways. Dr. Long's aim in this volume is to show the individuality of the inhabitants of the wilderness.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Cheerful Year Book. By F. M. Knowles.

For the recording of engagements and other serious matters, accompanied by philosophic and moral aphorisms for the instruction of youth, the inspiration of maturity and the solace of age.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Home, School and Vacation. A Book of Suggestions. By Annie Winsor Allen.

A book for parents and persons interested in the education of children. Some of the topics discussed are: The Parent and the Expert, The Nature of Schooling, A General Scheme of Education, A Few Simple Facts, Pedagogic Theories, Discipline, Amusements and Occupations, Home Teaching and Reading.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Children's Books and Reading. By Montrose J. Moses.

A volume of interest to parents, teachers and librarians. It is a practical guide to juvenile literature. Besides the chapters giving the history of children's books from early times to the present and dealing with the general purpose of the books, there are classified book-lists.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Gods and Heroes of Old Japan. By Violet M. Pasteur. Decorated by Ada Galton.

These stories are taken from the sacred writings and ancient histories of Japan.

A Book of Quotations. Edited by W. Gurney Benham.

A collection of quotations from British and American authors, ancient and modern; with many thousands of proverbs, familiar verses and sayings from all sources, including Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian and other languages.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of Nov. and the 1st of Dec.:

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. *Three Weeks.* Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. *The Weavers.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Susan Clegg, and a Man in the House. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Adams Clay. Hamilton. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
5. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Heart of the West. Henry. (McClure.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Golden Horseshoe. Aitken. (McBride.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Beau Brocade. Orczy. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Rosalind of Redgate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Beth Novell. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Man Who Rose Again. Hocking. (Jennings & Graham.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Six Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Knight of the Silver Star. Brebner. (Fenno.) \$1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.
3. Empire Builders. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

5. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. Heart of the West. Henry. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Six Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) \$1.25.
2. The Golden Horseshoe. Aiken. (McBride.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Powers and Maxine. Williamson. (Empire Book Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Welding. McLaws. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Where Red Volleys Poured. Dahlinger. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Dr. John McLoughlin. Holman. (Clarke.) \$2.50.
6. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Money Magic. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
2. The Spinners' Book. Compilation short stories. (Elder.) \$2.00.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) \$1.75.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Winston of the Prairie. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Under the Crust. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st on any	list receives			10
"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

					POINTS
1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.)	\$1.50.				289
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.)	\$1.50.				270
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.)	\$1.50.				188
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.)	\$1.50.				102
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.)					80
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.)					69



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND JOHN MUIR ON GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY

(See article "A Skyland Philosopher.")

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

FEBRUARY, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We have been viewing with interest the result of President Roosevelt's elimination of the devout motto from the new gold pieces. His motive for doing so was a desire to prevent irreverence. It

"In God
We Trust"

will be noted, however, that in order to find any instances of irreverence connected with the legend he had to go back, some twelve years or more, to the period of the free silver agitation. Since that time no one has had anything to say about the motto, but every one has accepted it as a customary and traditional thing. That is, no one mentioned it at all until Mr. Roosevelt "butted in" and removed it. In the last three months there have been more irreverent jokes cracked about it in the newspapers than there ever were during the entire epoch of the silver crisis. Thus the President has actually revived and stimulated the very tendency which he desired to prevent—and this result is eminently characteristic of the man and of his hasty policies. As for the ten-dollar gold pieces, they are themselves a blasphemy against numismatic art. Mr. St. Gaudens was a very great sculptor, but it did not therefore follow that he would succeed in making a beautiful design for a piece of money. He failed to realise that figures upon coins are not to be drawn from living models, but that they are and ought to be conventional types. So he drew from his Hibernian waitress the

startled Indian on the obverse, and probably got his eagle on the reverse from an actual eagle in the Zoo. Hence the waitress comes out apparently with her hair standing on end with horror, and shrinking away into the northeast corner of the coin, leaving a large empty space toward the southwest corner, in which there is nothing to balance the meteoric maiden. As for the eagle, we can only say that it reminds us of a rhyme on "The Hen," which we read some years ago in a book for children entitled *The New Noah's Ark*. It runs:

How sweet when dawn is bringing in the day,
To wake and hear her singing o'er her lay!

Ah, yes, how fine the hen is!

So save up all your pennies,

And buy one—one with trousers, that will pay.

■

The trousers on the Roosevelt eagle are certainly very much in evidence. But a sagacious observer has called attention to a still more curious phenomenon. In a letter to the *Evening Post* of this city, he has pointed out the fact that this eagle has feathers on the outside of its left leg and only on the inside of its right leg; so that, after all, the bird is pathetically half-clothed as to its limbs. As the President has personally supervised the coinage of this piece, he cannot shirk the responsibility; and it would seem as though the Reverend Dr. Long might now hurl back at him the epithet of "nature fakir."

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of Mr. Nathan Gallizier's *The Sorceress of Rome*, which is a romance of mediæval Italy. It is said that in his knowledge of this particular field the author is probably equalled by few men in this country. His love for Italy is a natural one, since he was born in Milan, and his studies into that city's wonderful history were fostered and guided by the Benedictine monks of the upper valley of the Danube, where his family removed when Mr. Gallizier was a boy. When he came to this country he knew not a word of English, but possessed a solid classical foundation and a good acquaintance with French, German, and Italian. At the age of twenty-one he published his first novel in German, and then determined to bring out a book in English. He wrote slowly, basing his story on one of the old Italian tragedies

Nathan
Gallizier

WILL LILLIBRIDGE

which had so impressed him in his youth. This book appeared under the title of *Castel del Monte*. *The Sorceress of Rome* is the result of the same careful, laborious method of work. At present Mr. Gallizier is writing a new Italian romance which will complete the trilogy.

■

A writer who has made on discriminating readers an impression somewhat out of the usual is Will Lillibridge, whose new novel, to be called either *The Dissolving Circle* or *The Magnet*—the matter of title is still in abeyance—is to be published the coming spring. Dr. Lillibridge's first book, *Ben Blair*, was a striking but amazingly uneven piece of work. Over this initial effort he showed a decided advance in *Where the Trail Divides*, which appeared last year. Dr. Lillibridge's own career has been singularly rich in incident. He was born in 1877 in Dakota Territory. His early life was that of the prairie youngster. As he

Will
Lillibridge

NATHAN GALLIZIER

mark of the painter. Any invasion by a master of one of the arts into the territory of another is likely to reveal some striking characteristics of method and of thought, akin to the peculiarities which stamp any hybrid production. And in the case of Mr. Crowninshield, there is an unmistakable quality, an individual note about his poems which justifies the claim that, whatever place may be ultimately assigned to them, the student of contemporary verse cannot afford to neglect them. Even their imperfections possess a suggestive interest. An earlier volume by this same author bore the well-chosen title, *A Painter's Moods*. It was extremely well chosen because it did a great deal more than merely label them; it was in the nature of an analysis, a sort of shorthand criticism as well.

■

Practically all of Mr. Crowninshield's poems, or at least such of his poems as really count, are expressions of the varying moods of an artist whose instinct is to paint with pigments rather than with

F. CROWNINSHIELD

himself expresses it, boys bred and raised in an atmosphere of eighteen hours' work out of the twenty-four mature early. He was no exception. At twelve he was a useful citizen, and at fifteen he was to all practical purposes a man, doing a man's work as farmer, rancher and cattleman. Finally he went to the University of Iowa, where for six years he "vibrated" between the collegiate, dental and medical departments. After being graduated in 1898 from the dental department he drifted back to Sioux Falls, where he has established a practice and has passed most of his time since.

■

Those readers who are already familiar with Mr. Frederic Crowninshield's occasional excursions into verse should welcome the appearance of *Under the Laurel*, a new volume of poems from his pen—one is almost led into saying "from his brush," so plainly do they bear the hall-

BRIAN HOOKER

words. He has no lofty message to convey; he is not the apostle of a new philosophy; his one dominant thought is an artist's thought, rather than a poet's—a worship of beauty as expressed in perfect form and colour. It naturally follows that his most finished achievements in verse are his sonnets—the most formal, most rigid of the various verse forms he essays. He is less successful with his lyrics, on the one hand, which approach near to the fluency of musical melody; and with his blank verse, on the other, which is the verse form that approaches nearest to the freedom of prose. But his sonnets, many of them, are wrought with delicate art, a fine sense of the value of words, an exquisite feeling for colour and for sound. And one of the most interesting things to note is, that where the sonnet form is not quite perfect, where the traditional symmetry of the different parts is not observed, it is almost always the painter in him that has made the poet err. For example, he has for his point of departure, for the germ thought of a sonnet, so to speak, a peacock in a formal Italian garden, suggesting to his mind the outward beauty of empty-minded women, who, like the peacock, are charming until they raise their voice. But as the sonnet grows beneath his pen, the beauty of the Italian setting, the sensuous delight of contrasting colours, usurps the leading place, shoves the central thought into the background until it barely finds expression in the two closing lines, leaving the sonnet as a whole an exquisite bit of verbal landscape, a vignette of glowing words. It is this ability to catch the fugitive beauty of a sunset, of slanting, blurring rain, of noontide light and shadow that has produced the best element contained in Mr. Crowninshield's verse. He has an enviable ability to make one see—and when his purpose for the moment is to make us see some phase of the Italian life he knows and loves so well, he does it with a sureness of stroke, a vividness of hue, a tenderness of phrase that diffuse a certain contagious nostalgia.

Mr. Crowninshield's longer, narrative poems, in blank verse, may be more

briefly dismissed. Blank verse is plainly not the vehicle in which he is most at ease or most successful. Yet there is one poem, "The Model," which has a certain haunting quality. It is simply a description of a young woman, a professional model, who comes to an artist's studio in quest of work and incidentally lets fall a fragmentary story of her life. The salient facts that you gather are that she was of honest parentage, well educated, with a chance of marriage and domestic happiness, but that the temperamental unrest, which is the heritage of the artist, drove her to this life of posing, with its uncertainty, its privations, its bitter need, as on this particular occasion, of a paltry two dollars, she "needs it awfully." Now, this is not a good poem; it is scarcely a good story, but it is wonderful raw material for a story—a fragment straight out of life, and still throbbing with the poignancy of life. And that is why it refuses to be forgotten.

■

A younger poet who has recently begun to attract attention is Brian Hooker, whose "Mother of Men," the new Yale Prize Song, was reprinted in the January BOOKMAN.

Mr. Hooker is a descendant of the old and well-known Hartford family of that name. He was born in New York City in 1880, received his preparatory education in schools in Hartford, and was graduated from Yale University in 1902, receiving at the same time the degree of Master of Arts. For the next two years Mr. Hooker was connected with the English department of Columbia University, and was then called to Yale, where he is now teaching, as instructor in English. As an undergraduate, he took an active part in college journalism and students' theatricals, and acquired considerable local fame for his remarkable facility in producing impromptu verse, especially of the lighter sort of parodies, burlesques, and topical songs. Several of his songs, music as well as words, have been made widely familiar by the Yale Glee Club. Although Mr. Hooker had already begun to write serious poems while still in col-

lege, he made no attempt until lately to publish any of them. Last July an ode entitled "Lilacs in the City," appeared in the *Forum*, and attracted considerable attention, and since then a number of his sonnets and other poems have been accepted by *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and other magazines. Mr. Hooker has also published several essays and short stories. His most ambitious attempt in fiction, a semi-legendary tale of mediæval England, which is to appear in *Harper's Monthly*, has been pronounced by one critic as possessing much of the imaginative quality and charm of style that distinguishes *The Forest Lovers* of Maurice Hewlett.

The plaque of the late William Henry Drummond, the Canadian habitant poet, which is here reproduced, is the work of Mr. Tait McKenzie, of Philadelphia. When Dr. Weir Mitchell recently received his LL.D. degree from Toronto University he read the following verses to the "peasant poet" of Canada:

A Drummond
Plaque

Peace to his poet soul. Full well he knew
To sing for those who knew not how to
praise
The woodsman's life, the farmer's patient toil,
The peaceful drama of laborious days.

He made his own the thoughts of simple men,
And with the touch that makes the world akin
A welcome guest of lonely cabin homes,
Found, too, no heart he could not enter in.

The toilworn doctor, women, children, men,
The humble heroes of the lumber drives,
Love, laugh, or weep along his peopled verse,
Blithe mid the pathos of their meagre lives.

While thus the poet-love interpreted,
He left us pictures no one may forget—
Courteau, Batiste, Camille mon frère and best,
The good, brave curé, he of Calumette.

With nature as with man at home, he loved
The silent forest and the birches' flight
Down the white peril of the rapids' rush,
And the cold glamour of your Northern night.

Some mystery of genius haunts his page,
Some wonder secret of the poet's spell
Died with this master of the peasant thought.
Peace to your Northland singer, and farewell.



An interesting addition to Wagneriana
has recently appeared in Germany under
the title *Richard Wagner in Caricature*.
Among the thousand
and one books on Wagner, caricature has already found a place, as what corner of the subject has not? But John Grand-Carteret is a Frenchman, which is reason enough for Kreowski and Fuchs, who are Germans, to get up another collection. Besides, they claim for their work a more serious purpose than to amuse. They approach their subject in



WAGNER IN PISA

The Tower does not bow low enough to satisfy the "Master"

the typical Teutonic spirit, moralising, generalising, and personifying, with such insistent earnestness as to be humorous, which, after all, is quite in keeping in a book of caricatures. Yet, even if we are unwilling or unable to see in it an original document illustrating "the bitter, tragic earnestness of the ceaseless warfare of genius against tradition and philistinism, against hatred and jealousy," we can still find the book instructive as well as entertaining. And while there is something ludicrous in the picture of *Kladderadatsch* and *Kikeriki*, *Punsch*, and *Fliegende Blätter* as standard-bearers in the bitter strife, with their innumerable band of pen and ink artists, usually kindly in their thrusts at reigning musical favourites, such as Meyerbeer, Rossini, Offenbach or Berlioz, now martialled in solid array to fight the battle for philistinism and the art that is passed, against a single champion of the new—the very fact that there are persons who still have that point of view gives some inkling of the fierce fight that shook artistic Europe to its very foundations and threatened even political organisms, fifty years ago.



UNCLE SAM AND CASIMAMA COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING IN THE MATTER OF "PARSIFAL"

Wagner's personal appearance was as striking as his individuality and offered

Der Tammbäuser in Berlin.

Avant, pendant et après.

unusual opportunity for satirical treatment. Add to this his ever-belligerent attitude toward the press, the public, and the entire art-world and you have an

adequate explanation of the flood of feuilletons and pictorial burlesques that poured forth during his entire artistic career—and after. The massive fore-

WAGNERIAN OPERA IN AMERICA

head, the prominent nose and chin, the feminine love of dress, the egotism, the imperious manner, the defiant disregard of social amenities—all were seized upon and caricatured from one end of Europe to the other. In the present collection there are more than two hundred illustrations, extending over a period of half

a century, emanating from all lands and satirising every conceivable feature of the man's physical and mental makeup—truly convincing proof of his dominating position in the art-world of his time. There are the familiar and now rather threadbare witticisms on the music of the future with its false notes, endless

melody and overpowering noise, numerous parodies on the opera texts, some of which are extremely clever, and a chronological survey of Wagnerism's progress through Europe with even a reference to the American production of *Parsifal*.



Caricature, like an imperfect mirror, distorts, destroys perspective and creates illusions; but it, nevertheless, reflects with a certain fidelity the object seen in it. Even in their wildest extravagance the caricatures of Wagner are unmistakable. It is folly to accompany a collection of this kind with comments on the deep-rooted motives that inspired them. Probably nothing more serious actuated the caricaturists than a desire to be funny and so to earn their daily bread; and if some of their thrusts seem ill-natured, it was not because of any definite aim to belittle Wagner, as many of his biographers would have us believe, but simply a thoughtless disregard of results, to which humourists are often prone.



On the occasion of the recent award of one of the Nobel prizes to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, a French literary journal, *Les Annales*, printed a little personal paragraph about the Anglo-Indian writer.

Kipling to
French Eyes

In this paragraph there was nothing new, nothing in the least degree inaccurate, nothing in itself essentially surprising. Yet the paragraph left the impression of a certain subtle, whimsical and wholly inexplicable oddity. In it Mr. Kipling was just the least bit Gallicised. Here is a literal translation:

Kipling is a little man forty-two years of age. He has the wan complexion and wears a bushy moustache. A cigarette is perpetually burning at his lips. And when he speaks, in a voice now short and dry, now harmonious and slow, Kipling gives, according to the testimony of those who have seen much of him, the impression of genius, the impression of a powerful mind wholly out of proportion to his height.

He loves to relate in the intimacy of the

"home," while drinking tea, stories of "down yonder," down yonder, the country of the wild beasts and of the jungle, India enchanted and magnificent.

His nature leads him principally toward the humble, the modest, the workers, those who labour and suffer.

If he meets in the streets of the city some soldier returned from China, he loves to sit down at table with him and make him tell him his impressions. In the jungle he has associated with the elephant drivers, the slayers of elephants and of tigers, the humble governmental employees, and he knows the territory where the wild beasts roar.

Rudyard Kipling, Ruddy to his intimates, has brought into English literature a new sap. Addressing himself to a public already convinced of the necessity of colonial expansion, singing eulogistically of the picturesque life of the tropics and the luxuriance of the landscapes of the far east, he could not fail to gain at once a decided success.



In his review of Mr. G. S. Layard's *Shirley Brooks of Punch* last month, Mr.

Shirley Brooks
and
John Tenniel

Beverley Stark made no mention of one very important phase of Shirley Brooks's work—namely, the part he played in the

matter of the *Punch* big weekly political cartoon. The actual authorship of a famous cartoon or a pictorial creation is always more or less a matter of doubt. Thus the "Tattooed Man," which wielded such an influence in our presidential campaign of 1884—Blaine writhed under it—while executed by Gillam, was originally suggested by H. C. Bunner. In the same way, while we associate the great *Punch* pictures with the names of Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier, and Linley Sanbourne, the inspiration for many of them came from men who knew nothing of the first rudiments of drawing. In this field Shirley Brooks was particularly strong. The Indian Mutiny cartoon, "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," one of the two most effective, if not the most effective, picture in all the Tenniel gallery, was entirely his idea. In addition, he is believed to have written the verses which accom-

panied the cartoon and which at the time attracted more attention than the picture itself. Mr. Layard does not include these verses in his book, but Claudius Clear, in a recent number of the *British Weekly*, reprints them with the comment that for red-hot righteous wrath they surpass anything in literature.

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

Who pules about mercy? The agonised wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the
air,

And echoes still shudder that caught on the
gale

The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of
despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be
said

When steel, red, and sated, perforce must
retire,

And for every soft hair of each dearly loved
head

A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-
fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a
glow:

Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like
those—

But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with
the foe,

And to hear the proud blast that gives sig-
nal to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds! Right well may
they fear

A vengeance—ay darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen, charging, exchange the old
cheer

For "REMEMBER THE WOMEN AND
BABES WHOM THEY SLEW."

* * * * *

Our swords come for slaughter; they come in
the name

Of Justice; and sternly their work shall be
done:

And a world, now indignant, behold with ac-
claim

That hecatomb, slain in the face of the
sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and
lust;

And stained not their fame with one spot of
the crime

That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to
dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies
know

Who hath said to the soldier that fights in
His name—

"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE
BLOOD OF THY FOE,

AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS
SHALL BE RED THROUGH THE
SAME."

¶

A few months ago we called attention
to the very curious predominance of the
letter "C" in the life and

work of Mr. Winston
Churchill, pointing out
that his home was in
Cornish, his official ad-
dress at Concord, his club The Century,

and his books already published *The
Celebrity*, *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*,
The Crossing, and *Coniston*. The mat-
ter has reached a point where there is no
longer the possibility of mere coinci-
dence, so it is not at all surprising to
learn that the title of his forthcoming
novel, which is to be printed late in the
spring, is *Mr. Crewe's Career*.

¶

There is no use taking seriously the
controversy aroused recently by the
trustees of the British
Museum in their selec-
tion of the nineteen
great names of English
literature to fill the nine-
teen panels of the reading-room of that
institution. It is the old, old muddle, it
always will be so; nor is there any likeli-
hood of there ever being an official
choice of this nature which will not be
received with hoots of derision and
abuse. As there were just nineteen pan-
els to be filled, the number of names to
be selected was an arbitrary one, and the
trustees fulfilled the task in the respec-
table and dull-witted fashion that was to
be expected. Here is the list: Chaucer,
Caxton, Tindale, Spenser, Shakespeare,
Bacon, Milton, Locke, Addison, Swift,

The Old, Old
Muddle

Pope, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Browning.

The greatest amount of criticism seems to have been caused by the exclusion of Thackeray and Dickens. The indignation of the average Briton was rather on account of the absence of these names than because of the appearance in the list of names that were particularly distasteful to him. Not so the professional men of letters who were consulted in the matter. George Bernard Shaw, for example, offered some radical suggestions. He crossed off the names of Addison, Wordsworth and Tennyson, whom he characterised as "genteel, third-rate minds." Also he was not favourably impressed by the selection of Spenser or Locke or Pope. His preference was for Fielding, Blake, Shelley, Bunyan, Ruskin, Dickens, and Butler. Sidney Lee, the Shakespearean scholar, pronounced the list interesting, but thought that room might have been found for Dryden, Johnson, Burke, and Burns. Frederic Harrison, while conceding the difficulty of "screwing British literary worthies into nineteen holes," considered the omission of Hume, Fielding, Burns, Goldsmith, Thackeray, Dickens, Richardson, Johnson, and Gray particularly salient.

Figures that are nothing short of amazing are to be found in a paragraph in the New York *Evening Post*, made up from the annual report of the New York State Education Department on Public Libraries. The report, which has been submitted to the Legislature, is based on statistics obtained from 1,282 libraries, of which 661 are free lending libraries. It shows a total of 3,780,600 volumes in stock, and a circulation during 1907 of 14,968,722 volumes. This shows an increase over 1906 of nearly 140,000 volumes in stock and more than 1,000,000 volumes in circulation. The average free circulation of books for each 1,000

of the population of the State is 1,855 volumes. Beginning in 1893, with an average of 352 volumes to each 1,000 persons, this item has steadily advanced year by year without one backward step, as shown by the following table:

FREE LENDING LIBRARIES, 1893-1907.

Year:	—Libraries.—		—Circulation.—	
	No.	Volumes.	Total.	Per 1,000 population.
1893.....	238	849,995	2,293,861	352
1894.....	293	1,049,869	2,766,973	425
1895.....	309	1,127,199	3,146,405	483
1896.....	351	1,313,299	3,933,623	604
1897.....	375	1,446,874	4,904,793	753
1898.....	408	1,755,036	6,439,999	980
1899.....	431	1,979,319	7,395,527	1,135
1900.....	460	2,187,125	8,452,445	1,163
1901.....	529	2,425,260	9,232,697	1,270
1902.....	550	2,598,472	10,063,703	1,385
1903.....	555	2,804,628	10,897,126	1,500
1904.....	573	3,108,365	11,347,802	1,561
1905.....	655	3,437,876	12,086,816	1,663
1906.....	678	3,645,662	13,835,639	1,715
1907.....	661	3,782,609	14,968,722	1,855

"The steady advance thus recorded," says the report, "in which the issue of books from free libraries has increased from 2,293,861 to nearly 15,000,000 volumes, is a striking demonstration of the growing significance of the public library in the economy of the State, and emphasises the importance of giving it right direction in all its departments."

We have long since ceased being irritated at British criticism, and an article such as that of Mr. Charles Whibley on "The American Language" in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN leaves us perfectly comfortable and unconcerned. After Mr. Kipling, whose knowledge of America and Americans should have been at least more than superficial, reached such heights of the ridiculous in his description of the moods and conversation of Wilton Sargent, what can be expected of the usual self-appointed critic who has derived his impressions from an occasional glimpse of one of our "yellow journals"? There is no use of arguing the matter. It would do no good. The only way to make any impression is to carry the war into Africa, in the manner that *Life* did recently in a skit by Mr. Frank Crownin-

shield that is well worth reprinting. "English as She is Spoke—in London" purports to be a letter from Sir Reginald Browne Browne Bunbury to Major Ponsonby, Marr-Cavendish, and is here reprinted by the courtesy of *Life*:

LONDON, LADIES' DAY, 1907,
THE COFFEE-ROOM, SKINDLE'S.

DEAR OLD POBSY: I reached here Boxing Day and I shall stop on—if the wife improves—until Michaelmas. I am going strong, haven't funk'd the fences and only wish that you could drop in for a chin-chin at tiffin time. Not an earthly, I fear?

I am jolly well in the heart of London, rather decently bunked and fairish shops all about me—poulterers, drapers, sauce warehousemen, cowkeepers, meat pastrymen and turbot venders. London is a bit misty, but I'm for it, my word I am. I enjoy messing about on the 'dilly and it's all beastly jolly and most awfully ripping, tho' the bally fog is a bit of a facer for me.

I do myself most awfully well and all for ten quid a week (including the tweenie, the keep of the gee-gee, and the screw for the typist and the groom of the chambers).

There are capital pubs all about me—here: The Civet Cat, The Running Footman, The Maid's Hand, The Slip Inn, The Ship and Turtle and the Cheshire Cheese. A chap is always sure of a good mug of bitter before tumbling to by-by.

Tuesday week I hailed a four-wheel fly, got me a pipe—went to the booking office at His Majesty's—was chivvied about a bit on the queen and bought me eight goodish stalls on the gangway, well in the front of the pit. I took a few pals to the play—after a stiff dinner. No one but Lady Ermentrude, the Hon. Hermione Wemyss (a quite too delightful flapper) and little Muriel Finn-Douglas (the Warwickshire lot), Jack Strathcona (our old pal of the Queen's Own), poor dear Pritch of the Guards, and a boulder sort of rotter named Lemeson-Thallet, of Boodles (not of the Turf—that would be his brother!). The poor chap tried hard not to bound, but try as he would he *would* bound a bit. After the play we had cigarettes and lemon-squash in the rabbit-hutch at the Savoy, took a room, and had a hack at bridge. (I haven't chucked it yet, you see!) Old Thallet was for having it guineas, but I thought of Vi and the mater, and we finally settled on a bob a point and a

pony on the rubber. Knowing how rotten they were (and with Pritch more than half drunk) I thought it was a sitter! Right I was, too!

As good luck would have it, in the very last game I went a diamond and bagged six be-cards along with twelve golden "sufferings" of the brightest and best. A little bit of all right, eh?

Thallet was fearfully cut up! What an appalling rum 'un he is. He tried to pretend that he had all along been rotting about the stakes and meant to pay in pennies. To make matters worse, he gave me a stumer cheque. Sickening bad taste I call it, eh?

My chambers aren't half nasty. I have a private jar of marmalade, a tin tub, ripping bloaters, kippers, and all that sort of muck. Now and again I get some marvellous Dublin prawns and plovers' eggs for tiffin. If I am beastly peckish there is a navvy sort of waster who fetches me din-din from Prince's.

It's a cert that I'm off for the week-end to Lady Bagott-Begg's in Mid-Glamorganshire if the bone gets out of the ground. I've bet her ten monkeys that I bag forty brace of pheasant before grouse day dawns. If I lose I shall swear to the old girl that I was only pulling her leg in chaff—d'ye see! The beagles are to turn out twice for us if we can draw a hare in those damned gorse coverts. The harriers had best beware—what?

Whitsuntide, if I get over this touch of the flue, I go to Hants for the coursing. My address will be:

Sudbury Mansions,
Notting Cottage,
At the top of Wigmore Street,
High Minstable (off Tooting),
Wormwood Scrubbs,
Chiswick Common,
Cricklewood,
Hants.

Care of the Hon. the Col. Sir Willoughby de Wriothsley, K.T., K.G.A., D.S.O.

Come and join me there, if you will. And—oh, I say, telephone through, if you can. The exchange will put you through! Or, failing this, book down from Waterloo. Are you there? Will meet you at the rabbit-warren. I shall be practically on my own. There's not the remotest that the old colonel will care! He's a bit of a pincher—a little shirty—a rasper and all that, but a capital chap and on the job for any beano. They say he's balmy,

up the pole, and thick and milky, but he's a fizzing old soldier, goes hard after the hounds, and is a top-hole shot. Besides, he has the 'oof, and plenty of it, d'ye see? It's piffle to say he beats the wife. If you ever clapped eyes on the old cruiser you would jolly soon see that it would take a lot of doing! What rubbish they talk at the priory! Come, dear old boy, say "righto" or I'll be in a deuced pickle.

Well—cheero, cheero—my lad.

REGGIE.

P. S.—If you can spare a fiver, send it along. I am stony!

P. P. S.—Send the 'oof by one of the servants (but not Tapley, in heaven's name, for I owe him for three months and a quid besides, and it makes me giddy to see the hound).

To Major Ponsonby Marr-Cavendish,

The Barracks,

Ore-Stoke Cloddington,

Invernesshire.

This is all very well, only, as a matter of fact, the English do not say or write "the Hon. the Col.," but "Col. the Hon."

■

We have just been reading the *American Magazine*, January number, fore and aft, beginning with the first chapter of Mr. Upton Sinclair's "terrible and scathing" novel of New York high life and ending with the comments on it in "The Interpreter's House," which seems to be a sort of rallying-place for editors when evercome by the contents of their magazine. Excited by some unusually stirring contribution, they will gather in this "Interpreter's House" and there, under the titles of Poet, Observer, Philosopher, and Responsible Editor, tell one another and the public how it thrilled them and confess their misgivings that after all it may be too tremendous a thing to print and decide finally to let it go, *ruat calum*. So while Mr. Sinclair's first chapter was bombinating in the front part of the magazine, the editors in "The Interpreter's House" were saying how they felt about it. "Don't you think it wonderful?" asked the Responsible Editor. The Poet feared it might be too cruel and bold, but the Philosopher declared it was "founded in the love of humanity";

and the Observer, while he did not believe it would "obliterate the base origin of man" immediately, did think it would open the world's eyes and in so doing avert bloodshed. Better a novel, awful though it be, than the guillotine. The guillotine seemed to him an altogether mistaken method of reform, exposure rather than decapitation being in his opinion the proper procedure in these matters. And the Responsible Editor knew a woman from Brownsville who was interested in the doings of the fastest and richest people in New York, and he believed there were many like her, so it was high time something was done. "What are our columns for if they are not to look squarely at dominating phenomena?" And the Philosopher recalled Dean Swift and Voltaire and Thackeray, each of whom was quite as merciless as Mr. Sinclair. So it was decided that the first chapter of this great but scorching book should appear in the January number.

■

This chapter recounts the hero's experiences in New York society during only the first two days following his arrival in the city—two quite ordinary days, it would seem, for people in "the right set." His brother finds him a quiet apartment of six rooms and a bath, cost \$600 a week. He dines simply and the simple meal costs \$15. "Hand-embroidered silk cloth" lines the walls ("\$70 a yard") and the furniture is inobtrusive and appropriate ("thousands of dollars per room"). The corridor is "walled with blood-red marble." His brother's motor car awaits them at the door, a "long, low, rakish" object. They dash through the crowded portions of the city. A man leaps for his life. His brother only laughs. Soon they are making sixty miles an hour on the Long Island road to "Hawk's Nest," a fashionable inn, where smart society is waiting for them, drinking cocktails and calling each other by their first names. There they ate a "topsy-turvy" lunch, beginning with ice cream and ending with roast beef, and drank numberless expensive brands of wine. Then they were whirled away to somebody's "shooting-lodge,"

where they were to spend the night and shoot imported pheasants the next day. They passed a palace which the hero took for their host's house, but that was only the gatekeeper's lodge. The house itself was a forty-acre exclamation point. Then a dinner, prepared by "the famous \$10,000 chef," and more wines of "priceless vintage," followed by bridge, heartless frivolity, typical instances of extravagance, follies of the abominably rich, and women drinking high-balls and smoking cigarettes. The hero won the prize at the shooting-match. It was a "shaving-set in a case of solid gold, set with diamonds" (cost, \$1,000 or \$2,000). Here the chapter ends, but as the tale moves on Mr. Sinclair will get his second wind and there will be a Thaw trial every page or two. As to the style, you shall hear the author whisper beneath each line, "I rather think that will bite you."

Now we wish that we, too, could hear this country's heart beat with our ear to the chest of the body politic, and that we were in the thick of things and the "public eye" and knew about undercurrents and awakened moralities and American manhood's true ideals and when and how to throb with humanity and what wrongs to remember and what to forget and when to print the novel of meat, the novel of gin, and the novel of railway disasters. What is the law of the Rotation of Sins for magazine editors? Which of three "uplifts" will serve the best for the circulation? How tell the Timely Topic among twelve equal insipidities? And what are the close seasons for the hunting of the snark? But this is the mere magic of journalism and, after all, the really wonderful thing is that the editors of the *American* should be able to read the novel above quoted with any emotions of their own.

THE CHILDREN THAT LEAD US



As the mayor sat before his library fire and shivered now and then, he kept wondering why there was no clause in the city charter prescribing a minimum of common sense for presidents of the Board of Education. A man thus qualified would know more than to suggest an increase of three million dollars for school sitings. The city's comptroller was crying bankruptcy; the newspapers were asserting that the mayor's nephew had become head of a favoured contracting firm not entirely for his health; and the Board of Education wanted three million dollars. The mayor had a touch of fever. The steep rows of figures in the Education Board's memorandum curled up into little arabesques under his eyes, which were closing with fatigue. Only he did not wish to sleep. In the perfect stillness he could hear his own rapid heart-beat. The clatter of sleety rain against the windows made him restless.

If only O'Brien were here, O'Brien,

who was a good chief of police, and a matchless personal aide-de-camp. They would then put on boots and oil skins and go out into the night on one of their frequent Harun-Al-Rashid expeditions. The mayor's wife? Yes, it is true that before leaving for the theatre she had cautioned him not to stir from the house. But she could not possibly have known how great was his need of a breath of air. But O'Brien was not here. Was it because he had just been appointed president of the Board of Education and comptroller in one and was a busy man? Perhaps. And yet a person might step to the telephone and ring up O'Brien if it were not that one's legs were weighted down with the weight of centuries and of dozens of new school buildings all in reinforced concrete. Was it concrete? The mayor was not quite sure and he turned to ask O'Brien, who stood there at one side of the fireplace, erect and attentive.

"Do we go out to-night?" said the mayor.

"I would not advise it, your Honour,"

answered O'Brien. "You are not well enough. Besides, if it is adventure you would go in search of there is no need to stir from this room. I have brought with me quite an extraordinary delegation of citizens who desire an interview with your Honour."

"Let us hear them, by all means," replied the mayor.

O'Brien drew aside the curtain which separated the library from the general reception room and called out, "Come right in, young ones"; whereupon there marched in, two abreast and keeping precise step, a solemn file of children, who saluted the mayor gravely and ranged themselves in a semicircle across the room. As the mayor veered in his chair to face his visitors a girl of some fifteen years stepped out of the line. She was still in her schoolgirl's dresses, but tall, with features of a fine, pensive cut and earnest eyes that were already peering from out the child's life into the opening doors of womanhood.

"May it please your Honour," she began, "we are a committee from the Central Bureau of Federated Children's Organisations and we have come here to protest against certain intolerable conditions of which our members are the victims."

Had they come in behalf of those additional three million dollars, the mayor thought uneasily. "State the nature of your grievance," he said.

The leader of the delegation came a step nearer. "Your Honour, I can only attempt the merest outline of our general position, and that in a few words. Several of my associates will take turn in acquainting you with the details of our case. Our complaint is that we, the children of this country, are being overworked. Formerly it was supposed that it was the inalienable right of children to remain free from the cares of life. That theory has long been abandoned. The task of solving the gravest problems of existence has been thrust upon us, and every day that passes leaves us saddled with new responsibilities. But the limit of our endurance has been reached at last. We feel that unless we protest now the whole structure of society—its economics, politics, art and religion—

will have been shifted from the shoulders of the world's men and women to the shoulders of us children. I hope your Honour is willing to hear us."

"Of course, my dear," the mayor answered softly. He said, "My dear," and he said it tenderly because he had recognised in the speaker his own daughter Helen, whom he had supposed with her mother at the theatre.

"Step forward, Flora Binns," said Helen, and Flora Binns, who was only eight, blue-eyed, and with ringlets of gold, approached and curtsied prettily. "May it please your Honour," she said, "I am the delegate from Local No. 16 Children of Weak and Tempted Stage Mothers' Union. We wish to place on record our opposition to the modern society drama, which so frequently throws the duty of supporting the climax of a play upon children under the age of ten. Although the playwrights are fond of showing that our papa is a brute and that our mamma is an angel, they invariably shrink from the logical conclusion that our mamma is right in planning to run away with the man who has offered her years of silent devotion. So the playwrights make one or two of us appear on the stage just in time to arouse in our mamma a sense of duty to her children and to prevent the elopement. Now we submit that the office of justifying our entire modern marriage fabric is too difficult a one for us. Don't you think so, Mr. Mayor?"

"Why, yes," replied the mayor thoughtfully.

"And they make use of us in other ways, sir. In fact, whenever the adult persons in a play are in difficulties and the audience is beginning to yawn, the author sends us to the rescue. Why, only the other day we children saved a Wild West melodrama from utter failure. It took three of us to do it, but we succeeded." Flora curtsied, started back and returned. "And when I utter these sentiments, sir, I speak also for the Union of Precocious Magazine Children, which is represented here by Mary Sparks." Mary Sparks, a dark-haired miss with dancing eyes, bowed saucily.

"Step out, Fritzie Hackenschneider," said Helen, and flaxen-haired Fritzie, ra-

diantly holiday-like in his lustrously washed face and large, blue polka-dot tie, approached the mayor's chair.

"I don't have much to say, sir," he recited in a nervous, jerky voice, "only I have been sent by the Fraternal Association of Comic Supplement Children. We wish to raise our voice against the almost universal conception that people can be made to laugh only when one of us hides a pin on the seat of grandpa's chair. The burden of an entire nation's humour is more than we can sustain. Thank you, sir," and he retired into the background, giving as he passed just one tug at Mary Sparks's hair and eliciting a suppressed scream.

"Mamie O'Farrell," called out Helen. The mayor found it impossible to decide whether Mamie was thirteen or twenty-five. She was very short and flat-chested, and the colour of her face in the firelight was like a dull cardboard. She wore a long, faded automobile cloak and an enormous black hat with a trailing green feather. On a gilt chain about her neck hung a locket in the form of a heart half as large as the one that beat uneasily within her. Mamie came forward reluctantly and saluted. Then she began to squirm from side to side and to shift from foot to foot, giggling in unfathomable embarrassment.

"Well," said Helen, in a voice that was not at all unkind.

Mamie's giggle grew worse. She seemed bent on snapping the massive gilt chain with twisting it back and forth, and finally gave up the whole case. "You tell it, Helen," she begged. "I forgot wot I was goin' t' say. I'm scared poifectly stiff."

Helen complied. "May it please your Honour, Mamie O'Farrell wants me to say that she represents the Amalgamated Union of Cash Girls and Juvenile Cotton Mill and Glass Factory Operatives. Mamie is fifteen. She works eleven hours a day and gets three and a half dollars a week. She passes two hours every day clinging to a strap in a crowded surface car. She carries her lunch in a paper bundle together with a copy of Laura M. Clay's novel entitled 'Irma's Ducal Lover.' Saturday nights, if her father has been strong enough to

pass Murphy's saloon without opening his pay envelope, she goes to the theatre where the play is 'The Queen of the Opium Fiends.' Sometimes she attends a dance of the Friendship Circle, but as a rule she spends her nights at home reading the *Evening Vibrator*, which tells her that beauty is often a fatal gift and that there is danger in the first glass of champagne a young girl drinks. Am I telling your story in the right way, Mamie?" asked Helen.

"Goodness, yes. You're awful kind, Helen," said Mamie.

"Thus far, Mamie has nothing to complain of," continued Helen. "But she has read somewhere that the slaughter of the poor negroes in the Congo and of the Chinese in Manchuria, and of the Zulus in Natal, and of the Moros in the Philippines, arises from the necessity under which the civilised nations labour of finding foreign markets for their increasing output of cotton goods, brass jewelry and coloured beads. Now the members of Mamie's union are engaged in producing precisely those commodities, and they have come to feel in consequence, that they are directly responsible for the innocent blood that is being shed in various parts of the world. It cannot be their employers who are at fault, because the press and the clergy are unanimous in declaring that the heads of our great industries are the benefactors of humankind. That is why the girls protest. They are quite content with their own fate, but they cannot bear the entire responsibility for the march of civilisation. Mamie tells me that she cannot sleep of nights for thinking of the poor little Moorish babies whose mothers were killed by the French guns. That is the position taken by your union, isn't it, Mamie?"

Mamie giggled, went through a final contortion of ill-ease and returned to her place in the half-circle. She was succeeded by a brown-haired little maiden, who for some minutes had been showing a strained anxiety to break into speech.

"Please, Helen," she entreated, "may I say something?"

"Of course, dear," said Helen.

The little maid bowed to the mayor. "Please, sir," she said, "my papa was

thirty-eight years of age when he married mamma. He was an old bachelor. He was not anxious to be married, but they put a tax on him because they were afraid of depopulation. And he loves me very dearly. But sometimes when he thinks of his old freedom he looks so sadly at me. I feel very sorry for him then. I don't want him to be unhappy on my account——"

She withdrew and Helen stepped forward to sum up the case. "You must not think, your Honour, that it is our desire to embarrass your administration. Bad as conditions are, we would have continued to suffer in silence, because, you see, there are still little flashes of freedom left to us children. But we have learned that there is now on foot in England a movement which threatens to reduce us to unmitigated slavery. We understand that Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Francis Galton, Professor Karl Pearson, and Mr. Bernard Shaw are advocating a scheme of state endowment for motherhood. Now you can see for yourself what that would mean. In politics it would mean the establishment of a motherhood suffrage with plural voting based on the size of the family. In the economic sphere it would mean that we shall be supporting our papas and mammas. In art, which must reflect the actualities of life, it would mean almost the elimination of the element of love, since the world is to be a children's world. In other words, as I have already said, the entire social fabric will come to press on our shoulders alone. It is against the mere possibility of such an unnatural state of affairs that we are here to protest."

"But what is it you want?" asked the mayor, somewhat nettled because O'Brien, instead of backing him up, was busy piling three million golden dollars on the floor in stacks two and a half feet high.

"We want to be left alone!" The reply came in a chorus of trebles, pipings, quavers, and adolescent falsettos that caused the mayor to lift his hands to his forehead entreating silence. "We want our old privileges again. We want to be allowed just to grow up."

"Yassir," shrilled one voice above the others, "jist to grow up."

The mayor raised himself in his chair and his eyes lit up with surprise at the sight of a well-known black little face at the very end of the second row.

"What, Topsy, you here?" he called out. "Haven't you done growing all these sixty years, nearly?"

"Yassir," answered Topsy, inserting an index finger into her mouth. "Ah was shure growin' fas'; but Massa Booker Washin'ton he says that ah and the likes of me was charged with th' future of the negro race. An' that skyeered me so ah made up mah mind ah wouldn' grow no further."

The mayor turned to Helen. "You understand of course, my dear, that I cannot lay a proposition of so vague a nature before the Board of Aldermen. They are a rather unimaginative set of men."

"We have drawn up a list of demands, your Honour, in terms precise enough to make it a sufficient basis for practical legislation. May I read the list to you, papa?"

"Yes, my dear," he replied, and rising from his chair he put his arms about her and kissed her. Her forehead was cool to his burning lips. "Pray proceed, Miss Chairman."

And Helen read in her high-pitched, petulantly graceful soprano: "Resolutions adopted at a special meeting of the Central Bureau of the Federated Children's Organisations of the United States:

"1. Henceforth the proportion of child fiction in any magazine shall be restricted to ten per cent. of the total contents of such publication; and no magazine fiction child under the age of twelve shall be represented as possessing an amount of intelligence greater than the combined wisdom of its parents.

"2. The married heroine of a society drama who has displayed a consistent preference for yachting trips, bridge, and the opera over the company of her children shall be precluded from calling upon them for aid to save herself from the dangers of a mad infatuation.

"3. Children under the age of eighteen shall be employed in no form of industry

whatsoever. If there are not enough hands to produce piece goods for the Congo and the Philippines, let them draft all adult motor-car chauffeurs, diamond polishers, wine agents, amateur coach drivers, settlement workers, preachers of the simple life, and writers of musical comedy.

"4. In the public schools there shall be no talks or lessons dealing with the duties of citizenship. The time now given to that subject shall be devoted to the reading of dime novels and fairy tales, so that on graduating, children shall not be confronted with so startling a contrast between the realities of life and what they have learned at school.

"5. Cooking and other branches of domestic science shall no longer be taught in the schools. One-half of us expect to live in family hotels and the other half will probably be in no position to afford the expensive ingredients employed in scientific cookery.

"6. Mr. Francis Galton, who invented Eugenics, and Messrs. Karl Pearson and Sidney Webb, who helped to popularise it, shall be executed. Mr. Bernard

Shaw shall be banished to a desert island."

And the mayor all the while kept thinking how like her mother Helen was: her voice, her hair, her eyes, but especially her voice. It filled the room with many coloured vibrations of the consistency of building concrete and hid completely from the mayor's sight the crowd of young faces, O'Brien, the Board of Aldermen and the three million presidents of the Board of Education. Only Helen remained and she came close to him and laid her cool fingers on his aching head.

The mayor started up to find his wife bending over him.

"Edward," she was saying, "you promised me you would go to bed early."

"My dear," he replied, "I would have if I had not fallen asleep in my chair. Have you had a pleasant evening at the theatre?"

"It is dreadful weather," she said, "and I have a bit of cold. I suppose I shouldn't have gone out to-night, but it was the last chance, and you know the children would see *Peter Pan*."

S. Strunsky.

A SKYLAND PHILOSOPHER



HAVE no time to fool away making money," said the old mountaineer to me. "The rich man carries too heavy a pair of blankets."

Nothing that I have heard or read about the claw and clutch of encumbering wealth has remained with me so long as this homely speech of the man who tramps the heights and knows tranquillity. It has impressed me even more than that line of Edwin Markham, who after contemplating the eager rush of men and women for lucre and luxury, and their attainment of them, hears at the end of it all not a note of triumph, but merely a "goblin laugh."

Methinks I hear a goblin laugh unwind.

My mountaineer, who has no time nor any desire to play the "sedulous ape" to

the men who have made millions, climbs the trail with a light pack and a light heart. Indeed, in a whole fortnight of footing it he has often taken along nothing but a bag of bread, a tin cup and a handful of tea. His exultant voice, his bright eye and the straight-away swing of his legs tell me that there never was a happier man in all the world. And this is because he has found his life—because he is not one of the tethered and mastered men who are content with the sham life of streets and clubs, but one of the free and unattached beings who know and feel the lyrical uplift of life in the open.

John Muir is the name of the man whom I am so uncertainly celebrating. He is of Scottish ancestry, and began life under the most rigid paternal rule, being compelled to read the Bible daily and memorise whole books of it which he

could repeat, to the wonder of Wisconsin villagers. A hint as to the nature of his father is contained in the fact that though he was excessively proud of the lad, who made the most wonderful clock-work inventions for kindling fires, a student's revolving desk and a contrivance for tipping himself out of bed at a certain hour in the morning, yet the sturdy old Covenanter thought it a sin to give him a single word of praise.

John Muir worked his way through college, where he developed a great love for botany. Then he tramped all through the South, and through California, where he has lived for many years. To the world he is now best known as a naturalist, physiographer and glacier climber, and his friends will tell you that he is as sweet and rare an old man as you shall find on this planet. There are other men far more famous, but there is none that has better deserts of fame. For just as Henry David Thoreau seems to me the most individual and most significant man who ever lived on the eastern side of the continent, so Muir seems to me to be the most discerning and most important man in all the West.

Muir is tall, lean, craggy, with wonderful grey eyes and a soft, agreeable voice. He has that indescribable charm by which nature's men are revealed to us. He is a greater Burroughs—greater because he has been to a greater school and studied in a larger way. The scope of his observations includes all the grand, wild places of the world and particularly from the Bering shore to the Mexican mesas. He has an intimate acquaintance with all that eloquent land of the setting sun. He has read with eager, reverent eyes the spreading scroll of its immensities. He knows its wild folk and their ways. The airy affairs of the birds have interested him no less than have the deer and the grizzly, and he has such an affection for all the creatures of the wood and the plain that he would not harm a hair or a feather of any of them. Indeed, I have even heard him deplore the killing of a rattlesnake.

One day he met a grizzly in the big-tree country. The bear gazed at him and he gazed at the bear. They stood looking at each other a long time, Muir fur-

tively, the bear ferociously, with nothing but a low-lying log between them; but finally the bear turned about and walked quietly away, compelled, as I believe, by the mastery of the man's keen eyes.

Muir knows the Alaskan glaciers as New York men know Broadway. He discovered the largest of these glaciers and it is named for him. He knows Shasta, the Yellowstone, the Sierras, the Grand Canyon; he knows books; he knows science and he knows men. His knowledge is not of the affairs that Wall Street prizes, but of the things that are worth knowing.

Nearly every man has his pose, but after the briefest meeting with Muir you would acquit him offhand of any charge of affectation.

His is an intrepid spirit. The only thing he is fearful of is praise or emolument. When he received an honorary degree from Harvard he said, looking askance at his sheepskin, "I'm blessed if I know what to do with this thing; I would chuck it into that grate, if my wife would let me."

Although he has written much and has a library of notes, he has published but two books, *The Mountains of California* and *Our National Parks*. On dipping into these works anywhere one sees at a glance the true poet. In all the nature literature of our time there is nothing so charming as that of Muir. His description of his meeting with Emerson in the Yosemite stands out as one of the best bits of prose I have ever read. He has told me some things which show how Emerson regarded him.

"I took him up into my slab study in the Yosemite," said he. "It was amusing to see the old philosopher climb up the hen-ladder into the 6 x 8 room, built onto the side of a sawmill and hanging out over the stream. Emerson looked at my specimens and we had an afternoon of fine, clear talk. I never had a man take hold of me so, and I must have impressed him rather favourably, too, for he wanted me to come and live with him—pressed me, in fact, to do so. 'You love to live with nature,' said he, 'but society also has its claim on man. Intimations will come to you that this wild life is not all you need. When you have learned

what you want here you must come to me. Stay with me as long as you like. Then go to a bigger man.' He made me promise that I would do this, but I did not go to Concord for seventeen years. Then Emerson was dead. His son greeted me most lovingly, saying when he met me, 'Muir? Why, that name is a household word here.'"

Muir has an affinity for solitude and silence and is never happier than when he wanders "lonely as a cloud."

"Most city people," he says, "seem to dread being alone. It is as if they were bored by their own company. A man's thoughts should suffice him, at least, for a day or so, I should think."

The frankness, the simplicity, the carelessness and the extreme sensitiveness of the man who has lived close to nature are all his. So receptive is his mind that he has had most remarkable telepathic experiences.

"One day," he told me, "I was sitting up on top of the North Dome of Yosemite when there came to me a strong flash of intelligence concerning Prof. J. D. Butler, my old Latin teacher at the University of Wisconsin. I had not heard from Butler for years, but I was now fully persuaded that he was just entering the valley, which was the fact."

Butler was thinking of Muir, whom he hoped to find in the valley, and Muir's sensitive, impressible and highly receptive mind caught the message.

"I sprang up," said Muir, "and started toward the hotel, four or five miles distant, but thought it impossible to get there until late, and not wishing to disturb my friend, I waited until morning, when I went down, found Butler's name on the register, and was told he had gone up to Vernal Falls. I followed up the trail and met him on top of Liberty Cap."

Never was there such a talker in all the world as John Muir. He flows on and on about the wonderful things he has seen and about his strange adventures in the wilds until his interested listener sits fairly amazed, if not dazed. He does not know it, and would not admit it, but his long life in the vast solitudes has made of him a storage battery from which the current *must* flow at some time, and when he gets an appreciative

listener there is no occasion for that listener to say a word. Muir will make all the conversation. I have listened to him untiringly from 8 in the morning until 11 at night, heard him tell story after story of adventures on glaciers and in the woods. It is his perfect self-sufficiency in conversation, his love for solitude and his violent attacks upon the uselessness of the lives of most city men that have made him so little understood. I once heard a learned Californian say:

"Muir thinks more of a tree than he does of a man."

Which deadly epigram would be very convincing to a certain order of minds, but it does not convince me. For after years of acquaintance with this strange genius I have come to feel that he is one of the most human of men. The test of a man's humanness is the number of his true friends, and Muir has more friends worth having than any other man I know. When I asked him to come and make his home with me in my cañon his eye brightened with a strange tenderness.

"Home," he repeated, "why, I have homes everywhere. My friends are wonderfully good to me."

Such a man is bound to have friends if for no other reason than that he is so mightily entertaining. To have Muir by your fireside at night, rattling on in his wonderful way about the Alaskan Indians, the Norwegian fjords, the Manchurian forests and the Polynesian volcanoes is to have harboured a Munchausen come true.

Because he is a liberated man and loves his freedom, wishing always to be master of his own times and seasons, it may be that he is sometimes rather hard to handle. His engagements with himself are often such that he does not care to have them broken in upon. For example, he did not, at the outset, want to go with Roosevelt into the Yosemite. To a genius like Muir a President is very likely to be merely a President, and he has no more desire to meet him than he has to meet a plain citizen. He was preparing to excuse himself by a polite note to Mr. Roosevelt, when a friend said to him:

"But, my dear Muir, a man must always accept the President's invitation.

It is like a command from a king to his subject."

This, however, made no appeal to the liberty-loving old mountaineer. How he finally persuaded himself to go at the Chief Magistrate's bidding was curious enough.

"Well," he argued against his inclination, "I suppose I oughtn't to refuse his invitation just because he happens to be the President."

And so he went along in King Theodore's train, apparently as docile a subject as any. Afterward he remarked that the President was a pretty good fellow and knew several things about the mountains.

Up in our cañon we had a sort of monopoly of the ceanothus which em-purpled all the April hills. To bring Muir over from Martinez, fifty miles away, and show him this dazzling display of flowers was a great delight to us. He came up the trail like a pious aspirant and gazed with a rapt reverence and a most curious connoisseurship upon the myriad-floreted wonder of the cañon. Then he gave a marvellous exposition of the variety and construction of the ceanothus and its flowers. Next morning the stiff green madroño leaves were all sparkling with dewdrops. Here was food for his Homeric imagination.

"Did you ever think," said he, pointing to one of the crystal drops, "that here is an eye that not only sees everything around it, but reflects everything from its wonderful retina? You take a magnifying glass and look into that drop and you will see how it pictures the whole landscape and all the clouds above it. All up and down this cañon from every pendant leaf—a million eyes!"

Muir married rather late in life, but is now a widower. He has two children, both college girls and faithful believers in the genius of their father.

Few men understand Thoreau as Muir does. I thought I had read *Walden*, having gone through the volume at least a dozen times, but it remained for Muir, who knows the book backward, to read it to me. This he did from memory while I walked with him one rainy day at Martinez. I wish all the little folk of little

soul who think they know and are able to classify Thoreau could have received that flood of illumination upon his work and character which I received that day. Even Lowell could have learned something. Emerson once said that, although Muir had not known Thoreau personally, he would have been the best man in the world to edit his works.

But Muir has something better to do than to write about other men's writings. After forty years of careful observation of Nature's wildest moods and greatest pictures and such ability to report upon them, he is a man fit to voice the great message of the wild. He is the accredited spokesman of Nature in the West. Although he makes no great figure in the popular mind, his work is recognised among all the high literary and scientific authorities of the world. But the more his writings are demanded by publishers the shyer he is of putting them forth. When a magazine editor heard he was to make his recent journey around the world in search of new natural wonders he made him an offer of \$10,000 for a short series of letters. This offer was refused by Muir on the ground that he had not the time to do the work carefully.

Muir is probably the most painstaking of all the literary craftsmen in America to-day. He has a large library of microscopically written note-books with the most wonderful thumbnail sketches to illustrate them. He never writes until he has thoroughly informed his material. And yet his work never seems to lack spontaneity. As a rule he leaves nothing of value to be said about any subject that he attacks. Read his chapter on the Yellowstone and you cannot fail to feel the finality of it. For to describe the Yellowstone after Muir would be like trying to write a new *Inland Voyage* after Stevenson.

"I write and rewrite," he said to me once, "and make terrible work of it. I like to consider the infinite possibilities. So I turn my material this way and that, and brood over it like a setting hen. Sometimes it will take me six weeks to write an ordinary magazine article of seven or eight thousand words."

And yet to read that brisk bit of writing which tells of how he climbed the

JOHN MUIR'S SECRET CABIN IN THE YOSEMITE
He alone knew this nook among the brakes where he studied for years

THE VIEW FROM JOHN MUIR'S STUDY WINDOW, MARTINEZ, CALIFORNIA

JOHN MUIR TO-DAY

bending fir tree in the storm—a chapter that is full of refulgent poetry—one might think, so simple and dashing is the style, that it was written at a sitting.

Muir does not write for money. He is probably paid less for the time he consumes than any other recognised writer of his day. He makes far more as a ranchman than as a writer. He has a horror of the hampering futilities of life, cares nothing for accumulation, save in valuable experiences, and seems to despise wealth as he despises danger. Once

in a long talk with E. H. Harriman he frankly told that gentleman that he was richer than he was.

"I know what you mean," said Mr. Harriman, "but I won't admit it. Don't you think wealth is a good thing for a man?"

"Not great wealth—no. Your rich man renounces too much. I would rather lie down at night by an old spring I know up in the Sierras than to own the Waldorf-Astoria—that is, if I had to live in it."

This story, I know, is hard for the average city man to understand, but of its genuineness there is no doubt. And what would the bejewelled couple dining ostentatiously in the Broadway restaurant make of this instance of his simplicity:

Once Muir was dining with me in a café in San Francisco. We sat down and he began to tell me a story. The waiter came around several times, but as the story was such a good one, I thought I would wait until it was ended before I gave the order. Muir talked and talked, and in between he would reach over and break off a piece of bread from a French loaf on the table. This he did a good many times. The story reminded him of another, and so he talked and ate bread, until finally, being very hungry, I broke in with:

"Well, what shall I order for you, Mr. Muir?"

"Order?" he repeated in his abstraction.

"Yes, order—to eat."

He looked over at the last little remaining piece of bread on the plate and said, as if waking from a dream:

"Eat? Why, I've had all I want—that bread was bully."

To fall into a complex way of life is with him something to be greatly avoided. His plan of keeping clear of literary as well as other engagements, for example, is steadily persisted in. He is the despair of editors. As he does not write for money and merely when he pleases and cares nothing for the publicity of print, the editor can hold out but little inducement to him. Though among the ablest of our writers, he makes no literary pretension whatsoever.

"Writing," I once heard him say, "is an unnatural business. Your head gets hot, your feet get cold and you can't digest your meals. I would rather make tracks up a mountainside any day than to peg away at the most glorious of epics. I want to be free. I want to be up on the glaciers—out where God is making the world. Glaciers don't haunt towns, so I don't care to go there. I get lost in New York or San Francisco, but I never get lost in the mountains.

"Up there among the glaciers one gets

a lot of light on how the cosmos is growing. Beauty is being made there. The snowflakes are being compacted into a solid grand army, all marching to music."

When he caught a severe cold while working in his study, and it developed into bronchitis, he said:

"I know what's the matter with me—I am becoming a victim to the house habit. Soon I shall be having a long list of indoor complaints."

Much against his wife's objections, he insisted on immediately setting out for Alaska.

"In your condition," she insisted, "it will kill you."

"No," said he, "the best thing in the world for bronchitis is to go and camp on a wet glacier."

So he went and camped on the ice and his bronchitis left him.

Discussing literary style one day, I asked him where he learned to express himself so clearly.

"In the Bible," he said unhesitatingly. "There is the best school for English in all the world. When I was a boy I memorised the whole of the New Testament. I still know whole chapters of it and of the old book. My favourite is the twentieth chapter of Job—the description of a good man."

Muir carries his notions of independence to the extreme. For many years he would not have a barber, but cut his own hair. In the mountains he prefers always to go alone and with the least impedimenta. He has the most rigid ethical views, but he never forces them upon others. He is a philosopher who cares absolutely nothing about leading you this way or that. I think he would blush if he knew he had made a disciple of any one even in the matter of his aversion to wealth and to the wealthy.

He is not a man for the world to set its watch by. There would be too much missing of business trains and pleasure boats, to none of which is he timed. But, like all geniuses, he has his distinct use and value. The world loves Nature's men, and year by year it will come to have a larger place in its heart for them and for the charm which they possess and radiate.

Bailey Millard.

"The murmur swells into a surge; the clear call of trumpets cuts it with a shrilling blare of triumph. Now I can see the glint of sun on steel. Down one of the broad *allées* there gallop half a hundred horsemen who draw rein beside the Brandenburger Thor. Then, of a sudden, a great flood of splendid cavalry, with gleaming corselets, regiment upon regiment of cuirassiers, who have at last avenged the red ruin of their glorious *débâcle* at Gravelotte. On they ride, not with the stolid, surly mien of Prussians nor with the mechanical perfection of the toy soldiers of the Tempelhofer Feld, but swinging lightly in their saddles, their faces radiant with that joyous daring which marks the most war-loving nation in the world."

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

III.—BERLIN

the further end of Unter den Linden, away from the royal palace and the statue of old Frederick on his lumpy horse, that famous avenue broadens out into a square. Thence, one may gaze through the stately Brandenburger Thor and behold the Thiergarten with its expanse of greenery, its alluring alleys and its glint of snowy marble. If you enter one of the cream-coloured buildings which flank the Brandenburger Thor, you may ascend four flights. You will then discover, on the outer door of an apartment, a bright brass plate with an inscription announcing it to be a *pension*, and bearing the name of the Frau Inspektor, who conducts it.

A most delightful *pension* it is—immaculately neat, and furnished in the best of taste. Its *clientèle* is small but

cosmopolitan. The Frau Inspektor, with her snowy hair and winter-apple cheeks and smile of rare benevolence, is a dear. To live there is a liberal education. In time you will come to know the whole Familie Buchholz in real life, which is better even than to meet them in Herr Stinde's pages. You will hear no English. The subtleties of the *Berliner Dialekt* will gradually percolate your brain; and at last you will thoroughly enjoy the talk which lets you into the rivalries of Frau Buchholz and Frau Bergfeldt, the love affairs of Auguste and young Weigelt, and the importance of Herr Doktor Wrenzchen. The place has an atmosphere which is German to the last degree, and this atmosphere affords the proper medium through which to see Berlin.

To be sure, there are some complications about living in the *pension*. Take, for example, the matter of the keys.

When you have been received and favourably passed upon—a letter of introduction is strictly necessary—the Frau Inspektor entrusts you with four keys. First there is The *Schlüssel*, which opens the great door below. This *Schlüssel* is a big bronze affair, six inches long, and it weighs not less than half a pound. It might well have been the key to the Bastille or to one of the many dungeons described by the veracious Baron von der Trenck. Then there is the *Hauschlüssel*, which will let you pass the outer door of the apartment from the fourth-floor hall. It, too, is pretty large. Next comes a little *Schlüssel* for the door within the outer door. The Frau Inspektor carefully explains, with a look of innocent cunning, that after inserting this *Schlüssel* in the lock, you must first turn it twice to the right and then once to the left—or is it twice to the left and once to the right? Anyhow, there is something to remember. And finally there is the *Thürschlüssel*, which admits you to your own particular rooms.

When you have got all these four down in your trousers' pocket, you feel like Mark Twain's jumping frog after he had swallowed the pound of shot. And if, some evening, you chance to stay out rather late at the Café Bauer and are deluded into thinking that *Eier-ponsch* is a beverage for babes—O, that smooth, seductive, velvety, demoniac *Eier-ponsch*!—and you reach the Pariser Platz after the *portier* has gone to bed—! In Heaven's name, which *Schlüssel* is the *Schlüssel* that you need for each of those confounded doors as you go upward in the dark? Is it the big *Schlüssel* or the little *Schlüssel*, or one of the medium-sized *Schlüssels*? And must you give the *Schlüssel* two turns to the right and then one to the left, or two turns to the left and then one to the right? What with *Schlüssel* after *Schlüssel*, you get so schlüssely that at last you give it up and make for the nearest hotel, where a *Polizeibeamter* worries you with questions, because you have neither luggage nor a passport.

And then, an American or Englishman will find himself a little bit uncomfortable in the Pariser Platz, because of the well-known Teutonic horror of

fresh air. My room is a delightful one, with a window which looks out upon the Thiergarten. But in summer, Berlin is sometimes warm and stuffy—not as New York is warm, yet oppressed by a certain deadness of the air. At night I keep my window open, but it does not make much difference. So, finally, I hit upon the scheme of leaving open the door into the hall after all the household have retired, and of opening also the door into the dining-room. Then the sluggish air begins to stir and let a stream of coolness pour into the room. But alas! In the still hours of the night come stealthy steps along the hall, and both doors are closed tight, so that again I swelter on the feather-bed. A second night and still a third this happens, and then I seek the Frau Inspektor.

"Ja, mein Herr, it is I who close the doors that you have so carelessly left open. Know you not that the night air is very dangerous? I almost fancied that your window was not closed!"

"My window was wide open," I reply. "And I *must* have air—plenty of it!"

The Frau Inspektor gasps and lifts her hands in horror.

"*Unmöglich!* It cannot be! *Ne! ne!* A few more nights and the Herr will be so ill, and then—oh, *Nachlässigkeit!*"

All argument is useless. The Frau Inspektor, out of the very goodness of her heart, will never hear of such a suicidal thing as letting me enjoy a draught of air in summer. In imagination she sees herself responsible for my speedy death. Her mild blue eyes begin to fill with tears. So I retire vanquished. But in the watches of the next sleepless night I plan a new campaign.

The Frau Inspektor has a son, a child of forty years, whom both the Frau Inspektor and her daughter, the Fräulein Emmi, coddle most absurdly, though they view him with profound respect because he is a male and because he resembles (so I hear) his father, the late Herr Inspektor. I waylay him and desire his attention.

"When you were a student in the Gymnasium, Herr Otto," I begin, "did you ever read any stories of American life?"

"Ach, ja!" returns Herr Otto, his

mind aroused to pleasing reminiscence. "So many read I then! *Zum beispiel*, the stories by a most wonderful romancer written. We read them all, we younger ones—*so gern!* What was the name? Well do I remember it—Herr Kupfer, or it may be Kupper. He wrote of the red savages in your country, and of the all so-skilful *Scharfschütz*—how call you him?—*Lederstrumpf!* And the great forests—larger even than the *Grünwald!*"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "And you remember how Herr Cooper has described our life—how we live in those open forests through the summer, and how even in winter we have only huts of logs, that do indeed keep out the snow, but that let the wind blow through?"

"*Wunderbar!*" murmured Herr Otto. "A strange people, *die Amerikaner!* I remember. *Aber—das ist nicht Sitte bei uns!*"

My heart sank as I heard this fatal formula. When Germans tell you that a thing is not the custom with them, they feel that the very last word has been said and that the incident is closed. However, I returned to the attack.

"Of course, Herr Otto, such habits are unknown in a nation which has reached a high plane of civilisation—a nation like Germany, for example. But it is different with us. I don't believe that in all America there is such a thing as a porcelain stove. And even in winter, Americans haven't yet learned to lie all night between two feather-beds. I have always been used to a great deal of

air, and I can't be civilised all at once. Naturally, the Frau Inspektor does not understand this, because she has not studied the ways of strange peoples. But you, who are a man of the world and a great reader, will know that I am in no danger of falling ill from having the doors open at night. Indeed, if they are to be closed in the hot weather, I shall have to go out and sleep under a tree in the Thiergarten—and that, you know, is *Polizeiwidrig—streng verboten.*"

"Ja, ja, that understand I," assented Herr Otto, preening himself visibly. "I will myself speak to the Frau Mamma."

And he must have spoken to her very effectually, for that night and thereafter the doors were all left open, and I slept as comfortably as Leatherstocking himself.

But, putting aside the matter of the keys and the need of a mild duplicity in the management of Herr Otto, there is nothing to fret one's soul in this neat little pension. At the *Mittagessen* and the *Abendessen* there is daily gathered a little

THE LEIPZIGERSTRASSE

group of interesting human beings whom chance fortune has drawn together here. Besides the Frau Inspektor, and Herr Otto, and the Fräulein Emmi, there is a good-natured gigantic Swedish basso who has sung the Dragon's part in *Siegfried*, from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. There is a silent little Frenchman whose German is apparently limited to about twenty words and who seems to have nothing to do; so that I like to believe that he is a sort

"There is a brown-stone effect to the Schloss which recalls New York "

of diplomatic spy from the Quai d'Orsay. And again, there is a young lady from Vienna who represents the Advanced School of German Thought, for she smokes multitudinous cigarettes after dinner, goes out alone at all hours, and returns (also alone) at two in the morning from goodness knows where. Finally, there is a Finnish girl who is learning German, so as to teach it in Helsingfors. She has rather a plain face, but she wears a bang and that makes her distinctly fascinating. There are many young men and maidens in America to-day who have never seen bangs—or "fringes," if you like—worn. Apparently the bang, long since expelled from Western Europe, has only now reached Finland. For my part, I am hoping for a general renaissance of the bang. If the fact were only understood, there is no woman so plain, so naturally unprepossessing, as not to appear attractive when she wears a bang. The deep fringe of hair falling low upon the forehead has a strange power of creating fascination, of making an appeal, of compelling man's attention. Perhaps it

is the same sort of appeal by which the primitive woman with tumbled tresses stirred the first desire of the cave-man amid the infinite silence of unbroken forest. But the little Fräulein Stella is quite unconscious of her charm, and eats eggs and Leberwurst without an esoteric thought.

And so do we all eat eggs and Leberwurst and many other things more reconдите. The Frau Inspektor has a carefully prepared cycle of repasts. By noting down what you have had on any particular day, you can forecast just what you are to have on the corresponding day next week. It is all very good; except that on the day appointed for berry-soup and smoked goose, I usually find it convenient to dine out at Hiller's on the Linden. But when the Frau Inspektor treats us to mock-hare (or *Falsche Hase*) I am always present. Mock-hare is just as near as Germans can come to producing Philadelphia scrapple. Scientifically, mock-hare and scrapple may be viewed as representing absolutely independent research arriving at almost identical results—like John

" Though the Schloss Bridge, with its statues overlooking the river, is beautiful, it has not the air of mellow age "

Couch Adams and Leverrier discovering the planet Neptune. If the Frau Inspektor only had a little Indian meal, the mock-hare would be actually scrapple—with that lovely golden brown colouring and crispness of taste which make scrapple one of the immortal contributions of America to the world's gastro-

nomic Walhalla. Rank it with canvas-back duck and terrapin, and buckwheat cakes and Little Neck clams and green corn. But if it were not for the pinch of Indian meal, scrapple would not be scrapple. It would be mock-hare.

I eat so much of this delectable dish and say so much about it, that the Frau

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Inspektor is flattered deep down in her gracious soul. The Fräulein Emmi, one day, mysteriously presents me with a slip of gilt-edged paper on which she has written out the recipe for mock-hare, so that I shall be able to have some made for me in far-off America.

"Though," says the Fräulein Emmi, "it ought to be cooked upon a range or stove."

I blush slightly, knowing that she has in mind the wild, open forest life which I have described to Herr Otto—a life of roaring campfires rather than of decent kitchens. However, I take the recipe with gratitude. The Fräulein Emmi reads English more or less; and as a compliment to me, she has composed the recipe in that language, with the aid of a dictionary. I reproduce it here just

as she wrote it on the sheet of gilt-edged paper :

FOR THE FALSE HARE

350 gramm. beef }
 350 gramm. porck } hacket
 1 little bread in Water gesoaket
 3 spoons other Bread pulverisirt
 2 teaspoons pepper salt.
 1 onion fine hacket
 In fat to damp. All together stirr and stick
 with Lard.

It is delightful of a summer morning to wake and hear the notes of a bugle in the Thiergarten below one's window. Looking out, one sees a group of Uhlans riding between the strips of greenery, the little pennons fluttering from their lances, and their splendid horses moving all together. The perfect training of the German cavalry is wonderful. At a distance they seem like a row of lead soldiers, cast all in the same mould. Each lance is held at precisely the same angle. Each rider has precisely the same seat upon his steed. Each horse, even, lifts his hoofs at precisely the same instant as each other horse. And when you see fifty thousand cavalry and infantry at some great review on the Tempelhoferfeld, it is just the same. A column of a thousand men seems not to be composed of individuals. It might have been carved as a whole out of some blue and red material, and its movements are as regular as those of a machine. In fact, an intelligent machine is the ideal of the ruling German—not the highest possible ideal, but one of which the realisation is astonishing wherever you observe it—in the army, the police, the post-office, the universities, or the court. Perhaps, after a little, you weary of its mechanism. Spontaneity, individuality, personality, have all been thrown into the hopper of a huge official mill, and have come out a finished product which lives and works and thinks according to a formula.

It is the eternal presence of the German soldier that differentiates Berlin from an American city of its size; for all else here is modern—the ornate palace of the Reichstag, the glorified Luna Park display of the Siegesallee, the brand-new

Protestant cathedral or Domkirche, the avenue of the Linden itself, lined with glittering shops and restaurants, the Leipzigerstrasse, crowded by trams and vans and bustling burghers. There is a brown-stone-front effect to the Schloss which recalls New York; and though the Schloss Bridge, with its statues overlooking the little river, is beautiful, it has not the air of mellow age. To be sure, there are many places here which are redolent of history, but it is very modern history. One looks at the column in the Belle Alliance Platz, and it takes you no further back than Waterloo. The building that nestles under a great mansard roof and encompasses a garden in the Wilhelmstrasse, gives you a thrill when you remember that in its offices the mighty Bismarck, with his Reichshund crouched beside him, created a great empire, and gave law to Continental Europe until the day when his "young master" sent an aide-de-camp to turn him out. But this was only a few years ago. We all remember it; and the man of blood and iron might himself appear upon the steps without seeming like a visitant from another world.

Yes, Berlin is very new—an infant among European capitals—and even old Fritz upon his lumpy horse is not an ancient, since his end came after we Americans had won our freedom. Compare the German capital with Paris or Vienna or Brussels, not to speak of Rome, and it seems almost as new as Cincinnati or Detroit. The distinctive and pictorial interest of it comes first of all from the swarming soldiery—from the bright helmets, spiked or plumed, the glitter of gold lace, the blue and crimson uniforms, the white jack-boots, and the clank of sabres everywhere. A dozen times an hour you see some gorgeous warrior stiffen suddenly and salute, as he perceives another of his kind somewhere within the regulation distance. It is most attractive for a time; and the bugle of the Uhlans in the morning is but the overture, the thrilling note with which the martial drama of the day begins.

Yet after a little while, the everlasting army officer gets upon your nerves. His lordly and all-conquering air, his supercilious pose, his assumption that he has

the right of way, no matter where you meet him, his refusal to swerve a hair's breadth as he stalks along the broadest *trottoir*—somehow you feel that there is a great deal too much of him. And then you hear stories of his insolence to women, his bullying of civilians, the grim tales of the barrack-yards where simple country boys are tortured by the drill-sergeant with inconceivable brutality, and now and then a darker and more sinister revelation of the moral rottenness which is festering like a plague-spot underneath the brave display of gorgeous uniforms and rigid ceremonial. It is not necessary to read such books as that of Bilse or such journals as the *Zukunft*. Any German can relate to you out of his own personal knowledge things as sickening as these. And after that, the *schneidig Offizier*, as he swaggers by you on the Linden, nose in air, and regarding you with scorn, is not provocative of admiration.

Here is where I recall the Adventure of the Herr Lieutenant. You must know that, staying temporarily in Berlin and viewing it with scorn, is an American friend, whom I may, for the purpose of this narrative, call Bob—especially as that is what everybody calls him in his native land. Now Bob is a frank and free-spoken and energetic person with a sort of mental twist which leads him to condemn whatever is under his immediate eye, and to admire whatever is remote. At home he professes to believe that the great Republic is tottering to its fall. Everything American is either detestable, ridiculous, or worthless. They do it all so much better in Europe. But here, in Berlin, you should hear Bob blaze with patriotic ardour! America is God's country, sure enough. As for Germany and the Germans—pah! Bob has a most wonderful vocabulary to which half a dozen languages have contributed, and his fluency is marvellous; yet he finds it difficult to relieve his burdened soul of all its pent-up feeling.

And he is not in the least particular as to when and where he says the things he desires to say. It is just a bit appalling to hear him, in the midst of the crowded Café Keck or the Oberbayrische Restau-

rant, express his candid views as to the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the rest of the royal and imperial family, the German army, and the whole administration of the Empire. His words come hot and pungent like a cataract of tabasco sauce. If any one else should utter half a dozen sentences such as these of Bob's, he would be swiftly haled before some bedizened functionary and then laid by the heels in a dungeon for the crime of *Majestätsbeleidigung*. But Bob keeps right on, precisely as though he were in Brooklyn, and no one even warns him. It is just Bob's luck.

Well, one evening, rather late, we are roaming in a somewhat lonely and ill-lighted section of the Alt-Moabit, when down the pavement comes, very haughtily, a young Herr Lieutenant of his Majesty's Brandenburgers. He is very blond and very trig, much pinched as to his waist, and padded as to his shoulders, and his strut makes it apparent even from afar that the earth and the fulness thereof are all his. I can feel Bob fairly bristle as this young warrior heaves in sight. The sidewalk is reasonably wide and we give a full half of it to the Herr Lieutenant. But he has already set his course, and to swerve from it for the sake of two contemptible civilians would be absurd and ignominious. The result is that he comes into violent collision with Bob. Now Bob had instantaneously perceived just what was going to happen and had braced himself for the impact of the Herr Lieutenant. Therefore, the Herr Lieutenant reels violently and almost falls into the roadway, his cap half shaken from his head and his sword getting awkwardly mixed up with his sky-blue legs. He pulls himself together fiercely.

"Du! Lump!" snarls the Herr Lieutenant.

"Schweinehund!" flashes back Bob, like a rapid-fire gun.

Now to call any German a pig-dog is a very serious matter. But to apply that name to an officer in uniform, especially after you have knocked him all over the place, is an insult that can be washed out by blood alone. According to the unwritten code of his Majesty's army, the Herr Lieutenant must instantly draw and run

Bob through the body. His hand goes swiftly to his sword-hilt. But Bob is by no means slow. With the agility of a cat he leaps aside, and catches up what an American rustic would call a "rock." It is a fine, smooth, round cobblestone of about two pounds in weight, and Bob poises it deftly in his ready hand.

"You slab-sided, spindle-shanked, waffle-jawed, pop-eyed son of a pink porcupine!" cries Bob. "If you pull that tin sword of yours, I'll mash your face into *Blutwurst*!"

It may have been the effect of the moonlight, but I notice that the roseate cheeks of the Herr Lieutenant have suddenly turned to chalk. Perhaps he is appalled to find that the American language contains so many compound words. Doubtless on the field of battle, with his fellow-Brandenburgers, he would cheerfully rush forward to certain death amid the cannon-thunder. But up here in a dim corner of the Alt-Moabit, to have his face, his beautiful face, converted into *Blutwurst* by a "rock" at the hands of a foreign savage—there is no glory in it. And Bob has a very wicked look as he balances the cobblestone in his nervous, muscular hand.

There is a poignant silence for about two seconds. Then the Herr Lieutenant adjusts his cap, endeavours to assume an air of high disdain, and stalks stiffly off into the night with muttered words, among which I can distinguish only "Barbarismus!"

Bob and I make our way to the hospitable shelter of the Herculesgarten, and there celebrate together, with many a stein, this signal victory of the United States over the German army.

I wonder whether it is because the military caste is so exalted that the proletariat is so sordid and unpleasant. One extreme is usually balanced by the other. At any rate, the rabble of Berlin is grosser and more offensive than that of any other northern capital—than in Paris or in London, for example, or in cosmopolitan New York. Intense poverty cannot rob the French of a certain artistic feeling, nor the English of a certain rough *bonhomie*, nor the American of a certain self-respect and orderliness. But a Ger-

man crowd is like a herd of animals—coarse, rude, unmannerly, and yet quite servile in the presence of a uniform. To see them in their free moments, I take a little steamer which plies along the Spree from the Jannowitz Brücke in Berlin to Stralau and other pseudo-rustic places by the river—the German equivalent of Coney Island and Pleasure Bay and Nantasket.

The boat is packed with puff-faced men and blowsy women and squalling children. On the little deck before the wheel-house I observe two girls, not ill-looking and doubtless servant-maids out for a holiday. They lean over the railing. Beneath them is the lower deck jammed with perspiring humanity, so close that not one can move from where he stands. A slow Teutonic smile begins to spread itself over the broad faces of the girls. Then they lean forward and begin, quite pleasantly, to spit down upon the passengers below them. They grin when the marksmanship is particularly good. Their human targets cannot possibly escape them. In any other country there would be a riot on the boat; but this is Germany, and the lower deck is much amused by the rich humour of the two *Dienstmädchen*. There are little squeals and there is much dodging, but no one seems to feel disgust.

As you glide along the river you see, on either bank, beer-gardens, open-air restaurants, grotesque little hotels, and also open spaces where excursionists may sit and eat and drink what they have brought with them in bottles and pails and baskets. It is not a holiday, yet it seems as though the entire population of Berlin were already swarming in the *Umgebungen* of the capital. Heavens! What shoals of sardellen, what heaps of herring, what hills of hams, what mountains of sausages, and what continents of smoked goose, cheese, sauerkraut, and pork, are being washed down with seas of beer and glühwein and other fearsome brews! Surely Gargantua must have been a German. And when you reach Stralau, you simply attain a climax; for while here are tents containing sword-swallowers and bearded ladies and Circassian beauties (from Sanct Pauli at Hamburg) and a "Reptilien Ausstel-

lung" you can scarcely notice them because you are distracted by the extraordinary capacity for guzzling which you see illustrated all about you. I used to think that the piles of "hot dogs" which disappear at Coney Island of a summer afternoon were staggering; but Stralau would engulf them in an hour, and then bellow for still more. There are also seventeen different kinds of music rending the atmosphere, and, oddly enough, most of it is in a minor key. If the English take their pleasures sadly, these Germans surely take it dismally—one might say morbidly. For what is the ballad that is being sung by yonder red-bearded baritone and most approved by those who stop between two bites of *Wurst* to listen? You may buy the words from the songster himself for the sum of two pfennig. "*Schreckliches Ende Einer Kindermörderin.*" Fancy—eating, drinking, on pleasure bent in the open air and sunshine, and then topping off with a gruesome ditty which describes the shocking end of a child-murderess!

Take a train through the lovely Thiergarten and visit Charlottenburg. Again, you will see very much the same sort of crowd. Most of them will not visit the pretty palace there, but will make straight for the mausoleum. When it is opened by the attendant, in rush the *Volk*. This is the final resting place of kings, a place where Prussian sovereigns lie in the dignity of death. I have watched American crowds at the tomb of Washington and the sepulchre of General Grant, but never in either place have I seen a man who did not bare his head and speak in lowered tones and move about with evident respect. Yet many call us the most irreverent of peoples! Watch these Germans squeezing, grunting, and snorting like so many swine around the royal tombs. If they were allowed to do so, they would camp upon the coffins and devour cheese and sausages in the very presence of the dead.

No, the ruling military caste and the porcine populace are the upper and nether millstone between which the great body of the German people are held fast. The men of intellectual power, the men of affairs, the men who are the mainstay of the race must let the heel of mili-

tarism press their necks a little longer. They are upright, honourable, courteous and altogether right; but they must still bow low to degenerates like Kuno von Moltke, for example, just as the peasants and the very poor must sweat to pay the sums which a military State demands. And these last pay in blood and self-respect as well as in hard coin. Their women cannot be virtuous and still earn a living. During the Franco-Prussian War, how the American and English pulpits rang with moral lessons! The French were worshippers of the great goddess Lubricity, and therefore they were humbled. The Prussians were God-fearing, temperate, and pure, and so they were exalted. I should like to have these sermonisers walk with me through the most respectable quarters of Berlin. In Paris, vice is kept strictly within bounds by the *agents des mœurs*. The smaller French cities are not merely decorous but dull. While Berlin—! Stroll through the beautiful arcade, the *Passage* which runs from the Linden to the Friedrichstrasse, and you will see effigies and pictures and mechanical toys such as might have been designed for Elagabalus. There they are, exposed to everybody's view as openly as though they were Teddy-bears or Noah's arks. One cannot venture to describe them. They surpass the worst things in that Neapolitan collection to which no priest or woman is admitted. And what is supremely detestable in German pruriency is its utter grossness. The Frenchman at his lowest lets his wit play around the lupanar. The German at his lowest draws his inspiration from the latrine and the sewer.

Berlin boasts that it has no *maisons tolérées*. What need, when almost every *Wirstshaus*, almost every *Lokal*, and almost every café, swarm with women who thrust themselves upon you with the slow smile that all over the world has but a single meaning? Crude printed handbills in red or blue announce the *Tingeltangel* or the *Schwalben-Nest* or what you please, as being a *Strohwittwer Heim* with *Fesche Bedienung* or *Internationale Bedienung*. The whole city teems with meretricious lures. It is the garrison taint, the inevitable concomitant of that social order under which marriage

is made impossible by the obligations of military service. Napoleon's armies shook German feudalism to pieces; for even in Napoleon's despite, they spread everywhere a love of nationality and a knowledge of the rights of man. The restless days of 1848 gave to Prussia the semblance of constitutionalism. But Bismarck's three successful wars, while they did create an Empire, made it an Empire of brute force and of brutal rule. Only a great military disaster can now hurl this down and leave the true German people free to build again, and at last to have a country that is not a camp.

Some day, if God is very good to me, I shall be sitting at my window in the Pariser Platz and looking out across the Thiergarten toward Charlottenburg. But there will be no Uhlans and no bugle calls. A strange hush will have fallen on Berlin. Shutters will be closed and curtains drawn along the Linden, and the whole great avenue will be as still as death. At the Brandenburger Thor a few mounted officers of the police in their dark uniforms will be sitting their horses, immobile and gloomy.

As I gaze with intense expectancy across the sea of green, there comes an impalpably faint murmur, like the far-away sound of surf upon the shore. It grows and swells, and then it deepens into a sort of muffled thunder pierced by the roll of distant drums. The murmur becomes a surging symphony. The clear call of trumpets cuts it with a shrilling blare of triumph. Now I can see the glint of sun on steel. Down one of the broad *allées* there gallop half a hundred horsemen who draw rein beside the Brandenburger Thor. Then, of a sudden, comes a great flood of splendid cavalry, with glittering corselets, regiment upon regiment of cuirassiers, who

have at last avenged the red ruin of their glorious *débâcle* at Gravelotte. On they ride, not with the stolid, surly mien of Prussians, nor with the mechanical perfection of the toy soldiers of the Tempelhoferfeld, but swinging lightly in their saddles, their faces radiant with that joyous daring which belongs to the most war-loving nation in the world.

But now they have massed themselves about the Thor. Far as the eye can reach are regiments of sturdy infantry filling the whole vast area of the Thiergarten. Before them, surrounded by a brilliant staff, rides a general whose name is now perhaps unknown to Europe and the world, but who on that day will be the greatest man on earth. As he nears the Thor, the glorious tricolour is unfurled, surmounted it may be—for who can tell?—by the Napoleonic eagle. And then, following the rising thunder of a thousand drums, there bursts forth a crash of music—thrilling, maddening, divine. I *feel* the words that are behind:

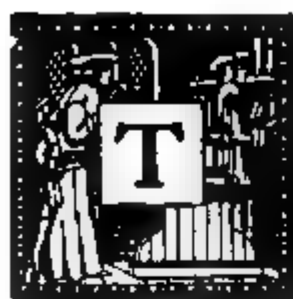
Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs—
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que nos ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos batail-
lons!
Marchons! Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos
sillons!

And as the music swells and billows into a tempest of martial melody, rolling up the Linden and flooding it with a glorious sea of sound, I, at my window, shall lean far out and cry aloud with an infinite exultation—

"Vive la France!"

A CENTURY OF MONTYON PRIZES



O do good and to preach the good are very different things; this is an established truth which no one will try to deny. But there exists at the same time a very widely accepted theory that the second is much easier than the first; this is by no means the case. Let those who say so, or think so, just try. Or, if they do not care to try, let them ask some of the members of the French Academy who have been requested by their colleagues to prepare one of the yearly reports, in the form of speech, which is read publicly when the so-called "prix de vertu," awarded by the noble company, are announced. They will all tell you that they found this to be the most delicate task that can be entrusted to a man, and that nothing taxes so much the resourcefulness of the human brain as to eulogise virtue. Just think of it: to be preaching and yet entertaining, to be in the greatest earnest and yet witty, to be dealing with the most bourgeois subject in the world and yet be clever! When Mr. Carnegie established a few years ago—100 years after M. Montyon—his famous prizes for heroism, he did not ask that speeches be made at the occasion of the conferring of the rewards; but even if he had done so, the task would have been easy as compared with the one which confronts yearly the forty "Immortels." For, while Mr. Carnegie, more ambitious in proportion as he was richer, decided that only a nation of heroes would do for him, M. Montyon was satisfied with a nation of plain and honest people; to celebrate valorous deeds of heroes would be a mere play for such eloquent people as the members of the French Academy; but they must find how to praise *with eloquence* the commonplace, unexciting qualities of the humble ones. They must avoid solemn words, which would not fit the modest deeds; but they must avoid just as carefully terms that might convey any idea of contempt for the winners; they must not be haughty and not be paternal; they must not be

ironical and not be frigid; they must not be enthusiastic and not be flat; finally and especially, they can never afford to be *quelconque*. All this they must not be; yet what they ought to be defies description; they must be subtle, exquisite, intellectual, æsthetic enough to please; and in performing this extraordinary task they must convey the impression that it costs them no effort whatsoever. The ingenuity of the men who wear the palms and the sword knows of no greater test; and, if some one wants to make a special study of the classical qualities of form and style in French eloquence, he will find in those yearly reports on the "prix de vertu" his most genuine and his most telling examples. The exacting "Tout-Paris" goes to this early winter session, year after year, with great expectations, and the Academicians are careful to select only a recognised master to achieve the feat. Men who won fame in all sorts of domains have been successively called upon: scientists like Laplace and Cuvier, politicians like Tocqueville and Guizot, critics like Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière, priests like Montalembert, poets like Sully-Prudhomme, philosophers like Re-

Last year we had a special treat. As the hundredth celebration of this ceremony was drawing near, Maurice Barrès—one of the recently elected members—had the original idea of looking up the speeches of his forerunners, and he extracted from them the subject for a very suggestive piece of oratory, namely, he offered, according to his own words, "a sketch of the variations of the idea of virtue in the French Academy."

Those moralists who still doubt that the ethical standard is constantly undergoing changes, according to time and circumstances, will find convincing proof in M. Barrès's speech that even the élite of humankind is not free from the influence of events in its views of moral sublimity.

The first time when the Academy had to award a "prix de vertu" it was shortly before the Revolution, and evidently one

could feel in the air the forthcoming struggle. The "parti des philosophes" had invaded the Academy; they conferred the prize (there was then only one of them) upon a poor woman, the owner of a little drygoods store, who had broken the chains of a prisoner in the Bastille.

In 1790 the Academy was suppressed by the Revolution, and it was not until 1820 that the Immortals were entrusted again with the function of rewarding virtue. This was a time of reaction against the Revolution; the king and the former nobility were in power again; and the Academy, echoing those reactionary feelings, picked out for distinction those obscure heroes, who, during the storm, had not allowed themselves to be diverted from their duties toward their lords; old servants were rewarded who had registered their names in the Public Charity Office, in order to avoid the humiliation to their noble masters ruined by the confiscation of their properties. Also priests received honours who had never discontinued, at the constant risk of their life, to minister to the faithful and to the poor, even during the period of the bloody "Terror."

If we pass over to the next generation, we can see the fear of the socialistic and communistic ideas which were to break out in the new Revolution (of 1848) influence the Academy. Anxious for the "conservation of the traditional life of the nation," Guizot eulogises the military virtues, and Montalembert the religious virtues, as the real safeguards of morality and social order.

Twenty-five years later the war with Germany had shaken the country. In 1871 there was no session of the Academy; but it was only natural that the following year, as France was still bleeding from the wounds inflicted on its national pride, the virtues which seemed to deserve especial commendation should be those of the soldier crippled in the service of the country, and those of orphans and widows continuing courageously the struggle for life deprived of their natural support.

Yet France soon recovered, and only twelve years later the new, the modern

note was struck by Renan, in one of the most brilliant "virtue" speeches ever made. Renan gave vent to his "destructive scepticism," as Barrès says; to his broad tolerance, as others would put it. With the inimitable charm of his style he emphasised the fact that of the ten or twenty philosophies which claimed to provide a firm basis for the idea of duty, not one could stand the test of reason; but then, he continued, this is of no particular importance; virtue itself remains, let us honour it wherever it comes from; we cannot afford to spare any help; lay virtue or denominational virtue, philosophical virtue or Christian virtue, virtue of the old régime or virtue of the new régime, civic virtues or clerical virtues—let us take them all, welcome them all!

But again such serene views could not last. Men are no philosophers; clouds were already gathering which darkened both the social and the political horizon. On often futile pretexts, the *France noire* (ecclesiastical) and the *France rouge* (democratic) clashed. The Academy took side with the conservatives. Not long ago, Bourget endeavoured to show in his speech—as Chateaubriand 100 years before under similar circumstances in his *Génie du Christianisme*—the beneficent value of the Catholic Church, with its firm and clear dogmas, as opposed to a vague humanitarianism and a so-called natural religion. Yet, also just as in the time of Chateaubriand, those who by reasoning declared for conservatism, proved to be in fact pervaded with the spirit of our epoch. M. Barrès, the other day, had to eulogise, it is true, the devotion to military ideals, thanks to the events of the Morocco campaign; but, above all, he had to speak at length of two great social works, founded by laymen, and direct if not exclusive products of the humanitarian ideals of our days. The one was the excellent *Œuvre du Marin*, of M. de Thézac, the man who very intelligently fought the evils of alcoholism among the sailors of the coast of Brittany; the other, the Central Office of Information about the poor, founded by M. Lefèbvre with a view to directing charity in the right channels and taking it away from the non-deserving. The preoccupation of

THE BARON DE MONTYON

social problems is indicated also by the prize given to the parents of two large families, one of nineteen, and one of twenty-one children.

The name of the first founder of a "prix de vertu"—who has since been imitated by many liberal donors—M. Montyon, is well known. But few think it worth while to inquire further, taking it for granted that a man who proposes to reward virtue must be a most uninteresting personality. But the prejudice is wrong. M. Montyon is a picturesque character. His biography has been written several times, and, again recently, some of his rather amusing business adventures have tempted the pen of M. A. de Molin.

Montyon was one of those French noblemen of the eighteenth century who, although devoted apparently to the old social organisation and faithful servants of the king, were thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of sentimental idealism inspired by the writings of Sterne, Richardson, Rousseau to the generation of men who prepared the

French Revolution. Himself a laureate of the French Academy for his "Eulogy of the Chancellor Michel de l'Hospital," an impersonation of all the noblest qualities of humankind, he decided to foster similar virtues among men, by establishing two prizes to be awarded by the French Academy every year, one for the book which seemed "most useful for the temporal welfare of humanity," the other the first famous "prix de vertu." When the Revolution swept away the Academy (1790), Montyon himself fled first to Switzerland, then to London. When the kings came back, he did, too, and in 1819, by testament, he reestablished his two prizes, at the same time bequeathing his very large fortune (much larger than he knew himself) to philanthropic institutions. A quaint man he must have been, full of contradictions, for he left wherever he went the souvenir of an utterly disagreeable nature but of the most kind-hearted of men; petty, mean, hard in business transactions, but magnificently generous in his gifts; a most dreadfully egoistic creature, but yet at other times the most

disinterested that ever lived. M. de Molin thinks that all his peculiarities are due, first, to the fact that he was a financier, and second, to the fact that he was not married. We leave it for others to discuss that matter. Certain it is that he did his share in attempting to correct

in some measure the injustices of human destinies—more than can be said of many of us—and if there are other ways of shining in this world, the one chosen by the odd Baron de Montyon is not the most contemptible after all.

Albert Schinz.

THE ORCHESTRA OF THE PERKINS INSTITUTION

The most widely known blind orchestra in the world. Playing only classical music, this orchestra fills the largest theatre in Boston.

BLIND MUSICIANS

ANY of us have derived our ideas of blind musicians from the pitiable mendicant of the streets, who draws a melancholy sound from some battered instrument — genuinated hand-organ—and sometimes levies on our small change. There is a wide distance between this beggar and the performers of some of the American institutions devoted to the education of the blind, who not only aim to interpret the symphonies of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn and Schubert, but, in the opinion of authoritative

musical critics, have challenged comparison with the finished achievements of our best orchestras of seeing musicians.

If Boston may still have a valid claim to being the "musical centre of America," the opinion of her two leading critics on the work of the orchestra of the Perkins Institution for the Blind should be convincing. After attending an annual concert given by this institution Mr. Louis C. Elson wrote that "even the intricacies of a fugue, or the most complex contrapuntal passages, are unravelled by a blind pupil almost as easily as if he were able to read the printed notes of the well-tempered clavichord." Speaking of the ren-

dering by this orchestra of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Mr. Philip Hale, of the Boston *Herald*, wrote that "the results obtained were surprising, well-nigh incredible, and in the performance there was often a grace, a finish that older orchestras composed of men more kindly treated by nature might envy."

This Boston institution has for years been building up its music department under the direction of Mr. Edwin L. Gardiner, until it has taken a leading place in this important branch in the education of the blind. The orchestra includes performers of both sexes, and consists of six first violins, five second violins, three violas, four violoncellos, two contrabasses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarionets, two bass-clarionets, three horns, two trumpets and a pair of tympani. Their public appearances in the largest theatre in the city are eagerly attended by the best class of Bostonians.

The achievements of the New York Institution for the Blind are equally as amazing, and certainly more convincing evidence is given of the remarkable possibilities for blind students in music. No one in this generation has contributed more toward making the blind independent than Mr. William B. Wait, who for nearly half a century has been the principal of this school. In music, especially, this school has aimed to measure its ambition by the highest standards, and has subjected its students to the examinations of the American College of Musicians of New York City, unquestionably the highest criterion of scientific training in music in this country. To secure diplomas from this college the candidates must pass examinations in notation, music history, harmony, counterpoint, terminology, æsthetics, acoustics and orchestration.

In spite of their handicap of blindness the pupils of this school have competed on even terms with their seeing rivals in this college, with wonderful success. It would almost convince one that in order to study music with brilliant success it were better to take up the work blindfolded and according to the methods used by these pupils. Since adopting the tests of the American College of Musicians, 51 of the pupils of the New York Institu-

tion for the Blind have passed 240 examinations, 225 on theoretical subjects and 15 demonstrative (9 organ and 6 piano). Thirteen of these successfully passed all the tests necessary for associateship, and 2 secured fellowship credentials. Five of them won "honours," for which a general average of 90 per cent. or more is re-

A BLIND SOLOIST

quired. The work of last year shows that the work is growing. Seven passed in counterpoint, five receiving honours; one passed in acoustics, and another completed the requirements for associateship by passing the piano demonstrative tests. The associateship honour places one in the class of the most proficient musicians; the requirements demand a suc-

THE SENIOR CHORUS IN THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND

CHORUS OF THE NEW YORK STATE SCHOOL AT BATAVIA, NEW YORK

THE KETTLE-DRUM OF THE PERKINS ORCHESTRA

cessful written examination in seven subjects relating to theory, a demonstration of technical skill at the piano or organ, and the performance of master compositions selected from the works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. Miss Hannah A. Babcock, the director of this department in the New York school, with her staff of assistants, has undoubtedly put her work on the surest foundation, and to those pupils who possess any musical gift can practically insure the needed training to secure a competency that will compare favourably with that earned by seeing people in the same line of activity.

Such results are not obtained without the most painstaking endeavour on the part of both pupils and teachers, and the process which makes a trained musician out of a blind child—often defective in other ways—is most interesting. A great many years ago a French naval officer, Charles Barbier, conceived an idea that gave a new impulse to the education of the blind. The French naval

signal code was composed of huge dots on the surface of flags to denote the various manœuvres of the ships. It occurred to him that by embossing "points" on the surface of paper it would be possible to devise a written language for the blind that would enable them to read more readily with their fingers than is possible with "line type," and through the economy of space greatly reduce the expense of publications.

Barbier was not a teacher of the blind, but Louis Braille perfected the system, and now the children of the schools are taught to read in braille, the name given to it in honour of the man who adapted it to their use. But the most remarkable fact is the adaptability of this system to the notation of written music, so that the pupil, by the touch of the finger, is able to interpret a composition from the arrangement of the embossed dots, there being, of course, as many groups, or "cells," as the notation requires.

It may be readily understood that in some respects the blind have the advantage of ourselves, inasmuch as the same

ment of the ability to read music and to perform the difficult compositions of the masters is far more arduous. It is a noteworthy fact that blind persons are almost invariably of a sunny, optimistic temperament, while those who are afflicted with absolute deafness are inclined to be morose. It is the resistance within the electric light bulb that causes its brightness, and it may be possible that this interesting phenomenon in matter may have its psychological counterpart in a blind person who has so much to contend with. The teachers of the blind invariably testify to their determination and persistence.

It is therefore very desirable that greater importance be given to music in all schools for the blind than is the case in seeing schools. Before the general use of braille, the teaching of music was chiefly by "rote," and learning in that manner is never intelligent in music or anything else. In the orchestra work each learner had to have his part read over and over to him before he had mastered it. Now, with a sheet of music written in braille in his lap, the blind student may feel his way until he has mastered the piece.

As soon as a blind child is started in the kindergarten his musical education begins, and he is a long way on the road before he is promoted to the higher grades. They begin by learning to distinguish tones, and if there is a foundation of talent, however small it may be, the work is continued until they can perform creditably on the piano, and possibly upon another instrument. In the kindergarten of the Perkins Institution there is an orchestra, and on festival days they regale their friends by rendering a kinder symphony with great credit and delight to themselves, as well as to their visitors.

Vocal music is given equal attention, and there are daily singing classes, where the training is undoubtedly more thorough than can be given in the public schools. In the kindergarten a specialty is made of two- and three-part songs, and by the time the blind child is ready to enter the grammar grades his future as a musician is practically determined. If there is little expectation that it will be

of pecuniary value to him it will be abandoned, for great stress is given in all schools for the blind to give them some accomplishment that will aid in making them independent bread-winners. Possibly there is some ear for music, but the gift is not sufficient to warrant the continued training to produce the finished musician, and the pupil will be given over to the piano-tuning department, which has given to so many blind the means of making themselves independent.

In the higher grades the most promising pupils are given special attention. There are classes in harmony, and if the bent of the individual is vocal, an effort will be made to do everything to perfect the nature-given talent. In Boston and New York a good deal of time is devoted to reading about music—the lives of the master composers, and any articles in the magazines and newspapers bearing on the subject. In Boston the work of stereotyping the best music into braille is constantly going on, the work having been greatly aided by two inventions of Mr. Wait, of the New York school, the stereograph and the kaleidograph. There are now on the shelves of the Perkins Institution over 1,900 plates, representing the most complete collection of high-grade music possessed by any institution.

The great American question, "does it profit a man?" may be given an affirmative answer when applied to the intrinsic value of the effort to produce income-earning musicians of blind boys and girls. The graduates of the musical department of the Boston school of the past few years have found the fact that they are blind no bar to the acquirement of an honest livelihood. Several of them are employed by piano manufacturers as tuners for their instruments, some are organists in the churches or have charge of the choirs, others are in the concert field, and many are teachers. The New York school has probably graduated its students with a better equipment for useful and remunerative work, owing to the standard of requirement already mentioned. Two of these, at least, have been the founders of successful schools of music; there are many church organists and choir-masters, and a few have be-

TRIO OF THE ORCHESTRA

come composers of pieces which have met with popular favour on their own merits.

Music, while it is only one of the many useful branches taught in blind schools to-day, comes nearer to placing the blind on an equal basis with those blessed with sight. Yet the equality is more in the

attainment than in the ease in attaining, and an added evidence that there is much we may learn, in the appreciation of our own blessings, if we will observe their patient persistence in making the best of their lot, and the kindly tenderness of their teachers in helping them along.

Stanley Johnson.



THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XXXVII (*Continued*)



PETER turned and screwed up his eyes.

"Where's Codd to?" he asked.

"Up there, no doubt. But what good will he be? The house is afire by the look of it."

Mr. Toop bade Jill good-night and hastened down the hill. A quarter of an hour later, with half a dozen other men, he set out over the Moor and proceeded as fast as possible through the night to Stone Park.

Moleskin, Joel and Rupert Johnson were of the company, and with them hastened several labourers and a dozen boys.

"The man's away," said Mr. Cawker. "There's nobody there at all but old Codd."

"So like as not they've knocked him on the head and set the place afire to hide their crime," suggested Joel. "Northmore's always good for twenty or thirty pound in cash, and some bad characters have got to know it."

"As for Codd, I know of no man us could better spare," began Moleskin; then he was interrupted by the sound of a galloping horse and Moleskin changed his speech to a yell, for in another moment he must have been ridden down.

"Hold on! Hold on! Who is it? Be that you, Emanuel?" he shouted.

Then Pomeroy pulled up, and his weary beast stretched its legs, put its head down and panted.

"You're too late, boys. Rick's gone and the shippin too. Poor damned things in it squealing like hell; but I couldn't let 'em out. I've burned myself as 'tis, trying."

"Who be up there?"

"Not a soul. I bawled but couldn't make none hear. That knave Codd ought to be there if he haven't come to grief. Us may save a bit; but the rick's

done for and the little rick, fifty yards off, is afire too."

He returned with them, and through the dark, dry silence of night they soon heard the fire roaring. The roof of the shippin had fallen in and the animals that it contained were dead. Through smoke and smother came the sharp stench of roasting flesh.

"'Tis the man's three pedigree heifers!" cried Joel Toop. "What a cruel calamity. The hay was nought to that."

All worked amain to circumscribe and stamp out the fire. Then suddenly shrill cries arose and in the fitful light appeared the spectacle of Emanuel Codd hanging out of an attic window on the roof of the farm. He was illuminated in flashes of intermittent fire and became invisible between them.

"For God sake, save me, souls!" he yelled.

"Come down, you old fool!" roared Moleskin. "You're safe enough; the farm's not touched and the fire's got under."

Then Emanuel descended in his night-shirt and night-cap only. They sent him back to dress, and by the time that he had done so the fire was nearly out.

Much damage had been done, and Codd, who was in a condition of great excitement and collapse, refused to stop alone through the night. All stayed for some time to see that no fire broke forth again; and then the main company, much reinforced since the beginning of the tragedy, returned to Merivale, while Mr. Peter Toop and Rupert Johnson, as responsible men, stopped with Codd until the morning.

Ives was the centre of interest, though he could tell the people little. He had marked the fire far away on his homeward journey, and hastened his horse when he perceived it. But, once arrived at Stone Park, he found himself too late to be of service. He supposed the place empty and had therefore galloped forward as fast as a tired horse could take him, to give the alarm.

Many theories of the catastrophe were advanced, but only that of Ives Pomeroy himself came indirectly near the truth.

"I was past here this morning and saw that old fool smoking his pipe in the hay yard. So like as not he's the cause of this job. But of course he'll swear different."

"'Tis a terrible bad stroke," declared Moleskin. "My heart bleeds for them beautiful young beasts. They had 'Charles I' for a sire, and they would have been worth their weight in gold some day."

"Let the man smart, and be damned to him," answered Pomeroy. "'Tis his turn, ban't it? I'm not sorry, for my part. Shows he'm not bullet-proof more than his neighbours. If it do bend his stiff neck a bit——"

But Moleskin reproved these sentiments.

"Mustn't say that now. 'Twas so once; but he's a reformed character of late, and ban't for our side to speak against him or wish him ill. Drinks as hard as the best of us now. And set madly on a girl too. What more can you ax of any honest man?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ARKON

A telegram on the following morning informed Matthew Northmore of his bad fortune, and an element of superstition in the man received the news with equanimity. From the first he associated the catastrophe with Ruth. He could not explain to himself this impression; but it existed, and looking back, long afterwards, he marvelled as at a miracle.

Codd had first word with Northmore on the day that followed the fire; and he lied in a manner to deceive any man. His tale was natural and contained nothing to arouse the least suspicion; but Emanuel reserved his master-stroke until later in the day, because he knew that Ives would come to speak with Matthew, and he desired to do nothing definite until Pomeroy had visited Stone Park and left it.

The interview between the farmers was not a long one. The elder proved cold and indifferent; he barely thanked Ives for his great efforts at the fire, and showed no particular interest in the details. Pomeroy, quick to catch the opposing mood, on his side, let his eagerness wane. He told how he had seen the fire from the Moor and made haste to no purpose. It was not until he mentioned his conversation with Codd during the previous morning, that Northmore felt interested.

"He said that you stopped a few minutes and then lost your temper and cussed and swore at me and a few more people; then went your way."

"He lies as usual. I cussed and swore at him, as well I might—the knave; but at none else. I talk to people's faces, not behind their backs. I offered the man to increase his pension to a shilling a day, because it came over me that I'd given him less than my mother might have willed. That's why I stopped. Then he turns round and spits out his gall like a galled snake and cries for more! Who wouldn' curse the fool?"

"He said that you threatened to be level with me again."

"I never named your name. He said you was from home, and I said I knew it, and that's why I had stopped to talk a moment. But I'm not here now to answer to you for anything, I believe. I worked like ten men to help dout the fire, and if you've got nought but frosty looks, may you do better next time yourself, and burn your hands to the elbows as I did yesterday."

In a hot mood Ives departed, and this incident served long to cast him back into the old slough of turmoil and mental unquiet. Again his sense of justice was outraged, and he stormed inwardly to think that Northmore could place greater reliance upon Codd's word than on his own. Had he guessed what was happening in secret, Pomeroy might have taken swift steps before it was too late; but not until many days had passed, did he learn of the things conceived and plotted against him, and by that time their consequences could not be evaded.

Mr. Codd heard Ives depart after his

interview with Matthew Northmore; and then his master called him.

"Pomeroy says that he never mentioned my name yesterday, and that, when he called, you were sitting smoking beside the stack."

"Like him!—the craft and malice of that man! It's a lie. 'Twas him that smoked on the lew side o' the stack, and I warned him against it."

Mr. Codd affected great excitement and indignation. Then the thing happened that he desired and Northmore went out on to the farm.

The trap was set. From under the edge of a haystack, to the rear of that destroyed by fire, a piece of paper peeped. Codd saw his master stoop and pick it up. Then he hastened out of sight.

Not until after dark did the old man venture in the direction of the lure. Then he found that his bait had vanished.

Matthew meantime explained this discovery to himself. The papers had been thrust beneath the stack and so escaped observation. It was clear that he who set the papers there alight had counted on their destruction in the conflagration of the second rick; but the torch had gone out too soon and the hay escaped.

Fifty years earlier, so Northmore reflected, Ives Pomeroy would have been hung for his night's work. He pieced the plot carefully, saw his enemy return after dark, set the farm on fire, lie hidden until all was ablaze past extinction, and then pretend to discover the catastrophe and gallop off to bring succour.

Northmore acted in wrath, and Mr. Codd, creeping about close at hand, was not astonished to hear himself called. He appeared before his master, and Northmore spoke:

"Go to Merivale police station; see Inspector Bachelor and tell him I want him."

Codd peered about stealthily, but the evidences of Pomeroy's guilt were not visible.

"The inspector—have 'e got a clue?" he asked eagerly.

But Matthew was not prepared to share confidence with Emanuel.

"Go at once and don't chatter," he answered; so Mr. Codd departed.

"They'll take him to-night," reflected Emanuel. "I must get down-along again on some errand. I wouldn't miss it for money!"

His legs went swiftly as he hurried off to Merivale; but the mind of Northmore travelled still faster, and ere the aged sinner had got half-way to his destination his master's determinations were altered. Indeed Matthew soon felt surprised to think that, even for a moment, he could have lost sight of what this might mean. The old intuition that had flashed across his mind when first the ill news came, returned now; the riddle was read; he saw the immense possibilities of this incident staring out very clearly at him. The problem promised to be one of very simple proportions; but he could not decide in a moment. Indeed, after the first feverish lust to leave no moment wasted before he should reach Ruth, he relapsed into a lethargy. He brought forth the matchbox and papers again, and was sitting motionless staring at them, when Codd and Inspector Bachelor returned.

Then Matthew acted with celerity and, at the first sound of their voices, he concealed the property of Ives Pomeroy and securely locked it up.

The interview that followed was widely different from any that Emanuel Codd imagined. Indeed, nothing of interest transpired, and Northmore, far from bringing any charges, or endeavouring to incriminate his enemy, never mentioned him save in one connection.

"When young Pomeroy came to tell me what he knew this afternoon," explained Matthew, "he said that he saw my own man, Codd, sitting smoking against the identical rick that was burned. I tell you this that you may remember there is a possible sort of explanation, apart from any idea of arson."

"You'll never find it out," foretold Northmore. "For my part I have felt this thing would be a mystery from the first. It is just bad luck, and though the fire will always be associated with Codd, I do not blame him in the least. Indeed, I feel positive he is not responsible."

"Are you insured?"

"The hay, yes. Not the cattle unfortunately."

Inspector Bachelor went his way; then Codd appeared, hopeful that some news might await him; but Northmore disappointed the plotter and bade him go to bed.

Instead, however, the old man crept off again to Merivale with his ears hollowed to catch a breath of news. But nothing was said, nothing was known. At the Jolly Huntsman a theory gained ground that Mr. Codd himself had accidentally and stupidly done all the damage.

His master meantime still sat in his room with the door locked. Great questions asked themselves in Northmore's brain, and he could not answer them.

Should Ruth hear of this? What line would she take? The truth none could reasonably doubt upon his evidence, and the punishment of such a performance would not be less than five years' penal servitude. Such a sentence must be another name for ruin. Even as his own great opportunity dawned out of this welter, like a red sun out of a snow-cloud, Northmore had time to be astonished that any man, for hunger of sating his evil passion, could thus face destruction. None he had ever known, excepting only Ives, were built on a mental plan to commit such wicked folly. Northmore tried to consider the position from the point of view of Pomeroy, and he made the worst case possible against himself; but allowing for everything, he could find no grounds sufficient for this rascality. Then he thought of Ruth Rendle; and the suspected performance of his enemy, seen by that light, assumed more reasonable proportions. Pomeroy's attitude to Ruth had surely changed and he was now jealous. Past words and threats all began to look reasonable and orderly upon such an explanation; and yet Northmore asked himself again and again how Ives could for an instant be jealous of so futile a rival.

He thought all through the night, and he came to a fixed purpose that he would be a fool to neglect this amazing opportunity. Three lives were threatened, and anon, with sophistry, he

proved to his own satisfaction that the course he proposed to take was absolutely the right one and best calculated to advance the welfare of these involved souls. He spun a great web and caught himself hard and fast. He decided that Pomeroy was proved utterly and hopelessly unsuited to be Ruth's husband, even if he now had reached the point of desiring to be; and he satisfied himself that, rather than let Ives suffer penal servitude, Ruth would— There he allowed his thoughts to push him no further in that direction, but turned to other points of view.

He rested but two hours and slept not at all. At dawn he rose, made a meal and bade Codd saddle his horse. Life stood still with him until this vital matter was done. All looked reasonable in the sunshine, as he rode to Tavistock and smoothed out his crumpled thoughts of the preceding night; but he could not tell how his proposals might sound uttered aloud in the presence of Ruth.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE ORDEAL

The storm-driven Northmore fought long, and lost. Self-respect and justice went down before this temptation, and a nature, sapped of late by the strain and nervous fever begot of passion, found itself not strong enough to resist. The circumstances of his case were peculiar and unfortunate, for Ruth's refusal could not extinguish his fires. The man appeared incapable of relinquishing her and lacked resource to harden himself against this blow and seek elsewhere. Blindly, dumbly he clove to her; vainly he hoped. He believed in all honesty that the world had yet to see such a husband as he would make. Moreover, since Pomeroy was proved a barefaced and deliberate rascal, the sooner Ruth knew it, the better. Her own welfare must be vitally involved, and he now felt that nothing would be more fatal for her than union with the master of Vixen Tor.

It was still early when he reached Tavistock, and Ruth showed much sur-

prise at his appearance. He asked for a few minutes of private conversation and she was able to grant them. They occupied a little public parlour behind the shop, where visitors drank tea. The place was secluded and empty. Ruth lighted the fire, while she listened, and, as she nursed the flame, knew not that she tended the altar of a great self-renunciation. The man wasted no words, but silences fell between his sentences, and his speeches stood out raw and hideous, punctuated only by the crackling of the fire on the hearth.

"You know I've had a bit of bad luck at Stone Park?"

"Yes, indeed; 'twas in the paper. I'm very sorry about it."

"Good money gone and valuable beasts that money won't buy again. A devilish bit of work to burn poor unconscious creatures—eh?"

"So bad that I can't think anybody would have done it. 'Tis an unfortunate accident."

"I wish it had been. At least I won't say that, since it's a lie. I'm not sorry for what has fallen out, Ruth, because we always like to be proved right, and this proves me terribly right."

"I don't understand."

"You've got to understand. Hear the facts and then do what you please. This brings all to a climax. You've got to choose. I'm sorry for you in a way, and yet I'm not, for I do believe the Lord's behind it. Perhaps all happened because the Lord loves you—you, Ruth. Anyway, you're not the first woman whose hand has been forced by Providence."

She stared at these whirling words and uneasily remembered recent rumours that Northmore was not as steady as of old. She looked at him, but said nothing. He was pale and perspiring. His eyes shone brightly and his words jostled as they tumbled from him.

"The man who has done this infernal thing is Ives Pomeroy. Don't shake your head, don't laugh, for God's sake! it's no laughing matter."

"I do laugh," she said. "I laugh out loud, because I know now that you have been fooled, or are fooling yourself. I would sooner believe that any man on Dartmoor had done it. I would sooner

believe your own hand had done it. Never—never! Even you, who hate him, should know him far better than that."

"I would not believe it at first. I argued against it in my mind, even in face of facts, but it's true enough, Ruth."

"Never! not if an angel said so."

"It had to be proved to me; and it must be proved to you. Then I've got to ask a question. I'm only a human being: I can't face a thing like this and suck no good out of it. I must have something for my burned hay and dead stock. He did it, and, by an accident, the still larger harm that he had planned was prevented."

"You're bewitched to think any such thing."

"On the morning of the fire he rode past Stone Park going up to the peat-works at Amicombe Hill. He knew that I was away and told Emanuel Codd that he knew it. Then he went off. 'Twas he that raised the alarm, remember, on the night of the fire."

"What more could he do?"

"He could light the flames before he set to work to put 'em out. And that's what he did do. Look now. These things I myself found under a second hayrick some way from the first. With my own eyes I found them. What should you judge that was?"

He took a pasteboard box from his pocket and opened it. Then he held up a wisp of grey, half-burned paper.

"'Tis a piece of paper that's been set on fire and then gone out."

"Exactly! That's what it is, a piece of writing-paper with writing on it. A letter, in fact."

"Yes."

"Look at it."

He handed the note to Ruth and she glanced down and saw her own words.

"You didn't think he'd use one of your letters to set fire to my hay, Ruth?"

"A scrap of paper isn't sufficient to condemn a man, surely. This may have happened in a thousand ways."

"It's proof positive, Ruth; and you are quite quick and clever enough to know it. But here's more yet."

He handed her a matchbox.

"Whose is that?"

"Pomeroy's. I gave it to him years ago. I know he uses it."

"Evidently he does."

Northmore said no more and waited a long time for Ruth to speak. The fire crackled; the girl's hand itched to add new fuel to the flame.

"Be just to me," said Matthew at last. "You are always just. You have reproved me sometimes for persecuting you. But be just to-day. There are only three people in the world who know this thing—you and me and Ives Pomeroy. None else need ever know it."

"Why do you come to me with this?" she asked fiercely; but she knew the **FEARFUL**

"Because I must take my last chance on the flood tide. I come to you with this, because I want you—with my heart and soul and strength I want you. I shall die before long if I don't have you. You've got the fate of two men in your hand and now you must act. You've hinted that I've bullied you sometimes; and so did Pomeroy say so. Never—never till now; but now—well, call it what you please. I'm not proud any more. I'm only starving and a bit mad, perhaps, as starving people will be. You must marry me, Ruth. This leaves you no loophole. I'll say nothing more but that I know in a very little time you'll bless the thing that has made you do it. I see the future crystal clear. Speak then. If Pomeroy's to go to prison, say so. If he's to be free, say so. I'm cruel, I know that; but I'm cruel to be kind."

She stood and stared, and grew very white.

"I mean it," he continued. "Don't think I'm speaking rashly. I've fought with God Almighty's own Self for a long night over this. I'm right, I'm doing the will of Heaven. I know, as well as I know anything, that the man's to have another chance and that you're going to give it to him. That's all that stands between him and penal servitude; there, under your hand, the letter you wrote him, the matchbox you gave him. Did Providence let me find this out, and not another, for nothing? Be my wife and let him go free to justify his days and fulfil his mother's prayers. If not—but you'll not go back now. To be true to

him is to be true to me, Ruth; to be false to him—I know 'twill be your love for him will make you take me. But I'll suffer even that torture; because I'll look forward. You'll change when you get to find the husband I am, I'm sure of that."

"You've planned this, Matthew?"

"Fate planned it. God Almighty planned it. Don't decide afore the full meaning and force of the thing is made clear to your mind. Don't do anything in a hurry and repent later. I've waited long enough, God knows I can wait a bit more yet."

His voice was hard and no love rang in it. She knew that he was in reality despising himself, taking little joy in this necessary scene, and looking on feverishly to the time when it should be behind them both. But she also saw that he had not hurried to these vitiated conclusions; that he had slowly and steadily driven honour and justice out of his heart; that nothing she could now say or do would shake him from his purpose.

It took her long to decide, and she strove frantically to avoid decision; but she could not. Pomeroy had done terrible wrong, and it remained with her to determine who should suffer for his crime.

Northmore neither broke in upon her silence nor watched her working features. He guessed very accurately at the nature of her thoughts and let her fight out the battle alone.

She rose at last and walked up and down for a time; but the letter and matchbox seemed to act as a magnet, to draw her eyes and excite her fingers. The minutes drifted on, and her decision was not made.

Then an elderly, grey woman came across from the shop.

"I must go out now, Miss Rendle. If you'll step behind the counter, please. It's after ten o'clock."

"Just coming, thank you," answered Ruth; and the woman went away.

Then the fascination of the proofs mastered her and she permitted them to exist no more. Before he could lift his hand, Ruth had taken the things and thrown them into the fire.

Still he trusted, because none had ever known her to act falsely.

"You understand what that means, Ruth?"

"Yes," she answered, "I understand. It means that I'll marry you, Matthew, and make you the best wife I can."

CHAPTER XL

SACRED GROUND

While Ruth endured strong emotions, in which the significance of her conduct began slowly to stamp itself into her mind and paint the future, Pomeroy also went through something of a crisis, and his brooding darkness again lifted and gave place to a phase of calm hope and decision.

Moved by unrest on the day that Northmore rode to Tavistock, angered at the farmer's cold attitude, at Codd's conduct and at the world in general, Ives took himself and his thoughts from work, and wandered before a great west wind that drove him upward into the desolation. He was unsettled every way, and now, surveying the theatre of his life from King Tor, he despised it and despised himself for stopping in it.

Pomeroy felt a sort of humiliation to remember that he had never passed from these pitiful precincts into the bourn of the world beyond; that the actions and activities of thirty years had revolved about yonder grey smudge under Vixen Tor, the place of his birth. Merivale and Stone Park; the river and the Moor; the cots, the homesteads and the public house—these things had made his life. Why, the vagrant, who crawled down one hill, drank and departed up the other, showed more courage and enterprise than he; the very ponies ranged freer and further.

Then, suddenly, even upon this moment of darkest impatience, like the sun through a cloud, there awakened light and sweetness and a harmony of new thoughts. The poetry of the things that were past touched him, for of late days the loveliness of his mother's life had dimly gleamed for him, and he dwelt upon it after a fashion that was not possible until time had rolled between his heart and the agony of her death.

He looked down now, and the valley

was all changed. There woke in him a proud, defiant joy to be here and nowhere else; because he was regarding the quiet places of his mother's life; her home and the hamlet wherein she had dwelt; the little heath-tracks and footpaths that her feet had trodden; the cottage doors where her presence had entered. These low, grey roofs were blessed forever, because her head had been under them; this was the valley that must shine for him brighter than any star of dawn or evening, because she lived and laboured in it—lived and laboured for him—and loved him ceaselessly, from the first hour of his life until the last hour of her own.

He gazed upon sacred ground and this little cup of earth brimmed for his young soul and grew lovely. Her presence still haunted all, spanned the valley, and the hills, as with a rainbow, and linked them to the watcher. Here was the gate of heaven, where his mother's feet had rested a little before she passed onward. He began to think upon her, and there followed the customary advantage to himself. From her memory he passed to the things that were good to her, and her wishes, and her hopes. Far off he saw a horseman riding down into Merivale, but at that distance he could not recognise him. Only when this rider left the road and proceeded towards Stone Park, did he know that it was Northmore. It darkened his mind to reflect upon Matthew, but he dismissed him, thought of Ruth and considered the difference that her departure had made to him. The loss was lessened because he saw her at Tavistock nearly every week, and often on Sundays she visited Merivale. He had driven her backwards and forwards thrice, and won pleasure from so doing.

Ives decided that he would ask Ruth to marry him that night. He rejoiced in her suddenly. Her portrait fired him; her body gladdened him. It seemed that much of her natural beauty and charm had evaded him as a younger man. He remembered how his mother chid him, when he had told her in the past that he could see nothing to admire about Ruth. Then he assured himself that it was not his own mind and taste had changed, but Ruth. Five years had made great differences in her.

He leaped down off King Tor and went home and prepared to go into Tavistock at nightfall. Then he changed his mind and postponed the event until a subsequent day, when the shops closed early.

Morning found him furious to see Ruth. He woke longing, above all other deeds, to kiss her. He could not wait until the early closing day came. He could not wait at all. He made a swift breakfast and set off to Tavistock before nine o'clock.

As he passed the cottage of old Mrs. Bolt, Jill appeared at the door. She had seen him approach and now ventured to speak.

"If you are going into Tavistock, I wish you'd bring back a box of them throat lozenges for the old woman. Chemist sells 'em. They be called somebody's bronchial tablets and they rest her breathing parts a lot."

"I'll get 'em," said Ives.

Jill wondered not a little why Pomeroy found himself still at liberty. Mr. Codd had told her of the entire success of the plot. He explained how Northmore had found the matchbox and the papers; how he had sent instantly for Inspector Bachelor and doubtless acquainted him with the facts. But Ives continued to go free and not so much as a rumour as yet associated him with the outrage at Stone Park.

Old Rachel proved in a lachrymose mood and asserted a strong desire and willingness to die at once.

"They'm all there—every one that I care about the leastest bit," she said somewhat ungraciously. "I want to go to 'em and I hope it won't be long afore I do. I've no nature in me now of a morning, when I wake up—not a spark have I, Jill? 'Tis no joy to me to see the morning light. I'll go in my sleep, I hope, and then my eyes will open on a better dawn than ever us seed on Dartymoor. Have 'e any messaes? because now's the time for 'em while my wits be clear."

Pomeroy considered. At such a moment no feeling of scepticism clouded his mind. He was indeed over-bold and over-sanguine.

"Tell my mother I'm tokened to Ruth Rendle," he said, and Rachel became mildly excited.

"At last! Her dream for years it was. Really going to be!"

She held out her hand to him; then she rose slowly, and put up her old face to his and kissed him.

"Give you joy of it—and her. No need for me to promise to take that. Such a great thing will never be kept from Avis—not for an hour. 'Twill make her Heaven brighter and 'twill be the pleasure of some good angel to carry the news to her. Mind you let me see Ruth the next time she's up here."

Ives thanked his mother's ancient friend and then left her. Jill had said nothing before his intelligence; but he could not leave her so. His look pleaded with her more than his words.

"Wish me joy too—can't you?" he said.

"For the sake of the past I wish you every blessing that the world can bring you, Ives."

"Thank you for that. And you? There's a whisper going. . . . I hope you'll take him. 'Twill mean large comfort, and you'll be the richest woman we've ever had in Merivale."

"I know," she said. "Well, why not, since you——?"

"There's no reason against it. Let me be the first to congratulate you. Nobody knows better'n me the splendid woman you are."

He went away and left her still wondering. She had it in her mind to take his side now and fight for him with Northmore. He certainly must not go to prison. She pondered many things and saw no reason to despair of the future.

Ives found Ruth ill.

She was in the shop when he entered and could not leave it. Therefore, he offered her marriage over the counter.

He was first concerned for her pallor, and she explained it by a sleepless night. Then he spoke of trifling things, yet struck one small matter very near her heart.

"What'll you say? I've lost your matchbox, Ruth. 'Twas my greatest treasure, and now 'tis gone and I shan't be happy till you've given me another. I must have left it up at Amicombe Hill."

She stared at him and he caught her doing so.

"Forgive me," he said, "and get me another. But ban't about that I've come. D'you know, Ruth, I seemed awful near my mother yesterday. I was up over on King Tor looking down, and I could have sworn my mother was at my elbow somehow. From that moment I've felt a craving to see you and—and—— And then this morning, after I'd somehow looked upon it as done, I asked myself how I could dare to have the cheek to hope for it. It came awful slow and sure, Ruth, and that's my excuse for never having offered myself before, though I've been on the edge of it terrible often."

He stopped a moment and she stood with her head bent. She did not speak. She was struggling to retain consciousness.

"Looking back, Ruth, 'tis amazing to me I could have lived in the same house with you and not been mad for you waking and sleeping. But mother wanted for us to marry, and such a cranky dog I was that just because I knew that—and yet not quite that neither. I was in love with you afore even them days. Maybe it's too late to dare to offer myself, Ruth; but God judge me if I'm not in earnest; and I'll be the best husband I know how to be. Not much of a man for such a maid as you—but——"

He bent across and took her hand. She looked at him and tried to speak but could not. A moment later she sank away from him and fell in a heap.

He shouted aloud and, finding no other way, climbed over the counter to the detriment of the cakes displayed upon it. Ruth had fainted. She recovered quickly, however, and Ives, in some dismay, went off to the nearest public house and quickly returned with brandy.

She drank it and thanked him.

"'Twas the shock," she explained to the shopkeeper. "He told me something I didn't expect, Mrs. Foster. But I'm all right again now. Come back presently, Ives."

Pomeroy went off and did not return for an hour. To him it was the longest hour that he had ever spent, and during its progress he suffered considerably. Something had gone amiss—that much he clearly saw. For the rest he was in the dark.

She waited for him when he returned and together they went out beside the river and walked under great trees there.

"Forgive me for making such a show of myself, Ives, but 'twas the sudden shock coming just now. I'm very fond of you, Ives, and always shall be, and I'm proud to think you'd care to marry me; but 'tis too late for that. I'm going to marry Matthew Northmore. I've promised him, Ives."

"Northmore! Good God A'mighty, you can't! What! after all these years? Don't you hate the man? Right well you know it!"

"No, I don't. I can't hate such love as he's got for me. It's better than I deserve, whatever shape it takes. He's been faithful, Ives; and he's strong; and he's won. Such as I am, he's won me, and marry him I will."

Pomeroy would not hear of this. He protested, stormed and swore. He demanded reasons from Ruth, but she would say nothing definite.

"You're not honest in this business," he answered. "And you've fooled me now, as you fooled him before. Would he dare to offer himself again, after all he knows, if you hadn't invited him to do it? You've played with him and broke his heart and driven him to drink, and now, when the man's sunk miles from his former manhood, you take him. You've done a deadly wrong; and well you know it. But you shan't—you shan't marry Northmore—not while I've got a shotgun. If I ban't worth a thought—well, I say nothing against that. I'm a useless, worthless pattern of man—not good enough for a woman like you. But you shan't marry him—that I will swear. I'll save you from that if I swing for it. You won't be honest with me, Ruth, though I've always been honest with you. Then I'll leave you and see what he can tell me. D'you think I'm a born fool? D'you think I don't see very clear that there's a lot more behind this than my mind can fathom? I'll go to him then, and I'll strangle the truth out of him if there's no other way to get at it."

"Don't do that, Ives. Nothing can be gained by more wickedness. He and I understand each other perfectly well. I am doing what I believe to be

right. Have pity upon a woman, and don't——"

"To hell with the whole pack of you!" he roared out. "'Twas thus with t'other, and now 'tis thus with you. I'll die at peace without a wife. I'll finish with all of you, for not one has ever been anything to me but an unrestful plague. Never again—never—so help me God—will I touch a woman. And answer me that man shall; and the more you pray for him, the more I'll drag it out of him! He's won you with some damned lie."

He left her, ghastly white—standing and shivering under the trees. Then he set off homeward. But the accident of passing a railway station changed all his purpose in a flash. This catastrophe upset his equilibrium and, by some inward cataclysm, heaved up another common hunger of his nature to the top. He longed for women in the same moment that he cursed them. His spirit had gone sour under this storm, and he was full of passion turned to poison. He took train at Tavistock, went down to Plymouth, spent two days there, and gave a loose rein to sense. Then he returned home exhausted in body, but fortified in mind. His brains were clear again, and he perceived that some great unknown event must have brought about Ruth's action. What had Northmore done to change her? Nothing that he could conceive was too bad for the master of Stone Park now. He planned a thousand crushing counterstrokes; and then some dawn of reason began to touch the chaos of his mind. His long rages weakened; the futility of this great relapse impressed itself upon his soul. He decided to hear Northmore. These reflections came with his return home on the third night after Ruth had refused him. He woke refreshed in body, but his mind now suffered a retrogression. He doubted why Northmore should be allowed to speak. He longed to be at the man's throat; he felt that Matthew must battle for this woman before he won her.

And elsewhere Ruth considered the story from its beginnings, saw herself gradually waking to the purpose of Ives, watched herself waiting for him to speak the longed-for word, and then perceived how upon this dream, even at the moment

of fulfilment, had come the horror of the fall of Pomeroy and the attitude of his wronged rival. For her the matter was ended, and she could not take back her word.

CHAPTER XLI

ENGAGEMENTS

Two days after the return of Ives, certain familiar persons met at the bar of the Jolly Huntsmen and Peter Toop announced his approaching marriage.

Moleskin and Rupert Johnson were of the party; Emanuel Codd sat in a corner; other local men crowded the bar and both Peter and Joel stood behind the counter.

"In a word, souls, I be going to follow a good example. Here's Matthew here tokened at last, after most faithful conduct, I'm sure; and Moleskin's daughter have taken this here man Johnson; and there's marryings in the air to right and left beside; so why not I? I'm taking her in the early spring."

"Bet you a dollar that I know her name, Peter," said Mr. Cawker.

"Very like. I ban't the sort to hide my doings under a bushel, Cawker. To be plain, 'tis Mrs. Jill Bolt, widow of the late Samuel."

"A fine, red, recommendable sort of girl," said Moleskin. "She haven't had much luck so far, but she's drawn a prize at last, and no mistake! She've got a temper, however, if colour counts. Your hair is taken from the evil to come, Peter; but you'll have to look sharp after your beard. Shake hands and good luck and long life to you both!"

The company expressed great gratification and all took Mr. Toop's hand in turn. Some were coarse, but all were kind.

"And you, Joel?" asked his brother. "What do you say? You stand there rinsing glasses like a machine—haven't you got a word?"

Joel was clearly ill pleased with this news.

"I hope 'twill prove better than it looks; that's all I've got to say," he answered.

Peter flushed; his jaw dropped and he stroked his beard.

"I didn't expect that," he said.

"Your only chance was to choose a female getting well up for elderly. What good be a fiery young woman like that to you? She've only taken you for your money!"

"He's jealous! He's jealous," cried Codd. "Look at his eyes—I lay he wanted her hisself!"

"Not I. When I marry 'twill be something that belongs to my own generation, not a giglet wench to bring my grey hairs to the grave. And this I'll say: I warn you, Peter, that I go out of this house the day that woman comes in."

Peter panted and his eyes flashed a grand indignation from behind their glasses.

"Think better of that," he said. "Don't wait for her: go to-morrow—go to-night if you like. For a brother to say these things! 'Tis not to be borne!"

The old men glared into each other's faces; then Joel left the bar.

"A jealousy for certain," declared Northmore. "Perhaps he'd thought of her too in his cautious way and was actually going to ask her. But meantime you'd dashed in and won."

"Well, there it is," said Peter as he took snuff freely. "I won't pretend I don't feel Joel's harsh view of the case. It makes me a thought down about the whole thing, especially coming to-night, when I'd planned to let it out in a pleasant way and make a bit of gossip for you all. Well, what's it to be?"

They drank and grew excited. The talk ranged to Northmore, and he too was toasted. His forthcoming marriage had set many tongues wagging and the temporary disappearance of Pomeroy was associated with it.

Now Peter spoke of the matter.

"For my part, when I heard of your great deed and that our Ruth had come round, my first thought was pleasure that you and me should become, as it were, relations by marriage. And I feel so still, I'm sure. You'll make as good a husband as I shall, Matthew. But next I turned my mind on young Pomeroy, because his mother, afore she went home, was very much set on them two being man and wife. However, he held off and you held on, and now you're rewarded for your pluck, as you deserve to be.

Have you seen him since the news was out?"

"I haven't."

"There may be more reasons than one for his going off," declared Emanuel. "For my part, 'twouldn't surprise me if he didn't come back afore he's fetched."

The old man caught his master's grim stare and was silent.

"Be off, Codd," said Matthew pointedly. "I'll speak to you presently. The name of Pomeroy's been in your mouth rather too much of late, and I should like to know why. Get on the way home and I'll follow you in five minutes."

Codd rose, both frightened and angry. His plot seemed likely to miscarry and his own position was difficult. Emanuel could not make Northmore proceed against Ives without defeating his own object; because he was supposed to know nothing about the papers and the match-box. He determined to see Jill as soon as possible and learn whether her cunning could find a way.

Now he departed and Moleskin criticised him unfavourably.

"I wish you'd never took on that old dog," he said to Northmore. "He ban't a nice party and there's not a man in Merivale—let alone the women—that hasn't had to suffer evil from his tongue. I wonder you haven't risen in a rally and taken him down to the river and tried to wash his beastly old mind a thought cleaner afore now."

Northmore lived a dual life at this time. An inner existence of pain and feverish unrest was contrasted with a visible state of reckless happiness. He could say no unkind word; he cared not even to think a harsh thought of any man. Therefore he argued for Codd.

"Live and let live," he said. "You're the last that should throw a stone, neighbour."

"So I am," confessed Moleskin instantly, "so I am. But I hate a small heart."

"All's well with you, and your daughter going to marry this fine chap, Rupert here."

"Yes, yes; we be prospering something wonderful and I've not heard that anybody's much vexed over it."

"What about last October?" asked a labourer.

"Ah, Jack," answered Moleskin. "The same old story—birds missing and noises in the night down in the woods round about. Those things ban't rightly understood, and never will be till they have a different sort of chap from head-keeper Gregory."

"If you mean my uncle—" began Jack.

"Yes, my dear, your uncle I do mean. Your uncle is a very good man—when he's got a better to watch him. But he's not a great thinker, Jack. You always know what he'll do next. A very proper, steadfast quality for every-day people; but not for a gamekeeper. Such a man is like a soldier and ought to deal in surprises. 'Tis the dealer in surprises, Jack, as finds the best market. And that reminds me; I've got a little matter to attend to myself, this evening."

Moleskin emptied his glass and departed, leaving behind him a fine ethical problem for the company to solve.

"Why should that chap's wife and daughter come near to starving so long as he was straight, and find themselves easy and comfortable again now he's at his old games?" asked Peter. "The moment he lapsed from righteousness, things began to brighten up for his women. There's something wrong in that surely."

But none could provide a reason for this anomaly. They were still arguing when Ives Pomeroy suddenly appeared.

Peter began to chide him amiably, but he stopped, for the newcomer was not in a mood for pleasantries. He accosted Northmore harshly before the people.

"I've just been over to your house and they said you was out. So I thought I might meet you here."

Northmore was no actor and he found it difficult to face the other without emotion, for this sudden meeting surprised him. He firmly believed that Pomeroy was guilty, and this conviction now buoyed him up.

"My business is with you, but anybody may hear it," continued Ives. "Ruth Rendle tells me that you and she are going to be married."

"Yes; she's consented at last. I hear

you saw her a day or two ago. You weren't in a hurry to wish me joy."

"Did she tell you why I went to see her and what happened?"

"I wasn't interested."

"But you would have been. I went to ask her to marry me, Matthew Northmore. And she told me that she was going to marry you."

"Of course. What then?"

"Then she fainted," said Ives shortly. "That's what happened then."

"Your bluster and noise, I suppose."

"Don't face me like this!" thundered the other. "I'm not here to hear your drivel. I want the stark truth out of you, and I'll have it! You've got to tell me this: why has she changed her mind?"

"How d'you know she has changed?"

"Know it? Hasn't your name made her grow thin? Hasn't your plaguing worn her out? And now to take you! What's the reason! That's what I will know."

"You've no right or sense in all this," answered Northmore. "You're mad to behave so, or ask such a question."

"Am I mad? Then why did she faint? Tell me that. I want to know what she's took you for, after hating the sight of you for five years. And that's what you've got to tell me."

"Have I?"

"Since when have you won the right to order the world to tell you its secrets?" asked an enemy of Ives.

"If there is a secret, 'tis a vile one, as any man can see," answered Pomeroy, turning on him. "This man has forced her to cave in and say she'll marry him. He's tormented her into it. And how was it done? 'Tisn't because she won't take me that I want to know, for I'm not good enough for her and never was. But I understand her ten thousand times better than him, and I know she'd never have took him unless 'twas for some terrible purpose."

None spoke and Ives turned on Matthew.

"You've made her do this against her nature," he said; "you've driven her into it out of your own hunger to have her; you've—"

But Northmore silenced him by a louder sound and raised a din by beat-

ing at the side of the counter with his stick. He was pale and furious. His self-control had departed.

"Be silent, you hypocrite! You—you of all men—to dare to speak to me like this."

"Of all men I should be the one."

"You're a fool for your pains then."

"Perhaps I may be; but I'll have something more still for my pains, if I've got to tear it out of you with my naked hands. Answer you shall!"

Then Northmore spoke.

"We'll finish this alone. I'm engaged to-morrow, but the next day when you will. We can meet on the Moor. This shan't be left as it stands. It can't be."

Pomeroy went over to him and spoke privately.

"The Lone Stones, then—the evening after to-morrow."

"As you please."

"And the truth, or God's my judge, I'll let daylight into you!"

"You'll find truth bitter, as men of your stamp must."

For the moment, regardless of conse-

quences or his promise to Ruth, Northmore had determined to tell Pomeroy what he knew against him. He was in no mood to argue with himself or to ask himself what would be the other's attitude on learning that his crime was no secret. But the Lone Stones had struck coldly on Matthew's ear and silenced him more effectively than mention of any other spot on earth. He associated the circle with Ruth's first refusal to marry him. He even suspected that Ives might be familiar with that vanished event and had chosen the place on purpose to remind him of it.

But Pomeroy, when he named the Lone Stones, thought only of their remoteness from all human life and human interference. It was a good place to knock a man on the head; or to be knocked on the head if fortune fell contrary. Passion had him tight, and raged high at this season. He departed with a spirit darker than the moonless night and swore to himself that Matthew Northmore should never marry Ruth.

(To be concluded)

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER I

IT was an April morning in the Irish town of Waterford; beyond the suburbs, the grass lay thick and green upon the countryside in the virgin freshness of the spring, and the chestnuts glinted with the delicate sheen of bursting leaves; but in the streets the dust of March was whirling to the April breeze, powdering the narrow byways with a cloak of grey, eddying in a mad dance along the open spaces.

Portion of this dusty, characteristic, sparsely populated town is dedicated to business—the business of the shops; a second and more important portion of it is given over to the quays, from whence a constant traffic is carried on with the hereditary enemy, England; while a third part, that holds itself aloof from commerce, is to be reckoned as half residential, half professional. It is to this third quarter that the eye of the story-seeker must turn on this April morning; for it is here, in Lady Lane—a thoroughfare as long and narrow as a Continental street, composed of tall old houses with square-paned windows and mysterious hall doors giving entry to vast and rambling interiors—that the story, comedy or tragedy, is to find its stage; here in the dining-room of one of the flat-fronted houses, that the student of human nature is to take his first glance at Stephen Carey—hero, so far as middle-class Irish life produces heroes, of the anticipated romance.

A man's room, one would have said at half a glance; moreover, the room of a man self-made! There was no art, no beauty suggested or displayed; but there was comfort of a solid kind in the fire that burned ruddily in the grate and in the breakfast table that stood awaiting occupation. A man's room, although a

closed workbasket stood on the sideboard, and the china on the table indicated breakfast for two!

And this first impression was correct; for if the title of man be won by work, by patience, by a spirit that holds firm in face of great odds, then Carey's room was unquestionably the property of a man; for he had carved his own path to worldly success, hewing it from the rough material by days of toil and nights of thought.

Carey was a type—a type of that middle class which by right of strength has formed its huge republic, and spread like a net over civilisation—invincible, indispensable as the vast machines from which it has sucked its power. It is as parent of this new republic that the nineteenth century will go down to futurity; and it is from the core of this new republic, virile in its ambition, tyrannical in its moral code, jealous of its hard-won supremacy, that we have garnered such men as Carey—the men of steel drawn from the great workshops, tempered, filed, polished to fit the appointed place; helping to move the mighty engine of which they are the atoms, useless if cast out from its mechanism.

There is no corner of the civilised world over which the ubiquitous army of this republic has not marched. Even in countries where advance is slowest and change most subtle in its inroads—even in Ireland, where the people still instinctively bend the knee to the fetish of old name, and the aristocrats, dwindling year by year, hug their pride the closer for decay—this invasion of the middle classes has become a fact raised above denial. A century ago the rich Irish trader, the manufacturer, even the lawyer or the doctor—unless by chance he could produce a pedigree—held little place in the social scheme; but to-day his granddaughters flaunt it with the best in the world of sport and the vaster world of education. True, the entry to these new

pastures is through a gate that still stands barely ajar and hangs upon rusty hinges, but there is incentive in the thought of a forced passage, and the constant sight of a social Mecca stirs this section of a naturally indolent community to unprecedented action. For this, the well-to-do shopkeeper gives his son a profession; for this, the successful doctor sends his boys to an English university; for this, the mother of a large family stints and saves to educate her daughters abroad.

It is not an exalted class: it is a class held together by material ambitions and common ideals. But it is a section of society strong in its own narrow purpose—an outpost in the great progress.

From this class Stephen Carey had come, as the new, strong grass shoots up between the cobble-stones of an ancient street. His story was that of many another Irishman—the story of a boyhood bred upon false conceptions, and a youth called upon before its time to grapple with realities. The eldest of seven brothers, he was the son of a builder, a man of dogged, taciturn nature who had risen from obscurity to a position of consideration. Forty years ago, Barny Carey had been a well-known figure in Waterford commercial life, and there were few of the older business men who could not still recall his large, pale face, his shock of sandy hair, and the short, thick-set figure invariably clothed in an ill-fitting frock-coat. But despite the fact of a large acquaintance, not one among his fellow-townsmen could recall an intimacy with Barny; there had been something daunting in the man's reserve, something deterring in his proud, silent stubbornness that had precluded friendship; and not even the workmen by whose toil he had mounted the ladder of success, or the sons in whom the very core of his heart centred, had known what it was to hold him in affection.

Yet it was these sons—these seven sons—on whom his whole inarticulate nature had bent and spent itself. There are always these chinks in the hard man's armour, and it is the business of Fate to search them out with cunning shafts. For himself, Barny Carey had made no

secret of the fact that he was a common man, the son of a mason, trained in his youth to the mason's trade; he had accepted it as a thing defined, and had made no move to alter or ignore it; but with his sons it was to be a different matter. His sons were to be gentlemen!

This was his dream—his dream as he had worked in his office, his dream as he had watched his buildings rising story upon story, monuments to his success. Stephen—Stephen, the first born—was to be a lawyer; the law had always appealed to Barny as something impressive and formidable, and his soul yearned to see Stephen deal in justice as he himself had once dabbled in mortar and bricks; Joseph, the second son, was to be a priest, for God had been generous to him, and he must not grudge his offering to the church; Tom, the third, was to be an architect; Barny, his namesake, was to be a civil engineer; Maurice was to go into a bank, and Patrick to sea; while for Frank, the youngest, and the only one who resembled his dead mother, there was but one possible career—being a seventh son, he must, in pursuance of time-honoured superstition, become a doctor. So he had lived in his schemes, taciturn and unloved, meting out education with a liberal hand; and in due time Stephen had been articled to a solicitor, Joseph had been sent to Maynooth, and Tom had gone to Dublin to study for his profession.

Then it had been—in the very weaving of the plot—that the threads had tangled. The tale of how a business, apparently impregnable, can be undermined by any one of the contingencies that arise in commerce is too long and too immaterial to the story in hand to be followed here. It must suffice that one bad year followed another, that money had become scarcer, that Barny Carey had been forced to draw upon his reserves. At first his dogged nature had refused to see facts as they really were; then the gravity of the situation had gradually forced itself home, and common sense had whispered that it would be wiser to recall Tom and put new blood into the business; but the old, narrow

pride that had become as the breath of Barny's life had risen to scout the suggestion—and so had come the beginning of the end.

Money had been needed—and still more money. He might have borrowed, for his credit in Waterford was good, but here again the stubbornness had been tyrannical. He had never gone into debt, and he would not begin in his old age! So in pride and silence he had taken the infinitely more risky course—he had departed from his previous scheme of safe investment, and had begun to speculate.

There is no need to describe the first plunge and the first failure; the second plunge, necessitated by the first, and in turn the second failure; it is depressing in its very commonness. All that really concerns is that within two years Barny Carey died, broken by secret anxieties; and that Stephen, just crossing the threshold of life, woke from the imaginary position of a rich man's heir to the reality of finding himself guardian to six brothers, only one of whom was self-supporting.

What Stephen did in that tremendous crisis, rather what he did in the long, toilsome years, when the actual crisis was passed and the daily burden was still to be carried, is among the unwritten records of heroism. In plain words, he worked as men only work in such circumstances as this, garnering the spoils saved from the wreck with a hand almost miserly in its rigid severity, stinting himself to the point of penury, that his brothers might not turn back from their allotted paths; and in his own career struggling, struggling unceasingly, turning an impassive face to the slaps of fortune, grasping unquestioningly at every helping hand.

Until now the story-seeker, looking into his room at Lady Lane, finds a man of thirty-eight—a citizen with a wife and three children—a solicitor with a growing practice—a matured, controlled, successful Stephen Carey, possessing but one responsibility remaining from the past—Frank, the youngest brother, the seventh son, still studying medicine in Paris in fulfilment of Barny Carey's dream.

CHAPTER II

The hour of nine was proclaimed by a clock somewhere in the town; and a moment after, the announcement was made further patent by the cessation of a dozen mass bells that, for a quarter of an hour, had been chiming from north and south, east and west. In this newly made silence the door of the empty dining-room in Lady Lane opened slowly, to admit a servant carrying a tray of eatables for the prospective breakfast. She entered the room in a leisurely, easy fashion, moved forward to the table, and, still holding the tray, allowed her eyes to wander to the window and become riveted upon two errand boys, who had deliberately set down their baskets to play a game of marbles in the narrow roadway. With the calm absorption of the born idler, she would have remained indefinitely rooted to the spot, regardless of the boiled eggs and bacon that were fast growing cold, but that the sound of steps in the hall outside brought her forcibly back to the realisation of duty. In obvious perturbation, she twisted round, almost overbalancing the tray; then, with equal suddenness, she gave a little gasp of relief.

"Gracious, ma'am, I thought you were the master!" she explained. "I was just seein' how them boys of Clery's do be idlin' their time. 'Tis a fright, surely!"

The person addressed was Mrs. Stephen Carey—Daisy Carey—still possessed of the pretty blue eyes and the pretty fair hair that had found her a bidder in the days when her charms had been displayed in the open market. She was still attractive, still girlish in face and figure, despite the five years of domesticity and the three babies in the nursery upstairs; but it was a passive attractiveness—the sleek, uninspiring attractiveness of one whose days are full of small concerns, and who is obviously content to shape the future on the pattern of the past. Moving forward to the breakfast-table, she seated herself in her accustomed place, and picked up two envelopes that lay upon her plate.

"Are these all the letters, Julia?" she said. "I thought I'd have got three."

"Them are all this mornin', ma'am—except the master's. I took him up seven with his tea."

"Oh, well, put the things on the table! And, Julia——"

"What, ma'am?"

"See that Nurse gets her breakfast soon, will you? Baby cried a lot last night, and she didn't get much sleep. She must want a cup of tea."

"All right, ma'am! She can come down now; I'll stop above with the children."

"Oh, will you? That would be awfully good of you! Thanks very much!"

"Not at all, ma'am! Why wouldn't I?" Julia set down the breakfast things, paused to straighten her cap, which always drooped a little to one side or the other, and departed, closing the door behind her.

Left to herself, Daisy began to open her letters. The action was not very enthusiastic, for she knew by the envelopes exactly where they came from, and could even have hazarded a very shrewd guess as to what each contained. One was from her aunt, the Reverend Mother of a convent in the County Clare; the other was a bill from a local dressmaker. She opened the former first, and, propping it against the sugar bowl, began to skim the thin sheets covered with close writing, while she mechanically poured herself out a cup of tea and took an egg from the stand in the middle of the table. But presently her attention wandered, and her gaze, as Julia's had previously done, strayed to the window, through which the shrill voices of the boys came raised in dispute over their game. She sat for a minute or two in idle, uninterested contemplation; then, as in the servant's case, her truant wits were recalled by the sound of a step, and, turning sharply 'round, she bent forward in a listening attitude.

The steps drew nearer, and with the confirmation of their sound she rose from her seat, moving so hastily that the nun's letter fluttered down from its upright position, and picking up a cover-dish that stood upon the table, carried it across the room and set it in the fender.

She was seated again, and apparently absorbed in the dressmaker's bill, when

the door opened and her husband walked into the room.

There was nothing dramatic in Stephen Carey's entrance, nor was the man himself arresting by right of mere personal appearance. In figure he was tall beyond the average, but lean and a trifle ungainly; and his face—hard, strong and clean-shaven—was too obviously the lawyer's face to lend itself to expression. His mouth alone of all the features gave promise of hidden emotions in its wide, thin-lipped flexibility, though the shrewd, observant eyes seemed to belie the weakness; for the rest, a well-shaped nose that broadened at the nostrils, a square jaw and a crown of rough, red hair made up a rather commonplace exterior. Yet, despite the lack of physical attractions, the man was a personality. You felt it instantly he came into a room, and, moreover, you felt that others felt it. He was one of those beings to whom it is given to claim consideration by a frown—service by a single word. As he came forward now, carrying a bundle of open letters in his hand, his wife knew without looking up that, for some unknown reason, his anger had been roused; and with a sense of uneasiness, her mind sped over the possible household incidents that might have annoyed him. The baby's crying last night! Julia's habitual lateness in the filling of his morning bath and the making of his morning tea!

This dread of having displeased him was subtly—most subtly—indicative of Carey's position in his own house; for though he rarely lost his temper, and still more rarely gave proof of its loss, the whole household—from Daisy herself to the little four-year-old Teddy, just beginning to form conclusions as to those about him—each and all were imbued with the dislike of irritating him.

Five years ago, with the taking of this high-ceiled, many-roomed house, Carey had faced the problem of his marriage,—for in middle-class Ireland the choosing of a wife follows the making of a home by a natural sequence of events. It has been illustrated that he was by necessity a practical man; he was also a man self-satisfying, and to a great extent self-centred; and when it came to a question

of marriage, it was scarcely to be expected that he would have lost his head, or even his heart—though neither was it to be expected that he would choose carelessly. His idea of a wife had the faint savour of Orientalism so frequently to be found in his country and his class. A wife, in his opinion, was useful—possibly attractive as well, but fundamentally useful; a chattel, a being to be clothed and fed and housed to the best of man's ability, but beyond that hardly to be considered; and he had looked round his little world much as the Eastern might have studied the slave-market.

Age and ugliness, even when compensated for by money, he had dismissed from his consideration with the contempt of his race for physical disability, and when at last his eye and his choice had fallen upon Daisy Norris, the daughter of one of the richest men in Waterford, it was not, as gossip had unanimously held, entirely an affair of ducats; there had been pride in the matter, too, and a subconscious self-approbation—for Daisy had pretty blue eyes, pretty fair hair, and was barely turned twenty.

The fruit of that attitude was visible now on this spring morning, as he seated himself at breakfast; for Daisy, without a word, poured out his tea and pushed the cup across the table, then rose again and carried the cover-dish back from the fire.

"Will you have some bacon?" she asked in a low, pretty, rather mincing voice. "I was keeping it hot for you!"

Carey looked up, as if seeing her for the first time; and in the light from the window the strong line of his jaw showed prominently. "No!" he answered shortly; then his glance fell again to the letters in his hand, and he burst suddenly into speech. "I declare I'm sorry the children aren't girls if this is the return boys make you!"

"Is that from Paris? Is it from Frank?"

"Yes! It is from Frank!" He answered her question abruptly, in the deep, masterful voice from which he had never troubled to expel the native intonation.

"And what is it about?"

He ignored the words, and, with

abrupt irrelevance, rapped out a query of his own.

"How much did old Dan Costello leave his daughter?"

Surprise—and behind the surprise extreme curiosity—gleamed in Daisy's eyes, but she answered in the native, round-about way. "Why, nothing, of course! What would an accountant in a bank have to leave? Don't we all know her aunt is supporting her?"

"And where is she now? The girl, I mean."

"Why here, in Waterford. She and the aunt came back from France on Monday. I know, because Mary saw them both at the ten o'clock mass yesterday."

Carey gave a short, sarcastic laugh. "Oh!" he said. "Then I expect there isn't much we couldn't find out about Miss Isabel Costello! I suppose Mary could tell us the price of her gloves and the size of her shoes."

Daisy said nothing; for it was a fact, testified to by many a characteristic scene, that her unmarried sister Mary and Stephen were actively antagonistic. She felt no impulse to defend her absent relative; incidentally, because Mary Norris was so exceedingly capable of defending herself, but particularly because her curiosity was still aflame and prompting conciliatory action. For a while she remained silent, in the hope that Carey would unburden himself without prompting; and at last, as the hope faded, she delicately approached the subject.

"I wonder if Frank saw the Costellos at all while Miss Costello was taking Isabel away from school! 'Twas funny, their all being in Paris at the same time!"

"Funny! I don't think I'd call it funny! Listen to this!" Carey caught up the letter that he had been brooding upon and, without comment or explanation, began to read aloud:

"DEAR STEPHEN: I write this because it's only fair to tell you that, since you heard from me last, something very important has happened to me. I am engaged to be married! I suppose you know that old Miss Costello of Waterford came over to Paris a fortnight ago,

to take her niece home from a convent school. Well, I came across her by the merest chance the first day she was here; and as she seemed rather out of it with the language and one thing or another, and as 'twas nice to see any familiar face—I made myself civil. The end of it all is that I've been going about with her and her niece for the last ten days; and that Isabel and I have fallen in love with each other, and have decided to get married as soon as ever I can make a way for myself. Of course I expect you will be awfully upset when first you read this, and will think me an awful fool; but don't answer too soon, for I don't mean to spring it on you—and I think you'll understand when you see Isabel. Anyway, as I say, take time to think it over! And don't imagine I'm forgetting how much I'm in your debt—and always will be.

"Your affectionate brother,

"FRANK.

"P. S.—Give my love to Daisy and the boys. I hope she will be nice to Isabel; it's dull for her living with Miss Costello.

"P. P. S.—Of course all this is strictly private.
F. J. C."

Carey read the letter to the end without comment; then he rolled it into a ball and flung it across the room into the fire.

"In love!" he ejaculated with biting contempt. "In love!"

Daisy's eyes had remained wide open, in the effort to grasp, whole and entire, this astounding news; now her pretty mouth opened as well.

"What are you going to do?"

Carey glanced at her. "Do? Break the whole thing off, like you'd lop a dead branch from a tree!" He drew his cup toward him, swallowed some of his tea and, with absent-minded annoyance, helped himself to some of the bacon he previously refused.

"Do you think it's for this I'm making a doctor of him?" he demanded, after a moment, not especially of his wife, but of the world in general. "Do you think it's for this that I've saved him from sweating in some Waterford office—perhaps even standing behind a counter?"

He was very angry when he alluded thus openly to the monetary straits from which he had emerged; and outbursts of

passion had not been frequent enough in the five years of marriage to eliminate the slight, fastidious shudder with which Daisy met the revelations. She drew herself up now with a faintly affected movement, indicative of her own superior refinement.

Carey caught the action. "Oh, it's all very well for you!" he said, "but I can tell you, people like Frank, who are dependent on others for their bread and butter, had best see which side the butter is put on at. A man with a position to make has nothing to do with love. Love! Rot!"

As the last expressive word left his lips, the door of the dining-room opened again, this time to admit a small, fair-haired girl in a neat tailor-made dress, wearing a straw hat, and carrying a prayer-book under her arm.

"Good-morrow, Daisy! Good-morrow, Stephen! How awfully late you are!" With an absolute lack of ceremony, she came forward, threw her prayer-book on the table and began to pull off her gloves.

"I'm too early for the ten mass," she announced, "so I thought I'd come in for a minute."

Daisy looked up. "How is father's cold?"

"Oh, gone, or as good as gone. He had a Turkish bath last night."

Carey raised his head. "Frightfully dangerous for a man with your father's weak heart."

Mary Norris sniffed disdainfully. "We'd all have weak hearts if we had time for them. I'd have one myself if I hadn't to do the housekeeping. Daisy, do you know who I met while ago?"

"No. Who?"

"The Costello girl and the aunt!"

Daisy almost started. "Oh, Mary! And did you speak to them?"

"Speak to them? Of course I did. I was simply dying to see her properly."

"Well, and what is she like? Do tell us!" In the keenness of her interest, Daisy pushed back her chair, leaving her tea unfinished.

Mary waited a moment, with the lingering enjoyment of the adept in relating a piece of gossip. "Well," she said ju-

ditionally, "to begin with, she's as different as anything from the lanky little thing she used to be before she went to school. She's awfully curious-looking, and yet she's awfully taking. She has lovely teeth and a queer sort of light in her eyes, different from other people. Oh, and do you know what?"

"No."

"She's asked to the Fair Hill dance—and she's going to come out at it. I believe Mrs. Burke knew her father long ago; the Costellos were a good family in Wexford, you know, though they were as poor as church mice. I wonder if she'll give Isabel a dress. 'Twould be a charity if she did, for I'm sure she has to wear her aunt's old clothes."

Before she had finished, Daisy turned impulsively to Carey. "Oh, Stephen, isn't that lovely! I'll see her splendidly at Fair Hill."

Mary's sharp green eyes followed her sister's. "Surely, Stephen isn't interested in the dance?"

"No, Stephen is not interested," Carey replied, rising from the table and walking across the room. At the door he looked back. "Daisy, remember that that letter is private."

Daisy said nothing; and as soon as he had disappeared into the hall, Mary came quickly round the table and perched herself on the arm of her chair.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" she asked.

Daisy looked behind her with a certain furtiveness. "Wait a second, and I'll tell you."

"It's all right. He'll be ages getting his coat."

"Well, you'll be most *fearfully* surprised!"

"What at? Do tell me!"

"Am not I telling you? Oh, you *will* be surprised!"

"Go on! Go on!"

"Stephen has had a letter from Frank, saying that he met the Costellos in Paris."

"Good gracious! And they never said a word about him, though I told them I was coming in here!"

"Didn't they, now? That was deep!"

"Why deep?"

"Because Frank says——"

"Oh, do hurry!"

"I *am* hurrying! It's you that keep on interrupting. Frank met them ten days ago in Paris, and ever since he's been with them morning, noon and night; until the end of the whole thing is that he has fallen head over ears in love with Isabel Costello—and actually wants to marry her! Now, what do you say to that?"

Mary stared at her sister. "I never in all my life heard anything to equal it!" She gave each word its full and separate value. "Why, she hasn't a penny to bless herself with!"

"Not a farthing."

"Stephen must be simply——"

"Ssh! I hear him. Don't for your life pretend that I told you."

Mary gave her a withering glance. "Do you think I'm a fool, Daisy?" She picked up her gloves and prayer-book, and was sauntering slowly toward the door when Carey entered.

"Hallo! Going?" he said.

"Only up to the nursery." She swung out of the room, and they heard her run upstairs.

Carey advanced a few paces. His overcoat was on and he was carrying his hat in his hand. "Daisy," he said, rather abruptly, "have you answered that invitation of the Burkes' yet?"

Daisy raised her eyebrows, for all social matters usually lay within her undisputed demesne. "No. Why?"

"I suppose I'm included in it?"

"Of course! But they know you never go to dances."

Carey slowly buttoned up his coat. "I have been thinking," he said; "and it seems to me that it's very little good tackling Frank until I've seen the girl. It's the girl who must be squared first of all. I've thought it out, and you may as well accept this invitation for me as well as for yourself."

Once again in this morning of surprises Daisy's blue eyes opened widely. "But, Stephen——" she exclaimed.

No answer was vouchsafed by Carey. Having given his commands, it was not his way to justify them by reasons. Without looking again at his wife, he passed out of the room and down the hall; and a moment after, the closing of

the outer door announced to all whom it might concern that the master spirit had left the house.

CHAPTER III

A matter of small significance, one would say, that a man should announce his intention of going to a dance! But we are dealing with a small world. To the ant, a grain of sand represents an appreciable portion of its own environment; and in his family circle, Carey's acceptance of Mrs. Michael Burke's invitation made a definite stir of excitement.

The hall door had barely closed upon him when Daisy had flown up the stairs to impart the news to her sister; and Mary, in the intervals of swinging the second child, Francis, to and fro on the rocking horse in the nursery, had replied with the terse comment, "You take my word for it, Daisy, he's got his back up!"

There had been a good deal of unvarnished truth in this blunt sentence, for in her way Mary Norris was a person of discernment. She shared with Daisy—indeed, with the whole female section of her set—an extraordinary and far-reaching curiosity; but with her, inquisitiveness was supported by a moral courage and an instinct for a secret so marked that mere love of scandal was raised to a fine art. Women feared her and yet leaned upon her; but men feared her and fought shy of her, for there was a satirical humour in her smile and a sharpness in her eye that made her a very lively companion, but left you with an uncomfortable suspicion that, having amused you at the expense of your neighbours, she only awaited your departure to pilory you for the benefit of others. For all things are grist to the mill of such professed gossips—the meanness of so-and-so's husband, the neglected condition of so-and-so's children, the terrible stories that so-and-so's servants have told in their new situations. Petty and contemptible, perhaps! And yet for the class in which it thrives, this network of scandal has a meaning and a result. Life carried on under the microscope has a curiously restraining effect upon the units

that compose it; by a high moral standard you may influence the man whose aims and ideals are already elevated, but by the wholesome tonic of his fellow-man's criticism you touch every class of human being. This knowledge that other eyes are forever peering into his holy of holies is a factor to be reckoned with in the life of the Irish townsman; and it may be a question for the sceptic whether his indisputable moral integrity would flourish as notably elsewhere as it does in its present restricted atmosphere.

A fortnight went by, during which Stephen Carey never once alluded to the coming festivity, and Daisy lived in a ferment of excitement concerning her new dress, the question of whether she would have her hair done at the hairdresser's or at home, the continuous speculations as to who had, or had not, been included in the Burkes' invitation list. The actual moment of fruition—when all doubts were to be set at rest, all conjectures dissolved into certainty—found the Lady Lane household in the usual excitement that such an event provokes. Mary Norris, who was to accompany the Careys to the dance, arrived with her portmanteau at five o'clock, and retired at once to the large back bedroom that was to be her property for the night, and in which Daisy's new red dress was already laid out upon the bed, flanked by a pair of high-heeled slippers, open-work stockings and a fan; for the sisters still retained the habit, borrowed from their childish days, of dressing together for any noteworthy entertainment.

Mary entered the room, followed by Julia, and paused at once to examine the finery.

"It's lovely, Miss Mary, isn't it?" Julia hazarded, setting down the portmanteau.

Mary said nothing.

"The mistress is afraid 'tis the way 'twill be too bright. But sure, as I was sayin', there's no tellin' colours by gas-light!"

"No!" Mary agreed, mentally considering the effect of the red next her own forget-me-not blue dress.

"Will you be havin' a cup of tea, Miss Mary? And will I put a match to the fire?"

"Oh, yes, do, Julia! I have to crimp

my hair. But I don't know about tea. What time will the mistress be in?"

She took off her gloves, threw them on the table, and began in a businesslike way to unpack her things.

"Oh, she can't be long now, miss! She's gone this good while."

Julia knelt down before the fireplace, applied a match to the sticks, and blew vigorously upon the flame. "'Tis the way this kindlin' is damp!" she added to herself. "And sure I'm tired of tellin' Bridget to put it over the range. Miss Mary, I suppose 'twill be a grand ball?"

"Oh, yes, 'twill be a splendid dance. There are over a hundred asked, and there's to be a band and a sit-down supper. I hope 'twon't rain, though!" Mary glanced anxiously toward the window, as she drew her dress from its wrappings.

"I suppose 'tis the garden you're thinkin' of? There's a grand garden at Mr. Burke's."

Mary reddened. "Nonsense, Julia!"

But Julia had the privileges of eight years' service in the Norris family, so she looked back over her shoulder without perturbation. "Ah, go on, Miss Mary! Sure, 'tisn't dancin' the whole time you'd be on a fine spring night like this!"

"Indeed, I hope it is—if I have partners."

Julia smiled knowingly to herself as she rose, previous to departing; then she made a sudden gesture of delighted admiration as she caught sight of the glories of the blue dress.

"Oh, Miss Mary! But that's somethin' like! And the lovely little silver bow-knots on the blue silk. 'Tis like a Blessed Virgin's altar, it is!"

"Yes, I think it's nice," Mary agreed, not quite certain that the simile was flattering; then she looked quickly round, as the door behind her opened. "Oh, here's the mistress! Well, Daisy, I'm waiting ages!"

Daisy came into the room, laden with little tissue-paper parcels, which she deposited on a chair before kissing her sister. "I'm just dead!" she announced. "I tried five shops for a black aigrette for my hair, and had to get a bit of tulle in the end. Waterford is a terrible place! But what do you think of the dress? Is

it fearfully bright?" She twisted round eagerly toward the bed.

"N-no."

"You think it looks brighter than it did at Mrs. Walsh's yesterday?"

"Well, you can't even see yourself properly at Walsh's, to say nothing about colours! I don't know why you go to such a dingy old hole."

"She cuts very well!"

"Not at all! That's your imagination."

"Indeed, it isn't! You said yourself my brown was the nicest dress I ever had. And anyway, Mary, I think it's rather mean of you now, when it's too late, to be making me dissatisfied. I suppose the dress is awful!" Her voice trembled a little with a mingling of disappointment, annoyance and exhaustion. "Perhaps I'd better wear my old pink!"

"Don't be silly, Daisy!"

"I'm not silly! You'd be sillier, if you were in my place! I don't think I'll go at all!"

Silence reigned after this announcement, while Mary began to take down her long fair hair.

"Lily O'Farrell has a dress exactly the same colour as yours!" Daisy announced at last. "I saw it yesterday at Walsh's."

Mary looked round, her mouth full of hairpins. "I'm sure I don't care how many people have the same coloured dress!" she said indistinctly. "I hate to be remarkable!"

Daisy coloured at the thrust. "It's better to be remarkable than dowdy. Julia, what are you waiting for?" She turned suddenly on the servant.

"Nothin', ma'am! On'y to hear when you'll be takin' your tea."

"Oh, bother tea! I don't want any."

Mary hurriedly took the hairpins out of her mouth. "Nonsense, Daisy! Don't be silly! You know we'd like tea—unless, of course, you want to have dinner with Stephen."

"You know very well I'd hate to have dinner with Stephen!"

"Well, for goodness' sake, let us have the tea!"

Daisy's attitude relaxed a little. "All right! Very well!"

"And what'll we have?"

"Well, we could have some ham—and there are cakes——"

"That would be lovely! Ham, Julia—and cakes—and, Julia, don't forget the mustard!"

"All right, Miss Mary! And when will you be wantin' it, ma'am?"

Daisy looked at her sister. "In half an hour?" she suggested.

"Or now?"

The expressions on both their faces wavered, until finally they laughed. "Very well!" Daisy said. "Now, Julia, please!"

In silence they watched her go; then Mary shook out her long mane of hair and, taking up a crimping tongs, carried it to the fire and placed it between the bars.

"I wonder who'll be there?" she said for the fiftieth time.

"Owen Power will, anyway!"

Mary bent forward, and busied herself rather unnecessarily over the position of the tongs. "How do you know?"

"I met Josephine Power when I was trying Sheehy's for the aigrette, and she told me Owen and Jim are both going."

Mary took out the smoking tongs and, carrying it to the dressing table, began to pass it through her hair. "A great condescension on Owen's part, I'm sure! Oh, bother! I've singed my hair."

For a while Daisy remained silent, watching her sister as she made a succession of journeys between the table and the fire; then at last, as Mary knelt down once more before the hearth, she walked across the room and suddenly put her arm about her shoulder.

"Polly, do you like him still?"

Mary turned and looked up at her, her face flushed and half aggressive. "I'd be very sorry to trouble myself about any man!"

"I know! But, still——"

"What?"

"Well, you know he likes you."

"Indeed, I don't!"

"Nonsense! You know it right well. What about the picnic at Woodstown in October? 'Twas ten o'clock when you and he got back."

"Well, I had a puncture—and we had to mend it."

They both laughed, but almost immediately Mary became serious again. "I wonder if he'll ask me for a dance,

Daisy? 'Twill be so horrible if he doesn't."

Daisy's more malleable nature bent instantly to the softer tone. "As if he wouldn't!" she said.

"Oh, it's never safe to be sure."

"Nonsense!"

Mary stared hard into the fire, as though the riddle of her future was open and readable in the heart of the coals. "Men are awfully queer, Daisy," she said at length. "You can never be sure of a man."

"Nonsense! All men marry, if they can afford to; and—and if they like any one."

A frown of impatience crossed Mary's white forehead, and a little tinge of contempt lifted the corner of her mouth. She shook back her hair, as if about to retort with some scrap of the worldly wisdom she had acquired, no one knew where; but on the spur of the moment her impulse changed.

"Ah, well!" she said. "'Twill be all the same in a hundred years! Here's Julia—and the tea!"

CHAPTER IV

The dance was to begin at nine—an hour unusually late and fashionable for an Irish town; and at half-past eight the hired car that was to convey the Careys to Fair Hill was already drawn up in Lady Lane.

It is a peculiarity of the town of Waterford that no closed vehicle plies for hire in the streets; so when those of its inhabitants who are not blessed with carriages fare forth after dark on duty or on pleasure, they resort, by necessity, to the livery stables, from which issue vehicles that, for the most cogent of reasons, avoid the searching eye of day. It may be a brougham that answers to the demand—a relic of former glory, moth-eaten and tottering to its fall, or a hansom cab that has drifted like a piece of flotsam from the sea of London life, or perhaps it may be a "covered" car that can trace its antecedents to Limerick or to Cork. To those who have not actually travelled in such a vehicle, the name

"covered" car is a mere figure of speech, conveying nothing and demanding definition; outwardly, it has the appearance of a large square box, one end of which has been knocked out and replaced by a low door, a step and a pair of funeral curtains; inwardly, it is possessed of two seats, upon which the passengers sit *vis-à-vis*, clinging to straps that depend from the small windows that are set like portholes on either side of the drivers seat. A drive in a covered car is never likely to be forgotten, for a haphazard abandonment of life and limb marks it from the first moment to the last, when by an ingenious movement of the jarvey, the horse is pulled round, vigorously backed, and the wheels of the car collide with fearful violence against the curb.

Such a conveyance Daisy and Mary found awaiting them when they emerged from the house at a quarter to nine, arrayed in long, light dust coats and wearing woollen wraps over their heads; and immediately the hall door was opened, the driver—a disreputable individual in a tall hat several sizes too large and a coachman's coat from which most of the silver buttons had disappeared—hurried forward, thrusting a lighted pipe into his pocket.

"Wait a minute, ma'am! Wait a minute! I'll back her!"

"Oh, don't!" Mary cried. "Don't back at all! We'll get in as it is."

"Oh, sure, whatever you like, Miss Norris! 'Tis equal to me. I'm on'y thinkin' of ye'er feet on the muddy road—though, after all, 'tis more dust than mud it is."

Neither answered this mixed statement, but as hastily as possible beat past his dirty assisting hand, and seated themselves high up under the windows of the car, to protect their skirts as far as might be from subsequent contact with Carey's feet.

"I feel awfully nervous!" Daisy announced, when at last the driver had reluctantly returned to his horse's head, to tie up a broken piece of harness. "I wonder if my hair is straight? I wish to goodness I had gone to Davitt's after all. I'm sure it's hideous."

"Not at all! It's all right!" Mary said without looking at her.

"I wonder if I'll have any partners?"

"You will, of course! Anyway, it doesn't matter to you. You're married."

Daisy turned round indignantly. "Oh, indeed, doesn't it?" Then she paused, as Carey appeared in the open doorway; and in the diversion of interest, her anger died. "How awfully well Stephen looks in evening dress!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"That's a matter of taste." Mary stooped to gather in her frills; and as she raised her head, she added in a louder voice: "For goodness' sake, Stephen, hurry! We won't get a single partner."

Carey came slowly across the pavement, buttoning up his coat. "All right! Go on now!" he called to the driver, as he placed his foot on the step.

With his added weight, the shafts rose and the car dropped back to what was its typical angle.

"Good heavens!" Mary exclaimed. "You're a frightful weight!"

"Twelve stone! Why aren't you sitting at the same side?"

She looked at him with scorn. "On account of our dresses, of course!"

Further controversy was cut short by the starting of the car, which was accomplished by much noisy admonition from the driver and sundry backings and false starts on the part of the horse, before they could pass triumphantly down the street at a respectable trot. For the first ten minutes a cramped and uncomfortable silence reigned; then at last, as they came within appreciable distance of the steep ascent that led to Fair Hill, Carey spoke again, moving his legs painfully.

"Of all the abominable tortures man ever invented," he said, "covered cars are the worst! This decides me. I'll have that motor of Leader's."

At the tremendous announcement, Daisy jumped round in her seat, forgetful even of her dress. "Oh, Stephen, you don't mean it? Will you really? How lovely! How perfectly lovely! I don't know how I'll sit in it, the first day we go out, I'll be so terribly proud!"

Mary lifted her chin. "They say it nearly beggared Leader!"

"So much the better for me! He paid

a thousand for the car, and now he'll be glad to get four hundred for it."

"Oh, but the buying isn't all! Old Mr. Hayse told me the other day, as a dead secret, that it costs him five hundred a year, with petrol and repairs and things."

"Well, old Hayse is as blind as a bat and drives at fifty miles an hour. If you knew the compensation cases I've settled for him out of court, you'd say five hundred was doing it rather cheap. Here we are at the hill! I'll walk up, Daisy!" He opened the door of the car without calling to the driver, and let himself out.

As the horse started forward in appreciation of the lightened weight, Daisy thrust her head out of the car.

"Stephen! Stephen!"

"Yes! What?"

"You'll wait for us at the door of the dancing-room?"

He assented, and stepped back to the side of the road, as a large one-horse carriage, crowded to its fullest extent, dashed proudly past the hired car; and at the same moment Mary caught Daisy's arm and drew her back into the shadows.

"Don't hang out like that, Daisy! It looks so badly!"

"Why? Whose car was it?"

"The Powers', of course! Didn't you see?"

When Carey's foot dropped from the step of the car to the hard roadway, he drew a breath unmistakably pregnant with relief. Whether the relief depended entirely upon a release from a cramped position, or whether it had for inspiration a subtler sense of loosened bonds, it is for the psychologist to say. Certain it is that he felt more free of outlook and more individually independent after Daisy's appeal had melted into silence and Daisy's pretty, anxious face had been merged in the darkness of the car. Not that he cherished an opinion of himself as a man shackled by matrimony; nor that we, who would follow his story, must think of him as such! Love, and the conditions engendered by love, had never loomed large enough upon his horizon to be considered as factors capable of mending or marring his exist-

ence. His feelings as he stiffened his shoulders to the ascent of the hill were simply the feelings of a man who has been freed from a position that wearied him and who, as a matter of reaction, turns with zest to his personal concerns. A task awaited him to-night—a task self-set, and therefore acceptable; and all action—even action so tame as that which he anticipated—had its own incentive power. He reached the summit of the hill almost as soon as the covered car; but, jealous of his stolen solitude, he did not follow it up the avenue of chestnuts that glinted a faint green against the April night sky, but paused outside the gates to look back over Waterford, lying half-veiled in vaporous fog.

The scene was eloquent, as are all Irish scenes—touched with an unnamed pathos, wrapped in that mystery from which memory can draw such innumerable and binding threads; and as he looked down upon the clustering roofs and pointing spires, he stepped unthinkingly into that region of sentiment to which, by right of birth, every Irishman holds a key, and into which his feet turn instinctively the moment the rein of self-restraint is loosed.

As in the windings of a dream, his mind sped back over the years of his youth and manhood to the days when, as a little red-haired boy, he had followed his father's workmen up their scaffoldings, and had looked out over this same city of roofs and spires, weaving with a child's imagination picture upon picture of the world beyond the confines that formed his home. The subject of these pictures had always been the same—always the wonderful, fabled world where name and fortune awaited the adventurous.

But Fate and Time between them had clipped the wings of the soaring dreams; the boy with his ugly, clever little face and preternaturally observant eyes had slowly grown to manhood without sight of that great Beyond—had slowly grown to manhood, and to the conscious compromise with ambition that men of his country and of his class are daily and yearly driven to make. In Ireland, the bread of expediency is the

staff of life, and Stephen Carey had early seated himself at the frugal board. If now, in these later days, a ghost of the lost ambition ever glided behind his chair, pointing a wavering hand toward the great market-place of life, where the fountains flow to quench all thirsts, only his eyes saw the passing of the shade; none guessed that for a moment his achievements shrank to their true proportion, and the good substantial bread became as ashes in his mouth.

Out of the vaporous mist the phantom rose with its train of stifled hopes, pressing up against him, whispering inaudible words, proffering intangible embraces; but his mood to-night was aggressive rather than depressed, he shook off the clinging presence and set his face toward reality pictured by the long line of budding trees and beyond them, by the large, square house ablaze with light.

The hall door of Fair Hill was hospitably open. As he drew level with the house, and he saw as on a stage the lighted interior—the fine square hall, built within the last five years and possessing not a fragment of romance; the rugs of expensive texture and vivid colouring; the palms standing upon ugly pedestals of glazed pottery, each detail significant, each betraying in its own proportion the taste and the social standing of Michael Burke, successful dealer in butter, justice of the peace under the new régime, kindest, most honest, least intellectual of men.

Burke himself passed across the lighted hall as Carey mounted the steps, and paused to greet him.

"You're very fashionable, Stephen!" he cried. "But better late than never! Where are the ladies?"

"Oh, they're here! I walked up the hill. How does this sort of thing suit you?"

Michael Burke made a comical face. "Well, to tell the truth," he said, "there's great temptation in the thought of my old pipe upstairs. But when the young people begin to grow up, Stephen, faith, pipes and the rest must go empty! You'll be in the same boat yourself some day, when you've three young men waiting to be settled."

Carey laughed indulgently, for he

liked Michael Burke with his odd turns of speech, his homely ways and sterling character. "I suppose so!" he agreed—"I suppose so, indeed! Where am I to leave my coat?"

"Oh, upstairs! Upstairs! My little snugery has been turned inside out for a dressing-room. Up with you! You know the way. There's the first dance beginning, and Ellen will be wanting me! Don't be long, though!" With a nod and a friendly smile, the little man disappeared through a velvet-draped doorway, into a room from which the first bars of a waltz were floating out into the hall.

A very few minutes sufficed to relieve Carey of his hat and coat, and presently he was back again in the hall, following the direction his host had taken. The dancing-room was already full of whirling couples when he made his appearance; and, pausing inside the door, he was compelled to make one of a little group of young men and girls who had hurried down from the dressing-rooms at the first sound of the music, but who were reserving themselves for the second dance, while they criticised their fellow-guests.

One or two heads were turned as he appeared, and a couple of youths muttered a diffident "Good-night, Mr. Carey!" but the girls of the group scarcely noticed him. In their world, the married man hardly exists as an independent being, for he is a thing appropriated, labelled, laid irrevocably on the shelf. For the first few moments his presence had a damping effect, but very soon the animal spirits of the party rose above the shy silence, and set them chattering again like a band of sparrows.

"I tell you what, though, she's awfully pretty!" The man who spoke was Owen Power, a young barrister of handsome face and consequential manners, who paid periodical visits to his people in Waterford and was supposed to bring with him from Dublin an air of fashion and advancement not locally to be acquired.

"Owen is struck!" put in a heavy youth, in a dull, drawling voice.

"What'll somebody else say?" cried a girl of seventeen with a dazzling

complexion and bright, impertinent eyes.

"Shut up, Amy!" The heavy youth had a brother's privileges, and used them ungallantly.

Amy laughed and tossed her head. "All right, Jack! I won't mention names. But we all know why you're so interested."

Jack growled something unintelligible but threatening, and at the same time Power adjusted his pince-nez and leaned forward.

"Here she is! And, I say, *doesn't* she dance!"

"Who is she dancing with?"

"I can't see."

"It's Willie Neville!"

"No, it isn't!"

"Yes, it is, though!" The girls peered over each other's shoulders in a fever of curiosity.

"I say!" Power cried again. "I say, *doesn't* she dance! She puts me in mind of the Spanish dancer we had in Dublin for a week last year."

"Oh, well, she's nearly foreign as it is!" Amy put in. "Half the Wexford people have Spanish blood. Here she is!"

The word "foreign" attracted Carey, who had been absently trying to single out his wife's red dress in the crowded room. It touched him to interest, and instinctively he turned to find the object of the description.

Out of the heterogeneous crowd that twisted and reversed and backed in a frenzy of energetic joy, his eyes alighted upon one figure and remained arrested, while in his mind Power's words found

a sudden and strenuous echo. She could dance! She certainly could dance!

By ordinary judgment, she was merely a girl of twenty; but in that moment she might have been a flower swaying in the wind, a young animal stretching itself to the sun, a bird in its first flight—anything fresh from Nature's hand, pulsing with the delight of living and knowing itself alive. She skimmed down the room, unconscious of the partner whose arm encircled her; she saw nothing beyond the stirring perspective of light and colour, heard nothing but the swaying music of the waltz that swelled and faded in waves of sound. She swept past the little group in the doorway, totally unaware of its existence, and for one instant Carey looked down into her face. But it was only for an instant; immediately he drew back against the wall, with a curious, half-shamed sense of having looked upon something not meant for his gaze. For the essence of womanhood, intimate and unguarded, lay in the flushed cheeks, the half-closed eyes and parted lips.

To rid himself of the sensation, he turned abruptly to Power. "Who is that, Power?" he asked. "The girl in white?"

Power answered with his eyes upon the retreating couple. "That's old Miss Costello's niece—just back from school."

The last bars of the waltz crashed out, and a laughing, excited crowd made a rush for the door. Carey stepped aside to let it pass; and then slowly, as though acting upon some half-formed thought, he walked down the ballroom to where Mrs. Michael Burke was holding a little court.

(To be continued)

"RACKHAM'S WHITE RABBIT IS AN APPARITION IN A PEARL-COLOURED FROCK-COAT AND RUFFLES"

THE SKETCH-BOOKS OF WONDER- LAND

NEW new illustrations of *Alice in Wonderland* were first published, one comment was it would have been as sensible and as coming to issue an edition of Sir John Tenniel's illustrations with a new text, by, say, Richard Le Gallienne or Mrs. Humphry Ward. Now that the expiration of the English copyright—leaving publishers free to reprint the original text but not the original illustrations—has stimulated the production of half a dozen or more new outfits of pictures for this nonsense classic, these are still brought out in a way that is almost sheepish. The artists behave rather as if they had been caught sketching not enchanted domains, where they have a perfect right, but some enemy's fortifications. They want it understood that their work is not intended to supplant the Tenniel pictures, yet even this apology they do not make in person but virtually by literary attorney. "The Tenniel Pictures," says E. S. Martin in his preface to the Peter Newell edition, "... are identified beyond fear of separation with Alice and her familiars." "Enchanting Alice!" exclaims Austin Dobson in his metrical preface to the Arthur Rackham edition,

" Black and White
Has made your deeds perennial;
And naught save 'Chaos and old Night'
Can part you now from Tenniel."

These diffident disclaimers recognise the peculiar relation of text and pictures in the Alice books. The lover of these volumes has the clearest possible notion of how all the personages in them must have looked, and doubtless supposes that he got that notion directly from the author. But no author could possibly have said less on the subject than did Lewis Carroll. "The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle nursing a baby," he tells us. That is the nearest thing to a description of the Duchess to be found in his book. "There was a table set out under a tree in front of the House and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it and talking over its head." "They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break." In this wise are the principal characters introduced. The author is referring his reader to the illustrator, just as he does in so many words in the case of the Gryphon: "If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture."

The only liberty taken with the text in either of the new editions is for the purpose of escaping a definite reference to the frontispiece as a source of information regarding the King's method of wearing his crown over his wig. Bill the Lizard

"NEWELL'S WHITE RABBIT IS A HALF-DISTRACTED SCHOOLMASTER"

himself might be a wombat or a star-nosed mole for anything the author says about him until three pages after Alice has kicked him up the chimney. The picture which tells what manner of creature he was at the very moment when we want to know is not an embellishment but a part of the text. Yet the fact that a non-illustrated *Alice* would be all but inconceivable is properly in favour rather than against the new illustrators. If there is one place in the world or out of it where vested rights ought not to be respected, it certainly is Wonderland. If Mr. Newell and Mr. Rackham have something to add to our imperfect knowledge of that delectable country, they are benefactors. As for borrowing, it would be as reasonable to accuse Stockton because long after the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle had finished their lobster quadrille, he reported the colloquies of the Griffin and the Minor Canon.

Whether anything has been added is not a question for the art critics at all. How do the new creations impress those who look at them as friends and not as samples of technique? May they not,

like fresh interpretations of classic theatrical rôles, bring out shades of meaning and character unobserved before? Indeed the three sets of illustrations which are worth considering at all do show their subjects from as many angles. Tenniel won his reputation by political cartoons, Newell by illustrations of his own whimsical verses, Rackham by half droll, half uncanny designs for *Rip Van Winkle*. So, as might be expected, Tenniel's Wonderland is in general the most logical, Newell's the most fantastic, Rackham's the most unearthly. This can be seen in their embellishments of the very first paragraphs. Tenniel's White Rabbit is an English country squire. Newell's a half-distracted schoolmaster, Rackham's an apparition in a pearl-coloured frock-coat and ruffles. It is again to be seen in the different choice of subjects. Tenniel alone has drawn Alice at the moment of destiny when, picking up the bottle marked "Drink Me," she, like a prudent little girl, is turning it about to see if it happens to be marked "Poison" on the other side; Newell alone has drawn the three weird sisters, Elsie,

"WE SEE TENNIEL AT HIS BEST IN THE DUCHESS"

Lacie and Tillie, at the bottom of their treacle well; Rackham alone has drawn Alice at that remarkable crisis when she has nibbled the right-hand bit of mushroom and, shutting up suddenly like a telescope, has received "a violent blow underneath the chin," from her own foot. We see Tenniel at his best in the Duchess, Newell in the Mock Turtle, Rackham in the Caterpillar.

Peter Newell's snub-nosed housewife in a ruff is all very well in her way, but she is not a Duchess. Rackham's lady, with her high beak-nose, her ermine, ostrich plumes and false curls, is every inch a Duchess, probably a Dowager Duchess. As she appears in the Sixth Chapter there is little if any fault to find with her. She is just the woman to sit like a feminine field-marshal under the Cook's galling fire of saucepans, plates and dishes and take "no notice of them even when they hit her." She is just the woman to reply to Alice's confession that she did not know cats *could* grin, "They all can, and most of 'em do." She might, in fact, do all of the things recorded in Chapter Six. But Mr. Rackham must have forgotten Chapter Nine. That is the most charitable explanation. It is simply inconceivable that his Duchess could have said, "You can't think how

glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing." His Duchess is austere. She could never have unbent and "tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's." It is the superiority of Tenniel's Duchess that she is no less convincing in her maudlin than in her morose mood. She is not refined or tactful in either. If, like Du Maurier's swell who mistook another duchess for the widow of a cheesemonger in the New Cut, we did not know her rank we might exclaim, "How she goes on to be sure!" As it is, like him, after he was set right, we admire "her aristocratic simplicity of manner." That is because we do know her for a Duchess.

The recipe for mock-turtle soup in the cook-book, and the allusions to "flappers" in the text are—except, of course, the unreported talks between author and illustrator—the only sources of information about the Mock Turtle's appearance. Tenniel made him a helpless, hopeless beast with plated carapace and plastron, scaly flippers or flappers and a moon-calf's head. Rackham's is much the same, only more delicate and anæmic, pensive and sentimental. But Newell had ideas of his own. Zoologically speaking, his Mock Turtle who "went to school in the sea" does belong to a marine species. It is a little hard to believe such

a lumbering, blubbery monster capable of passing in "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week, *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils." Tenniel's or Rackham's Mock Turtles, though not inspired scholars, can be imagined as obtaining high marks, even from the old Conger-eel. But they lack the one quality which is absolutely essential. Newell's is the only one of the three that would furnish really first-class mock-turtle soup, and this must be the deciding factor.

Mr. Rackham's Caterpillar is similarly the only caterpillar that corresponds strictly to the specifications. The author mentions only two facts about the Caterpillar's exterior: that his colour was blue and that his arms were folded. Even Tenniel ignored the folded arms in his design. This, however, is a minor point. The question is one of delineating a character. This Caterpillar is a perfect incarnation of incisive curiosity. His questions are far more disquieting than the Queen's tantrums. He is a subject worthy of Sargent's brush. It may be that Tenniel sketched him from behind because he felt himself unequal to more exacting portraiture. Newell has drawn a caterpillar with button eyes, a crest like a toothbrush, and an infantile expression. His is a caterpillar that could not possibly impress anybody. But Rackham's snuffy, loose-lipped, spectacled smoker wears the real air of authority. He cannot be imagined as ever turning into a butterfly or moth. If he turns into anything it will be a bookworm. His eyes are dim with study and introspection. He is probably of German extraction and his valedictory observation to Alice, "You'll get used to it in time," sounds like the answer to the Welträtsel.

And Alice herself? Wondering, gentle and considerate, even if she does speak of cats to the Mouse and of "din—" to the friends of the Whiting, she

"TENNIEL'S WHITE RABBIT IS AN ENGLISH COUNTRY SQUIRE"

is too dear a child to be treated with anything but tenderness. Tenniel drew her as a little girl of his own time—forty years ago—in starched frock, white stockings and tiny, black strapped slippers. Newell kept the white stockings and much of the old-time quaintness, though his Alice has a thought too much aplomb. The really daring change made by Rackham is in bringing his little heroine down to date. Most of us doubtless will continue to love the old Alice best, but the modern little figure does bear one message of its own. It tells us that the gate of Wonderland has never been closed, that it never will be closed, and that to the children of the twentieth century, old and young, as to their children and their grandchildren, it is still given to eat now and then of the magic fruit of the Amfalula tree in whose boughs the Dinkey bird sings.

Philip Loring Allen.

ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

V—THE PARIS THAT WAS

BY L. E. ROUSSILLON

THE Paris that was, the city that has vanished as irrevocably as ancient Nineveh and Tyre, is simply the Paris of yesterday. The older city is far easier of reconstruction; its atmosphere has been preserved in countless churches, palaces and monuments. One may walk through the Rue des Francs Bourgeois and the adjacent courtyards and understand something of the environment of the Parisian of the sixteenth century. It is quite easy to follow in the footsteps of Messieurs d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis from the time we first meet them on the staircase of the Hotel de Treville until we take leave of them sometime in the reign of Louis the Magnificent. Until a few months ago, at least, the Auberge du Cheval Blanc stood almost exactly as it was when in the middle of the seventeenth century Manon Lescaut alighted in its courtyard. On the other hand it is a far more difficult matter to find the Paris that surged in Balzac's brain when he was building the *Comédie Humaine*, the Paris of M. Eugène Sue and his "Schoolmasters" and "Slashers," the Paris in which Colonel Thomas Newcome and his son Clive delighted, and where Philip Firmin laboured at journalism, the city where Thackeray himself found Terré's Tavern and the inspiration for the "Ballad of the Bouillebaisse."

A street there is in Paris famous,

For which no rhyme our language yields—
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is,
The New Street of the Little Fields.

And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a dish of Bouillebaisse.

There is no Rue Neuve des Petits Champs in Paris nowadays, although there is a Rue des Petits Champs. But Terré's Tavern is no more. Victorien Sardou in a preface to a book on old Paris by Georges Cain, the curator of the Carnavalet Museum,* commented on the amazing difficulty of recognising in the Paris of the Second Empire—that is to say, the city after Baron Haussmann had carried out his sweeping changes, the Paris of Louis-Philippe. That Paris of Louis-Philippe was the city of the playwright's own youth and for him it had manifold charms. "Most of its streets," he wrote, "were very narrow and had no sidewalks. Pedestrians were obliged to take refuge from passing carriages on shop thresholds, under entrance gates, or else beside posts erected here and there for that purpose. On the boulevards, where a single omnibus plied between the Madeleine and the Bastille every quarter of an hour, I have seen a crowd watching a fencing bout, and on the Place de la Bastille I used to play quietly, trundling my hoop round the Elephant." The Elephant, one dark corner of which was the home of little Gavroche of *Les Misérables*!

*Nooks and Corners of Old Paris. By Georges Cain. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



THE DARK ALLEYS OF THE OLD CITÉ

Probably the most sinister and picturesque quarter of the vanished Paris was in the Cité, under the shadow of Notre Dame. It was here that Eugène Sue laid the scenes of the opening chapters of *Les Mystères de Paris*. It was in this alley that he placed the "Den of the Ogress," where the Grand Duke of Gerolstein, representing himself as M. Rudolph, a workman, made the acquaintance of the unfortunate Fleur de Marie.

THE OLD TEMPLE MARKET

A SHOP ON THE OLD PONT NEUF

THE OLD PONT NEUF IN 1840

THE OLD PRISON OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, KNOWN AS THE HOTEL DES HARICOTS

Balzac, Dumas and many other famous Parisians were often incarcerated here for delinquencies in their service as National Guardsmen .

THE GRAND BOULEVARD IN THE FORTIES

"There are in Paris certain streets," wrote Balzac in *Ferragus*, "as dishonoured as can be any man convicted of infamy; then there are noble streets, also streets that are simply honest, also young streets concerning whose morality the public has not yet formed any opinion; then there are murderous streets, streets older than the oldest possible dowagers, estimable streets, streets that are always clean, streets that are always dirty, workingmen's streets, students' streets and mercantile ones. In short, the streets of Paris have human qualities, and impress us by their physiognomy with certain ideas against which we are defenceless."

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

CARL SCHURZ'S "REMINISCENCES"*

We fancy that the perusal of these volumes will do something toward softening the prejudices which many persons have entertained toward Mr. Schurz. The general consensus of opinion while he was alive set him down as a somewhat erratic, pragmatical, and conceited person, whose politics shifted with his own interests. The tone of his reminiscences will tend to abate this feeling, perhaps more so than the actual facts of his public life should warrant. Still, there is no denying the circumstance that his easy, unaffected narration of the early part of his career gives one a different impression of the man himself. This may be due to the mellowness and philosophic calm which come with age; and it may be partly due as well to the fact that the book deals with the early and less controversial part of his American career.

Certainly there is nothing dogmatic in his way of writing. He abounds in pleasant reminiscence, and there are few traces of personal vanity. There is even something rather winning in the modest manner in which he tells of his experiences in the army. He was made a brigadier-general because of his influence with the German element of our population; and when he took the field at the head of a brigade, he was not only inexperienced in actual warfare, but was also a foreigner who had been appointed over the heads of Americans who had had a military training. He knew that he must necessarily be unpopular at first, and he had the wisdom to see that this unpopularity was very natural. He strove to overcome it by a careful study of military problems, by giving his personal attention to details, by looking after the comfort of his troops, and by exposing himself to the enemy's fire whenever his men were engaged in battle. It was not long before he won the confidence of his command; and after

the second battle of Bull Run, he received compliments from seasoned officers who had previously criticised him. These compliments he repeats—not at all in a boastful way, but with a very natural pride and pleasure. Indeed, the only note of egotism that we can discover is found in his self-congratulation on the subject of his own oratory. It was, of course, a somewhat remarkable feat that he should have acquired an idiomatic command of English after he had grown to manhood, and that he should be able to address great audiences with perfect fluency in that tongue. But perhaps he dwells upon this too often and too fully. Especially one wishes that he had refrained from lauding his own powers as a humourist and a maker of jokes. Somehow or other one doubts whether this boast was altogether warranted. That he had powers of sarcasm, everybody is aware; but that he was in any sense of the word a humourist, appears to be a secret which was carefully kept until he himself elected to reveal it.

The first part of the book relates to his life as a boy and student in Germany, to his rescue of Kinkel, and to his share in the German revolution of 1848. All this is readable, but perhaps some of his grandfather's reminiscences will attract the reader quite as much. The elder Schurz had witnessed the end of the Napoleonic wars, when his country was overrun by French and Austrians and Russians. He used to tell a rather amusing story of how a band of Cossacks once descended on their household demanding drink. The house was not supplied with beer or wine, and so Schurz's grandmother "hit upon the happy idea of filling a barrel with vinegar, to which she added a large quantity of mustard and pepper-seeds and a little alcohol. This brew, which would have burned like fire in the throats of ordinary mortals, the Cossacks praised 'highly'; moreover, it seemed to agree with them."

There are many bits of anecdote like this; and later, one reads with interest Mr. Schurz's first impressions of the great French actress, Elisabeth Rachel,

*The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, 1829-1852. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: The McClure Company.

and of the singing of Jenny Lind. Jenny Lind had passed her prime when he heard her in concert, yet he writes of her: "There was still that half-veiled tone, as if there were something mysterious behind it; that velvety timbre, that strange magnetic vibration, the mere sound of which could draw tears to the eyes of the listener. She was still the nightingale. To hear her was deep, pure, dreamy delight. Of all the great voices that I have heard—and I have heard many—none was so angelic and went so entrancingly, so caressingly to the heart, as Jenny Lind's."

Mr. Schurz colloqued with Mazzini and Kossuth in London, and when he came to New York in 1854 he began to make acquaintances among Americans whose names are now historic—Jefferson Davis, Edward Everett, Seward, Weed, Chase, Longfellow, Holmes, Buchanan, and finally, Abraham Lincoln, of whom he has many curious things to tell. Very characteristic is the account given of a political meeting held in Lincoln's home town during the campaign of 1860, at which Schurz spoke. Before the meeting there was a torch-light procession in which Lincoln himself took part. Mr. Schurz's narrative of the affair is well worth quoting:

The inevitable brass band took position in front of the house and struck up a lively tune, admonishing us that the time for the business of the day had arrived. . . . The day was blazing hot. Mr. Lincoln expressed his regret that I had to exert myself in such a temperature, and suggested that I make myself comfortable. He, indeed, made himself comfortable in a way which surprised me not a little, but which was thoroughly characteristic of his rustic habits. When he presented himself for the march to the Capitol grounds, I observed that he had divested himself of his waistcoat and put on as his sole garment a linen duster, the back of which had been marked by repeated perspirations and looked somewhat like a rough map of the two hemispheres. On his head he wore a well-battered stove-pipe hat which evidently had seen several years of hard service. In this attire he marched with me behind the brass band. Of course, he was utterly unconscious of his grotesque appearance. Nothing could have been further from his

mind than the thought that the world-conspicuous distinction by his nomination for the Presidency should have obliged him to "put on dignity" among his neighbours.

A very acute remark about Mr. Lincoln after the latter became President, is to be found in another place, and it gives a clue to the nature of the man. It is really a comment upon the unconsciousness which he displayed while wearing the linen duster and the battered stove-pipe hat.

Lincoln had great respect for the superior knowledge and culture of other persons. But he did not stand in awe of them. In fact, he did not stand in awe of anybody or anything in the sense of a recognition of an apparent superiority that might have made him in the slightest degree surrender the independence of his own judgment or the freedom of his will. He would have approached the greatest man in the world—the greatest in point of mental capacity, or the greatest in point of station or power—with absolute unconcern, as if he had been dealing with such persons all his life. When he formed his Cabinet he chose the foremost leaders of his party, who at that period might well have been regarded as the foremost men of the country, without the slightest apprehension that their prestige or their ability might overshadow him. He always recognised the merit of others, but without any fear of detracting from his own.

There was no man in authority in the world whose opinion or advice he would have estimated by another standard than its intrinsic value as he judged it. There was not a problem to be solved capable of confusing his mind by its magnitude or dignity, or one that would have caused him to apply to it any other rules than those of ordinary logic and common sense. He, therefore, met great statesmen and titled persons with the absolutely natural, instinctive, unaffected self-respect of an equal; he regarded great affairs as simple business which he had to deal with in the way of his public duty, and he loved to discuss them with his friends in simple and unceremonious language. They were not above even the play of his humour, although the principles and sympathies according to which he treated them were rooted deep and firm in his mind and heart.

Not least among the entertaining

chapters of the book is Mr. Schurz's account of his experience as United States Minister to Spain, to which post he was sent by Lincoln in the early days of the Civil War. It was during the reign of that disreputable person Queen Isabella—"a portly dame with a fat and unhandsome, but good-natured looking face," whose titular husband's "only political function consisted in his presenting himself to the world as the official father of Isabella's children." This unfortunate person with the cracked chicken-voice "somewhat like the scream of a young hen" is pictured both in the text and in a photograph; and there are some more or less edifying details of court life at Madrid, all of which centered around the amours of the queen.

It is to be regretted that these reminiscences terminate abruptly with the year 1862. In a political sense, the most interesting part of Mr. Schurz's life came after the Civil War had ended. We understand that his further notes and memoranda have been placed in the hands of an accomplished scholar, who will use them as a basis for continuing these memoirs. Two more volumes of equal size which should cover carefully this latter period would be very welcome, as throwing new light upon the administrations of General Grant, and also upon the Hayes administration in which Mr. Schurz himself held the post of Secretary of the Interior. The documents which he must have left are sure to be a treasury of intimate personal observation and record, and will prove a veritable *trouvaille* to students of our later history.

Richard W. Kemp.

II

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE"*

The former president of the English Positive Committee, the once famous debater against Huxley and his agnosticism, and the author of those graceful *American Addresses*, presents this volume as a companion to his *Creed of a*

*The Philosophy of Common Sense. By Frederic Harrison. Pp. xxxv+418. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1907.

Layman. It is designed, he explains, to form a summary of the philosophical grounds on which the preceding work was based; and it carries on the autobiographical account by which the author reached those conclusions. In the former work Mr. Harrison set forth the grounds on which he found peace in a religion of common sense—the silent, unconscious, and too often the unavowed faith of many good and sensible men. He now endeavours to show how long ago he came to see that philosophy, like religion, is much more simple, more practical, closer to a strenuous life on earth, than philosophers are thought to admit. To the questions, Why should we trouble about philosophy at all? What good will it do us? he replies that consistent and efficient conduct is impossible without some settled cast of mind. Many may never have heard of Monism, the Categorical Imperative or Pragmatism, but they do believe in certain dominant ideas, not indeed a metaphysic of being, a canon of reality and truth, nor an analysis of consciousness, but some intelligent view of the relation of mankind to the world of nature and humanity. This view is best expressed in Positivism, which means the acceptance, upon conviction, of positive truths, all, at any time, capable of demonstration; it means the scientific faith; the habit of resting our lives and our beliefs on solid, provable certainties that we can understand and teach to others. Hence it excludes all blind trust in authority, and all cut-and-dried formulas. The idea of Positivism, of a co-ordination of philosophy and science, of a religion based on demonstration, of humanity as a living force and as an object of reverence, is as completely English and American as it is French, and belongs to the last four or five generations of enlightened men, and certainly to our own.

This was the definition of Mr. Harrison given in an address for the Positivists of New York in 1885, and in behalf of August Comte. For the system of his Gallic master, he has since made the following additional explanations and claims; Positivism is the philosophy of experience; it professes to know phenomena only through the senses; it rejects any notion of an abso-

lute knowledge of things in themselves; it claims to be a science of philosophy issuing forth into a moral and religious scheme for the entire conduct of life—public and private, personal and social; it aims at being comprehensive, complete, and synthetic; it is at once a scheme of education, a form of religion, a school of philosophy, a method of government, and a phase of socialism. These are the claims for Comtism, which some jesters have called an atheistical kind of Salvation Army. The author holds that this is mere ribaldry, and in a very lively and pungent introduction, tells how he reached his convictions as to the essential truth of this philosophy of experience, this relative synthesis of all human knowledge. Although it is the fashion nowadays to be strictly up to date, to believe in the Pan-Pessimism of Nietzsche, or the Pragmatism of Papini, the author allows that he is Mid-Victorian enough to confess a weakness for what was common sense fifty years ago. A *privat-docent* from Jena, or a Ph.D. of Chicago may publish an "epoch-making" book, yet so far as the problems of pure metaphysics are concerned, the professors and masters of Britain, America, Germany, and Europe in general, do not seem to have shaken the foundations of Positivism.

How Mr. Harrison came to be suckled in this creed outworn he proceeds to relate in some hitherto unpublished reminiscences. At school he studied a little Plato, at Oxford much Aristotle, afterward the German metaphysicians at second hand. But all these thinkers seemed to discredit one another except the positivists, and these alone held common ground and pursued an intelligible method of advance. Since the golden age of Comte, concludes his disciple, "I have read whole libraries of metaphysical dialectic, and having never closed the windows of my mind to later ideas, in the present book I seek to trace how I came by degrees to solve the main problems of thought."

This is, of course, a preposterous claim, yet the book in question has a certain value. In its revival of the Comtean strictures upon metaphysics as a fruitless search after insoluble puzzles,

it is akin to the current attacks of the Pragmatists upon the Absolutists and their futile monistic systems. The old philosopher of common sense uses language familiar to the new philosophers of practicality, for the present day tirade against the uselessness of metaphysics is but the echo of an ancient battle-cry. But while there is a common aim between the two schools, there is a striking difference of method. William James, for example, startles his victim with subtle electric shocks, but Frederic Harrison goes back to the good old days of heavy hitting, and instead of electrocution by irony, prefers to use the knock-out epithet. Indeed, with his ponderous classical references to the metaphysician as a Tantalus, a Sisyphus rolling up a stone that ever rolls back again, he appears to have gone back to the age of the loaded cestus, and his combat with the moderns seems as archaic as the boxing match at the funeral games of Palinurus. Thus he refers to metaphysics as the prolonged impotence of two thousand years, a long tale of error, failure, confusion, and uncertainty, and he still agrees with Thomas Carlyle, when, so long ago as the year in which the author was born, he wrote that "the disease of metaphysics is a perpetual one, a chronic malady that perpetually returns on us."

These borrowed metaphors are dangerous. When the positivist applies the language of medicine to mentality he gives his case away. The very confession that abstract speculation is a recurrent malady implies that there is a probable cure. Here the historical student might be allowed to apply the allopathic treatment, and from the pharmacopeia of all philosophy to choose the proper antidote. For an attack of flamboyant optimism, for instance, the modern doctor of philosophy would prescribe a dose of Schopenhauer, and for too much New Thought, a course in Scholasticism. Indeed, continuing the old positivistic formula that the brain secretes thought, one might almost be tempted to say that it also secretes its own antitoxin. For example, among our own worthies, Benjamin Franklin finding himself inoculated with a Puri-

tanical monism, developed a pagan pluralism, and in place of the Calvinistic monotheism of his Boston days came to believe in many lesser gods, a convenient polytheism covering a multitude of sins. Again, Thomas Jefferson, becoming infected in Paris with the Gallic type of agnosticism, was cured of that disorder by the philosophy of *bon sens* recommended by the Marquis d'Argens. But this system of common sense, so akin to that taught by Harrison himself, is no cure for the subtler scepticism of modern times. To offer Comtism as the only sound philosophy would be but to offer a useless counter-irritant to a man imbued with the current Pragmatism. And for the positivist to call the latter "one of the more or less abortive attempts to solve insoluble problems" is a positive insult to a set of men who insist that their method is nothing if not practical. In a word, this fashion of calling names belies that very spirit of scientific fairness which the positivist claims to possess. The author holds that the metaphysicians are too prone to mutual recrimination, and that the positivists alone hold to the method of observation which seeks the manifestation of a continuous development known as evolution. For all that, he concludes that the metaphysical dialectic of the last seventy-six years has not advanced the problem of philosophy one inch, and that the modern movements of thought are but successive scenes in a meaningless pageant, a phantasmagoria of feeling drawn from such stuff as dreams are made of.

Were it not for the title of his latest book one might think that this conclusion was a caricature of common sense. At the least it but confirms what Edward Rowland Sill wrote in satire of this very school of which the author is a type: "One was a barren-minded monad, called a positivist, and he knew positively. There is no world beyond this certain drop. Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream of their faint gleams and noises from without, and higher and lower, life is life enough. Then swaggering half a hair's breadth, hungrily he seized upon an atom of bug, and fed."

I. Woodbridge Riley.

III

MR. NICHOLSON'S "ROSALIND AT RED GATE"*

At the moment when these words are written some thousands of readers in these United States are learning from broadcast advertisements that *Rosalind at Red Gate* is "near neighbour to *The House of a Thousand Candles*," and are doubtless, on the strength of that information, preparing to possess themselves of its attractions. There is evidence, in the shape of publishers' figures that cannot lie, to the effect that Mr. Nicholson's earlier book commended itself as pleasing to a great number of people, and there is no reason to doubt that this latest effort will find an audience if not equal in extent, at least eminently respectable in size and richly productive of royalties. The vision is one to set us all guessing at the causes which can produce such stupendous results; and though the guessing is barren of practical results—for if the matter could be so easily determined the occupations of writing and publishing novels would descend from the altitude of an ecstatic gamble to the prosaic level of mere business—yet it cannot but be alluring to the amateur psychologist.

To the psychological investigator the problem is baffling in part at least because of the simple, common nature of the elements involved. The placid face of the public that devours these stories presents no features hinting of morbid pathology. Study the psychology of the crowd in a panic—say at a theatre fire—or in the act of lynching a man, and you get those extremer manifestations of emotion which are defined enough to furnish foundation for a theory. But the reading crowd makes no noise—it is exasperatingly non-expressive; it merely buys the books, and presumably reads them. The phenomenon is striking solely because of its universality. So little saliency is there in the result that one is tempted to suppose the explanation must be negative—that the successful book is merely the one which contains nothing to

**Rosalind at Red Gate*. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

offend this or that class or individual. But this will not do. There are too many stories, palpably and ostentatiously innocuous, that the public has spurned in spite of every allurement to buy. There must be some positive principle applicable to all the successful novels.

Philosophers who pondered the reasons for the universal appeal of formal beauty used to use such phrases as "uniformity in variety," thereby explaining the delight the eye takes in rhythmical designs. Perhaps something of the sort might be applied to popular fiction. An ingenious variation of details in a general scheme that is pleasant through familiar association will take an author far. This formula applies admirably to Mr. Nicholson's books. *Rosalind at Red Gate* is a sprightly, agreeable story, with not the slightest pretensions to originality. The characters and the plot are the sort to which we have been accustomed from childhood. Ostensibly the story contains a mystery, and certain of the relations of the characters are not explicitly stated until the end of the tale approaches. Actually the mystery is of the most transparent sort. It is no betrayal of a secret—since even the blindest reader may discover it for himself before many pages have been turned—that we have here the old complication of two girls, as like as two peas and constantly being mistaken for one another; a gallant, susceptible young Irishman who goes to the rescue of beauty in distress and blunders persistently but with unfailing good luck; a brace of brothers, one deeply wronged and forgiving, the other villainous and revengeful; and the usual supporting characters, maiden aunt, egregious young lover, mercenary Italian assassin, and the rest. The author plays the game zestfully with these counters,

though he invariably betrays the turn of events in advance of the plot, and leaves a few inconsistencies unexplained. There is always danger in putting a mystery story into the mouth of one of the characters. I have never understood why the narrator in such cases is invariably so much stupider, so much slower to see the bearing of events, than the stupidest of his readers. But in this, as in other matters, Mr. Nicholson has followed conservative models.

Here, then, is the uniformity. The variety is not so easy to define, but it is unquestionably present. It may be that it consists largely in Mr. Nicholson's manner, which is easy and pleasant and puts no strain on the reader's attention. I suspect that it is much more in the *milieu* of the story. Mr. Nicholson's originality in this respect is so subtle that it may easily escape one at first. For this is a "society" novel, and as such not to be distinguished in setting from the fictions of Mr. Chambers or Mrs. Wharton. The Irish narrator inhabits a superb country house, and is served by a butler and a Japanese body-servant; launches and riding horses are plentiful, and when the characters have to speak of money—which is sometimes inevitable—they dignify the subject by mentioning thousands and millions. It is an atmosphere in which Lily Bart would find herself immediately at home. But—and here at last is the secret—the entire scene is laid in Indiana. Provincial New York, which imagines that all but itself is provincial, should read this book and learn that they do these things—in fiction at least—quite as well in the Middle West as on Long Island. And if Provincial New York is honest, it will acknowledge that the author of *Rosalind at Red Gate* is the Edith Wharton of Indiana.

Ward Clark.



THE ROMANTIC CREED AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



A GREAT deal of superfluous energy has been expended upon the impossible task of drawing a clear line of demarcation between the realistic and the romantic novel. We have been told, for instance, that the former tells the truth about life, while the latter distorts it; or again, that realism pictures life as it is, and romanticism life as it ought to be; or still again, that romanticism tells a higher, nobler form of truth by eliminating the non-essentials, while realism is as slavish and uninspired as a photograph. And now and then we meet with more thoughtful and elaborate distinctions, as, for example, that the one method is inductive, and the other deductive—that the realist starts from a series of observed facts of life, and works forward until he reaches some definite conclusion, some general rule of life; while the romanticist starts from a recognised ethical principle and creates characters and incidents to illustrate it. All these definitions, and many others besides, contain enough truth to lend them plausibility, and enough untruth to make it comparatively easy to refute them. The plain fact of the matter is that, while realism and romanticism have been opposing forces ever since the first primordial folktales were formulated by our cave-dwelling forefathers, and while we all of us recognise the existence of the two tendencies and instinctively find our sympathies tending to the one side or the other, it is almost impossible to find two persons who will quite agree as to the scope of the two terms. They may, for instance, agree admirably in their theories regarding realism and romance; they may succeed in formulating a definition which each is willing to swear by; and yet, when they proceed to put their theories to the

test, and separate their favourite authors into two classes, they suddenly find themselves as wide apart as the two poles. On the strength of their accepted definition, the one is sure that Kipling is a realist and Hawthorne a romanticist; the other, for the same reason, is equally sure that they are just the reverse. Or, again, two readers may coincide most amicably in their classification, and yet absolutely part company when they attempt to define the two schools.

The simple explanation of such disagreement lies in the fact that there has never yet been written a novel that is wholly realistic or wholly romantic. The two tendencies shade into each other in an intangible, inextricable manner. And it makes no difference whether a novelist writes from instinct or in accord with a conscious formula; in whichever direction he inclines, he is obeying a temperamental mood, an attitude toward life. In so far as he is a romanticist, it is because, consciously or unconsciously, he sets art above nature, striving after an ideal perfection of character and incident not to be found in the models from which he draws. In so far as he is a realist, it is because, consciously or unconsciously, he sets nature above art, admitting that there is a beauty in the gnarled and blasted tree by the wayside which no pencil could ever reproduce, a human interest about the first man or woman you meet on the street beyond that of the most ideal character he could create, a complexity of motive in any trivial incident of the day's work that defies the utmost skill of his invention to reproduce. Yet these opposing moods may strive simultaneously for mastery in the same writer—much in the same way as a voter sometimes wavers between the two political parties. He may accept the realistic platform only in part, with a mental reservation in favor of certain

planks of the romanticists. To carry the analogy a step further, the realist is inclined to believe, if we may paraphrase the familiar Jeffersonian doctrine, that the least art is the best art; while the romanticist, on the contrary, tends toward centralisation, a strong one-man control over the recognised facts of real life. In other words, fiction is to the realist primarily an imitative art; to the romanticist it is primarily a creative art. To the realist, its predominant interest is ethical; to the romanticist, it is chiefly æsthetic.

Now, since every novelist deserving of serious attention must be accredited with a desire to produce a work of art as well as a social study; since, to some extent, he must possess the creative power, in addition to the dexterity of the copyist; since, however faithfully he may try to eliminate himself and imitate the splendid impersonality of nature, the personal equation will at times intrude, it follows logically that every novel of real importance—one would probably be safe in saying every novel, whether of importance or not—is partly romantic and partly realistic. It was probably this truth which the late Frank Norris vaguely felt when he sometimes declared his belief that the best realism was also the best romanticism. And the ways in which the two tendencies may combine are almost too numerous to catalogue. To start with the most elemental classification, there are, of course, three elements without which we cannot have a story: the people, the place and the event; in other words, character, setting and plot. Now, a novelist may be predominantly realistic in all three of these elements, or in none of them; or he may be realistic in two, or only one, and romantic in the others. Kipling, for instance, is surely realistic in his portraiture of men and women; they are people who have stepped straight out of life into his pages. We may store some of them up in our memories, as symbols of certain general types; but the first impression they make upon us is preëminently individual. Similarly, his stage setting is almost always sketched in straight from life, usually a

fidelity that is almost photographic. But when we come to plot, it is easy for any one at all familiar with his stories to give a number of off-hand instances where the happenings are undeniably, almost glaringly, romantic. And this in a measure explains why many readers are quite sure that Kipling is a romanticist, and others are equally sure that he is nothing of the kind.

Now, since every novel must to some extent be an admixture of the two methods, the question naturally arises: What particular proportion of the two elements will produce the best results? It is a question which must be answered with extreme caution, because some specific instance of a really big novel can probably be brought forward to discredit almost any rule that we venture to lay down. The analogy to political parties, already cited, will probably afford the best basis for a logical answer. The time-honoured rule of adherence to party is as safe and satisfactory in novel-making as in politics. And in the long run, at least so the present writer firmly believes, those novels will best endure which are most consistently the one thing or the other, uniformly romantic or realistic, as the case may be, in character, in setting and in plot. In other words, if an author chooses to idealise his characters and his events, they will stand out much more effectively against an idealised background. The typical Dumas hero and his deeds of prowess, seen through the misty haze of centuries, appeals persuasively to our imagination. Transfer him to twentieth century America, and send him a-tilting across the Brooklyn Bridge or on a ferryboat to Hoboken, and you reduce him at once to the level of burlesque. Suppose that a novelist wishes to convey the truth that life takes on the colour of the mood in which we look at it; and in order to do this he imagines a community of people whose eyes have acquired, from their habitual pessimism, the qualities of blue glass, so that everything they look upon presents the same wearisome monotone. Now, if he places this community in

Mars or Madagascar or the Moon, he may for the time being hold you with an illusion of reality, but woe betide him if he tries the same *tour de force* in Staten Island or the Bronx! The romantic novel should always belong to the type of "Once-upon-a-time" stories; there should be a suggestion of remoteness about them, either in time or space—the pleasantly distorted Louis XIV land of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, the Zendaland of Anthony Hope, the Looking-glass kingdom of Lewis Carroll, or simply "That Country," in Alfred Ollivant's *Redcoat Captain*. Of course, it is easy to cite examples of strong or brilliant fiction in which this principle has been intentionally disregarded; novels in which romance riots unrestrained in the midst of most commonplace surroundings. The tragedy of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* might have been enacted in the house next door; Henry James's *Turn of the Screw* makes you see ghosts in the full tide of noontime sunlight; Mr. Kipling's *Wireless* makes you look askance every time you hear the familiar click of a telegraph. But these achievements are great not because of their method but in spite of it; they are great because the literary giant may sometimes amuse himself by disregarding the boundary lines of creeds and principles, and ruthlessly overriding them. And, while admitting the touch of genius in them, are these three pieces of fiction the ones that you would pick out from the writings of Stevenson or Henry James or Rudyard Kipling to read a second time? Would you not inevitably give the preference to *Treasure Island* and *The Ambassadors* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*?

An excellent example of blythe romance, consistently developed, is *The Dance of Love*, by Dion Clayton Calthrop. It is an optimistic little volume, embodying something of the rare quality that placed William J. Locke's *Beloved Vagabond* in a class by itself. Its date is given vaguely as "the dawn of intellect"; its setting, mediæval France and England; its characters are types rather than individuals; its plot a potpourri of romantic happenings. It

is a veritable tissue of the gathered threads of romanticism, yet the underlying thought is distinctly true—that one often journeys far afield in quest of the happiness that already lies, unrecognised, within one's grasp. Pipin de Barsham dreams in his youth of knightly deeds, of far-off lands, of patient seeking for the one fair woman, the woman who will have about her neck the key of love upon a golden chain. So he leaves at home the wealth, the fame, the love he could have for the asking, and roams the length and breadth of Europe, thinking that in every woman whom he meets he is going to find the woman with the key. One after another they pass before us—women with fair faces and soft, melo-

"The
Dance of
Love"

dious names, Yolande, Philippa, Gabrielle, Clarice—a round dozen of them, each destined to

pass out of his life as carelessly as they came into it; each one leaving him with a wiser and a sadder heart. It is a tale of vagabondage, of poverty and hunger, sometimes of knavery and theft. Yet it is never a depressing story, never morbid or sordid, but perennially imbued with the sunshine of hope, the undaunted elasticity of youth. It is emphatically the sort of book that one likes to take off into a secluded corner, beyond the fear of interruption, and read with purposed leisureliness, in order to make the enjoyment as long drawn out as possible.

A good contrast to Mr. Calthrop's volume is afforded by Joseph Conrad's recent story, *The Secret Agent*. Some people may discover in Mr. Conrad a strain of romanticism,

"The
Secret
Agent"

but to the present re-

viewer his method seems to be consistently and effectively realistic. His scenes are not the scenes with which we ourselves are intimately acquainted; but they never bear the imprint of exaggeration. His people are often of the sort that we have never chanced to meet—people whom, even in the course of a long life, there is small likelihood of our ever meeting; yet it does not occur to us to doubt that they exist,

that Mr. Conrad himself has seen and known their prototypes, and recorded his impressions quite faithfully, neither idealising nor caricaturing. His plots are often strange, startling, invested with a grim and haunting horror; yet romanticism is almost the last word that would seem to fit them. A group of individuals, exceptional yet unmistakably living, flesh-and-blood men and women, are placed under certain exceptional yet perfectly possible conditions; and the consequences are such as our reason tells us not merely could but must logically follow. Where Joseph Conrad does show a certain leaning toward the romantic school is not in what he tells us, but in the vague, unspoken sense he conveys, of something unrevealed, some hidden depth behind and below the facts that he has chosen to set forth. This sense of mystery is merely a mannerism, although a very effective one; it does not alter the fact that for all practical purposes of story telling he deals with concrete reality. *The Secret Agent* is a good example of Mr. Conrad's realism. The framework is quite simple. Mr. Verloc, husky, corpulent, near-sighted, is supposed by his associates to be a revolutionist like themselves, one of the exiled brotherhood who find a temporary refuge in London. To one foreign embassy, at least, Mr. Verloc is known as something radically different. It is his duty to keep this embassy informed not only of the movements of dangerous revolutionists but of any important plots that may menace the crowned heads of Europe. For many years Mr. Verloc has been drawing a comfortable salary, without serious exertion. The foreign embassy has been content with negative results. But the appointment of a new First Secretary changes all this. The new appointee demands that something shall happen; he wishes to impress upon the British Government the folly of harbouring a band of dangerous criminals; he wants a series of startling outrages to be perpetrated in London itself; and this desire he makes so clear to Mr. Verloc that the latter interprets it as an order. If he is to earn his salary these out-

rages must occur, even if he has to commit them in person. Mr. Conrad does not make the mistake of telling us what is going on inside the brain of Mr. Verloc, behind his sluggish, corpulent, self-satisfied exterior. He merely shows us the results: the explosion one day in Greenwich Park; the mangled fragments of what once had been a boy; the clever linking together, one by one, of the facts that lead the police inexorably on Mr. Verloc's trail. And little by little, the grim and ghastly truth dawns upon us, how his plans miscarried, and how instead of blowing up the Greenwich Arsenal, he merely caused the death of a frail, feeble-minded lad, his wife's own brother. The further consequences of this tragedy in the hands of a writer of smaller magnitude would have been melodrama. Mr. Conrad seizes the opportunity to show how logically and inexorably nature, when not interfered with, can make the punishment fit the crime.

Another volume which may unhesitatingly be classified as consistently realistic is *The Light*, by Mrs. Harold E. Gorse. "The Light" It is a straightforward, sombre, rather cruel story, just as real life is sometimes sombre and rather cruel. It tells, without the least attempt to embellish or to soften the narrative, the life story of a young English country girl, left destitute by her parents' death, saved from the workhouse by the charity of a neighbour almost as poor as herself, and, when still too young to understand life or to protect herself, sent out to service under the hard and unjust conditions that are too often the lot of youth and inexperience. It is merely a new version of an old story; a girl's temptation, her weakness and her shame—a series of ruggedly sincere and painful pictures of the maternity ward in a charity hospital; the young mother's pitiful clinging to the little child, born blind; her brave struggle to keep herself respectable and earn the child's daily bread in the great, seething human hive of London; and finally her loss of courage, and, in her

darkest hour, how the child, from out of his darkness, points her the way to light. The chief fault of the book is too much insistence upon a single note, the note of suffering and sin. The truth of the scenes and characters presented speaks for itself, but from lack of contrast, from constant gazing upon the grey monochrome of misery, one's sensibilities are dulled; the cries of pain and avarice and fear lack the incisive shrillness they would have if relieved by more sunshine and laughter and joy of living. Nevertheless, it is a careful, earnest piece of work, the sort of work one would expect from the French, rather than the English school of fiction. And because it is so good, one feels like resenting the presence of one or two footnotes, forestalling a charge that the picture is overdrawn and giving brief statistics. This sort of documentation makes a really able piece of work look like that objectionable hybrid product, the so-called "novel with a purpose."

Mr. Arthur Train's recent volume of short stories, which takes its title from the opening story, "Mortmain," are of such excel-

"Mortmain" lent average quality that one naturally makes a mental note to keep a watchful eye upon this author's future productions. "Mortmain" itself, however, is the particular story which seems worth talking about in the present article, because it illustrates rather well what has already been said regarding the best romanticism. It is one of those stories which most reviewers hold should not be "given away" beforehand, since much of the interest lies in the surprise at the end; but, for the present purpose, it is the end alone which makes it worth discussing. At first sight "Mortmain" seems to belong to the type of story represented by *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, by Du Maurier's *Trilby*, by many another story, long and short, of varying degree of merit—the romantically impossible story in a modern setting, in which the impossibility is made plausible by a certain suggestion of pseudo-science. In order to understand why "Mortmain" seems to belong to this category, and why it in

fact does not, you must imagine the following conditions: First, imagine that your greatest enemy, and one who had it in his power to ruin you, has been murdered. Secondly, imagine that you have been heard to threaten his life, and that, far from being able to prove an alibi, you were seen by several disinterested witnesses outside his house at the supposed hour of the murder. Suppose, furthermore, that on the night of the murder, you have the misfortune to crush your right hand—the connection in the story is cleverly worked in, but for our purpose is immaterial—and when the surgeon examines it, he says that the hand must come off, but that there is one chance for you: surgery has reached such a point that it is just possible to graft on another man's hand in place of it, provided another man can be found who will consent. Imagine that such a man is found, a man whose right hand has done such an unspeakable deed that he hates it and welcomes the chance to rid himself of it—in other words the man who has killed your enemy. Now, if the grafting operation proves successful for you, though the other man dies, you may find yourself in the dilemma that confronted the hero of "Mortmain"—you cannot acknowledge the grafting, because maiming another man is a felony, and if in committing a felony, you cause the death of another man, the law holds you responsible; but, on the other hand, you cannot let people think that that right hand is yours, because the police has an impression of the murderer's finger-tips, and those finger-tips are now on your right arm. The story is developed with extreme cleverness and really carries one along with it, up to a certain point, the point just before the climax. There, suddenly, you say to yourself, "This is too much of a fairy tale for an up-to-date London setting; it doesn't hold me." And right at this point the author justifies himself by revealing the secret that the whole story is a dream, the effect of the anesthetic administered while Mortmain's injured hand is operated on. Immediately, one's whole feeling toward the story undergoes a readjustment; impossible romance, yes, in the present, work-a-day world; but not at all impossible in

the realm of dreamland—on the contrary, admirably, triumphantly real and convincing.

Dr. Ellen, by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, without being in any sense a big book, is one that will be read with genuine enjoyment by a wide circle of readers. It is a love story, a character study and the history of a brave woman's struggle against ignorant prejudice, all welded into a single narrative. Ellen Roderick, ten years before the story opens, lost husband and child almost at one blow, the former being run over by a railway train before her eyes, the child being born dead shortly afterward. These facts have no importance in the story, beyond explaining Dr. Ellen's repressed character, the motives that made her seek self-forgetfulness in the study of medicine, the tender sympathy that she has to offer to those in deep bereavement. She has a younger sister, Ruth, who is in delicate health, and who cannot understand why, at the age when she hungers for young companions and girlish pleasures, Ellen should keep her in exile in a wretched little town high up among the Sierras. She thinks, as do many others, that it is Ellen's selfish interest in her missionary work among the ignorant miners and ranchers that keeps her tied to this remote corner; she never once suspects, until the blow falls with cruel suddenness, that it is for her own sake that they live there, because tuberculosis has fastened so strong a hold upon her that it is only in that high altitude that she has any chance of life. Meanwhile Dr. Ellen is making a brave fight against the prejudice which a woman doctor must face, especially among an ignorant population; and she has almost won the battle and secured the confidence of the men as well as their wives, when two disasters happen simultaneously—she loses an important case, the only child of an excitable, vengeful man, who will not listen to reason; and a new doctor comes to town, a smooth-tongued, crafty, ignorant quack, who rapidly draws her patients away from her. It is Dr. Ellen's courageous and victorious struggle to retrieve her losses

that makes the real strength and interest of the book; although the delicate and subtle love-story which is interwoven with it will have no small share in assuring the book the popularity it deserves.

A good example of how the purpose underlying the use of plot material will sometimes make all the difference between romance and realism is afforded by Anna Roberson Burr's vigorous and earnest novel, *The Jessup Bequest*. It opens with an amazing legal tangle, that reads like a Wilkie Collins melodrama. The bequest which gives the book its title involves a fortune of a million dollars, left by old Jessup to his daughter-in-law, Edith, and if she survives his invalid daughter, Paula, to his granddaughter, Diana. But if Edith dies first, the million goes to the invalid daughter, and on her death, to charity. What actually happens is this: the daughter-in-law perishes in a hotel fire, under shameful circumstances which make her own family desirous of concealing her identity; so the body is buried under another name, and a week later news is given out that Edith Jessup was lost in the wreck of a channel steamer. During this week, Fate wills it that not only old Jessup, but his daughter, Paula, should die in quick succession; and of course by the terms of the will the money belongs to charity. But through the connivance of her maternal grandfather and the man who hopes to marry her, Diana Jessup, quite innocently on her own part, is fraudulently put in possession of the Jessup million. Now this is all capital material for melodrama, and the impression that we have in our hands a clever detective story persists until well on into the third chapter. Then suddenly we wake up to the fact that we have instead a piece of psychological work of rather uncommon strength. Bennet Sherrington, the unscrupulous politician who engineers the fraud and then fails to win the girl; Anthony Brayne, who as Sherrington's secretary, learns the secret which his conscience forces him at last to disclose; Dr. Wynchell, the weak-willed old minister, who is willing to be the silent accomplice in the crime; Diana Jessup, herself,

who when she learns the truth, makes splendid restitution—these are types which are drawn with admirable understanding of human motives, both good and bad. The book is an example of that best type of realism, the type that one instinctively accepts as plain, unvarnished reality.

It would be hard to find a novel offering a more complete contrast to Mrs.

"The Sorceress of Rome" Burr's volume, in theme, in treatment and in style, than *The Sorceress of Rome*, by Nathan Gallizier.

This is a historical novel, of the school of Scott, rather than of Dumas. The scene is Rome, in the dim and misty light of the tenth century; the theme is the internal unrest, the bitter party hatred, the plots and counterplots which followed the death of Gregory V. and the third rebellion of Johannes Crescentius, Senator of Rome, whose beautiful wife, Stephania, was the lure that dragged the emperor, Otto III., to his destruction. There is no question that all the fact and fancy which old

monkish chronicles have woven round her name offer abundant material for stirring romance. It is also true that Mr. Gallizier has succeeded in making us feel much of the mystery, the tragedy, the obscure fascination of that dark age, rife with bigotry, superstition and lust of power; and that he has flung boldly upon a broad canvas a host of strange, lawless, picturesque figures, blazoned forth in barbaric wealth of colour; and lastly, that he has a well-wrought plot, and one that appeals to the fundamental human emotions. And yet, the fact remains that the book is not wholly easy to read. It is burdened with too much erudition, too many pedigrees of petty princelings, and mighty monarchs, dates, statistics and family feuds. Undoubtedly the author is giving us only such facts as he deems necessary to a clear understanding of the times and the events he chronicles; but the average reader would have been better satisfied to be somewhat less instructed and somewhat more entertained.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

A ROYAL TRAGEDY. By Chedomille Mijatovich. With portraits. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company

It is now a little more than four years since a band of military conspirators broke into the royal palace at Belgrade and butchered and frightfully mutilated the King and Queen of Servia. The story of the events which led up to that savage climax are at last given to the world by one who ought to know the truth. The author of this book was for a time Servian Minister at the British court, and was intimately associated with both King Milan and the young King Alexander. He is evidently a gentleman of cultivation, conservative in his statements, and reticent where absolute reticence is necessary. But he reveals for us very plainly all the intrigues, the hates, and the snake-like treachery of the people to which he himself belongs. A tale such as he has to tell seems almost a bit of

gruesome fancy. The stage setting is European, but the actors in the tragedy are oriental beneath their veneer of semi-Gallic culture. Here are at once the superstition and the ferocity which the Servians perhaps acquired from the Turks. M. Mijatovich himself, in spite of his education, is fully as superstitious as any of his countrymen. He tells a long story of a clairvoyant peasant who, in 1868, predicted the grim events which were to mar the record of the Servian royal house, as well as the bloody deed which put an end to the dynasty of Obrenovitch. We are also minutely informed about the sinister omens which were observed when King Milan married the beautiful Russian girl whom afterward he divorced illegally, and with whom his life was a series of the most unroyal and discreditable "scenes."

This touch of superstition makes still

more curious this very curious book. It gives a sort of fatalistic background to the tale of Milan's raffish life and of the unchildish childhood of King Alexander. The marriage of this degenerate boy to a far from reputable woman, much older than himself, his strange infatuation for her, the estrangement of his people, and at last, the time when the King and Queen together skulked with pallid faces in their royal residence, dreading the knife of the assassin at any hour, the plans of the conspirators, the ghastly scene within the palace—all these are mixed up with telephone calls, electric lights, and cable-cars in a fashion to suggest a blending of the Arabian Nights with the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. The East and the West, the mediæval and the modern, are grotesquely intertwined, and this fact gives the book an interest and a strange compelling fascination which render it unique among the chronicles of recent times.

CULTURE BY CONVERSATION. By Robert Waters. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

This is a very entertaining book to read because it is full of anecdote and happy illustration. Mr. Waters has culled quotations by the score—all of them well worth noting—and if we look at the book as a series of easy-going essays, it is most commendable. Whether it will do anything to revive the obsolescent art of conversation, may well be doubted; but any one who is going out to dinner might do worse than to select a few of the anecdotes which Mr. Waters has collected and then "lay pipe" in such a way as to bring them in.

As a matter of fact, while in these days there is not much conversation such as that which Mr. Waters records as having taken place between Professor Max Müller and Oliver Wendell Holmes, there is a great deal of very clever "talk," which is a decidedly different thing and by no means valueless. The Macaulay monologue and the Coleridgean harangue have fortunately passed away; nor do men and women now endeavour to impress their hearers with a sense of their intellectual brilliancy. Nevertheless, in any good club there is an immense deal of amusing repartee, and not a little information is imparted which is all the more delightful because it is given modestly and in a casual sort of way. You can scarcely come upon a little group of five or six without finding that three or four of the number have had unusual experiences; and if you draw

them out they will tell you things which greatly widen your knowledge of mankind. This is perhaps conducive to culture, yet it is not well to take it too seriously or to suppose that talk can ever be a substitute for reading and good hard thinking. It does, however, impart polish and toleration much more, in fact, than argument or conscious didacticism.

Now and then in this volume one comes upon a passage that is deliciously naïve. Thus, for instance, the author tells of meeting three Irishmen from Trinity College, Dublin, who prove to be most charming companions. Then Mr. Waters goes on to say: "What seemed strange to me, though they were Irishmen, they were loyal to the Government and the Queen, and spoke of Parliament and the Ministry as if they sat in Dublin instead of London." What seems strange to us is the fact that Mr. Waters did not know that Trinity College, Dublin, is more English in its sympathies than Oxford itself, mainly because its very existence is threatened by the other kind of Irish with whom our author confounded these three scholars.

It is somewhat pathetic, also, to find him quoting Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the effect that the classic languages have no influence upon those who study them. Mr. Waters remarks:

"Nine out of ten normal college students never make any use of their Greek and Latin. It never amounts to much anyway; nor does what they learn ever materially influence their style. . . . Whoever heard of a normal-school graduate reading a Greek or Latin book?"

If this be so, it is not a reflection upon the value of the classics, but upon the manner in which the classics are taught. And, we may ask, how many normal-school graduates ever read any really good literature written even in their own language? How many of them confine their reading to novels of the day, to newspapers, and to magazines? As for Burns, whom Mr. Carnegie praises so extravagantly, we should like to test the average graduate's knowledge of him. Doubtless the graduate remembers a few lines, such as "A man's a man for a' that," and could perhaps recall a stanza of "Auld Lang Syne"; but we venture to assert that if he has ever read Horace, for example, the genial Venusian has made a far deeper impression upon him than the deboshed Caledonian bard. Here is a chance for persons who get up statistics with view to maintaining theories as to the actual results of education.

THE BOOK MART

READER'S GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Adventures in Contentment. By David Grayson.

The story of a man who seeks and finds life's true joy and happiness in communing with Nature. His life and work among the hills, valleys and country roads leads him very close to the heart of Nature and enables him to read there her true message to man.

George T. Edwards:

The Youthful Haunts of Longfellow. By George Thornton Edwards.

Mr. Edwards here pictures the great poet in his youthful days and describes places and objects in connection with his life in Portland, Maine. Photographs of the houses in which Longfellow lived, the old Portland Academy and other buildings which are interesting in connection with the early life of the poet have been reproduced for this volume.

Henry Holt and Company:

Words to the Wise—and Others. By Ellen Burns Sherman.

A volume of short essays on various themes—"The Root and Foliage of Style," "When Steel Strikes Punk," "Our Kin and Others," "Where the Veil is Thin," "A Plea for the Naturalisation of Ghosts," "Serendipity," "Ruskin," "The Slain that are not Numbered," "At the End of the Rainbow," "Modern Letter-Writing" and "Our Comedie Humaine."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Essays Out of Hours. By Charles Sears Baldwin.

A collection of articles which have already been published in magazine form—most of them have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Charles E. Merrill Company:

Essay by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Selected and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Edna H. L. Turpin, Author of Stories from American History, Classic Fables, Famous Painters, etc.

In the introduction the editor gives a brief sketch of the author's life and also such information as is necessary to a thorough understanding and appreciation of the text. In the notes are explained the mythological, historical and

biographical references found in the text.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Ghosts of Piccadilly. By George S. Street.

The author here presents the famous thoroughfare of London with interesting incidents in the lives of those people who have passed up and down that street in years past. Among those he talks and gossips about are the Duke of Wellington, Byron, Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Lady Hamilton, Lord Palmerston, Monk Lewis and Harriet Mellon.

The Salon. A Study of French Society and Personalities in the Eighteenth Century. By Helen Clergue.

With the idea of indicating the part which the "Salon" has played in the history of French society, the author, after an introductory chapter dealing with the nature of the "Salon," selects four typical women—representing the different phases of the Parisian society of their day—and gives sketches of their lives, personalities and social adventures. For the object in view she has chosen Madame du Deffand, the friend of Walpole and Voltaire, Madame d'Epinay, who gathered about her philosophers who discussed politics and morality, Julie de Lespinasse, who, though neither rich nor beautiful, won the devotion of those she gathered about her by her personal charm, and Madame Geoffrin, who included in her "Salon" the artists and musicians, thus giving them a higher place in society. These sketches are intended to show how the feminine element was at work in eighteenth-century France.

VERSE

Richard G. Badger:

Renard the Fox; or, The Lay of the Land. By Willem Madoc.

An old fable retold in verse.

Verses by the Wayside. By Edna Smith-De Ran.

Heather to Golden Rod. By E. C. M.

Poems of Endowment on Realities of Life. By Eleanor Agnes Moore.

Each containing a collection of short poems.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Boys of the Old Glee Club. By James Whitcomb Riley.

Mr. Riley's story in verse of an old

glee club organised about the time General Grant became President for the first time. The volume is illustrated in colour by Will Vawter, with decorations by Franklin Booth.

Robert Grier Cooke, Inc.:

The Passing of Time. By William de Forest Thomson.

Told in short poems, from the first whisperings of spring through the summer, autumn and winter to the dying of the year.

John Lane Company:

New Poems. By Stephen Phillips.

This volume includes "Iole" (a tragedy in one act), "Endymion" and many other hitherto unpublished poems.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

My Bunkie and other Ballads. By Erwin Clarkson Garrett.

The first part of this book is composed of army verses based on the author's personal experiences as a private in the U. S. Infantry during the Philippine Insurrection of 1899-1902. The latter part consists of verses on various themes.

The Cricket's Song and Other Melodies. By H. E. Warner.

A collection of verse reprinted from some of the leading magazines.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems. By Arthur Stringer.

A number of the poems in this volume have appeared in some of the leading magazines. There is also a four-act tragedy dealing with the life and love of Sappho and entitled "Sappho in Leucadia."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. With other Poems. By Andrew Lang.

A reprint of these old ballads and lyrics as they first appeared in 1872.

The Macmillan Company:

A Collection of Eighteenth-Century Verse. Selected and Edited by Margaret Lynn, A.M.

Representative poems covering the history of English poetry in the eighteenth century. The volume contains notes and necessary helps for class-room use.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Our Girls. Poems in Praise of the American Girl. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

Over one hundred poems which have been inspired by American women and

all of which have been written by American poets. The volume has been illustrated by Mr. Christy in colour and in black and white.

In Old School-Days. By Will Carleton.

A poem which follows the career of a young girl in a country school until she becomes valedictorian of her class. The volume contains six full-page illustrations in colour by James Montgomery Flagg.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Cotton-Picker and Other Poems. By Carl Holliday.

The author is a Southern man, and it is from the South, the land of romance and song, that he has drawn his inspiration.

Selected Poems. By William J. Grayson. Selected and Compiled by his Daughter, Mrs. William Armstrong.

In making her selections Mrs. Armstrong has retained those poems that reveal the author's character and ideals and which are also typical of his individual genius and of his time.

The Ivory Gate. By Armistead C. Gordon.

Mr. Gordon is one of the best-known of Virginian poets and many of the poems in this volume have been printed in literary periodicals and newspapers.

Charles Scribner's Sons

Hymns of the Marshes. By Sidney Lanier.

A new edition. Illustrated from nature by Henry Troth, in a series of photographic reproductions.

A Vers de Société Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells.

A volume of light verse by various writers. This is the fifth volume in Miss Wells's series of anthologies.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Catholic Summer Press:

The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

A discourse on the founding of great institutions of learning, their remarkable attendance and their influence upon education of the present day.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Napoleon. Volumes III. and IV. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge.

The first is a history of the art of war from the beginning of the Peninsular War to the end of the Russian campaign, with a detailed account of the Napoleonic wars, and the second is a history of the art of war, from Lutzen to Waterloo, with a detailed account of the Napoleonic wars. Volumes I. and II.

tell the story of Napoleon's rise to power, and the present volumes, which complete the work, afford a study of the causes which led to his downfall. The volumes are illustrated with many charts, maps, plans of battles and manoeuvres, portraits, cuts of uniforms, arms and weapons.

John Lane Company:

The Sentimental Traveller. Notes on Places. By Vernon Lee.

The Sentimental Traveller takes her readers through Germany, France and Switzerland, describing many places of interest, giving anecdotes of men and women connected with them, and glimpses of the peasant life in the villages through which they pass.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

French Colonists and Exiles in the United States. By J. G. Rosengarten.

A story of the efforts made to establish French colonies in the United States. The French colonies in Louisiana and the Huguenot settlements in various places are described. The author also tells of the numerous exiles during the French revolution and after the downfall of Napoleon and how many of the descendants of these exiles have grown to be valuable citizens.

Below the Cataracts. By Walter Tyndale.

The author has spent some years of study and work in the Nile Valley, has lived among the people and has come to know them intimately. He has also accompanied explorers and archaeologists in their tramps. From the wealth and variety of experience thus gained Mr. Tyndale has produced this volume, describing and picturing in colour the tombs, temples, pyramids, sphinxes, etc., from the cataracts down to the broad Delta.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Haiti. Her History and Her Detractors. By J. N. Leger, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Haiti in the United States.

Part I. tells the story of how the black men of the island of Saint Domingue were enslaved first by the Spaniards and then the French, how they fought without despairing, never giving up the idea of freedom; how Toussaint L'Ouverture died in chains and how new heroes sprang up—Dessalines as dictator, emperor and lawgiver; Pétion as founder of the republic and Boyer as first president of the united republic. It also tells how the new state worked out her own national glory. Part II. describes the natural history of Haiti, her system of

education, form of government, the manners and customs of the people and the marriage and divorce laws.

**RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS,
PHILOSOPHY**

Andersen Publishing Company:

Evolution of the Human Soul and the Future Life Scientifically Demonstrated. By Dr. N. C. Andersen.

The author aims to prove that the evolution of the human soul is just as real as the evolution of the body: that only from the structure of man, physical, intellectual and psychical, can science solve the problem of the soul of man and a future life.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Story of the Covenant and the Mystery of the Jew. By J. L. Woodbridge.

The author has given the doctrine of the covenant in the form of a narrative, covering the period from the Flood practically to the present day.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

American Philosophy. The Early Schools. By I. Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D.

This work presents a history of the most important speculative movements as they were transferred from Europe, developed during two centuries, and slowly grew into the typical American Philosophy of Emerson. It is divided into five parts, dealing respectively with Puritanism, Deism, or Free Thinking, Idealism, the Anglo-French Materialism, and with Realism, or the Philosophy of Common Sense.

Eaton and Mains:

The Ripening Experience of Life and Other Essays. By William V. Kelley.

Dr. Kelley's editorials have for many years been a leading feature in the *Methodist Review*, and his many friends and admirers have persuaded him to make a selection from these editorials to be published in book form.

Life's Eventide. By Robert P. Downes, LL.D.

The object of this book, which consists of a number of short essays, is to provide some solace and inspiration to those in declining years.

Harper and Brothers:

A Critical Examination of Socialism. By W. H. Mallock.

A candid and detailed examination of the ideas, suggestions and plans of professing socialists.

The Macmillan Company:

The Outlook for the Average Man. By Albert Shaw.

In which the author discusses political and economic subjects under such headings as "The Average Man Under Changing Economic Conditions," "Present Economic Problems," "Our Legacy from a Century of Pioneers," "The Business Career and the Community" and "Jefferson's Doctrines Under New Tests." These essays were originally delivered as public addresses to young men at various universities.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A History of Virginia Banks and Banking Prior to the Civil War. With an Essay on the Banking System Needed. By William L. Royall.

The work is divided into three parts. The first traces the history of the Bank of Virginia from its establishment in 1804 to its destruction in 1860; the second shows the plan on which the bank was conducted, the cause of its success and the lessons to be learned from that success; and the third treats of the dollar as a standard of value and as a medium of exchange, of the needs of "the city bank" as distinguished from "the country bank," and the restrictive provisions of the National Banking Act.

The Law and the Gospel of Labor. By Luther Hess Waring.

In the first part of the book the author discusses "The Labor Union and the Law" under such headings as "The Law as to Strikes," "The Law as to Boycotts," "The Law as to Injunctions," "The Labor Union and the Militia" and "The Labor Union and Incorporation." In the second part he considers "Labor and Christianity" and shows their relation to and dependence upon each other.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Infinite Affection. By Charles S. Macfarland.

To his new book, which is about God, Dr. Macfarland has given the title *The Infinite Affection*, as it best expresses what he means by God. In it he discusses "The Life Contemplative," "The Light Within," "The Growth in Grace," "God With Us," "God Within Us," "The Spirit Prayerful," "The Life Christlike," "Surrender and Sacrifice," "The Ministry of Suffering," "The Life Immortal" and "The Universal Incarnation."

The Teacher that Teaches. By Amos R. Wells.

A little volume of interest to all Sunday-school teachers. It tells the teacher how to get scholars, how to interest them, how to prepare himself in order

to interest them and how to develop their heart power as well as their intellect.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Thinking, Feeling, Doing. An Introduction to Mental Science. By E. W. Scripture, Ph.D., M.D.

A new edition. The work as it now appears has been in a large part rewritten and includes the result of years of research by the author. The volume contains illustrations showing experiments in all departments of mental life, descriptions of experiments on the time of thought and action, a chapter on colour, one on binocular vision, a summary of Windt's new theory of the feelings, practical instructions for training attention and improving memory, together with a consideration of suggestion, hypnotism, etc.

Enterprise and the Productive Process. A theory of economic productivity presented from the point of view of the entrepreneur and based upon definitions secured through deduction (and presumably, therefore, precise and final) of the scope and fundamental terms of the science of economics. By Frederick Barnard Hawley, B.A.

The author's attempt in this work is to obtain not only precise but authoritative concepts of the scope of economics and of the four productive factors, namely, land, capital, labour and enterprise.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Messages of Jesus According to the Gospel of John. The Discourses of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel, Arranged, Analysed and Freely Rendered in Paraphrase. By James Stevenson Riggs, D.D.

Belonging to The Messages of the Bible series issued under the editorial supervision of Professors Sanders and Kent. The author's aim in the present volume is to give an interpretation of the Gospel and to set forth the Gospel's peculiar structure and nature.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Conquest of Cancer. A Plan of Campaign. Being an Account of the Principles and Practice Hitherto of the Treatment of Malignant Growths by Specific or Cancrotoxic Ferments. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

While the author does not claim that the disease has been actually conquered, he believes that the key to the cure has been discovered by Dr. John Beard, of Edinburgh, and that eventually it will be worked out successfully. He shows the progress of the discovery from the first, the mistakes made, the difficulties

encountered and the important recent improvements in practice.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Music-Lover. By Henry Van Dyke.

The "Music-Lover," after a day of toil in the noisy city, with the roaring of wheels, the clanging of bells, shrieking of whistles, etc., wanders into a music hall to hear the rendering of Beethoven's great Symphony in C Minor by his favourite orchestra. Seated in the auditorium, he becomes for a time unconscious of everything but the music itself. Gradually as he watches the orchestra and the leader he realises that it is no longer a huge and strangely fashioned instrument that he has been looking at but a company of human beings; that all the players are not a mere machine, but that they have their own lives to live and their own characters to develop, and that the music they play is the expression and revelation of their own joys and sorrows, their own loves and hatreds, their successes and failures.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Plays and Poems of Beaumont and Fletcher. Volume V. Text Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A.

Containing "A Wife for a Month," "The Lovers' Progress," "The Pilgrim," "The Captain" and "The Prophetess."

Honoré Daumier. A Collection of His Social and Political Caricatures, Together with an Introductory Essay on His Art. By Elizabeth Luther Cary.

The volume contains seventy-five full-page illustrations—reproductions of the most important works chosen from the gallery of human types which have been drawn by the famous social satirist and political caricaturist.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Rembrandt. A Study of His Life and Work. By G. Baldwin Brown.

A new volume in the Library of Art. It gives an account of the life of Rembrandt and a critical and biographical study of his work, together with a list of his paintings, etchings and drawings. The volume contains about forty illustrations which are reproductions from the most characteristic works of the great artist.

The Story of Minstrelsy. By Edmondstone Duncan.

A new volume in the Music Story Series. It takes up a branch of musical history of much interest to the music-lover. It considers the earliest begin-

nings of folk-song, going back to the time of the Druids and Saxtons, and many picturesque details are related about the early musical history of Great Britain and the European countries.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Story of American Painting. The Evolution of Painting in America from Colonial Times to the Present. By Charles H. Caffin.

The author's aim is to trace the gradual development of the art in American conditions and in response to its successive impulses in this country. Mr. Caffin has traced the influence of England, Düsseldorf, Munich and Paris upon artists in America and has devoted a number of chapters to individual artists or to certain schools. The volume contains many reproductions of the works of almost all of the American painters of note.

JUVENILE

American Unitarian Association:

Letters to American Boys. By William H. Carruth.

The author, who is connected with the Kansas University, is in sympathy with the enthusiasms of boyhood and has written a series of letters on all sorts of manly subjects. They are written in colloquial style and contain much wholesome advice. Their object is to instill a high regard for honour, integrity and fair play.

Ginn and Company:

Myths of the Red Children. By Gilbert L. Wilson.

The myths in this little volume, which have been taken from the lore of several tribes, contain information of interest to the American child in regard to Indian life and customs. Accompanying each story is a note explaining some custom or belief of Indian life or some fact of woodcraft mentioned in the book.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated from the Thirteenth German Edition by Helen B. Dole.

Heidi is a little girl who went to live in the Alps in order to regain her health, and the story is told of her experiences and how she brought sunshine and happiness into the lives of those around her.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Folk of the Wild. A book of the forest, the moors and the mountains, of the beasts of the silent places, their lives, their doings and their deaths. By Bertram Atkey.

A volume of nature stories for young people.

The Boy Electrician; or, The Secret Society of the Jolly Philosophers. By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D.

The story deals with a party of public-school boys who are enthusiasts on the subject of electricity. The "Jolly Philosophers" engage in many interesting but simple experiments and gain a lot of valuable information.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George Macdonald.

A reprint of a fairy story which was first published in 1871.

The Macmillan Company:

The Children and the Pictures. By Pamela Tennant.

The idea for this interesting and instructive volume for children originated in the practice which Lady Tennant made of telling to her own children stories about the famous paintings in Sir Edward Tennant's collection. Her means for teaching children the appreciation of the masterpieces proved so successful that she was persuaded to publish the stories. Many of the pictures in her husband's collection were photographed for the first time and have been reproduced in colour for this volume.

Gray Lady and the Birds. Stories of the Bird Year for Home and School. By Mabel Osgood Wright.

"Gray Lady" visits a village school and entertains the children with her stories about the birds. She is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and having interested the pupils she forms the "Kind Heart Club" and arranges to meet with them one afternoon each week during the year for the purpose of studying the birds in their neighbourhood—where and how they live, when they migrate, how they are to be identified by their song, plumage, or form, and many other interesting things concerning them. The volume contains forty-eight illustrations which the author has chosen from those collected by the President of the National Audubon Association, twelve of which have been reproduced in colour.

The McClure Company:

Letitia. Nursery Corps, U. S. A. By George Madden Martin.

A study of child life. Letitia is the little daughter of an army officer and the story deals with her life at the post. The author introduces her as a little girl of four, greatly neglected by the Captain and his wife, but befriended and cared for by the young corporal who acts as a man of all work about the

house, and follows her movements until she grows to young womanhood.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Dan Beard's Animal Book and Camp-Fire Stories. By Dan Beard.

A story book of adventure and excitement in the woods. It tells about the birds and beasts, the reptiles and insects that the American boy is familiar with. There are stories of fishing, shooting, photographing, sketching, netting, trapping, and many tales of camp life.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A Long Time Ago. In Virginia and Maryland with a Glimpse of Old England. By Alice Maude Ewell.

A volume of short stories written for young people, most of which have appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Electricity for Young People. By Tudor Jenks.

Mr. Jenks here traces the progress of electricity from its first appearance to the ancients as a mysterious force to its present influences for heat, light, power and more recent remarkable purposes. He tells of the lives of those men of science who have discovered the wonderful powers of electricity, of their apparatus and its development and of the comparative value of their work.

What Shall We Do Now? A Book of Suggestions for Children's Games and Employments. By Dorothy Canfield and Others.

Its aim is to fill the actual needs of children of various ages in all sorts of circumstances—whether they find themselves at home or in the country, out of doors or in, alone or in company. Besides about five hundred games, there are suggestions for making a small garden, and information about the keeping of pets. There are also chapters devoted to the making of toys, the cooking of candies, and many other subjects.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of Dec. and the 1st of Jan.:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. *The Shuttle.* Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. *The Weavers.* Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. *The Fruit of the Tree.* Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *The Daughter of Anderson Crow.* McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. A Six Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) \$1.25.
2. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. Under the Crust. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Golden Horseshoe. Aitken. (McBride.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Little City of Hope. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre. Gale. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) \$1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

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1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

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1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

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6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

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5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

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1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
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1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
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4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
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6. Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

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6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

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5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

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4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
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6. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

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6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

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1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
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4. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.

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3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
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2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

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3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
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2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) \$1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

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5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

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2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

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2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

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3. The Weavers. Parker. (Copp-Clark.) \$1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Copp-Clark.) \$1.50.
5. Arizona Nights. White. (Mussion.) \$1.25.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Crowde.) \$1.25.

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3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Harper.) \$1.50.

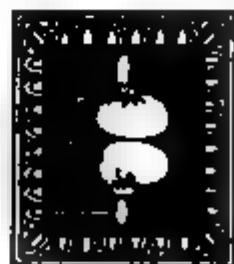
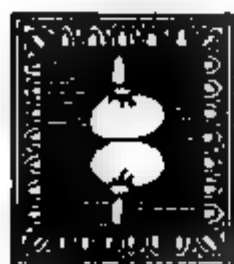
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10				
" " 2d " "	8				
" " 3d " "	7				
" " 4th " "	6				
" " 5th " "	5				
" " 6th " "	4				

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.50	315	
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.50	255	
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00	166	
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50	89	
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50	85	
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50	75	



Vol. XXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 6
JAN 30 1908

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Katherine Cecil Thurston's New Serial Begins in



THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

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A Few of the Good Things for 1908

The New Baedeker *Being the Casual Notes of an Irresponsible Traveller*

In our September number we printed the first paper of this very unusual series, which is to be one of our features during next year. It dealt very unconventionally with the experiences of "The Irresponsible Traveller" in the too little known Belgian city of Malines. Concerning this paper we have received many personal inquiries as to the subsequent fate of the genial John Tom and La Belle Rose. In the second paper of the series the writer has found his inspiration in the apparently prosaic city of Utica, New York. It is the idea of the writer to alternate in this manner between places at home and places abroad. After an invasion of what Charles Yellowplush called "Foring Parts," he turns his observation and amiable humour to the summing up of some place nearer at hand.

Americans in France's Legion of Honour

Despite the scandals that were aired during the administration of President Grevy, the French Legion of Honour remains the most vital and democratic order in the world. Founded by the great Napoleon, it attained at once a significance absolutely unique in history. After the Restoration the Bourbons tried in vain to discredit it. Apart from what it means to Frenchmen, it has a genuinely international significance. For example, there are to-day about two hundred Americans possessing the right to wear in their button-holes the thin strip of red ribbon of the Order. Who these Americans are, and what particular service in art, or literature, or engineering, or finance, or war won them this right will be the basis of an article in a forthcoming number.

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The Greatest Women's Club in the World

Mr. Bernard Shaw in *The Philanderer* railed at the English club woman. In this attitude he was far from being alone. Yet even the most hardened of masculine scoffers must be a little appalled in contemplation of the Lyceum, which may properly be termed the Greatest Women's Club in the World. This organisation of professional women has been in existence only five years. It has to-day a membership in London of several thousand and a club house that in many respects is probably unequalled anywhere. Branches of the club are to be founded in Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Holland and probably in the United States. Thus the Lyceum is rapidly becoming an international institution, and its members all over the world will soon be enjoying the privileges of a club house in every capital in Europe. An elaborately illustrated article on this organisation will appear in a forthcoming number of THE BOOKMAN.

The American Nobel in England *Its Readers and Its Critics*

What do the English readers really think of the present-day American novel? Formerly the British attitude toward American fiction was largely the attitude that one adopts toward the romances of the late Jules Verne. The Englishman acknowledged reality and verisimilitude only in American novels of the utmost extravagance. To him a book true to American life meant a book whose pages were filled with Redskins, bowie-knives and border massacres. We have changed all that; American novels of a soberer nature have found their way to England, and their titles appear from time to time among the English lists of "Best Sellers." But what is the really critical English attitude? What do cultivated Englishmen and women think, for example, of Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Wister, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Davis, their stories and their heroes and heroines?

The Most Celebrated Case in History *Ten Years Later*

A year ago the cables brought us the brief announcement that the portfolio of the French Ministry of War had been given to a certain General Picquart. It was not thought worth while in most places to say anything about the antecedents of this person or to hint that his history contained anything of particular interest. Yet ten years ago this man was the most reviled and the most lauded, not merely in France, but throughout the civilised world. He was the very incarnation of one side of "The Most Celebrated Case in History." And his personal obscurity to-day, despite his high office, is wonderfully typical of that case—Ten Years Later. Of the present lives of those men, now apparently forgotten, but whose names so short a time ago were ringing through Europe and America—the unfortunate Dreyfus, Paty de Clam, Scheurer-Kestner, Démanges, Mercier, Boisseffre and Labori—"The Most Celebrated Case in History, Ten Years Later," will tell.

England's Royal Academy

There are many organisations in the interest of American art of serious importance. But dissensions and jealousies have probably been largely responsible for the absence of any body of dominant force such as is exemplified in England's Royal Academy. As an institution the Royal Academy is distinctively British. Its aim has been the elevation of English art on a broad scale, and whatever differences of opinion there may be among the academicians and associates are always subordinated to the loyalty of the body as a whole. Founded by George III. in 1768, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the Academy's first president. Others who have filled this office are Benjamin West, Lawrence, Eastlake, Leighton, Millais and Poynter. The article will discuss the Royal Academy, not historically, but as the organisation is and works to-day.

Monarchs in Exile

The modern world offers no figures more pathetic than the king and queen without a throne. In a corner of England there is living in obscurity the woman who was once Empress of the French. Paris is the home of a former Queen of Spain and of countless banished grand dukes and serene highnesses. Some have yielded to the inevitable; others still cling to tradition, and even in exile and comparative poverty try to surround themselves with the atmosphere of a court. Twenty years ago Alphonse Daudet drew a wonderful picture of this life in *Les Rois in Exile*. These articles will tell of the Monarchs in Exile of to-day.

Serial Stories

During the past year THE BOOKMAN readers have had the privilege of reading *The Stopping Lady*, by Maurice Hewlett, and *The Mother of the Man*, by Eden Phillpotts, in serial form.

At the conclusion of the latter story, which is still running, another story worthy to follow two such strong and entertaining stories as have appeared in 1907 will be published in THE BOOKMAN.

Short Stories

As heretofore, there will be published several short stories during the year, and a high standard of merit for this important feature of THE BOOKMAN will be maintained.

The Letter Box

Perhaps no department of THE BOOKMAN has had as secure a hold upon the interest and even affections of its readers as the Letter Box. This has appeared intermittently of late, but it will be resumed during 1908 under the same presiding genius as before.

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COST OF NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The story of the movement for the consolidation and housing under one roof of the three libraries given to the citizens of New York by John Jacob Astor, James Lenox and Samuel J. Tilden, the progress made toward that end and the cost to date, is one filled with interest to all New Yorkers.

The three libraries were consolidated under the name of the New York Public Library on May 23, 1895. The award in the competition for the erection of the new building was made on November 11, 1897. The removal of the old distributing reservoir, then standing on the site, was begun in June, 1899, and the actual work of laying the foundations of the new building was begun in May of the following year. Work on the upper walls was begun in December, 1901, and in July, 1902, the first marble was set. The cornerstone of the building was laid on November 10, 1902, and the roofing of the structure was finished in December, 1906.

The cost of the undertaking, so far, has been \$5,846,569.70, which may be divided as follows:

Removal of reservoir and laying foundations	\$365,066 31
Main construction above ground..	865,909 39
Book stacks.....	916,703 00
Heating and ventilating systems..	299,000 00
Plumbing	93,000 00
Interior finish.....	3,133,000 00
Electrical work.....	173,891 00

Total\$5,846,569 70

For the work remaining to be done, probably \$1,175,000 will be required, swelling the total cost of the building to more than \$7,000,000.

The architects' fees will be an additional charge of 5 per cent. on the total cost of construction.

The site of the building, at Fifth Avenue, Fortieth and Forty-second streets, belonged to the city and cost the library nothing.

The delay in the construction of the building has been occasioned by many things, among them the difficulty in getting the right kind of marble, injunctions and official red tape. At last, when financial obstacles had apparently been overcome and the contract for the construction of the building had been awarded, actual work was held up by a taxpayer's suit, instituted in behalf of another contractor who had bid \$170,000 less than the successful builders. Eight months elapsed before the injunction, which followed the institution of this suit, was dissolved. By the time the contractors were free to begin, a severe winter had set in, and construction was further hindered.—*Exchange*.

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Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire)	454,409.16
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland)	118,276.52
Other Claims	349,113.66
Net Surplus	<u>3,754,605.88</u>
Total Assets	<u>\$14,884,569.43</u>
Surplus as to Policy-Holders	<u>\$7,754,605.88</u>

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Only twice did Nobel ever visit the great high explosive factory which he established in Scotland. In Paris he was to be seen daily, huddled up in his rugs in his carriage, driving to his laboratory outside the city. He had an extraordinary knowledge of languages, a distrust of lawyers—he made his own will—and when heart disease came upon him he wore a pycnograph to trace the irregularities of his pulse. Tiring easily of the pictures on his walls, he arranged with an art dealer to have his rooms hung with pictures on hire, returning them and receiving others in exchange as often as he liked. He took out 129 patents in England, and the invention to which he attached most importance was his artificial india rubber, of which few people have ever heard, because his dynamite speaks so loudly for itself.—*From the London Chronicle.*

CURIOUS INDIAN CUSTOM

There is a curious custom at the courts of the Indian princes. When a British officer or a physician calls upon a rajah he is shown into the reception or throne room, where sits the rajah surrounded by the great state officers. After the exchange of the usual salutations one of the officers brings in a tray on which are displayed jewels and golden ornaments studded with valuable stones, perhaps worth £50,000 or more.

The trayful of valuables is supposed to be a present from the rajah to his visitors, and it is offered first to the gentleman, who inclines his head, touches the edge of the tray with the tips of his fingers, and it is then passed over to the lady who invariably accompanies the British officer, if he is married, on such occasions. She follows the example of her husband, and the tray and its contents are then returned to the jewel room.—*From London Tid Bits.*

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The use of the motto "In God We Trust" on American coins is less than half a century old, but the legend "E Pluribus Unum" has done duty upon nearly every United States coin issued since the establishment of the Mint in 1792, and even goes back to the days when individual States struck their own coins.

The motto "E Pluribus Unum" is found on the title-page of an English publication, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, about 1690. It was first used in America on the copper cent dated 1786, issued by the State of New Jersey and known as the Nova Cæsarea cent.

In 1786 a law was passed by the Legislature of New Jersey for coining copper cents, which were to be made "in the State, of such device and impression as should be directed by the Justices of the Supreme Court, or any one of them."

The motto was borne by all the varieties of cents struck by Mould and other coiners in the State during the years of coinage—1786-1788.

In 1787 Ephraim Brasher adopted the legend for the famous New York doubloon, struck in gold, which has since become the highest priced coin in the world, \$6,200 having been paid for a specimen last summer at the Stickney sale. On this coin, however, there was a slight variation in the reading of the legend, it being "Unum E Pluribus."

Several varieties of the New York copper cents dated 1787 bore the motto "E Pluribus Unum." It appeared on the "Immune Columbia" series dated 1787, the Kentucky cent dated 1791 and one variety of the Washington cent of the same date.

The early engravers were fond of placing mottoes upon coins, usually in Latin. On the Maryland coins, known as the coinage of Lord Baltimore—shillings, sixpences, groats and pennies—the legend generally used was "Crescite et Multiplicamini" (Increase and Multiply).

The New Hampshire cent of 1776, said to be the first coin issued by one of the United States, bore the inscription "American Liberty," with the pine tree as one of its chief devices.

The New York cents struck at Newburgh nearly all bore the motto "Inde et Lib" (Independence and Liberty), which inscription was shown by the many varieties of cents struck in the State of Connecticut. One variety of the New York cents bore the inscription "Virt et Lib" (Virtue and Liberty).—*Exchange*.

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